Compliments of
Judge "Well"
To his friend
Carrie Cutter
January 1st 1875.
THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Complete in One Volume.

WITH ALL HIS INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES.

ALSO

VARIOUS READINGS, AND THE EDITOR'S NOTES.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

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1874.
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*The pieces marked with an asterisk (*) have not been included in any former edition of Sir Walter Scott's poetical works.*

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel:
A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS

Dum relego, scripserit padet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui fecit, judice, digna ludi.

ADVERTISEMENT 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’ standing1 may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself afloat 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 favor, 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 labors at the period at which I broke off in the Essay on the Imitation of Popular Poetry [see post], when I had enjoyed the first gleam of public favor, 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 feuds 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.2

At this time I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipped my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first pub-

1 Published in 4to (£1 5s.), January, 1805.
2 "The 'Lay' is the best of all possible comments on the Border Minstrelsy."—British Critic, August, 1805.
ash the translations from Bürger, I was an insul-
dated individual, with only my own wants to pro-
vide for, and having, in a great measure, my own
inclinations alone to consult. In 1803, 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 de-
mands upon me, it was my duty and desire to place
myself in a situation which would enable me to
make honorable provision against the various con-
tingencies of life.

It may be readily supposed that the attempts
which I had made in literature had been unfavor-
able to my success at the bar. The goddess The-
emis 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 and discharged,
but that a 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 completely engrossed by his profession;
however destitute of employment he may in real-
ity be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the ap-
pearance of full occupation. He should, therefore,
seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers,
dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises the
fair,

Si nulius est pulvis, tamen exsate nullum.”

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more espe-
cially required, considering the great number of
counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very
small a proportion of them are finally disposed, or
find encouragement, to follow the law as a profes-
sion. Hence the number of deserters is so great,
that the least lingering look behind occasions a
young novice to be set down as one of the intend-

ging fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish The-
emis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirta-
tion with the Muses, on the part of those who had
ranged 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 em-
inent example of which has been shown in the case
of my friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who, after long conduct-
ing 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 acknowledgment of his pro-
fessional 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 in reality been something to be ashamed of;
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 employ-
ment 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 jus-
tice, by regarding others among my contemporar-
ies 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 near-
ly upon the footing which honest Slender consded
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 further acquaintance.” I became sensible that
the time was come when I must either oukle my-
self resolutely to the “toil by day, the lamp by
night,” renouncing all the Delilahs of my imagina-
tion, 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 wiser alternative. As my transgres-
sions had been numerous, my repentance must have
been signalized by unusual sacrifices. I ought to
have mentioned, that since my fourteenth or fif-
teenth year, my health, originally delicate, had
become extremely robust. From infancy I had
laborcd under the infirmity of a severe lankness,
but, as I believe is usually the case with men of
spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of
this nature, I had, since the improvement of my
health, in defiance of this incapacitating circum-
stance, distinguished myself by the endurance or
toll on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty
miles a day, and rode upwards of a hundred without
resting. In this manner I made many pleasant jour-
neys through parts of the country then not very ac-
cessible, gaming more amusement and instruction
than I have been able to acquire since I have travel-
led in a more commodious manner. I practised most

1 If dust be none, yet brush that none away.

2 Mr. Jeffrey, after conducting the Edinburgh Review for
twenty-seven years, with ill from that office in 1829, on being

elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. In 1830, under
Earl Grey’s Ministry, he was appointed Lord Advocate of
Scotland, and, in 1834, a Senator of the College of J educe by
the title of Lord Jeffrey. —Ed.
ritran 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 is
even doubtful whether I could, with perfect char-
ter as a jurist, retain a situation in a vol-
ut-year 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 consti-
tution rendered 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 pro-
fession.

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 in-
come being equal to all the comforts, and some of
the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an ir-
reem labor by necessity, that most powerful of mo-
tives; consequently, I was the more easily seduced
to choose the employment which was most agree-
able to me. This was yet the easier, that in 1800
I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Sel-
kirkshire, about £300 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 to which I had been
educated, without certain prudential 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 circum-
stances 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,
I seemed to me that the circumstances which
chiefly affected their happiness and character, were
those from which Horace has bestowed upon an-
chers the epithet of the Irritable Race. It re-
quires no depth of philosophic reflection to per-
ceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the
Dunci of his period could not have been carried
in without his suffering the most acute torture,
such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by
whose stings he suffers agony, although he can
trush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it ne-
cessary to call to memory the many humiliating
instances in which men of the greatest genius have,
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 fallen
into such errors, I concluded there could be no oc-
casion for imitating them in their mistakes, or what
I considered as such; and in adopting literary pur-
suits as the principal occupation of my future life,
I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses
of temper which seemed to have most easily be-
set my more celebrated predecessors.

With this view, it was my first resolution to
keep as far as was in my power abreast of society
continuing to maintain my place in general com-
pany, without yielding to the very natural temp-
tation of narrowing myself to what is called liter-
ary society. By doing so, I imagined I should es-
cape 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 amusement, of life. The opposite
course can only be compared to the injudicious con-
duct of one who pampers himself with cordial and
luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure
wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I re-
olved to stick by the society of my connies,
stead 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 satyr
therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple
brass of Horace, of which those of my profession
are seldom held deficient, against all the raving
warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh
if the jest was 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 my best belief), that, after a life of thirty years
engaged in literary labors of various kinds, I at-
tribute my never having been entangled in any
literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a
still more pleasing result, that I have been distin-
guished by the personal friendship of my most ap-
proved 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 that I had it in my power to do
so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which
depending upon accident, can be less generally ap-
licable in other cases. Yet I fail not to recor
this part of 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 labor, 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 favor 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 by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher honors. 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 endeavors 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 overrate my own prospects of obtaining the preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained in no long period the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

Thus far all was well, and the Author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great impudence, when he relinquished his forensic practice with the hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established character with the public, in my new capacity, still remained 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 basset 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 melody, had become hackneyed and sickening, from its being the companion of every grinning 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 within four lines, and equally so that it must be extended so as to fill that space. The alternate dilation and contraction thus rendered necessary is singularly unfavorable to narrative composition; and the "Gondibert" of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, 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 forms 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 our language, 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 prove a snare to the composer who uses it in 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 octosyllabic 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 Dalketh, afterwards Harriet Duchess of Buccleuch, 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

That wrath which sent to Pluto's gloomy reign,  
The souls of mighty chiefs in battle slain,  
Whose bones, unburied on the desert shore,  
Devouring dyes and hungry vultures tore.
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

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 on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear 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 of some use to him in procuring the information which he desired, and guiding him to the scenes 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 Lake 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 "Jean of Arc," the "Thalaba," and the "Metrical Ballads" 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, from the singularly irregular structure of the 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 mesolanza of measures had been already used by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr. Wolcott, 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, I hope, that I did not write an unfriendly review of Mr. Coleridge's productions. On this subject have only to say, that I do not even know the review which is alluded to; and were I ever to take the unbecoming freedom of censuring a man of Mr. Coleridge's extraordinary talents, it would be on account of the caprice and indolence with which he has thrown from him, as if in mere wantonness, those unfinished scraps of poetry, which, like the Torso 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 sweepings of whose studios often make the fortune of some painstaking collector.

I did not immediately proceed upon my projected labor, 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. I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives earthly importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat your best sermon in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been speaking about."

1 The Duchess died in August, 1814. Sir Walter Scott'sScheme of her death will be found in a subsequent page of this collection.—End.
2 This was Mr. Beattie of Micklelade, a man then considerably upwards of eighty, of a shrewd and sarcastic temper, which he did not at all times suppress, as the following anecdote will show:—A worthy clergyman, now deceased, with better good-will than tact, was endeavoring to push the senior forward in his recollection of Border ballads and legends, by expressing ruffled surprise at his wonderful memory. "No, sir," said old Micklelade; "my memory is good for little, for I cannot retain what ought to be preserved." I can remember no other stories about the auld riding days, which are of no earthly importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat your best sermon in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been speaking about."

'To call up him who left half told The story of Cambuscan bold.'

"Notes to the Abbott."—Ed.
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 preference. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. 1

In this respect, I had, in the phrase of the High-land servant, packed all that was my own at least, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little soften'd, from Coleridge—

"Mary, mother, shield us well."

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanza I showed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good-nature 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 inquired, 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 prologue might be necessary, to place the mind of the readers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the Faery Queen, such as—

"Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed
The face of golden Mean;
Her sixers two, Extravagant,
Serve her to banish clean." 2

I entirely agreed with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of pitch-pipe, 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 cedro, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The work was subsequently shown to other friends during its progress, and received the inspirmatur 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 about 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 1810, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original 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 bold 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 £500, to which Messrs. Longman and Company afterwards added £100, 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. 3

It would be great affectation 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. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled for the adven-
turous Minstrel, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. 4 Neither was

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1 One of these, William Erskine, Esq. (Lord Kinneil), I was often had occasion to mention; and though I may hardly be thanked for disclosing the name of the other, yet I cannot state that the second is George Cruikshank, Esq., now a Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Cordone. 1831—[Mr. Cruikshank resigned his seat on the Bench.]

2 Book II. Canto II.

3 Mr. OwenRees, here alluded to, retired from the house of Longman & Co. at Midsummer, 1837, and died 5th September following, in his 67th year. En.

4 "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 publication of the Lay, is as remarkable as the author's success was striking."

5 Book II. Canto II.
the extent of the sale inferior to the character of the judges who received the poem with approbation. Upwards of thirty thousand copies of the Lay were disposed of by the trade; and the author had to perform a task difficult to human vanity, when called upon to make the necessary deductions from his own merits, in a 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.

**Aberystwyth, April, 1830.**

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1 "The poet has under-estimated even the patent and tangible evidence of his success. The first edition of the Lay was a magnificent quarto, 720 copies; but this was soon exhausted, and there followed an octavo impression of 300; in 1804 two more, one of 2000 copies, another of 2250; in 1807, a fifth edition of 2500, and a sixth of 3000; in 1808, 3550; in 1809 3000—a small edition in quarto (the ballads and lyrical pieces being then annexed to it)—and another octavo edition of 3550; in 1811, 3000; in 1812, 3000; in 1816, 3000; in 1823 1600. A fourteenth impression of 2000 foolscap appeared in 1835; and besides all this, before the end of 1826, 11,000 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 1830, to which his biographical introductions were prefixed. In the history of British Poetry nothing had ever equalled the demand for *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*"—*Life,* vol. ii. p. 228.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
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 anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The inhabitants living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation 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, authorizes 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, without losing 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 form and old;

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

His weather'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.

The chief excellence of the Lay consists in the beauty of the descriptions of local scenery, and the accurate picture of customs and manners among the Scottish Borderers at the time it refers to. The various exploits and adventures which occur in these half-civilized times, when the bands of government were so loosely twisted, that every man depended for safety more on his own arm, or the prowess of his chief, than on the civil power, may be said to hold a middle rank between history and private anecdote. War is always most picturesque where it is least formed into a science; it has most variety and interest where the prowess and activity of individuals has most play; and the nocturnal expedition of Demod and Ulysses to seize the chariot and horses of Rheus, or a raid of the Scotts or the Kerrs to drive cattle, will make a better figure in verse, than all the battles of the great King of Prussia. The steed-dog, the beacon-fires, the Jedwood-exes, the moss-troopers, the yell of the stag-hunt, and all the irregular warfare of predatory expeditions, or fends of hereditary vengeance, are far more captivating to the imagination than a park of artillery and battalions of well-drilled soldiers.—Annals of Review, 1804.

It must be observed, that there is this difference between the license of the old romancer, and that assumed by Mr. Scott: the alterations of the first are usually casual and slight; those of the other, premeditated and systematic. The old romancer may be compared to a man who trusts his reins to his horse; his palfrey often blunders, and occasionally breaks his pace, sometimes from vivacity, often through in-

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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.
No more on prancing palfrey born,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and carress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
His puer'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fill'd the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tune'd, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower

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The ancient metrical romance. The author, enamored of the sky visions of chivalry, and partial to the strains in which they were formerly embodied, seems to have employed all the resources of his genius in endeavoring to recall them to the favor and admiration of the public, and in adapting to the taste of modern readers a species of poetry which was once the delight of the courtly, but has long ceased to gladden any other eyes than those of the scholar and the antiquary. This is a romance, therefore, composed by a minstrel of the present day; not such a romance as we may suppose would have been written in modern times, if that style of composition had continued to be cultivated, and partakes consequently of the improvements which every branch of literature has received since the time of its description."—Jeffrey, April, 1825.

"Turning to the northward, Scott showed us the erags and tower of Smallholme, and behind it the shattered fragment of Erceldoune, and repeated some pretty stanzas ascribed to the last of the real wandering minstrels of this district by name Barn:

'Sing Erceldoune, and Cowdenknowes,
Where Hones had once commanding,
And Drygrange, wi' the milk-white ewes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing.
The bird that flies through Rodpath trees
And Gleedwood banks each morrow,
May chant and sing—Sweet Leader's haugs
And bonny haums of Yarrow.
But Minstrel Barn cannot assuage
His grief while life endureth,
To see the chang'd of this age
Which fleeting time pronounceth;
For many a place stands in hard case,
Where lychee folk's kent nae sorrow,
With Hones that dwell on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwell on Yarrow.'"

"This is a massive square tower, now roofless and rammed, surrounded by an outwork wall, defended by round flanking towers. It is most beautifully situated, about three miles from Selkirk, upon the banks of the Yarrow, a fierce and precipitous stream, which unites with the Ettrick to about a mile beneath the castle

Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh,
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grates and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess's mark'd his weary pace,
His timid men, 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 Morrison'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 anon,

"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 was a much more ancient castle in its immediate vicinity, called Auldwarl, founded, it is said, by Alexander III. Both were designed for the royal residence when the king was disposed to take his pleasure in the extensive forest of Ettrick. Various grants occur in the records of the Priory Seal, bestowing the keeping of the Castle of Newark upon different barons. There is a popular tradition that it was once seized, and held out by the outlaw Murray a noted character in song, who only surrendered Newark upon condition of being made hereditary sheriff of the forest. A long ballad, containing an account of this transaction, is preserved in the Border Minstrelsy (vol. i. p. 399). 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 jointure lands. But of this she could make little advantage; for, after the death 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 so firm a grasp, that when the Forest of Ettrick was dispossessed, they obtained a grant of the Castle of Newark in property. It was within the courtyard of this castle that General Lely did military execution upon the prisoners whom he had 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 Monmouth 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 recited in her presence, and for her amusement—Schety's Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

It may be added that Bowhill was the favorite 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, no doubt, was influenced in his choice of the locality, by the predilection 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 old castle, is called, in memory of her, the Duchess's Walk.—Ed.

2 Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, represents...
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,  
And of Earl Walter, 
A braver ne'er to battle rode;  
And how full many a tale he knew,  
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:  
And, would the noble Duchess deign  
To listen to an old man's strain,  
Though stiff his hands, his voice though weak,  
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,  
That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
He could make music to her ear.

The Lamble 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 denied:  
For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the ease,  
Which marks security to please;  
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—  
He tried to tune his harp in vain.  

The paying 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 said, he would full fain  
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 earls;  
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 raised his face, and smiled;  

Of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1565.

1. Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.  
2. Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess  
3. a celebrated warrior.

Mr. W. Duns (see Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 220), says,  
that Put repeated the lines, descriptive, the old harper's earnestness 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."

"In the very first rank of poetical excellence, we are inclined to place the introductory and concluding lines of every canto, in which the ancient strain is suspended, and the feelings and situation of the minstrel himself described in the words of the author. The elegance and the beauty of this setting, if we may so call it, though entirely of modern workmanship, appears to us to be fully more worthy of admiration than the bolder relief of the antiques which it encloses, and leads us to regret that the author should have wasted, in imitation and

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

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

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

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idle asse;  
Knight, and page, and household squire,  
Loiter'd through the lofty hall,  
Or crowded round the ample fire;  
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,  
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,  
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,  
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

antiquarian researches, so much of those powers which seem fully equal to the task of raising him an independent reputation."—Jeffrey.

4. See Appendix, Note A.

"The ancient romance owes much of its interest to the lively picture which it affords of the times of chivalry, and of those usages, manners, and institutions, which we have been accustomed to associate in our minds, with a certain combination of magnificence with simplicity, and tenacity with romantic honor. The representations contained in those performances, however, are, for the most part, too rude and want to give complete satisfaction. The execution is always extremely unequal; and though the writer sometimes touches upon the appropriate feeling with great effect and felicity, still it appears to be done more by accident than design; and he wanders away immediately into all sorts of ridiculous or uninteresting details, without any apparent consciousness of incongruity. These defects Mr. Scott has corrected with admirable address and judgment in the greater part of the work now before us; and while he has exhibited a very striking and impressive picture
III.

Nine and twenty knights of fame
Hang their shields in Branksome-Hall,¹
Nine and twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from all:
Nine and twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With beltéd 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:
Throng’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,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow;
A hundred more fed free in stall:—
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready night?
Why watch these warriors, arm’d, by night?—
They watch, to hear the blood-bound baying;
They watch to hear the war-horn braying;
To see St. George’s red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming;
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
At the old feudal usages and institutions, he has shown still greater talent in engraving upon those descriptions all the tender or magnanimous emotions to which the circumstances of the story naturally give rise. Without impairing the antique air of the whole piece, or violating the simplicity of the ballad style, he has contrived, in this way, to impart a much greater dignity and more powerful interest to his production, than could ever be obtained by the unskilful and unsteady combinations of the old romancers. Nothing, we think, can afford a finer illustration of this remark, than the opening stanzas of the whole poem; they transport us as once into the days of knightly daring and feudal hostility, at the same time that they suggest, in a very interesting way, all those softer sentiments which arise out of some parts of the description.¹

—JEFFREY

¹ See Appendix, Note B.
² See Appendix, Note C.
³ See Appendix, Note D, and compare these stanzas with the description of Jar’tie Telfer’s appearance at Branksome.

“Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy’s powers,
Threaten Branksome’s lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.”

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.—³
Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear
Bars long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell!
When startled burgheurs fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dumelin
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redder,
And heard the slogan’s deadly yell—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
Or stanch the death-feud’s enmy?
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 Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter’d chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot?⁶

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 lent;
But o’er her warrior’s bloody bier
The Ladyle dropp’d nor flower nor tear!⁶

Hall (Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 5), to claim the protection of “Auld Buccleuch”—and the ensuing scene (page 9).

“The Scots they rule, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
And aye the o’er-word o’ the thrang
Was—Rise for Branksome ready, ʺ &c."

Compare also the Ballad of Kinmont Willie (vol. ii. p. 23).

“How word is gane to the braid keeper,
In Branksome’ sa’ where that he lay,” &c.—En.

³ There are not many passages in English poetry more impressive than some parts of Stanzae vii. viii. ix.—JEFFREY
⁶ See Appendix, Note E.
⁶ Edinburgh.
⁷ The war-cry, or gathering-word, of a Border clan.
⁸ See Appendix, Note F.
⁹ Orig. (1st Edition,) “The Ladyle dropp’d nor sight me tear.”
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high dishain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lipt'd from the nurse's knee—
'And if I live to be a man,
M's father's death revenged shall be!'
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To drench the infant's kindling cheek.

X.
All loose her negligent attire,
All lose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
And wept in wild despair:
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied;
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,
Had lent their mangled tide:
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran
All purple with their blood;
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranston she should wed;—
Would see her on her dying bed.

XL
Of noble race the Ladyle came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Farcicid;—
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!

XII.
And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladyle 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 means the mossy turrets round

Is it the roar 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 means old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII.
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!

XIV.
From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladyle knew it well;
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.
RIVER SPIRIT.
"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—
MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.
"'Brother, nay—
On my hills the moonbeams play.
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every rill, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aerial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it daintly merrily,
Up, and mark their nimble feet!
Up, and list their music sweet!—"

XVI.
RIVER SPIRIT.
"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?"—

* See Appendix, Note G. (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.)
* See Appendix, Note H.
* See Appendix, Note I.
* See Appendix, Note K.
* First Edition—"St. Kentigern's hall."—St. Mungo = Kentigern, is the patron saint of Glasgow.
* See Appendix, Note L.
* See Appendix, Note M.
* Staur, a precipitous bank of earth.
CANTO L

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

* Arthur's slow waifs his course doth roll,
  In utter darkness round the pole;
  The Nether Bell lowers black and grim;
  Orion's studded belt is dim;
  Twinkling faint, and distant far,
  Shimmers through mist each planet star;
  Ill may it read their high decree!
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quell'd, and love be free."

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
   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 throbbed high with pride:
"Your mountains shall bend,
   And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with jecond din, among them all,
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall, right merrily,
  In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
  Share in his frivol gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,
  Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the gray warriors prophesied,
  How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride;
  Exalt the Crescent and the Star."

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high,
One moment, and no more;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the arched door:
Then, from amid the armed train,
She call'd to her William of Deloraine.

1 See Appendix, Note N.
2 Foray, a predatory foray.
3 This line, of which the metre appears defective, would have its full complement of feet according to the pronunciation of the poet himself—as all who were familiar with his utterance of the letter r will bear testimony.—End

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
As e'er couched Border lance by knee:
Through Solway sands, through Tarre's moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross
By wldy taws, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.
In Esk 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 wightest steed;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet 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 hadst thou ne'er been born."

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed.
Which 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 Hairibee."

4 See Appendix, Note O.
5 Ibid. Note P.
6 Ibid. Note Q.
7 Hairibee, the place of executing the Border marauders as Carlisle. The neck-verse, is the beginning of the 51st Psalms, Misereor mei, &c., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy. ['In the rough but spirited sketch of the
XXV.
Soon in his saddle safe he vast,
And soon the steep descent he past,
Soon cross'd the sounding barbiclan,1
And soon the Teviot side he win.
Eastward the wooded path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basket nod,
He pass'd the Peel2 of Goldiland,
And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dilly he view'd the Mount-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still fitted round;3
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in sight;
And so he spurr'd his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldene.4

XXVI.
The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark;—
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."—
"For Bruscombe, ho!" the knight rejoind, And left the friendly tower behind.
He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gain'd the moor at Horslachill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.5

XXVII.
A moment now he slack'd his speed,
A moment breathed his panting steed;
Drew saddle-strings and corset-hand,
And loosen'd in the sheath his brand.
On Mute-erags the moonbeams glitt,6
Where Barnhill howl'd his bed of flint;
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
For many a league his prey could spy;
Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
The terrors of the robber's born?
Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
Ambition is no cure for love!

XXVIII.
Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine,
To ancient Riddel's fair domain;
Where All, from mountains freed,
Down from the lakes did raving come;
Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
In vain! no torrent, deep or broad,
Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.
At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
And the water broke o'er the saddlebow;
Above the foaming tide, I ween,
Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;
For he was barred7 from counter to tail,
And the rider was armed complete in mail;
Never heavier man and horse
Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say
Was dangled by the dashing spray;
Yet through good heart, and Our Lady's grace
At length he gain'd the landing place.

XXX.
Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Haldon;8
For on his soul the slaughter red
Of that unhallow'd morn arose,
When first the Scott and Carr were foes;
When royal James beheld the fray,
Prize to the victor of the day;
When Home and Douglas, in the van,
Bore down Buceleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.
In bitter mood he spurr'd fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melrose' rose, and fair Tweed run:
Like some tall rock with lichens gray,
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abyane.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lamps9 were in Melrose sung.
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fall,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Was wake'd by the winds alone,
But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all
He meet'd, the steel'd his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.10

1 See Appendix, Note T.
2 Ibid., Note U.
3 Barded, or barred, — applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armor.
4 Haldon was an ancient seat of the Kern of Cessford now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle between Buceleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Stenish Field.—See Appendix, Note D.
5 Ibid., Note S.
6 An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburgshire.
7 See Appendix, Note T.
8 Ibid., Note U.
9 See Appendix, Note T.
A wizard, of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca’s cave,¹
Him, fistred his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame?²
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,³
And briddled 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 pannace must be done.

XIV.
“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 wave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.
“I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save 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 toll’d 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.

XVI.
“It was a night of wo and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I had!
Strange sounds along the chancel pass’d,
The banners waved without a blast”—
Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll’d one—¹
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe never spurr’d a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chill’d with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 D.  ² Ibid. Note 2 E.
³ See Appendix, Note 2 F.  ⁴ Ibid. Note 2 G.

XVII.
“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.”—¹
Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the Warrior took;²
And the Monk made a sign with his witherd hand
The grave’s huge portal to expand.

XVIII.
With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o’er the grave-stone bent;
With bar 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 below;
No earthly flame blaze o’er so bright:
It shone like heaven’s own blessed light.
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show’d the Monk’s o’wl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow’d Warrior’s mail,
And kiss’d his waving plume.

XIX.
Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll’d,
He seem’d some seventy winters old;
A palmer’s amice wrap’d him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldrick 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 fallest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.³

XX.
Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle’s bloody plan,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
he had loved with brotherly affection—the horror of Deloraine
and his belief that the corpse frowned, as he withdrew the magic volume from its grasp, are, in a succeeding part of the narrative, circumstances not more happily conceived than soberly wrought.”—Critical Review
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,  
Save to patter an Ave Mary;  
When I ride on a Border foray,  
Other prayer can I none;  
So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old,  
And again he sighed heavily;  
'Or 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.  

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,  
Glisten'd with the dew of night;  
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,  
But was carved 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 had he seen, in fair Castle,  
The youth in glittering squadrons start;  
Sudden the flying jummet wheel,  
And hurl the unexpected dart.  
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clench'd postern door,  
They enter'd now the chamber tall;  
The darken'd roof rose high above  
On pillars lofty and light and small:  
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribbed aisle,  
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-fleuille;  
The crosbells were carved grotesque and grim;  
And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,  
With base and with capital flourish'd around,  
Seem'd bundles of hales which garland'd her bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon 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 Otterburn's.  
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!  
O fading honors of the dead!  
O high ambition, lovely laid!

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
By foliaged tracery combined;  
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand  
"Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,  
In many a freakish knot, had twined;  
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,  
And Changed the willow-wreaths 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 brandished,  
And trampled the Apostle's pride.  
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,  
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,  
(A Scottish monarch slept below);  
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:—  "I was not always a man of war;  
For Paynim 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.

XIII.

"In these far climes it was my lot:  
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott,  
example, and most of the prologues to the cantos. The tone, too, is admirable. The tone is antique; and it might be read for instruction as a picture of the manners of the middle ages."—*November* 2, 1853.—*We are perfectly enchanted with Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.* He is surely the man born at last to translate the Æneid. Are not the best parts of his poem the most Homeric of any thing in our language? There are tedious passages, and so are there in Homer.—*Sir James Mackintosh, *Life*, vol. i. pp. 254, 292.

* A large marble stone, in the chancel of Melrose, is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II., one of the greatest of our early kings; others say, it is the resting-place of Waltheof, one of the early abbots, who died in the odor of sanctity.

1 See Appendix, Note X.

2 The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture.

3 An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloisters have an inscription, bearing, *Hic jactat arteria Archibaldus.*

4 See Appendix, Note Y.

5 Corbells, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

6 With pilasters and with capital flourish'd around."

* First Edition."

8 See Appendix, Note Z. 9 Ibid. Note 2 B.  
* 20 Dublin, September 25, 1803.—I began last night to read Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, as part of my evening readings to my children. I was extremely delighted by the scholastic beauty of some passages, the Abbey of Melrose for
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

CANTO II.

HERE paused the harp; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell;
Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seem'd to seek, in every eye,
If they approved his minstrelsy;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wand'ring long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.
The Duchess, and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each, in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they long'd the rest to hear.
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd 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 rock'd he of the scene so fair:
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
H.'s struck full loud, and struck full long.

1  "In the description of Melrose, which introduces the Second Canto, the reader will observe how skilfully the Author tailors in the aid of sentimental associations to heighten the effect of the picture which he presents to the eye."—Jeffrey.

2 See Appendix, Note W.

3 David I. of Scotland, purchased the reputation of sanctity, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kebo, Jedburgh, and many others;

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 barred 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 couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

V

And strangely on the Knight look'd he,
And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide;
"And, dearest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide!
My breast, in belt of iron bent,
With shirt of hair and scourage of thorn,
For threescore 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
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance dree,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring Warrior, follow me!"

VI.

"Penance, father, will I none; Prayer know I hardly one;

which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was a sore saint for the crown.

4 The Buccleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert I., Robert Scott, Baron of Mardiston and Rankleburn (now Buccleuch), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forest, pro eo lute animae sus. — Chartulary of Melrose, 28th May, 1415

5 Aventail, visor of the helmet.
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.

XXI.
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 mayst 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 frown'd;
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.
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.
"Tis 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 sobs, 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.

XXIII.
"Now, lie thee hence," the Father said,
"And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladys, 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 clasped 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 tombstone gray
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,
Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.
Full fair was he when the dawn of day
Began to brighten Cheviot gray;
He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
And he said Ave Mary, as well he might.

XXV.
The sun had brighten'd Cheviot gray,
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 wak'd every flower that blow's;
And peep'd forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose.
And lovelier than the rose so red;
Yet paler than the violet pale,
The early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotaile.

XXVI.
Why does fair Margaret so early awake;
And don her kirtle so hastilie;
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 stair;
And why does she put the shaggy blood-bound,
As he rous'd him up from his lair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII.
The ladye 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 Greenwood at dawn of light
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.
XXVIII.
The Knight and ladye 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 hall:
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swells in 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 seem to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love;
And how she blush'd, and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid—
Yet, might the bloody feud 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 age expire;
My hairs are gray, 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 ehl,
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,
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's gloe, 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 what 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 elfish 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 wispish, arch and elerlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he;
And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been tae'n or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry,
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII.
For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elfish Page,
To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes;
For there, beside our Ladys' lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vow.
But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band
Of the best that would ride at her command;
The trysting place was Newark lee,
Wot of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Doleraine,
They were three hundred spears

I'll show you now; observe him, follow him,
But, once engaged, there you must stay and fix
It is observable that in the same play, Pug alludes
Spareness of his diet. Mr. Scott's goblin, though "w
arch, and litherlie," proves a faithful and honest retain
the lord, into whose service he had introduced himself.
A sort of inconsistency seems also to form a prominent part of the
diabolical character. Thus, in the romances of the Round
Table, we find Merlin, the son of a devil, exerting himself
most zealously in the cause of virtue and religion, the friend
and counsellor of King Arthur, the champion of wrongs, and
the scourge of the infidels.

-- See Appendix, Note 2 R.
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 burned the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun’s Goblin-Peage.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome’s good green wood,
As under the aged oak he stood,
The Baron’s coursers pricks his ears,
As if a distant noise he hears.
The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
And signs 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 reined;
Vaulted the Knight on his steed amain,
And, pondering deep that morning’s scene,
Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

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

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 my poor wither’d heart was dead,

And that I might not sing of love!—
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warm’d a minstrel’s dream,
So fain, 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 saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, 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 shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior’s steed, so dapple-gray,
Was dark with sweat, and splashed with clay.
His armour red with many a stain:
He seem’d 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 seem’d to know
That each was other’s mortal foe,
And spurr’d fierce, 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.
Stout Deloraine nor sigh’d nor pray’d;
Nor saint, nor ladye, call’d to aid;
But he spurr’d his head, and couched his spee.
And spurr’d his steed to full career.

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See notes on The Douglas Tragedy in the Minstrelsy, pl. iii. p. 3.—Ed.
Wood-pigeon.

\* The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an empress’s border motto, Thou shalt wound ere I wean.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.
Storm was the diet the Borderer lent!
The stately Baron backwards bent;
Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
And his plumes went scattering on the gale;
The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand frinders 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 girdling 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 reclin'd his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
"This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.
Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin Page behind ahoole;
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,
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride:¹
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 next begun.
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 glamour² might;
Could make a ladye seem a knight,
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling³ seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, nought 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 wounded Deborah.
From the ground he rose disdain'd,
And shook his huge and matted 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 smeared 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 mort I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.⁵

XI.
Unwillingly himself he address'd,
To do his master's high behest:
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all;
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye'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 grammar,⁶
Was always done maliciously;
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 the fair young child at sport:
He thought to train him to the wood;

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 L.
² Magic, feision
³ A shepherd's hat.
⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 M.
⁵ Ibid. Note 2 N.
⁶ Magic
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

CANTO III

For, at a word, be 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 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 viole,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen.
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowld and startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laugh'd, and shout'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"

XIV.
Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frighten'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of grumary;
The child, amidst the forest bowers,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He fear'd to see that grisly face,
Glar'd from some thicket on his way.
Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,
And deeper in the wood is gone,—
For aye the 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-mouthed hark
Comes nigher still, and nigher:
Ear-stent on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder's child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire!
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,

At cautious distance hoursely baying,
But still in act to spring;
When dash'd an archer through the glade,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd,
He drew his tough bow-string;
But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy!
Ho! shoot not, Edward—"Tis a boy!"

XVI.
The speaker issued from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
And quell'd the ban-tree's ire;
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fadow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true, and eye more cleer
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face;
Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
His barret-cap did grace;
His bungle-horn hang by his side,
All in a wolf-skin babble-tide;
And his short falshion, sharp and clear
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

XVII.
His kirtile, made of forest green,
Reach'd scantly to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he;
His buckler, scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he;
He never count'd him a man,
Would strike below the knee;
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hounds 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 the Red-Cross spied he,
The boy strove long and violently.
"Now, by St. George," the archer cries,
"Edward, methinks we have a prize!
This boy's fair face, and courage free,
Show he is come of high degree."

XIX.
"Yes! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed

1 See Appendix, Note 20
2 See Appendix, Note 2P
And William of Deloraine, good at need,  
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed;  
And if thou dost not let me go,  
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,  
"I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!":—

XX.

* Gramercy nor thy good will, fair boy!  
My mind was never set so high;  
But if thou art chief of such a clan,  
And art the son of such a man,  
And ever comest to thy command,  
Our wardens had need to keep good order;  
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,  
Thou'll make them work upon the Border.  
Meantime be pleased to come with me,  
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;  
I think our work is well begun,  
When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away,  
In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,  
For so the Dwarf his part did play;  
And, in the shape of that young boy,  
He wrought the castle much awoy.  
The comrades of the young Pudleunch  
Me pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew;  
Nay, some of them had well-nigh slew  
He tore Dame Maudlin's silk tire,  
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,  
He lighted the match of his bandelier,  
And wofully scorched the hackbuteer.  
It may be hardly thought or said,  
The mischief that the urchin made,  
Till many of the castle g vess'd,  
That the young Baron was possess'd!  

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held  
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd;  
But she was deeply busied then  
To tend the wounded Deloraine.  
Much she wonder'd to find him lie,  
On the stone threshold stretch'd along;  
She thought some spirit of the sky  
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong;  
Because, despite her precept dread,  
Perchance he in the Booke had read,  
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,  
And it was earthly steel and wood.

Bandeboer belt for carrying ammunition  
* Hackbuteer, musketeer.

See Appendix, Note 2 Q.

* Ibid. Note 2 R.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood.  
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound;  
No longer by his couch she stood;  
But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
And wash'd it from the clootted gore,  
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.  
William of Deloraine, in trance,  
Whence'er she turn'd 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,  
Full long she toil'd; for she did rue  
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.*

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  
E'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;  
Took'd a wild note, and all between  
Thought of the bower of hawthorns 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 Penychryst 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-blaze of war!  
Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breast,  
For well she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

The Warder 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.

* "As another illustration of the prodigious improvement which the style of the old romance is capable of receiving from a more liberal admixture of pathetic sentiments and gentler affections, we insert the following passage [Stanzas xxiv to xxvii.], where the effect of the picture is finely assisted by the contrast of its wo sojournments." —Jeffrey.
Far downward, in the castle-yard,  
Full many a torch and cresset glared;  
And helmets and plumes, confusingly toss'd,  
Wore in the blaze halfseen, half-lost;  
And spears in wild disorder shook,  
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXXVII.
The Seneschal, whose silver hair  
Was redden'd by the torches' glare,  
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,  
And issued forth his mandates loud: —  
"On Pencrysh glows a bale' of fire,  
And three are kindling en Priestuthaghswire;  
Ride out, ride out,  
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome, 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,  
Elliots and Armstrongs never fail. —  
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!  
And warn the Warder of the strife.
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,  
Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise.""
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 stoop’d his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the fear that pain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father’s notes of woe.1

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Canto Fourth.

I.
Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glancing bale-fires blaze no more,
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow’d shore;2
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 Twed,3
Had only heard the shepherd’s reed,
Nor started at the tangle-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 doom’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.4

1 “Nothing can excel the simple concise pathos of the close of this Canto—not the touching picture of the Bard when, with moistened brow, he tries to conceal real sorrow. How well the poet understands the art of contrast—and how judiciously it is exerted in the exordium of the next Canto, where the mourning sympathy is exchanged for the thrill of pleasure!”—ANNA SEWARD.

2 “A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”—JOHN KEATS.

3 The Viscous of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killochane.

4 Some of the most interesting passages of the poem are those in which the author drops the business of his story to moralize, and apply to his own situation the images and reflections it has suggested. After concluding one Canto with an account of the warlike array which was prepared for the reception of the English invaders, he opens the succeeding one with the following beautiful verses, (Stanzas i. and ii.):

There are several other detached passages of equal beauty,

5 No one will dissent from this, who reads, in particular, the first two and heart-glowing stanzas of Canto VI—now, by association of the past, smile on the more affecting —Es

Why, when the volleying 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 Grama.

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 frighten’d flocks and herds were pent
Beneath the peel’s rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropp’d the tear,
While ready warriors seiz’d the spear.
From Branksome’s towers, the watchman’s eye
Dun wreath’s of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show’d southern ravage was begun.5

IV.
Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
“Prepare ye all for blows and blood:
Watt Tindal,” 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. Barnabright
They sieg’d him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning: well they knew,
In vain he never twa’g’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 Warden-Raid.”6

V.
While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Enter’d the echoing barbacum.

which might be quoted in proof of the effect which is produced
by this dramatic interference of the narrator.”—JEFFREY.

V. See Appendix, Note 2 V.

6 Ibid. Note 2 W.

7 Ibid. Note 2 X.

8 And when they came to Branksome he
They shouted at his gate and he,
Till up and spak him said Buceleuch,
“Said—’What’s this brings the fraye to me’?
‘It’s I, Jamie Telfer, o’ the thir Dalhead,
And a harried man I think i be,’ ” &c.


9 An innace commanded by the Warden in person.

10 “The dawn displays the smoke of ravaged fields, and sheep
herds, with their flocks, flying before the storm. Travels
brought by a tenant of the family, not used to seek a shelter
on light occasions of alarm, disclose the strength and object of
the invaders. This man is a character of a lower and of a
routher cast than Delarone. The portrait of the rude re
tainer is sketched with the same masterly hand. Here, again,
Mr. Scott has trod in the footsteps of the old romancers, who
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,¹
Could bound like any Billhope stag?²
It bore his wife and children twain;
A half-clad serf³ was all their train;
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-hair'd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,⁴
Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely form'd, and lean withal;
A bated' motion on his brow;
A leather jack, as foine snow,
On his broad shoulders loosely 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 handy partner bore.

VI.
Thus to the Ladye did Tinlin show
The tidings of the English foe:—
"Belted Will Howard" is marching here,
And hot Lord Daner,⁵ with many a spear,
And all the German hackbut-men,⁶
Who have long lain at Askerton:
They cross'd the Liddle at curfew hour,
And burn'd my little lonely tower;
The fiend receive their souls therefor;
It had not been burn'd this year and more.
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight;
But I was chased the livelong night.
Black John of Akes-haw, and Fergus Græme,
Fast upon my traces came,
Until I turn'd at Priesthaugh Scrogg,
And shot their horses in the bog,
Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
I had him long at high despite;
He drove my cows last Eastern's night."

VII.
Now weariy scouts from Liddlesdale,
Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale;
Seems not themselves to the display of a few personages
Who walk over the stage in stately suits, but usually reflect all
the varieties of character that marked the era to which they
belong. The interesting example of manners thus preserved
up to us is not the only advantage which results from this pecu-
niar structure of their plan. It is this, amongst other circum-
stances, which enables them to carry us along with them,
say I do not know what species of fascination, and to make
as if it were, credible spectators of their most extravagant
scenes. In this they seem to resemble the painter, who, in
the delineation of a battle, while he places the adverse heroes
of the day combating in the front, takes care to fill his back-
ground with subordinate figures, whose appearance adds at
once both spirit and air of probability to the scene."—
Critical Review 1865.
¹ The broken ground in a bæg.
² See Appendix, Note 2 Y.
³ Boreman.
⁴ As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plun-
dered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendor in decorating and ornamenting their females.—See LELAND & MURDOCH LAMSTEBOURNE.
⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.
⁶ Ibid, Note 3 A.
⁷ Musketeers. See Appendix, Note 3 B.
⁸ The four last lines of stanza vii. are not in the 1st Edition.—Ed.
The moonlight raid, the morning fight;
Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
In youth, might tame his rage for arms;
And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
And still his brows the helmet press'd,
Albeit 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.¹

X.
Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band;²
Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sire's won fair Eskdale.
—
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;
High of heart, and haughty of word,
Little they reck'd of a tame liege lord.
The Earl into fair Eskdale came,
Homage and soignory to claim;
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot³ he sought,
Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."
— "Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Off has he help'd me at pinch of need;
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
I can rein Buckfoot better than thou.⁴—
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
till so highly blazing the Beattison's ire,
But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
The vassals there their lord had slain.
Sore he plied both whip and spur,
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;
And it fell down a weary wight,
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XI.
The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
Full fain avenged would be he.
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 Beattison's clan
If thou heavest on Eske 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 the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
And with him five hundred riders ha'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—
"Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
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 I three times wind,
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."

XII.
Loudly the Beattison laughed 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 harse,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikness;
He blew again so loud and clear,
Through the gray mountain-mist there did lances appear;
And the third blast rang with such a din,
That the echoes answer'd from Pentour-linn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke
For each sorrowful word the Galliard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bared the Galliard through and through.
Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the red
The Galliard-Haugh men call it still.
The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.—
The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source
Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.
Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair;⁵
² Stanzas x, xi, xii. were not in the first Edition.

¹ See, besides the note on this stanza, one in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 10, respecting Wat of Harden, the Author's ancestor.
² A topographical piece, entitled "The Town Elocution," which made much noise in Edinburgh shortly after the appearance of the Minstrelsy, has these lines—
"A modern author speaks a hundred leaves,
To prove his ancestors notorious thieves"—Ed.
₃ See Appendix, Note 3 E.
₄ The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot, or Heredred.
₅ This and the three following lines are not in the first edition.—Ed.
From Woodhouselie to Chester-glen,
Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden, 1
And better hearts o'er Border sod
To siege or rescue never rode.

The Ladys' mark'd the aids come in,
And high 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 a 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, Whit-sdale, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,
And o'er him hold his father's shield."

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page
Cared not to face the Ladys' sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shrick'd, and shed full many a tear,
And morn'd and plain'd in manner wild.

The attendants to the Ladys',
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame:
"Hence ere the clan his fairness view;
Hence with the weakening to Buccleuch;—
Watt Tinlin, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should o'er be son of mine!"

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlin had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and rear'd again,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlin mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross'd, the elf, amidst the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"
Full fast the wraith ran and laugh'd,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlin'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 Tinlin, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

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 mingled tone,
Were Border pipes and bugles blown;
The coursers' neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almay's sullen kettle-drums;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the cope appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.

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 friaching bred,
With kirtles white and crosses red,
Array'd beneath the banner tall
That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall;
And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow,
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band 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-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and 'broader'd o'er,
And morse-horns 4 and scarfs they wore
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 F.
2 Powder-flasks.
XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry;
His men-at-armes, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle's glittering rear:
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms were seen;
With favor in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthen'd lines display;
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"13

XX.

Now every English eye, intent
On Brancosone's armed towers was bent;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan;
Falcon and culver,2 on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower;
And flashing armor 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 gazing, the bridges fall,
The wicket open, 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;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager coursers' gait;
Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance:
In sign of truce, his better hand
Display'd a peeled willow wand;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear;3
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Dacre stout
Spear to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
Why, 'gainst the truce of Border tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
And all you mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland!
My Ladye reads ye 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 hearths in Cumberland."—

XXIII.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
But calmer Howard took the word:
"May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
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 lean'd on his spear
To see the pursuivant appear.
All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
The lion 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 Buckleuch
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said:

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords:
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardenry,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border side;
And ill besees your rank and birth
To make your towers a fleuret-fifth.4
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason's pain.
It was but last Sir Cuthbert's even
He pricket'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried5 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 thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warren,6
And storm and spoil thy garrison:

1 "The stanzas, describing the march of the English forces, and the investiture of the castle of Brancosone, display a great knowledge of ancient costume, as well as a most picturesque and lively picture of feudal warfare."—Critical Review.
2 Ancient piece of artillery.
3 A goth 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 LESLIE.
4 An asylum for outlaws.
5 See Appendix, Note 3 H
6 Puddled.
7 Note of assaunt.
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;
Implor'd for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace,
A moment changed that Lady's cheer,
Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear—
She gazed upon the leader round,
And dark and sad each warrior worn'd;
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
Unmuted and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI.
"Say to your Lords of high emprise,1
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Doloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,2
Or else he will the combat take.
'Gainst Mgsgrave, for his honor's sake.
No knight in Cumberland so good,
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas's sword;3
When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford;4
And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dub'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.
Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake5 dirge,
Our mort, the grave where they shall lie."

XXVII.
Proud she look'd round, applause to claim—
Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame:
His bugle Wat of Harlaxn blew;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border sager rung.
"St. Mary for the young Buccheuch!"
The English war-cry answer'd wide,
And forward bent each southern spear;
Each Kendall archer made a stride,
And drew the bowstring to his ear;
Each minstrel's war-note loud was blow'n;—
But ere a gray-goose shaft had flown,
A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

Orig.—"Say to thy Lords of high emprise."
See Appendix, Note 3 I.  
Ibid. Note 3 K.  

XXVIII.
"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said,
*What treason has your march betray'd?*4
What make you here, from aid 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 weapon-schaw;6
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 rood;
And Jedwood, Esk, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with hasty 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 hard I've spur'd all night, to show
The watchful of the coming foe."

XXIX.
"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
"For sohn 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 mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
Level each harquebuss on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, hill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

XXX.
"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmy hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?"7
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladylee made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine,8
In single fight, and, if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he's cross'd,
'Tis but a single warrior lost."

1 Lyke-wake, 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.
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Daunce brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he staid,
And slow and sullenly obey'd,
But never again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again
Before the castle took his stand;
His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,
The leaders of the Scottish band;
And he defied, in Musgrave's right,
Stout Deloraine to single fight;
A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
And thus the terms of fight he said:
"If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,
Your youthful chieftain, Braunsome's Lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain:
If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
How'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unarm'd,
In peaceful march, like men unarmed,
Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd;
For though their hearts were brave and true,
From Jedwood's recent sack they knew
How tardy was the Regent's aid:
And you may guess the noble Dame
Durst not the secret prescience own,
Sprung from the art she might not name,
By which the coming help was known.
Closed was the compact, and agreed
That lists should be enclosed with speed,
Beneath the castle, on a lawn:
They fix'd the morrow for the strife,
In foot, with Scottish axe and knife,
At the fourth hour from peep of dawn;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand.

XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and say,
Such combat should be made on horse
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course:
But he, the jovial Harper, taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,
In guise which now I say;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-law.
In the old Douglas' day,
He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue,
Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,
Or call his song untrue:
For this, when they the goblet plie'd,
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,
The Bard of Reull he slew.
On Teviot's side, in sight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

XXXV.

Why shou'd I tell the rigid door,
That dragg'd my master to his bed.
How Ouseman's maids tore their hair,
Wept 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 below,
For, with my minstrel brethren here,
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 feudal, whose memory was not;
Of forests, now hied waste and bare;
Of towers, which harbor now the bare;
Of manners, long since changed and gone;
Of chiefs, who under their gray stone
So long have slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name;
And twined round some new minion'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 ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires.
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 mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:—
Who say, tall chieft, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make mourn;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper gown, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.
Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate car mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
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 shames the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier:
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead,
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amid,
And shrinks along the battle-plain.
The Chief, whose antique wreath still long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty shrine
Sees, in the thadem once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory cease:
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 tower
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appear,
And trampling steeds faintly heard;
Bright spears, above the columns dun,
Glanced momentarily to the sun;
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, dreadst name! 3
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburn 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 Lammermoor,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners con;
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home! 6

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,

1 rig.—"Speckle-heads above the columns dun."—Ed.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 2.
3 In the first edition we read—
"Vails not to tell what hundreds more
From the rich Merse and Lammermoor," &c.
The lines on Wedderburne and Swinton were inserted in
the second edition.—Ed.
4 Sir David Home of Wedderburne, who was slain in the
famous battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife, Isabel
daughter of Hoppringle of Gaishields (now Pringle of White-
bank). They were called the Seven Spears of Wedder-
burne.
5 See Appendix, Note 3 2.
6 Ibid. Note 3 2.
And how a day of fight was taken
Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine,
And how the laurie prayed them clear,
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome's cheer.
Nor, while the pace 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 armor free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.
Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armies 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 gaitlet clasped,
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.¹

VII.
Yet, be it known, had bugles 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,² 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 bold strange,
In the old Border-day.³
But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
In peaceful merriment sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII.
The blithsome signs of wassal gay
Decay'd not with the dying day;
Soon through the latticed windows tall
Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
Divided square by shafts of stone,
Huge flanks of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang.

And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud holla, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their strugglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas or Dacre's conquering name.

IX.
Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamors 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 toiled there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square.⁴
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 bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart
All in her lonely bowier apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the banner's hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 T.
² A sort of knife or poniard.
³ See Appendix, Note 3 U.
⁴ This line is not in the first edition.
XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where courier's clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now still as death; till stalking slow,—
The jugling spurs announced his tread,—
A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be!—
Secure, as in Ossenam 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's break,
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.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
Of that sly archin page;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the wanderer's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage;
But O! what magic's quaint disguise
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 archin 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;
A death to Crawstoun's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame,
But earthly spirit could not tell

In the first edition, "the silver cord;"—
"Yes, love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire," &c.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill shrill arouses 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 Ettrick wood;
To Branksome many a look they threw
The combatants approach to view,
And banded many a word of beast,
About the knight each favor's most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thistlestaine.
They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
And frowning brow on brow was bent;
But yet not long the strife—for, lo!
Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,
Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain
In armor sheath'd from top to toe,
Appear'd, and crave'd the combat due
The Dame her charm successful knew,
And the fierce chiefs their claims with saw

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Ladye's silken shoon
Did noble Howard hold;
Unarmed by her side he walk'd,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fall o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin shal'd and lined;

It may be noticed that the late Lord Napier, the representative of the Scotts of Thistlestaine, was Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire (of which the author was sheriff-depute) at the time when the poem was written; the competitor for the honor of supplying Deloraine's place was the poet's own ancestor.—Ed.

* See Canto III. St. 33 or xiii.
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
A Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Call’d noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.
Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfroy came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground:
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound;
The lordly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her burden’d rein.
He deem’d, she shoul’d at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror all unguns’d,
Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
When, in their chairs of crimson placed,
The Dame and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.
Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
An English knight led forth to view;
Scarce sud the boy his present sight;
So much he long’d to see the sight
Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield
As marshals of the mortal field;
While to each knight their care assign’d
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen, and Warden’s name
That none, while lasts the strife,
Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Til thus the alternate Heralds spoke:

XIX.
ENGLISH HERALD.
Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
A mend from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.

This couplet was added in the second edition.
After this, in the first edition, we read only:

"At the last words, with deadly blows,
The ready warriors fiercely close."—Ed.

The whole scene of the duel, or judicial combat, is con

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!

XX.
SCOTTISH HERALD.
"Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who saith, that foul treason’s stain,
Since he bore arms, ne’er soild his cost;
And that, so help him God above!
He will on Musgrave’s body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat."
LORD Dacre.
"Forward, brave champions, to the fight!
Sound trumpets!"

LORD HOME.
"God defend the right!"
Then, Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang.
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants 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 pour’d 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 chancing,
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 shalt thou rise again!
He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor’s barred band,
Unfix the gorget’s iron chaps,
And give him room for life to grasp:—
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!

duocted according to the strictest ordinances of chivalry, as delineated with all the minuteness of an ancient romance. The modern reader will probably find it rather tedious; but the concluding stanzas, which are in a loftier measure—

"’Tis done! ‘tis done!"—R. C.—JEFFREY.

1 First Edition, "In vain—In vain haste, holy Friar."
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,
As through the lists he ran;
Unmindful of the shouts on high,
That hailed the conqueror's victory.
He raised the dying man;
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer;
And still the crucifix on high
He holds before his darkening eye;
And still he bends an anxious ear,
His pattering penitence to hear;
Still props him from the bloody sod,
Still, even when soul and body part,
Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
And bids him trust in God!
Unheard he prays:—the death-pang's o'er!
Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.
As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing over the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.
When lo! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise
Among the Scottish bands;
And all, amid the throng'd array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran:
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard look'd around,
As dizzy, and in pain;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine!
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed;
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;
"And who art thou," they cried;
"Who hast this battle fought and won?"

HIs plumed helm was soon undone—
"Cranstoun, of Teviot-side!"
"For this fair prize I've fought and won,—"
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV
"all oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
and often press'd him to her breast;
or, under all her damness show,
Her heart had throb'd at every blow;

Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she great,
Though low he kneel'd at her feet.
Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said——
For Howard was a generous foe——
And how the clan united pray'd
The Ladye would the feud forgo,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

XXVI.
She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,—
"Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me; Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,
For pride is quell'd, and love is free."—
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 chesp of love our bond shall be;
For this is your betrothing day,
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 morn, by help of gramarye;
How, in Sir William's armor light,
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:
One day, fair maidens, 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, unarmed, he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan
Who held him for some fleeting wraith;
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartily:
He would not waken old debate.
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He never bore grudge for stalwart blow,
T'ain in fair fight from gallant foe:
And so 'twas seen of him, 0' 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, list thou here!
I ween, my deadly enemy;"
"For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Then stew'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 were 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.
Then wert the best to follow gear!
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
Cheer the dark blood-bound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!"

The spectral apparition of a living person.
"The lands that over Once to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon bad, the snaffle, spur, and spear."
---Poly-Albion, Song 13.

See Appendix, Note F. W.
* "The style of the old romancers has been very success-

I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."--

XXX.
So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowing back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laid him on his bloody shield:
On level'd lanes, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wall;
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 Coltrame'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 a-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 wail,
Now the sad requiem, leads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choirs 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 soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

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

fully imitated in the whole of this scene; and the speech of
Deloraine, who, roused from his bed of sickness rashes into
the lists, and apostrophizes his fallen enemy, brought to our
recollection, as well from the peculiar turn of expression in
its commencement, as in the tone of sentiment which it con-
veys, some of the 'funebres orationes of the 'Mort Arthur'"--
Critical Review
The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO VI

I.
Breathe there the man with soul so dead,
The 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, unhonour'd, 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 sire's! what mortal hand
Can o'er unblest the filial band,
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, of all bereft,
Sole 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 Teviot 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,
Rattle and banquet both they shared.

1 The Lady of the Lake has nothing so good as the address to Scotland."—MacIvor.
2 The preceding four lines form the inscription on the monument of Sir Walter Scott in the market-place of Selkirk. (Ed.)

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

IV.
Me lists not at this sight declare
The splendor of the spousal rite,
How mester'd in the chapel fair
Both maid and matron, squire and knight
Me lists not tell of ovens rare,
Of mantles green, and braided hair,
And kirtles fur'd with miniver;
What plumage waved the altar round,
How spurs and ringing chimalets sound;
And hard it were for hard to speak
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek;
That lovely hue which comes and flies,
As awe and shame alternate rise!

V.
Some bards have sung, the Ladie high
Chapel or altar came not near;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slander's these,—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell;
For mighty words and signs have power
Of spirits 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 embro'ird'd and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with emrine lined;
A morion set 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 arch'd hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste
Marshall'd the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,

8 The line "Still lay my head," &c., was not in the first edition.—Ed.
9 See Appendix, Note 3 X.
10 Ibid. Note 3 Y.
And princely peacock's gilded train,
And o'er the brow-head, garnish'd brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave,  
O'ern ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and pastryle:
Their changing 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 bodeckd hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamar join'd with whistling screem,
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the thaysk of ruddy wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.
The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfen-benst,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humor highly cross'd,
About some steeds his hand had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Huntzell,
A hot and hardly Rutherford,
Whom men call Dicken Draw-the-sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Huntzell had driven these steeds away,
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The knifling discord to compose;
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But hit his glove,  
A fortnight thence, in Ingledow,
Stout Comrade, cold, and drench'd in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was ly a woodman's lyne-dog found;
Unknown the manner of his death,

VIII.
The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revel'd as early and as well
As those that sat in lordly state.
Watt Tatlin, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-brase;
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
To quaff them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
"A deep carouse to your fair bride!"
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Fount 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 Buceleuch the name did gain,
When in the clove the buck was taken.

IX.
The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tatlin's yew,
And swore, it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibes and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife;
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares 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 bolkin pierce'd him to the bone:
The venem'd wound, and festering joint,
Long after read that bolkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
And bord and flagns overturn'd:
Riot and clamar wild began;
Back to the hall the Urchin ran;

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1 See Appendix, Note 2 Z.
2 There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's lake, at the head of the river Yarrow. See Wordsworth's "Lines Visited.
3 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."—Ed.
4 See Appendix, Note 4 A.
5 Ibid, Note 4 B.
6 The person bearing this redoubtable nom de guerre was an Elliot, and resided at Thirlestane, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1597.
7 See Appendix, Note 4 C.
8 The appearance and dress of the company assembled in the chapel, and the description of the subsequent feast, in which the hounds and hawks are not the least important passages of the drama, are again happy imitations of those authors from whose rich but unhallowed ore Mr. Scott has wrought much of his most exquisite imagery and description. A society, such as that assembled in Bramsholme Castle, inflamed with national prejudices, and heated with wine, seems to have contained in itself sufficient seeds of spontaneous discord—the golden page is well introduced, as applying a torch to our mass of combustibles. Quarrels, highly characteristic of Border manners, both in their cause and the manner in which they are supported, ensue, as well among the lordly guests, as the yeomen assembled in the buttery."—Critical Review, 1815.
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grimm'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 stepp'd forth old Albert Graeme,
The Minstrel of that ancient name;
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the Land Debateable;
Well friended, too, his hardy kin;
Whoever lost, were sure to win;
They sought the beeves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both.
In homely guise, as nature bade,
His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GREAME.  
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,
When the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
For ere 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 pioe'ed 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.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.)
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For love shall still be lord of all.

XIII.
As ended Albert's simple lay,
Arose a bard of loftier port;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in bawdy Henry's court;
There rung thy harp, unrival'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song!

The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
He was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
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 deem'd, that spirits from on high
Round where some hermit saint was laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;
So sweet did harp and voice combine;
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 wrath and vengeance down.

He left, for Navorth'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 favorite he,
And chief of all his minstrels.

XVI.

Fitztraver.  
'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart best high;

He heard the midnight bell with anxious start.

direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence."—Jay

See Appendix, Note 4 E.

* First Edit.—"So sweet their harp and voices join."

* "The second song, that of Fitztraver, the bard of the se
CANTO VI.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh, 
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art, 
To show to him the ladye of his heart, 
Albeit betwixt them roar’d 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 gramarye, 
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight, 
Save that before a mirror, huge and high, 
A hallow’d taper shed a glimmering light 
On mystic implemants of magic might; 
On cross, and character, and talisman, 
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright: 
For fiful was the lustre, pale and wan, 
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But scarce, within that mirror huge and high, 
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam; 
And forms upon its breast the Earl ’gan spy, 
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream; 
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem 
To form a lordly and a lofty room, 
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam, 
Placed by a couch of Agra’s silken boon, 
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! 
Or her white bosom stray’d her hazel hair, 
Pale her dear cheek, 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 inmost soul to find;— 
That favor’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 vision all away— 
So royal envy roll’d the murky storm 
O’er my beloved Master’s gracious day. 
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay 
On thee, and thy children’s latest line, 
The wild cuprize of thy despotic sway, 
The gory bridal bed, the plunder’d shrine, 
The murder’d Surrey’s blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI
Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong 
Applauses of Fitzravey’s song; 
Those hated Henry’s name as death, 
And those still held the ancient faith. 
Then, from his seat, with lofty air, 
Rose Harold, hard 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; 
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway 
O’er isle and islet, strand and bay;— 
Still nods their palace to its fall, 
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall!— 
Thence oft he mark’d fierce Pentland rave, 
As if grim Odin rode her wave; 
And watch’d, the whilst, with visage pale, 
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail: 
For all of wonderful and wild 
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII
And much of wild and wonderful 
In those rude isles might fancy cult; 
For thither came, in times afar, 
Stern Lochlin’s sons of roving war, 
The Norsemen, train’d to spoil and blood, 
Skill’d to prepare the raven’s food, 
Kings of the main their leaders brave, 
Their barns the dragons of the wave; 
And there, in many a stormy vale, 
The Scald had told his wondrous tale; 
And many a Roman column high 
Had witness’d grim idolatry, 
And thus had Harold, in his youth, 
Learn’d many a Saga’s rhyme untaught,—
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous car’d, 
Whose monstrous circle girds the world; 
Of these dread Maids, whose hideous yell 
Maddens the battle’s bloody swell; 
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom 
By the pale death-lights of the tomb, 
Ransack’d the graves of warriors old. 
Their faithful wrench’d from corpses hold. 
Waked the dead for b 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 glen and Greenwood tree,  
He heard a milder minstrelsy;  
Yet something of the Northern spell  
Mix’d with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

HAROLD.¹

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.³

—“Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!  
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheugh,  
Nor tempt the stormy fifth to-day.

“The blackening wave is edged with white;  
To inch¹ and rock the sea-mews fly;  
The fishes have heard the Water-Sprite,  
Whose screams forbode that wreath is nigh

“Last night the gifted Seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed¹ round ladye gay;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheugh;  
Why cross the gloomy fifth to-day?”—

“Tis not because Lord Linseysay’s heir  
Tonight 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 Linseysay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide,  
If ’tis not ill’d 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.

¹ The third song is intended to represent that wild style of composition which prevailed among the bards of the Northern Continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the Minstrel’s residence in the south. We prefer it, upon the whole, to either of the two former, and shall give it entire to our readers, who will probably be struck with the poetical effect of the dramatic form, into which it is thrown, and of the indirect description by which every thing is more expressively told, without one word of distinct narrative.”—Jeffrey

³ This was a family name in the house of St. Clair. Haery St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth daughter of the Earl of Strathmore.

It glared on Roslin’s castled rock,  
It rugged¹ all the copse-wood glen;  
’Twas seen from Dryden’s groves of oak  
And seen from cauliflower Hawthorne’s

Seem’d all on fire that chapel proud,  
Where Roslin’s chiefs uncoffin’d lie,  
Each Baron, for a noble shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem’d all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy¹ and altar’s pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmer’d all the dead men’s mall

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin’s barons bold  
Lay 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 knoll;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sang  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sw. t was Harold’s piteous lay.²²  
Scarcely mark’d the guests the dark’ned 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 neighbor’s face,  
Could scarce his own stretch’d hand behold  
A secret horror check’d the feast.

²² “I observe a great poetic climax, designed, doubtless, in the two last of these songs from the first.”—Anna Seward

“We (G. Ellis and J. H. Fron) entertain some doubts about the propriety of dwelling so long on the minstrel songs in the last canto. I say we doubt, because we are not a sect of your having ancient authority for such a practice; but though the attempt was a bold one, I recollect as it is not usual to add a whole canto to a story which is already finished, we are far from wishing that you had left it unattempted.”—Ellis to Scott. “The sixth canto is altogether redundant for the poem should certainly have closed with the misadventures of the lovers, when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do? I had my book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe must have been insufficient to occupy an entire canto; so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the minstrels.”—Scott to Miss Seward—Life, vol v pp. 218, 222
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!
And I!"

XXV.
Then sudden, through 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 trophyed beam, each sculptured stone,
Were instant seen, and instant gone;
Full through the guests' bedazzled band
Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
And fill'd the hall with shuddering 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 rung;
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, "GYLEN, 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.

"The Goblin Page is, in our opinion, the capital deformity of the poem. We have already said the whole machinery is useless; but the magic studies of the lady, and the riled burst of Michael Scott, give occasion to so much admirable poetry, that we can, on no account, consent to part with them. The page, on the other hand, is a perpetual burden to the poet and to the readers; it is an unflagiogned and impossible fiction, which excites neither terror, admiration, nor astonishment, but needlessly debases the strain of the whole work, and excites at once our incredulity and contempt. It is not a 'trickery spirit,' like Ariel, with whom the imagination is irresistibly enamoured, nor a tiny monarch, like Oberon, disposing of the destinies of mortals; he rather appears to us to be an awkward sort of a mongrel between Puck and Caliban, of a wizened and brutal nature, and limited in his powers to the indulgence of petty malignity, and the infliction of despicable injuries. Besides this objection to his character, his existence has no support from any general or established superstition. Fairies and devils, ghosts, angels, and witches, are creatures with whom we are all familiar, and who excite in all classes of mankind emotions with which we can easily be made to sympathize. But the story of Gylpen Homer was never believed out of the village where he is said to have made his appearance, and has no claims upon the credulity of those who were not originally of his acquaintance. There is nothing at all interesting or elegant in the scenes of which he is the hero; and in reading these passages we really could not help suspecting that they did not stand in the romance when the aged minstrel received it to the royal Charles and his mighty ears, but were inserted afterwards to suit the taste of the cottagers among whom he begged his bread on the border. We entreat Mr. Scott to inquire into the grounds of this suspicion, and to take advantage of any decent pretext he may lay hold of for purging 'The Lay' of this ungraceful interlude."—JEFFREY.

But none of all the astonish'd train
Was so dismay'd as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did turn,
'Twas fear'd his mind would never return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-bound in Man. 3
At length, by fits, he darkly told,
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
And knew—but how it matter'd not—
It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

XXVII.
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, 4
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 Lowes,
Some to the Holy Roed of Lisle,
Some to our Ladye 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,
Renowned, for aye, dark magic's aid.

3 See Appendix, Note 4 O.
4 Ibid. Note 4 P.
XXVIII.
Naught of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befall;
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.

XXIX.
With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go;
The standers-by might hear unneath,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthen’d row:
No lordly look, no martial stride,
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar’s hollow’d side,
And there they knelt them down:
Above the suppliant chiefains 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.

XXX.
And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and scapular,
And snow-white stoles, in order 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 band
The mitred Abbot stretch’d his hand,
And bless’d them as they knelt’d;
With holy cross he sign’d them all,
And pray’d they might be sage 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 IRIE, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SCELERUM 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.

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 louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner’s stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Hush’s is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indulgence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath proud Newark’s tower,1
Arose the Minstrel’s lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden, hedged with green,
The cheerful heath, 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.
So pass’d the winter’s day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,2

For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in.”

Wordsworth’s Yarrow Visited.

1 Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Beheld a ruin hoary,
The shattered front of Newark’s towers,
Renew’d in Border story.

2 Fair scenes for childhood’s opening bloom
For sportive youth a stray in;

Bowhill is now, as has been mentioned already, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. It stands immediately below Newark 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.
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throesls sung in Horehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh, 1
And flourishing, broad, Blackcouno's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,

1 "Orig."—And grain was green on Carterhaugh."

And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rant traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roU'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

measures, it would have been impossible for him to have brought in such names as Watt, Tantaw, Black John, Prestonhaugh, Sreaggg, and other Scottish names, or to have spoken of the lyke-same, and the slogans, and driving of cattle, which Pope and Gray would have thought as impossible to introduce into serious poetry, as Baileuel did the names of towns in the campaigns of Louis IV. Mr. Scott has, therefore, very judiciously thrown in a great mixture of the familiar, and varied the measure; and if it has not the finished harmony, which, in such a subject, it were in vain to attempt, it has great ease and spirit, and never tires the reader. Indeed we think we see a tendency in the public taste to go back to the more varied measures and familiar style of our earlier poets; a natural consequence of having been satiated with the regular harmony of Pope and his school, and somewhat wearied with the stiffness of lofty poetic language. We now know what can be done in that way, and we seek entertainment and variety, rather than musical modulation and uniform dignity. We now take our leave of this very elegant, spirited, and striking poem."
—Annual Review, 1804.

"From the various extracts we have given, our readers will be enabled to form a tolerably correct judgment of the poem, and, if they are pleased with those portions of it which have now been exhibited, we may venture to assure them that they will not be disappointed by the rest of the whole. The whole night journey of Deloraine— the opening of the Wigtown— the march of the English battle—and the parts before the walls of the castle, are all executed with the same spirit and poetical energy, which we think is conspicuous in the specimens we have already extracted; and a great variety of short passages occur in every part of the poem, which are still more striking and meritorious, though it is impossible to detach them, without injury, in the form of a quotation. It is but fair to apprise the reader, on the other hand, that he will meet with very heavy passages, and with a variety of details which are not likely to interest any one but a Borderer or an antiquary. We like very well to hear of 'the gallant Chief of Otterborne,' or 'the Dark Knight of Liddesdale,' and feel the elevating power of great names, when we read of the tribes that marched to the war, 'beneath the crest of Old Dunbar and H-lpham's mingled banners.' But we really cannot so far sympathise with the local partialities of the author, as to feel any glow of patriotism or ancient virtue in hearing of the T构筑g or Johnston clans, or of Ellists, Arahstrung, and Tjinlins; still less can we relish the introduction of Black Jack of Airdbeart, Whitsdale the Hawk, Arthur Fire-the-Brave, Red Roland Forster, or any other of those worthless who

'Sought the beautes that made their broth, In Scotland and in England both,'
APPENDIX.

Note A.

The feast was over in Branksome tower.—P. 18.

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, and of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Ingles of Manor, the estate of Marchstone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brankholm, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome 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 harmony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkord, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderdow, confirmed by Robert III., 31 May, 1394. This tradition imparts the exchange between Scott and Ingles 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 Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Marchstone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconveniences. 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 Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, to be held in blanka for the payment of one red rose. The case assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithfull exertions in favor of the King against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 21 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 Ingles, Branksome 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 invasions of Buccleuch, and his attachment to the cause of Queen Mary, destroyed the castle, and laid waste the lands of Branksome. 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 Branxham Rcnt of Sir William Scott of Richardlogie began ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 year quha departit at God's pleasour ye 17 April 1574." On a similar sepulcher are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, "Dame Margaret Douglas his spouse comple-

TIT THE FORESAID WORK IN OCTOBER 1570. Over an arched door is inscribed the following morris verse:—

In hardi. fs. nocth. nature. hes. brought. gat sal. lcest. ap.

Therefore, serve. God. kepy. bell. ye. rov. thy fame. sal. nocth. dehay.

Sir Walter Scott of Branxholme Knight.
Margaret Douglas. 1571.

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 Chancellors, 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 Hartwoodanes, 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 deep bank surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, formed by a precipitous brook. It was, then, 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.

"Nineteen-twenty knights of fame Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall."—P. 19.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendor and from their frontier situation retained in their household at Brankstone, 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 dogged poetry—

"No baron was better served in Britain; The barons of Buccleuch they kept their call Four and twenty gentlemen their hall All being of his name and kin; Each two had a servant to wait upon them Before supper and dinner, most renowned, The bells rung and the trumpets sound; And more than that, I do confess, They kept four and twenty pensioners. Think not I lie, nor do me blame, For the pensioners I can name all:

1 Brankstone is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted, as suitable to the prominence, and no more proper for poetry. There are no vestiges of any building at Brancleuch, except the site of where, according to tradition current in the time of Scott of Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a well near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Brancleuch.
Tham or a live, older than I,
There is no worse, if I speak truth, or lie.

For me sawt, or a room did gain,
For me sawt, or a room did gain.

To set the reader understand,
The name both of the men and land,
Which they possessed, it is of truth.

Do: from the Lairds, and Lords of Bucklegh,.

Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegasus, Satchells gives
In prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger
Children of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house
Of Bucklegh, and describes the lands which each possessed for
His Border service. In time of war with England, the garrison
Was double, augmented. Satchells adds, "Thes twenty-
Three pensioners, all of his own name of Scott, and Walter
Whitehead, a native of Newcastell, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid,
Were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased cause to advertise
It is known to many of the country better than it is to me, that the rest of these
Is, which the Lairds and Lords of Bucklegh did freely bestow upon their friends,
Will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand marks per annum.
An immense
Of those times.

1. Down, f. ten of land.

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Note C.

With the good axe at saddellown. — P. 19.

"Of a "rust," says Freisart, "the Scottish cannot boast
great skill with the bow, but rather bear axes, with which,
in time of need, they give heavy stroke."
The Jedwood-axe
Was a sort of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears from the
Name of Jedburgh, which bear a cavalier mounted, and armed
With this weapon. It is also called a Jedwood or Juddart staff.

Note D.

They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Last Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Bransome's lordly towers,
From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle. — P. 13.

Bransome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of
Me English, both from its situation and the restless military
Disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms
With their neighbors. The following letter from the Earl of
Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a
Successful invasion 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 prise.
The Laird of Bucklegh. It occurs in the Cotton MS.
Caligb, b. viii. f. 222.

"Please ye your most gracious highness to be advertised,
That my comptroller, with Raymali Carnival, desir'd licence
Of me to invade the realms of Scotland, for the annoyance
Of your highness enemies, where they thought best not to be
Themselves, or inhabite of Northumberland, such as was towards me
According to their assembly, and as by they're discretion vpon
The same they sholde think most convenient; and so they
I dyde vpon Monday, before night, being the iii day of this
Incarnation, m. b. at Wawiope, upon North Tyne water,
To the Tyne, where they were to the number of xvi men,

and soo invaded Scotland at the hour of vi of the clock a
night, at a place called Whole Causay; and before xi of this
Clock dyed send forth a force of Tyndall and Riddysdale, and
Laid all the resedowe in a bushment, and actively did set upon
A town called Branwhulme, where the Lord of Bucklegh
Dwellythe, and purposed them selves with a truce for hym
Lyke to his accustomed manner, in raynge to all frays; after
That knight he was not at home, and so they burnt the said
Branwhulme, and other townes, as to say Whiselst, Which
Estelheim, and Weylley, and haid ordered theymself, soo
That sundry of the said Lord of Bucklegh's servants, who dyd
Issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not
Leve one house, one stak of corn, nor one shye, without the
Gate of the said Lord Bucklegh vallynt; and ther scrymaged
And frayned, supposing the Lord of Bucklegh to be within lii or
Fifl ythes to have rayned him to the bushment; and soo in
The breaking of the day dyed the force and the bushment mete,
And ceuled homeward, making theye westward from
Theye invasion to be over Lyldeburgh, as intending yt the fray
Frome theye first entrie by the Scotts watchers, or otherwise by
Warying, shulde haue bene given to Goodworth and the coun-
Try of Scotland theynations of theye invasion; which Good-
Worth is from the Whelies Causay xii miles, that thereby
The Scots shulde have conuened further vnto theyme, and more out
Of order; and soo upon sundry good considejitions, before they
Entered Lyldeburgh, as well accomplishing the inhabitants of
The same to be towards your highness, and to enforce theyme
The more thereby, as also to put an occasion of subject to
The King of Scots, and his counsell, to be taken amonge thyme,
Amonges theymeselves, made proclamation, commanding,
Upon payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants
Of Lyldeburgh, without any prejudic or harte to be done by any
Inglyseven vnto theyme, and soo in good order abowte the
Houre of ten of the clock before none, vpon Tewisday, dyd
Pass through the said Lyldeburgh, when dyd come diverse of
The said inhabitants there to my servantes, under the said as-
Surance, offering themselfs with any service theye could
Make; and thus, thanks to Godber, your highnesses subjects,
Abowte the houres of xii of the clock at none the same day,
Came into this your highness realm, bringing with theyme above
XII Scottenmen prisoners, of thyme named Scott, of the
Surname and kyn of the said Lord of Bucklegh, and of his house-
Hold; they brought also ccie nowte, and above lx horse and
Mares, keeping in savietie frame loose or hurt all your said high-
ness subjects. There was also a towne, called Newbygylieses,
By diverse formes of Tyndall and Riddysdale, takyn vp of
The night, and spoyled, when was slaying in Scottenman of
The said towne, and many Scottis there hunte; your highnesses
Subjects was xiv ythes within the grounde of Scottinde, and is
From my house at Werkworth, above lx miles of the most ex-
Pensive, where great snawes doth lyte; heretofore the same
Townes now bynt hath not at any tym in the mynd of man
In any wars been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were
There to more encouraged for the better advancement of your
Highness service, the said Lord of Brunchog being alwayes
A mortal enemy to this your Graceis realme, and be dyd say
Within xiii days before, he would see who durt lyne near your
With many other cruel words, the knowledge whereof was cer-
Tainly laid to my said servants, before theye enterprise made
Upon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that your
Highness thanks may concur to theyme, whose names be here
Indecled, and to have in your most gracious memory, the pay-
full and diligent service of my poore servantes Wharton, and thus
As I am most bounden, shall dispose wet them that be under no
f . . . . annoyance of your highness enemy." In recen-
Ment of this foray, Bucklegh, with other Border chiefs, as-
sembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated
Into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the
banks of Bannish. They basted, or defeated, the English to-
Ces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey — Potts's History, vol. I. p. 315.
Bards long shall tell,  

Six Walter S. out of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful man, and Wardie of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud between the Scotts and the Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1536, in the words of Pitscottie, "the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglas, rated all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary: wherefore the King (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would have had them 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 it 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 Melrose, at his house passing, and there to take him out of the Douglas's hands, and put him to liberty, to use himself among the have (cext) 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 Melrose, when he knew of the King's cominghome. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Laide, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereof, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melrose, to remain there all that night.

"But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Fernynest (the chief of the clan of Kerr), took their leave of the king, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in anger, 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 Halden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marvell ed what the matter meant; while at the last they knew, the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less afraid, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, 'Sir, you is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to uncover your Grace from the gate' (i.e. intercept your passage). 'I vow to God they shall either fight or flee: and ye shall hear 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 that unto your Grace, or else die for it.' The King turnd still, as was devised, a' George Douglas with him, and sundry other men, such as the Earl of Lornox, and the Lord Eskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the late (cext) post with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buc- cleuch, who joyed and counted cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darneliver, 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 Fernynest, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the back and wing of the Lord of Buccleuch's field, and shortly haretb them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they fol-

\[1\] Den-wark, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's hill, from a corruption of Skirmish Field. (See the Antiquary of the Scottish Border, cols. i. and ii., for further statements concerning these places, of all which the author of the Lay was a propietor.)

and especially the Lairds of Cessford and Fernynest followed furiously till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by a 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 meerness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that shame, and passed with the King to Melrose, 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 harun, and his hazardous attempt to procure his sovereign's freedom. In a Scottish Latin poet we find the following verses:—

Valerius's Scotus Balcleichi,  
Egregio suscepto factorum, liberate Regis, as aliis rebus gestis  
clare, sub Jacobo V. As. Christi, 1535.

"Intentata alii, multique audita priorum  
Audet, ne pavidi mense, metuere quid,  
Libertatem aliis soliti transitisse Regem:  
Subreptum hane Regi restituisse pars;  
Si vices, quanta o succedit premitia dextra!  
Sin virtus, falsa spe-jace, pene animam.  
Hosties vs moquit: stant altera rora montis  
Atque decurs. Vincto, Rege probante, fides  
Instaque animis virtus, quaeque serio arbor  
Obsidse, obscuris saxo prenat am tenues?"

Heroes ex omni Historia Scotica lectissimi, Antonius Johae,  
Lontonio Abudinense Scotto, 1603.

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 Kerr, 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 Kerr himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1532. This is the event alluded to in stanza vi.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1598, when both chief men paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year, Colvill, in a letter to Mr. Baron, informs him, "that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue; such order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scots chiefmen, Cessford and Balcleugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn among the Scots Borderers and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt these two kins 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 against each other were now transferred upon England: not unlike that emulation in France between the Barons de Biran and Mons. Jeverie, who, being both ambitious of honor, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy than they would have done if they had been atcorded together."—Buccleuch's Memorials, vol. i. p. 67
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NOTE F.

While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boats the line of Scott,
The daughter of chiefs, the mortal jar,
The house of the feudal war.
Shall never, never be forgot.—P. 19.

Among other expedients resorted to for starching the feud betwixt the Scots and the Kers, there was a bond executed in 1294, 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 *History of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such pacts 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 Manny, 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 Manny had, at the town of Ryol, after accomplishment of his vow, he was bestridden 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 Valencia, where masons were, in the days of Tweedside, duly paid for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—*Chronicle of Tweedsart*, vol. i. p. 228.

NOTE G.

With Carr in arms had stood.—P. 20.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morris gives records in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Mersebridge, 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 Habbie Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghshire represents Kerr of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairhirst.

NOTE H.

Lord Cranston.—P. 20.

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

The name is spelt differently by the various families who bear it. Carr is selected, but as the most correct, but as the most poetical word. 8

NOTE I.

Of Bethune’s line of Picardie.—P. 20.

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 neighboring province of Picardy; they numbered among their descendants the celebrated Duke de Sully; and the name was accredited among the most noble in France, while again, noble remained in that country. The family of Bethune, or *de Bourne*, in Fife, produced three learned and distinguished 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 Bryce, widow of Sir Walter Scott, of Branxome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son’s eait, after her husband’s murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar impelled them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled by fiction, the fond conceit of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards preserved in Buchanan’s *Detection*, accusations of Darnley’s murder—*The Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the person of Fiske, Mr. David Challenders, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal devour of the murder; and the Queen, assenting thereto, throw the persomnation of the Erle Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Bucleuch.*

NOTE K.

He learn’d the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.—P. 20.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy. The Earl of Gowrie, slain at Perth in 1600, pretended, during his stay 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. 29.

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glyncas informs us that Simon Magnus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.—*Herwood’s Hierarchie*, p. 473. The vulgar conceived that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the limbs 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 race never after throws any shade, and those, who have thus lost their shadow, always prove the best magicians.

NOTE M.

The vectorless forms of air.—P. 29.

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 mendiant purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a galant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummezzier, 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 she averred 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 Buzon of Drummezzier, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits are ascribed, in Scotland, the—

"Any tongues, that syllable man's names, —
On sands, and dunes and desert wildernesses."

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

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

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Tappilery, an eminence at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced.—MUSFARIANCE'S MSY. 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. 21.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders: a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by some more actively and successfully 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 called Borderers in Mr. Camden; and characterized by him to be a wild and wartlike people. They are called moss-troopers, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the hounds, or meeting, 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 in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by hostile incursions, betook themselves to the robbing of their neighbors. Their sons are free of the trade by the fathers' copy. They are like to Jotus, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perishance many again next day. They may give for their motto, vacular et ropery, stealing from their nearest neighbors what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir 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, woe be to him that utileth to their quarters!

3. Height. Amounting, forty years since, to some thousands. These 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 daylight. 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 them selves, and all have one purse.

"A. Decay. Caused, by the wisdom, valour and diligence of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed those English Tories with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer hath described such persons, who are solely outlawed. BACON, lib. viii., trac. 2, cap. 11. — Ex tunc gerunt caput legis, in quo sese judicatiinquindices rite percutant, et succum mutuo judicium portant; et meritis sine lege peruent, qui secundum legem suam recusant. — Thenceforward (after that they are outlawed), they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservefully die without law, because they refused to live according to law."

"B. Ruins. Such was the success of this worthy lord's severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ring-leaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and so, I trust, will continue."—FULLER'S Worthies of England, p. 216.

The last public mention of moss-troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinances of Parliament were directed against them.

Note O.

—tome the Unicorn's pride.
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.—P. 21.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cressford were, Feet on a chevron betwixt three unicorns' heads erased argent, three mullets azure; erect, a unicorn's head erased proper. The Scotois of Buccleuch bore, gr. on a bend azure; a star of six points betwixt two crescents of the first.

Note P.

William of Deloraine.—P. 21.

The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleuch in Ettrick Forest. They were innumerably possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1345. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinmen, for Border service. Starebells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, "William Scott, commonly called Cut-a-tack-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, whose house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean." The lands of Deloraine were given an early title to the descendant of Henry, the second son of the Duke of Buccleuch and Monmouth. I have endeavored to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterized the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Fraisart's apology, that, "it behoveth, in a lyneage, some to be slyshye and outrageous, to maynteodem and sustayne the peacenoble." As a contract to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Sir Morgan Marfell, a captain of the Adven-urous Company.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

a robber, and a pillarize of the country of Avergome, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honorable military life under the banner of the Earl of Arranrique. But "when he remembered all this, he was sorrowful; his treasure he thought he would not maynasie; he wente dayly to serche for newe pillages, wherefore encrese his profite, and then he sawe that all was closed fro' hym. Then he sayde and imployed, that to pylle and to robbe (all things considered) was a good lyfe, and so repented hym of his good doome. On a tune, of ędy and to his eld companys, Sirs, there is no spurious nolyce in this society amoung men of warre, but to me soche lyfe as we have done in tyme passe. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventur and soltyme found by the way a rich priour or merchant, or a rote of miftles of Montpelver, of Narbonne of Lymoine, of Frances, of Bresies, of Thobos, or of Carcassonne, ladies wit-clath of Brusom or parte were conynges fro' the fayres; or aven with apace fro Bens, or Dasuns, or Fro Alyssandre; whatsoever we in, all was ours, or els raonnans at our pleasures; daily we ente newe money, and the slyllanes of Avergome and of Lymoine dayly provyded and brought to our castle where reele, good wynes, beffes, and fatte mottons, patylynne, and styyle foule. We were ever turnynas as we hadde been inbres, and for the more fortresse, all the country rymlended for feare: all wos ours going and engage, how toke Carlisast, I and the Bourge of Comynnye, and I and Petre of Bernoeys took Castunet, how dyd we scale, with styyle alyde, the strong castell of Marquili, pertayning to the Eri Dolbyen: I kept it not past five dayes, but I receyved for it on a fayre table, five thousandes francis, and forgave one thousande for the love of the Eri Dolbyen's children. By my faith, this was a lyfe and a good lyfe! whereas I repyte mysele sere deceased, in that I have rendered up the fortresse of Alos; for it woldes have kept fro all the worle, and the daye that I gave it up, it was fowryed with syperties, to be kepte sere vere without my reyntyple. This Eri of Armynake hath deceived me: Glyre Earle, and Petre le Bernoys, showed to me how I shulde repent mysele: carte yne I sere repentes myseles of what I have done." 


NOTE Q.

By wilie turnes, by desperate hounds,
Haue befted Pery's best blood-hounds.—P. 21.

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

Ryght to the burn that passest ware,
But the sleuth-hand made stinking thar,
Ance wassyt lang tyne ta and fra,
That be a certaine gate south ga;
Till at the last that John of Lorne
Penservit the hund the sleuth had lorn.

The Bruce, Book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the skilful cunningness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Heure the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—"The hero's little hand had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzeen, a dark, savage, and haughty character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Dene Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border sleuth-broth, or blood-hound.

"In Gelderland there was the brath-bred breed,
Niker of scent, to follow them that fled:
So was he used in Duke and Lithboth.
While (e. e. tli) she get blood no fleeing might avail."

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

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdoun, still she stood,
No farther would frae time she fund the blood."

The story concludes with a fine Gorrie 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 Fawdoun, whom he had slain so rudely. Wallace, in great terror, flew up into the tower, tore open 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 Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafer. The Minstrel concludes:

"Trust yerly wele, that all this be south indeed,
Supposing it be no point of the creed."

The Wallace, Book v.

Mr. Ellis has extracted this tale as a specimen of Henry's poems—Specimens of English Poets, vol. i. p. 301.

NOTE R.

the Meat-hill's mound,
Where Druid stones still fatted round.—P. 22.

This is a round artificial mound near Hawick, which, from its name (MEAT, and those Conciliun, Convenant), was probably anciently 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 Hazeldean.—P. 22.

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendeane, belonged formerly to a family of Scots, thus commemorated by Satchells:—

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

NOTE T.

On Minto-craggs the meconbeans glint.—P. 22.

A romantic assemblage of cliffs, which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family-seat, from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed "Barnibill's Bed." This Barnibill is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. 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 picturesque situ
tion. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hartford, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Barnhills, and of Minto-crack, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto,\(^2\) was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poet's mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot as descended to his family.

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-book, And all the gay hants of my youth I forgot: No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wore: A motion, I said, would soon cure me of love. For 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 scenic no love. Ah, fool, to imagine, that aught could subdue A love so well founded, a passion so true! Ah, give me my sheep, and my sheep-book restore! And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more."

"Also! 'tis too late at thy fate to regret! Poor shepherd, Amynta, no more can be thine! Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain, The moments neglected return not again. Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do? Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?"

\textbf{Note U.}

\textit{Ancient Riddell's fair dome.}\(^3\) \textit{— St.} 22. 8

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Rysdaile, part of which still bears the latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point extremely remote; and is, in some degree, 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 926, 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 plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of 'ancient Riddell.'

\textendash; Ist, A charter by David I. to Walter Rysdaile-Sherriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Lillieslie, &c., of which his father, Gervase of Rysdaile, died possessed.

2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Walter de Rysdale, knight, in favor of his brother Anschitill de Rysdale, dated 6th April, 1155.

3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Rysdale, bequeathing to his brother Anschitill the lands of Lillieslie, Whitumes, &c., and ratifying the bargain betwixt Anschitill and Rysdaile, concerning the church of Lillieslie, in consequence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 24th June, 1160.

4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir Anschitill de Rysdale, in favor of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Lillieslie and others, dated 10th March, 1120.

It is very probable, that Lillieslie, otherwise Rysdale, or Riddell, and the Whitumes, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the present Sir John Buchanan Riddell, 1st Bart. of Riddell, the present descendant and representative of Sir Anschitill.-These documents appeared worthy of notice to a Poet's work.\(^4\)

\text{---Note V.---}

\textit{But when Melrose he reach'd, time silence all; He meekly stabb'd his steel in steel, And sought the convent's lonely wall.}\(—P. 22.\)

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 cloisters, as is hinted in the text, Caute, 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 modulation. This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cisterian 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 Guia shoo, a favorite Scotch air, ran thus:--

O the monks of Melrose made good kail,\(^5\) On Fridays when they fasted.

They wanted neither beef nor ale,

As long as their neighbors' lasted.

\text{---Note W.---}

\textit{When buttress and buttress, alternately, Seem fronded of bough and ivy;} When silver edges the imagery, And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die. \textit{---} \*

\textit{Then view St. David's ruined pile}.\(—P. 23.\)

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 I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity, by courting, 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.

\text{---Note X.---}

\textit{For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry, Save to pater an Ave Mary, When I ride on a Border foamy}.\(—P. 24.\)

The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his \textit{Parricide}, or \textit{Admonition}, states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaken distant journeys to convert the Heathen, "as I wold wiz at 2d that ye wold only go but to the Heidlands and Borders of my own realm, to gain our own contreymen, who, for lack of preaching and ministration of the sacraments, must, with tyme, return either inidels, or atheists." But we learn, from Lees, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly tord their heads, and never with more zeal than when going on a under ng expedition.

1 Grandfather to the present Earl. \(1520.\)

2 Since the above note was written, the ancient family arms have been allied with all these Scotch states.\(—Ex.\)

3 Kate, Broth.

4 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry, Save to pater an Ave Mary, When I ride on a Border foamy.\(—P. 24.\)
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Note Y.

So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying stream was
And hurl the unexpected dart.—P. 24.

*By my faith,* said the Duke of Lancaster (to a Portuguese squyer), *of all the flags of arms that the Castellyans, and they of your country dare use, the castaygne of their dexter lost; pleaseth me, and glad I wold se it: for, as I hear say, if they strike one arighte, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thrice.*—*By my faith, sir,* said the squyer, *ye say truth; for I have seen many a grette stroke given with them, which at one time cost us dearly, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said smoothing, Sir John Lawrence of Coygne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head pride all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sackle stopped with sylke, and passed thrugh his body, so that he fell down dead.*—Froissart, vol. ii. p. 41. *This mode of fighting with darts was instituted in the military game called Jougs and encounterings that I have made mention of their Moorish invaders.* A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart: *Among the Saracyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyerne; he was always wel mounted on a reedy and a light horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knight seemed to be a good man of arms by his dede; he bare always of usage three fethered darts, and ryche well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was cleane armed, with a long white towell about his head. His apparell was blakke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Cristian men say, they thought he dyd such deeds of arms for the love of some yonge lady of his country. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thune's daughter, famous the Lady Azayre, and the royltye of the realm of Thune, after the decease of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Vleryme. I can not telle if they were married together after or not; but it was shewed me, that this knight, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feste of arms. The knightes of France wolde fayne have taken hym; but they colde not attraye nor incite hym; his horse was so swift, and so reely to his hand, that whales 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. 24.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburn was fought 15th August, 1388, between Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. Both these renowned champions were at the head of a chosen body of troops, and they were rivals in military fame; so that Froissart affirms, *Of all the battales and encounterings that I have made mention of here before in all this history, great or smalle, this battayle that I treat of nowe was one of the most and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte heros; for there was neyther knighte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyle, and foughte hunde to hunde. This battayle was lyke the battayle of Becherelle, which the valueously 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 obsequie was done reverently, and on his body hyde a tomb of stone, and his bener hangyng over hym.*—Froissart, vol. ii. p. 255.

Note 2 A.

—Dark Knight of Liddesdale.—P. 24

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valor, that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Balhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. 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 Hermitage, where he threw him in an 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. 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 chietman, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Geddesworth, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the remotest of the Earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed is called, from his name, William-Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, between Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Geddesworth, was carried to Linlithgow 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.

Note 2 B.

The moon on the cast orient shone.—P. 24

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 recent ornaments, to an architectural imitation oficker work; of which, as we learn from some of the ages to the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, befitting 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.

The ryehe and pure him menye bad, For his deed was meckil shath. *
meeting and interfacing of rods and hoops, affording an inex-

Note 2 C.

— T• wondrous Michael Scott. — P. 34.

The celebrated magician Magius, cousin to Rinaldo of Mont-

a persona, thus spoken of by biographers and historians.

Note 2 D.

Salamanca's cave.—P. 35.

Spain, from the moles, doubtless, of Arabian learning

and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inex-

Note 2 D.

Salamanca's cave.—P. 35.

Spain, from the moles, doubtless, of Arabian learning

sensibility of various beautiful forms of open work. This inge-

sions system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall's

 romancy. Under

Surname

in Venice in 1866; and several tracts upon natural philosophy,

which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse

studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chi-

romancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a

skilful magician. Dempster informs us, that he remembers

to have heard 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. Dempsters Historia Ecclesiastica, 1627, lib. xii.

549. Lesly characterizes Michael Scott as "singulare

philosophia, astronomia, medicina saecepta divinis; dicta-

batur penitissimae magiae recessus indigas." Dante also

mentions him as a renowned wizard—

"Quell altro che me' fanchi è cost poco,

Michele Scotto fu, che venne

Delle magiche stelle séppo il giuoco."

Inferno, Canto xxmo.

Personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians,

was a little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accord-

ingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a

legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labor

and authority is ascribed, either to the agency of Joaude Michael,

of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies con-

cerning the place of his burial; some contend for Home Col-

trane, in Cumberland; others for Melrose Abbey. But all

agree, that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or

preserved in the conven where he died. Satchell, wishing to

give some authority for his history of the origin of the name of

Scott, pretends, that, in 1829, he chanced to be at Durg in

Lower Bowiness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lan-

caster, showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works,

maturing that story—

"He said the book which he gave me

Was of Sir Michael Scott's historie;

Which history was never yet read through,

Nor never will, for no man dare it do.

Young scholars have pick'd out something

From the contents, that dare not read within.

He carried me along the castle then,

And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin.

His writing pen did seem to me to be

Of hardened metal, like steel, or sesamum;

The volume of it did seem so large to me,

As the Book of Marys and Turks historie,

Then in the church he let me see

A stone where Mr. Michael Scott did lie;

I asked at him how that could appear.

Mr. Michael had been dead above five hundred year;

He shew'd me none dust bury under that stone,

More than he had been dead a few years ago;

For Mr. Michael's name does terrify each one."

History of the Right Honorable Name of Scott

Spain, from the moles, doubtless, of Arabian learning.

superstition, was accounted a favorite residence of magicians.

Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of

the Arabian numerals, was supposed to have learned them

the magic, for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of

his age.—William of Malmesbury, Hist. R. cap. 10. There

were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences sup-

posed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo,

Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a
deepe cavern; the month of which was walled up by Queen's

Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.—D'Arco on Learned In-

trudility, p. 45. These Spanish schools of magic are celeb-

rated also by the Italian poets of romance:—

"Questo città di Tollete sola e

Tenere studio di negromania,

Quivi di magica arte st legne

Pulcro sanseone et d'emprico;

E molti geografi sempre avea,

Esperimenti assai di idromania

E d'altri false opinioni d'i suoi.

Come è fatture, o spesso batte gli ochii."

Il Margante Maggiore, Canto xxv. St. 239

The celebrated magician Magius, cousin to Rinaldo of Mont-

alban, called, by Aristo, Malagigi, studied the black art at

Toldeo, as we learn from L'Historie de Magius D'Ayger-

mont. He even held a professor's chair in the necromantic

university; for so I interpret the passage, "qu'en tous les

arts d'enchanteur, des charmes et conjurations, il n'y

avait meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel remien qu'un feit

soit en chose, et l'appelait ou maistre Magius." This

Salamancean DomDaniel is said to have been founded by Her-

cules. If the classic reader inquires where Hercules himself

learned magic, he may consult "Les faits et procédés du

noble et vaillant Heracle," where he will learn, that the

table of his ablest Atlas to support the heavens, arose from

the soil Atlas having taught Hercules, the noble knight-curent

the seven liberal sciences, and in particular, that of judicia

astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages,

were the studies, "necromania que dicitur Atlas."—In a

romantic history of Roderic, the last Gothic King of Spain, he

is said to have entered one of those enchanted caverns. It was

situated beneath an ancient tower near Toledo; and when the

iron gates, which secured the entrance, were unfolded, there

stood forth a dreadful a whislwind, that hither no one can

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

towers, so artificially composed that the tempest could not

terminate, the King, with great difficulty, penetrated into

a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian charactere. In

the midst stood a colossal statue of heroes, representing a Sar-

acen wearing a Moorish mante, with which it discharged furious

blows on all sides, and seemed thus to excite the tempest which

raged around. Being conjured by Roderic, it ceased from

straking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, "Wretch

a Monrerek, for thy evil hast thou come hither;" on the left

hand, "Thou shalt be disappointed by a strange people," on

either side. In the words which over the other "Fado mine effect." 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 barricaded; but, in

the course of the night, the tower fell with a tremendous noise,

and under its ruins concealed forever the entrance to the mys-

tic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens and the
death of the unfortunate Don Roderic, fulfilled the prophecy of the brazen statue. Historia verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo por el Señor Algode Abadecien, traducida de la lengua Arabina por Miguel de Luna, 1664, cap. 1.

Note 2 E.

The same would ring in Notre Dame.—P. 25.

'Tantum meum rem nemigratur?' says Tyrwhitt, of his generosae, &c. These, who, in his commentary on Chaucer, and espoused, as trivial and fabulous, the story of Wace and his boat Guineass, to the great prejudice of posterity, the memory of the hero and the boat being now entirely lost. That future antiquaries may lay to 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 princes 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 faun 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 it that the ancient women of Scotland muttered at bedtime? A less experience 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 soon to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael brought him to suspense 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; and the infernal seed had littered his hoof to give the third stamp, when the King rather close to bleue-Michael, with the most ample concessions, than to stand to the probable consequences. Another time, it is said, that, when resting at the Tower of Oakwood, upon that thatch, about three miles above Selkirk, he heard of the fame of a sorcerer, called the Witch of Falsheope, 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 young observing, suddenly snatched it up, and struck him with it. Feeling 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, hallucinated upon the discovery; he hid himself, and pursued him so close; that, in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the enchantment, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own jacobite (jingle, common sewer). In order to revenge himself, the witch of Falsheope, Michael, one morning when the ensign hoisted, went to the hill above the house with a dog, and sent down his servant to ask a bit of bread from the goodwife for his greyhounds, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. Accordingly, when the witch had refused the boon with contumely, the servant, as his master had directed, had above the door a paper which he had given him, containing, amongst many cabalistical words, the well-known rhyme:

'Maitre Michael Scott's man
Sought meat, and got none.'

In immediate, the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reapers, began to dance round the fire, repeating the rhyme, and continued this exercise till her husband saw the reapers in the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charmer 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 fricte 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 saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, 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 humblize himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell: which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, direct ing 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 seduced for inaccuracy in doing so. —A similar charm occurs in Histoire de Pouletan, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the Caliph Vakhek.

Note 2 F.

The words that prefix Elibon hills in three. — P. 25.

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 castle, or dam-beer, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honor to the infernal architect Michael next ordered that Elibon 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 bears. At length the enchanter conquered the indomitable 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 dawn shall be. — P. 25.

Baptista Porta, and other authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres. Fortunatus Lictorius investigates the subject in a tractate, De Lucernis Antiquarum Resumptis, published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tal lols, the daughter of Cicer. The wick was supposed to be composed of asbestus, Kircher enumerates three different recipes for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible. — Mundus Subterraneus, p. 72. Delrio imputes the fabrication of such ligha to musical skill. — Disquisitiones Magicae, p. 58. In a very rare romance, which concerns the life of Virgilius, and of his death, and many marvelous that he dyed in his life-time, by a wonderous and miraculous, throughe the help of the deviys of hell," mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed, i
Scott's Poetical Works.

seen a that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solid tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron thongs, twine on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their thongs incessantly, and restored all entrance 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 saya Virgil, my dear beloved friend, and that I above all men trust, and know mooste of my secret," and then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a fayer lamp of all seasons burning. "And thus saiyd Virgil to the man, 'Se you the barre that standeth here?' and he said, yea; 'Thereon must thou put me: first ye must smite me, and leave me small to pieces, and cut my bed in silly pieces, and salt the seed under in the bottom, and then the pieces there after, and my vertue in the myndel, and then set the barre under the lamp, that nightly and daye ye shall it drage and leake; and ye shall it dayes long, once in the day, fyllte the lamp, and falcyle nat. And when this is all done, then shall I be renewed, and made yonge aynge.' At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, picked, and barrelld up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper threshers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favorite, missed him from the court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same three excited a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wounding their thals.

"And then the emperor entered into the castle with all his folke, and sought all about in every corner also. Virgil, and at the last they sought so long, that they came into the cellar, where they saw the lamp hang over the barrell, where Virgilis lay in dead. Then asked the emperor the man, who had made hym so herry to put his master Virgilis so to dethe; and the man answered no wordes to the emperor. And then the emperor, with great anger, showed out his sword, and slew him, the Virgilis's man. And when all this was done, then saue the emperor, and his folke, a naked child ill tyms yrengeuze about the barrell, saynge these wordes, 'Cursed be the tyne that ye evere came here.' And with these wordes vanished the child wyse, and was never seen aynge: and thus abid Virgilis in the barrell deede."—Virgilis, bl. let., printed at Antwerp by John Bo-chorchke. This curious volume is the valuable library of Mr. Donne; and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See Genet Bibliothèque Françoise, ix. 225. Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Nationale, tom. p. 5. De Bure, No. 3557.

Note 2 II.

Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
He thought, as he took it, the dead man grown'd. —P. 28

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The forlorn deed; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian. —Heywood's Hierarchie p. 488, quoted from Sebastian Chababuriae Croce.

Note 2 I.

The Baron's Dwarf his course well. —P. 37.

The idea of Lord Cranwood's Goldin 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 Tolstow hill, in Eskdborough, the place where Gilpin appeared and stood for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fattening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground (that is, tying their forefoot 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 did that yit yot? 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 a great fright, imagining they had met with some godlin. By the way, Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot 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 first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it ran upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up a loud burty, and exclaimed, 'Ah, hind! Will o' Moffat, you strike me!' (i.e. sore.) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the barn, it was playing among the children near by, 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 remost doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresenta tion in it."—To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word tint! tint! tint! Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Besteram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner he immediately acknowledged it was the same voice of the said Peter Bertram; who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tant, or lost, the little imp. As much as 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 repose absolute faith in the tradition.

1 Tint signifies that.
Note 2 K.

But the Lodge of Brunsboune gather’d a band
Of the best that would ride at her command.—P. 27.

Upon 25th June, 1557, Dame Janet Bestonou Lady Brec- scalis, and a great number of the name of Scott, delaisit (ac- ceased) for coming to the kirky of St. Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons baid in felle of weare (arrayed it, armour), and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in or- der to apprehend the Laird of Craintoun for his destruction.

On the 30th July, a warrant from the Queen is presented, dis- chartering the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while now calling—_Dissolution of Bonda of Inchafarn, in—Adovcates’ Library._—The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary: On the 25th of June, 1557, Robert Scott, in Bowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St. Mary’s, accused of the convocation of the Queen’s lieges, to the number of two hundred persons, in warlike array, with, jack, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Craintoun, out of ancient feud and malice pres- ence, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repudiated by the Archbishop of Glasgow. The bill given by Robert Scott of Allanhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnfuie, Robert Scott in Howofrake, Walter Scott in Todchaw, Walter Scott younger of Symon, Thomas Scott of Haynog, Robert Bonner, William Scott, and James Scott, brothcr of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Well, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Weeny in Eck- ford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited. On the same day, Walter Scott of Symon, and Walter Chis- holme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Craintoun, and his kinsman, and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallsball, Alex- ander Stuart, uncle to the Laird of Tewkshine, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairie, residing in Solikirk, Gorge Tait, younger of Pin, John Pennyke of Pennyke, James Ramb- say of Copken, the Laird of Faiesy, and the Laird of Henders- toune, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors; being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengence. Upon the 29th of July following, Scott of Symon, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpaslie, Scott of Burnfuie, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pain of treason. But no further procedure seems to have taken place. It is said, that, upon this rising, the kirk of St. Mary was burnt by the Scots.

Note 2 L.

Like a book-boom’d priest.—P. 29.

“At Unthank, two miles N. E. from the church of Eves, are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Po- pery. There is a tradition, that friars were wont to come from Molesor Jedburgh, to baptize and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the maee-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants, Book-a-boames. There is a man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptized by these Book-a-boames, and who says one of them, called Hair, used this parish for a very long time.”—Account of Parish of Eves, quoted Macfarlane’s MSS.

Note 2 M.

All was delusion, naught was truth.—P. 29

Glamour, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eye sight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Falsehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Far’ imperates the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gay leader:—

“Rae soon as they saw her weed-fur’d face,
They cast the glamour o’er her.”

It was formerly used even in war. In 1531, when the Duke of Argyll lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a reconnaissance was made to make the appearance of the castle, within which thy castle was surrounded for ten men to go a front; and when they within the castle see this bridge, they will be at afayle, that they shall yield them to your mercy. The Duke demanded,—“Payre Master, on this bridge that ye spoke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell, to as- say it?” “Sy,” quod the enchantour. “I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the signe of the cross on hym, all shall go to naught; and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the sea.” Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knights, that were there present, said “Sy, for god sake, let the mayster assay his cunning: we shall love making of any signe of the cross on us for that tyme.”

The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recog- nized in the enchantor the same person who had put the castell into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the fact, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Payx. “By my faith,” quod the Earl of Savoy, “ye say well; and will that Sir Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath grief worse to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye that never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I wolde nat that in tyme to come we shulde be reproachted that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein be so many noble knights and squires assembled, that we shulde do any thing be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemies be suche enemie.” Then he called to him a servaunt, and said, “Go, and get me a haguan, and let him stryke off this mayster’s heid without delay;” and as soon as the Earle had commend- ed it, incourtment it was done, for his heid was streenken of before the Earle’s tente.”—Poracht, vol. i. ch. 391, 392.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was ancienly a principal part of the skill of the jongleur, or juggler, whose tricks formed much of the amusement of a Gothic castle. Some instances of this art may be found in the _Minstrelsy of the Scottish Bard_, vol, iv. p. 106. In a strange allegorical poem, called the _Honiht_, written by a dependent of the house of Douglas, about 1452-3, the jay, an assembly of birds, plays the part of the juggler. His feats of glamour are thus described:—

“He gart them see, as it seemt in samyn hours,
Hunting at berels in holts so hair;
Some sallad on the see schippis of carve,
Bares battalland on hurd brim as a bare.
He could carye the cown of the kingis dees,
Syne leve in the stedel,
Not a black hounwiele;
He could carye a hounis hede.
Make a man mes.
He gart the Emproure trow, and trewlys bent,
That the cornerst, the pandere at hand,
Had payndit all his pris hir in a paynd fald.
Because thay eate of the corn in the kirkland.
He could carye a windris, quay thay way he wald.
Mak a gray gus a gold gardald,
A lang spere of a bittle, for a serne baid.

APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.
Note 2 N.

Now if you ask who gave the stroke, I cannot tell, so naught I thrive; It was not given by man alive.—P. 29.

ST. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glandville's Sodacis-cus Triumphatns, mentions a similar phenomenon.

"I remember an old gentleman in the country, of my acquaintance, an excellent judge 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 once showed me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:—

"'Ere is nothing till sense finds out: Sense ends in nothing, so naught 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 nimbly as one may observe a dry leaf whisked round the corner of an orchard-haith by some little whirlwind. With 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 light, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as little for as for the other; but I said so only in the way of frolickery to him in these 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 spirit,' and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

'But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could wind him and nonplus him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; wherefore, after severa. reasonings of this nature, whereby I should prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of my subtlety could put the least suspicion of any more execution on his mind than some lightening is said to do, though it melts the sword, on the fuzzy consistence of the cobweb,—Well,' said I, 'father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to be true, that may do the business—Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall?—Aware yourself,' says I, 'father L., that godlin will be the first to bid you welcome into the other world.' Upon his countenance changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philosophical arguments that I could produce.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

NOTE 2 Q.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood.

P. 31.

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, p. 273.

NOTE 2 R.

But she has taken the broken lance,
And waich'd it from the clotted gore.
And solde the splinter o'er and o'er.—P. 31.

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpelier, 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 Mr. H. de la Perriere) being by chance, as two of his best friends were fighting in duel, he did his endeavor 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 held 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 made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cut to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hands, and gave a cross blow on his adversary's head, which glanced towards his friend, who, heaving up his sword hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before 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 heaving up his wounded hand, they both ran to embrace him; and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hands with one of his garters, to close the veins which were cut, and bled 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.

"It was my chance to be lodg'd hard by him; and four or five days after, as I was making myself ready, he came to my house, and pray'd me to view his wounds; 'for I understand,' said he, 'that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeons apprehended some fear that it may grow to a gangrene, and so the hand must be cut off.' In effect, his countenance discovered that he was in much pain, which he said was inexpressible, in regard of the extreme inflammation. I told him I would willingly serve him: but if haply he knew the manner how I would cure him, without touching or seeing him, it may be he would not expose himself to so manner of curing, because he would think it, peradventure, either ineffectual or superstitious. He reply'd, 'The wonderful things which many have related unto me of your way of medicament, makes me nothing doubt at all of its efficacy; and all that I have to say unto you is comprehended in the Spanish proverb, Hagease el milagro y hagale Mohom—Let the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it.'"

"I asked him then for anything 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 vitriol, which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the blood 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 suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what ailed? 'I know not what ailes me; but I finde that I feel more pain.' Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which had taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.

"I replied, 'Since then you feel already such good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your philters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temperature 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 business, 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 coals 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 hasten nothing. He soon went back, and from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear 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 cured."—Page 6.

The King (James VI.) obtained from Sir Kenelm 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 metallictors smile at the sympathetic pow'r of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms:—"And that which is more strange: they being move another stranger with that very sword wherewith they are wounded. You, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feel 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. Assoint the sword which pierced him with this weapon-sauce, and wrap it close from ur.
FILL I have time to visit him again. — Act v. se. 2.

Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wrap't upon—

"Hip. O my wound pains me.
Mir. I am come to ease you. [She unbinds the sword]
Hip. Alas, and I feel the cold air come to me;
My wound's Worse moves than ever.
Mir. Does it still grieve you? [She wades and anoints the sword]
Hip. Now, methinks there's something left just upon it.
Mir. Do you find no ease? Hip. Yes, yes upon the sudden all this pain is leaving me. Swei, heaven, how I am eas'd."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Note 2 S.

On Punchbysrt glows a bale of fire.—P. 32.

Bale, beacon-fagot. The Border benoms, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.—The act of Parliamant, 1543, c. 45, declares that one bale or fagot 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 taillenings to be watched and maid at Eggerghope (Eggerstreet) Castell, fra th air the sie of Urine, that they fire right saw. And in like manner on Sover- eignty, in summer day to each vantage ground, and make timeliening in like manner: And then may all Lowthiane 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 Strivingest, and the east part of Lowthaine, and to Dunbar, all may see them, and come to the defence of the realm." 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 stake in the middle of it, for holding a tur-barred."—Stevenson's History, vol. ii. p. 701.

Note 2 T.

Our kin, and clau, and friends to rise.—P. 32.

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 Scroop, the Queen gave the west wardour 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 fee 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 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 malcontents, and to bring the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy showed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

"I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottishmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Greemns relieved. This Greem dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and sliir by it a strong tower, for his own defence, in time of need. About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carl- ile, 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 b'm; 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 company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me, to hear his 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. Hereupon 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 withall we sent to Carlisle to raise the townmen; for without foot we could do no good without the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between three and four hundred horse; and, after some longer stay, the foot of Carlisle came to us, to the number of three or four hundred men, whom we presently set to work, to get to the top of the tower, and to uncover the roof; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower.—The Scots, seeing their present danger, offered to parley, and yielded themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and yielded themselves my prisoners, but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed them, and one man only then; for all our Borderers came crying, with full mouths, 'Sir, give us leave to set upon them; for these are they that have killed our fathers, our brothers, and uncles, and our cousins; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass nags, such as they could get on a sudden; and God hath put them into your hands, that we may take revenge of them for much blood that they have spilt of ours.' I desired they would be patient a while, and bethought myself, if I should give them their will, there would be few or none of the Scots that would escape unkill'd (there was so many deadly forces among them); and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair answer, but not to give them their desire. So I told them, that if I were not there myself, they might then do what they pleased themselves; but being present, if I should give them leave, the blood that should be spilt that day would be very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my send ing to them, they should then have their wills to do what they pleased. They were ill satisfied with my answer, but durst not disobey. I sent with speed to the Scots, and bade them pack away with all the speed they could; for if they stayed the messenger's return, they should few of them return to their own homes. They made no stay; but they were returned homewards before the messenger had made an end of his message. Thus, by God's mercy, I escaped a great danger; and, by my means, there were a great many men's lives saved that day.'"
Note 2 W.

Show'd southern ravage was begun.—P. 33.

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII., preserved among the Cotton MSS. Calig. B. vii. 197, 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 wardens of the marches.

Note 2 X.

Watt Tinним.—P. 33.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a sutor, but, by inclination and practice, an arborer and wanderer. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into the Scottish uplands, and Watt, having followed him, and having thrown himself upon the sutor, had him beaten to the death. Watt Tinним purposed him closely through a dangerous mine; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinним elobrated, and flourishing in the bag, used these words of him:—"Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the 1 has riap and the scarce same"—"If I cannot sew, I retorted Tinним, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,—"If I cannot sew, I can yeak."

Note 2 Y.

Bilbhole Stag.—P. 34.

There is an old rhyme, which thus celebrates the place in Liddesdale remarkable for game:

"Bilbhole brakes for bucks and roes,
And Carr hog for swine;
And Tarras for the good bull-trout,
If he be taken in time."

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are no atonant; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

1 Rape, creak. 2 Fert, to twitch, as shoemakers do; 3 securing the wite of their work.
Note 2 Z.

Belted Will Howard.—P. 34.

Lord William Howard, t. s. son of Thomas, Duke of Northumberland, succeeded to the See of Newborough Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife, Elizabeth, sister of George, 3rd Duke, who died without heir male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually lived. He was ward 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 tradition. In the castle of Newborough, his apartments, containing a bed-room, oratory, and library, are still shown. They impress us 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 garderobes, or even into the dangerous, imply the necessity of a small degree of secret superstition on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisurb'd, the venerable appearance of these apartments, and the armor scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the wardens in person. Newborough Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.

Note 3 A.

Lord Dacre.—P. 34.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Azincourt, or Pothinans, under Richard Coeur 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 Gilland and Graystock. A chietain of the latter branch was a warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a man of a hot and obsinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey's letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behavior at the siege and storm of Jeddburgh. It is printed in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, Appendix to the Introduction.

Note 3 B.

The German hackbut-men.—P. 34.

In one war with Scotland, Henry VIII., and his successors, employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pulty there were in the English army six hundred hackbut-men on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners. On the 27th of September, 1539, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, writes to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches:—"The Almain is, in number two thousand, very expert soldiers, shall be sent to you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your Wardenry (which we would be advanced to the most strength of horsemen that might be), shall make the attempt to Longthomale, being of no such strength, but unit may be skied with ladders, whereof, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or the very points with the pyx-case, and so taken: either to be kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, as taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlavock 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 Dumfrieshire."—History of Cumberland, vol. i, introd., p. 112. 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 bare. And we may observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they, armed in the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon Titus costume of the Germans is alluded to in the Mirror for Marches, p. 121.

"Their pleated garments therewith well secured, All jagge and frounent, with divers colours deckt.

Note 3 C.

"Ready, aye ready," for the field.—P. 34.

Sir John Scott of Thirlstane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlstane, Gairnesslock &c., lying upon the river of Etrick, 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 Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King whenever 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-lis, similar to the treasure 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 Honorable Lord Napier, the representative of John of Thirlstane.

"JAMES REX.

We James, by the grace of God, King of Scots, consider the and flaithe guid servis of of of right trist friend John Scott of Thirlstane, quha command to our hoste at Soutra edge, with thre score and ten launceties on horseback of his friends and followers, and befitting willing to go to war with the English, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stike at all our bidding; for the quhilk caus, it is our will, and we do straitle command and charg our lie, herald and his deputis for the time bounte, to giv and to grant to the said John Scott, ane Border of fleure de lise about his coatie of armes, sik as is on our royall bannet, and ane ane handell of launceties above his helme, with thit words Readly, aye Readly, that he and all his aftercommers may bruk the same as a pledge and taiken of our guid will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nae was failice to dos. Given at Philla Muire, under our hand and privy casket, the xxvii day of July, m and xxiii zeires. By the King's grace special ordinance.

"JO. ARSKIN.

NOTE 3 D.

An aged knight, to danger steall'd,
With many a morn-trouper came on;
Andazure in a golden field,
T'ye stars and crescent grace his shield,
Without the bend of Marstiel.—P. 54.

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of
Leo & of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of
Marstiel was had by the marriage of one of those
Scots, with the heir, in 1296. Hence they bear the cogni-
crance of the Scots upon the field; whereas those of the
Scots are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in conse-
tectance of that marriage.—See Gladstain's Whitleace's
History of Scott's Pedigree, Newcastle, 1783.

Weber Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of
Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning
whom an edition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of
which have been published in the Minstrel of the Scottish
People; others in Leyden's Scenes of Infamy; 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 descen-
dant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was
Borthwick, a very beautiful and picturesque dell, which
was shunned by robbers and thieves, until the production
of a pair of clean spare, in a covered dish, an-
ounced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply
of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of
Phillip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of
Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was di-
vided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants
of this old marauding baron. The following beautiful passage
of Leyden's Scenes of Infamy, is founded on a tradition res-
specting 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 Bertha horse, that loads the masses with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Tewton's western strand,
Through slaty hills, whose sides are shag'd with thorn,
Where springs, in scatter'd tufts, the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girl Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the torrents sail.
A hardy race, who never shrank from war,
The Scott, to rival every, a mighty bar,
Here fix'd his mountain home;—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
But what the niggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

'The waning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The warrior's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the mazy portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rang.
Wha, fair, half veill'd, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the waving germs of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing pane.
Amid the yells of, that strew'd the ground
Her car, all anxions, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

'Scarred 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 clasp'd her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Not loved the scenes that scarred his infant view;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shun'st the fearful shuddering joy of war.
Content the loves of simple swallow to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

"His are the strains whose wandering echoes thru
The shephed, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding horn,
And sun-swept dales close their withering flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Arrow, whose circular stream,
To strew 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,
Served other names, and left his own unmarred."

NOTE 3 E.

Scots of Eakhill, a stoloard band.—P. 35.

In this, and the following stanzas, some account is given of
the mode in which the property in the valley of Eak was trans-
ferred from the Beattisons, its ancient possessors, to the now
renowned family of Scott. It is replete with the circumstances
which are given in the poem, literally as they have been preserved
by tradition. Lord Maxwell, in the latter part of the six-
teenth century, took upon himself the title of Earl of Morton.
The descendents of Beattison of Woodkerrick, who aided the
Earl to escape from his disobedient vassals, continued to hold
these lands within the memory of men, and were the only
Beattisons who held property in the dale. The old people give
locality to the story, by showing the Galloway House, the
place where Buccleuch's men were concealed, &c.

NOTE 3 F.

Their gathering word was Bellenden.—P. 36.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Bothwell water, and
being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was fre-
quently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word.
—Survey of Selkirkshire in Macfarlane's M.S., Advocates'
Library. Hence Satchells calls one part of his genealogical
account of the families of that clan, his Bellenden.

NOTE 3 G.

The camp thereon, their law the sword,
They knew no country, owen't no lord.—P. 36.

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 Solter, a natural so-
ed of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "I was
seventy, let us be able of one alliance, and of one accent; and as
we are amongst ourselves repute up the banner of St. George,
and let us be friends to God, and enemies to all the world; for
without we make ourselves to be feared, we are nothing.
"By my faith," quod Sir William Helmore, "ye eye right well,
and so let us do." They all agreed with one voice, and so
regarded among them who should be their captain. They
then advised in the case how they could not have a better
captain than Sir John Solter. For they sabble than good
leadership, and they thought he was more mettle
therein than any other. They then raised up the pen of
St. George, and cried, "A Solter! a Solter! the valya
and bastard! frendes to God, and enemies to all the worlde!"
—Froissart, vol. 1. ch. 393.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Note 3 H.

Tho' he may suffer march-treason pain.—P. 37.

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 Esk, beside Salmond, on the 26th day of March, 1324, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sir 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 agreed, "If any steeds author on the said part, or on the said treaty, that he shall be hangt or h'ld; and if any company stells any gudes within the truce beforexayd, one of that company shall be hangt or h'ld, and the remnant sail restore the gudes stole in the dubbable."

History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, Introd. p. xxix.

Note 3 L.

Will cleanse him, by oath of march-treason stain.—P. 38.

In dubios cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing bills, or incriminations, by Border-oath, ran thus: "You shall swear by heaven above you, and by God himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honor of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights knaves 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 favor at court was by no means envious by his new honors.—See the Vega Antiqua, 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 Huntley, after the defeat of the Earl of Argyle in the battle of Bannerman. The fact is, treated, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates' Library and edited by Mr. Dalrymple, in Gally Songs and Ballads, 1802.

Note 3 M.

For who, in field or forest sitck,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?—P. 38.

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 nomer de guerre. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, The Boar of York. In the violent war on Cardinal Wabney, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the Beautiful Swan, and the Duke of Norfolk a 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 Armes.

Of the proud Cardinal this is the shield
Born up betweene two angels of Sathan;
The six bloody axes in a bare faldes,\nShewth the cruelty of the red min.

Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,\nMortal enemy unto the White Lion.

Carter of York, the vyle butcher's sonne,
The six bulles heddes in a felle blacke,\nRetokeneth his sturdy furiousness.

Wherefore, the goyle light to put abacke,\nHe bygneth in his dyshly darena;

The bandog in the middle doth express\nThe most cruelly made in Yperwich towne,\nGnawinge with his teeth and strawes creathe.

The clouble significh playne his tiranny,\nCovered over with a Cardinall's hatt,\nWherein shall be fulfilled the propheie,
Aryse up, Jacke, and put on thy salatt,\nFor the tymhe is come of bagge and walsst.

The temporal chivalry thus thrown downe,\nWherefor, prest, take heed, and beware thy crown.

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

Note 3 N.

Let Magna Grae meece fercce Delatrimae In single fight.—P. 38.

It may easily be supposed, that trial by single combat, so peculiar to the feudal system, was common on the Borders. In 1559, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Evers, brother to the then Lord Eves, a consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill treated by the Lord Eves. Pitscottie gives the following account of the affair:—"The Lord of Eves his brother provokes William Kirkaldy of Grange to fight with him, in single combat, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the spirentment, accompanied with Monsieur d'Ossel. Latterly the French king and the garrison of Haymound and Mt. Eves accompanied with the governor and garrison of Farack. It was disallowed, under the pain of treason, that any one should come near the champions within a light-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 trumpeters 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 bored him off his horse, being sore wounded: But whether he died or not, it is uncertain."—P. 292.

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.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

"It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such difficulties 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 Canonybridholme, 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, pike-swords, two bayardin swords, the bladed to be one yard and half a quarter in length, two Scotch daggers, or darts, at their pleats, and either of them to provide armour and weap-
on for themselves according to this indenture. Two gentle-
men 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 gentleman to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two bows, viewed by the gentleman, to be under six-
teen 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 to 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 Quarell.

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 serv-
ants, 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 charged 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 Bew-
castle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receptacle for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors. The precedent was Quentin Whitehead and Ranion Blackburne.

3. He charged him, that his office of Bewcastle is open for the Scotch to ride in and through, and small resistance made by him to the contrary. 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 persuasion, will prove it true as before, and each set his hand to the same.

(Signed) "THOMAS MUSGRAVE.
"LANCELOT CARLETON."

Note 3 O.

He, the jovial harper.—P. 39.

The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This sonorous name was probably derived from his bullying disposition: being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmills, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name 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." He set no value on traditionary lore, published a few verses of this song in the Teviot Miscellany, carefully suppressing all which had any connection 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 worthless-
ness 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 road-day: But Stobs and young Falnaish 2 They follow'd him a' the way; They follow'd him a' the way, They sought him up and down In the links of Ousenam water They fend him sleeping sound "

2 "Stobs light aff his horse. And never a word he spak, Till he tied Willie's hands Fu' fast behind his back; Fu' fast behind his back, Ran he down beneath his knee, And drink will be dear to Willie, When sweet milk gars him die"

"Ah was light on ye, Stobs! An ill death get ye die; Ye're the first and foremost man That e'er laid hands on me; That e'er laid hands on me, And took my mare me true: Wae to you, Sir Gilbert Elliot! Ye are my mortal foe! "

"The loo'ses of Ousenam Water Are ragging and riving their hams 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 gars him die""

Note 3 P.

He knew each ordinance and clause  Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws  In the Old Douglas' day.—P. 39.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulations runs thus:—"Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of De-
cember, 1468, Earl William Douglas assembled the auld
lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knew had, at the college of Lincluden; and there he caused these lords and Borderers boldly to be sworn, the Holy Gospels touched, that they, justly and truly, after their cunning, should decrete, decree, deliver, and put in order and writing the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche, that were ordained in Black Archibald of Douglas's days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances, which were in time of warfare before. The said Esel Witan, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said reeds and

1 The day of the Rood-day at Jedburgh.
2 Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Stob of Falnaish
3 A wrestled put on the stag'-um' ye hands.
Borderers, thought them right speculif and profltable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderes he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the truces unsworn. Also, the said Earl William, and lords, and eldest Borderes, made certain points to be treason in sine of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming.'

Note 3 Q.
The Hony Heart blessed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name. — P. 40.

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the Lorn, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity. The Bloody Heart was the well-known cognizance of the House of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart, to be carried to the Holy Land.

Note 3 R.
And Swinton laid his lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet. — P. 40.

At the battle of Beasoge, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished himself by a coronet set with precious stones, which he wore around his helmet. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors.

Note 3 S.
And shouting still, A Home! a Home! — P. 40.

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbar, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent; but, as a difference, changed the color of the shield from gules to vert, in allusion to Greenlaw, their ancient possession. The slogan, or warcry, of this powerful family, was, "A Home! a Home!" It was anciently placed in an escutcheon above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head graced gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine. The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were annually in close alliance with the Home. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailles; 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. 41.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favorite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Cary, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scotch riders to be held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion 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.
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day. — P. 41.

Notwithstanding the constant wars upon the Borders, and the occasional cruelties which marked the mutual invades, the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity, which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the out posts 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 true and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connection. Freisart says of both nations, that "Englishmen on the one party, and Scots on the other party, are good men of warre; for when they mete, there is a harel fighth, without sparayge. There is no hoo [truce] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, but, on eche upon other; and when they be well beaten, and yet the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorifie so in theyr deedes of armyes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be remoued, or that they go out of the felle; so that shortly echo of them is so content with other, that, at their departuyng, curyslye they will say, God thanke you." — BERNERS' Freisarts, 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 Reidequarr. [See Minto's, vol. II, p. 153.] Both parties came armed to a meeting of the wardens, yet they internecine fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose: —

"Then was there naught but bow and spear,
And every man pull'd out a brand." —

In the 59th stanza of this cantos, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borderers in each side were led to regard their neighbors.

Note 3 V.
— on the darkening plain,
Load hallo, who's up, or whistle, man,
As bands their stragglers to regain.
Give the shrill watchword of their clan. — P. 41.

Patten remarks, with bitter sense, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset set his expedition against Scotland. "As we wear them a setting, and the tents a setting up, among all things else commendable in our holy journey, one thing seemed to me an intolerable disorder and abuse: that whereas always, both in all tomes of war, and in all camps of armies, quietness and stilles, without noise, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why), our northern prikers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enemotis (as thought me), and not unlike (to be play'd) unto a maddorne hounde howling in a bie way when he hath lusted him he waited upon, sum hoynyng, sum whistling, and most with crying, A Berwyke, a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bitter a Bulmer! or so other wise as their captains names wear.
never lo’se these troublesome and dangerous noises all the way they went. But I do not say they did it to find their own that follows; but if the soldiery of our other countries and seers had used the same manner, in that case we should have oft men in our state of the campe more like the outrage of a absolute hunting, than the quiet of a well ordered armie. It 1 a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could rehearse causes (but yf I take it, they are better unspoken than uttered, unless the fact be sure to be amended) that might shew that move alwys more peril to our amie, but in such one night’s so doyng as they shew good service (as some siny) in a howe ysgne."—Apud Dalzell’s Fragments, a 15.

NOTE 3 W.

To see how thau the chace couldst wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle raise the fray.—P. 45.

The pursuit of Border marauders was followed by the in- sured party and his friends with blood-hounds and bugle-horn, and was called the hot-trod. He was entituled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed. In addi- tion to what has been said of the blood-hound, I may add, that the breed was kept up by the Brededetch family on their Border estates till within the 18th century. A person was alive in the memory of man, who remembered a blood-hound being kept at Eldinhope, in Etrick Forest, for whose main- tenance the tenant had an allowance of meal. At that time the sheep were always watched at night. Upon one occasion, when the duty had fallen on the narrator, then a lad, he be- came exhausted with fatigue, and fell a-keep 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 neighborhood alarmed. The marauders, how- ever, escaped, notwithstanding a sharp pursuit. This circum- stance 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. 46.

Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favorable 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, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subduing 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 classic reader will doubtless be curious to perceive this anec- dote:—

"Virgilus was at soleo at Tolentum, where he stadyed dely- gently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tymne, the scolers had lycense to go to play and sprote them in the remce, after the manse of the old tyme. And there was also

Virgilus therbye, also walkynge among he yllyes alle x t. It tormned he spake very greynly in the seide of a ylly wherbo, he se mot se, that he coul not see no more lyght than he went a yltell furth er therein, and he sa the some lyght egane, and than he wente foure streycythe, and was withina yllye wyle after he harde a voyce that called 'Virg- ili! Virgilius!' and looked aboute, and he colde nat see no body. Than sayd he (i.e. the voyce), 'Virgilius, see ye no the yltell lydng bynde yere you tyme he wathen by the word?' Than answerd Virgilius, 'I see that hordd well enough.' The voyce said, 'Deo awaye that hordd, and let me out there atte.' Than answerd Virgilius to the voyce that was under the yllye borde, and sayd, 'Who art thou that callest me so?' Than answerd the devyll, 'I am a devyll conjured out of the bodye of a certeyne man, and banyssed dely here tyl the day of judgeme, without that I be delved by the handes of men.' Thus, Virgilius, I pray the devyll me out of this pyaun, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of necronomane, and how thau shalt come by itlygh, as I know the pratyse therein, that no man in the seyence of ne- cronomye shall passe tye. And moreover, I shewe enforme all the, that thou shalt have able thy desyre, whereby methanke it is a great gy, to ser so lyttly a dyng. Bye ye why also thus all thy serys and myracle, withen me, I shall rende yor enemies.'

Thorough that great promise was Virgilius tem- ced; he badde the fynd show the bokes to hym, that he might have and occupie them at his wylle; and so the fynde shewed him. And than Virgilius pulled open a borde, and there was a yllye hole, and thereon wrang the devyll out like a yll, and cas and stole before Virgilius lyke a bygge myne; whereas Virgilius were notyng and uncryed greatly thereof; that so great a man might come out of so yltell a hulle. Than sayd Virgilius, 'Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye can out of it?'—Vea, I shall well,' said the devyll.—"I holde the best plege that I have, that ye shall not do it. '—Well," said the 'devyll, 'thereto I consent.' And than the devyll wrang his helme-lyte into the yltell hole agane; and as he was therein, Virginus kyned the how agane with the borde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat thau come out agen, but abyddeth stytte sthil therein. Than callid the devyll dreadfully to Virgilius, and said, 'What have ye done, Vir- gilius?'—Virgilius answerd, 'Abyde therly still to your day apponted,' and fro thaus forth abyddeth he there. And so Virginus became very connyng in the pratyse of too black with the beh."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Note 3 Y.

A merlin sat upon her wrist,
 Held by a leash of silken twist.—P. 46.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a knight or heron. See LATAN an Fowlsmy. -Gods- scott relates that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his Castle of Traictoun. "To this he returned no direct answer; but as if speech, having a gow-broch, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The devil's in this greedy glede, she will never be full."—Hume's History of the House of Douglas, 1743, vol. ii. p. 131. Barclay complains 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 brow-head garnished brunt. —P. 47.

The peacock, it is well known, was considered, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted pints of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vewes to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies!"

The bow's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendor. In Scotland it was sometimes surmounted with little banners, displaying the colors and achievements of the boron at whose board it was served.—Pikeleton's History, vol. i. p. 452.

Note 4 A.

Smate, with his gauntlet, stout Huntiall.—P. 47.

The Rutherfords of Huntiall 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 Draws-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Huntiall, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion. 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 Ballad of the Reid-square, but which apparently is lost, except the following lines:—

"Bausd Rutherfurd he was full stout,
 With all his nine sons he brought,
 He brought the lands of Jeddurght out,
 And buandyly fought that day."

Note 4 B.

-to bite the thumb, or the glos, seems not to have been con-

sidered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though as used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning following the drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion with whom he had quarreled! And, learning that he had bad words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting, that though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unparcelona 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 clench the buck was ta'en.—P. 47.

A tradition preserved by Scott of Cuthells, who published, in 1688, 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 Runkleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in 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 Buccleuch, about two miles above the junction of Runkle-burn 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 chase 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 Craura-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the sovereign's feet;—

"The deer being cured in that place,
 At his Majesty's demand,
 Then John of Galloway ran apace,
 And fetched water to his hand,
 The King did wash into a dish,
 And Galloway John he wot;"—
 He said, "Thy name now after this
 Shall ever be called John Scott.

"The forest and the deer therein,
 We commit to thy hand;
 For thou shalt sure the ranger be,
 If thou obey command;"—
 And for the buck thou stently brought
 To us that steep heugh,
 Thy designation ever shall—
 Be John Scott in Buccleuch.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In Scotland no Buccleuch was then,
 Before the buck in the clench was slain;
 Night's men? at first they did appear,
 Because moon and stars to their arms they bear.
 Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,
 Show their beginning from hunting cause;—

chopis, became theves, and went abroad under the cloath of those more pleasant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the weak: and falling upon towns unfortified, or scatteringly inhabited, rifled them, and made for the best means of their living; being a matter of that time we are here in dispute, but rather varying with it something of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst them, as it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The name is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduce two questioning of such as sell by, on all manners alike, whether they be thieves or not; as they they neate scour new be sakes, not upbridged by those that were destines to know. They also robbed one another, within the same land; and much of Greece use the old custom, as the Lawrence the
The Buceleuch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, wheeler real or fabulous. The family now bear Or, upon a bend azure, a mullet between two crescents of the field; in addition to which, they formerly bore in the field a hunting-burnt. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a bound and buck, or, according to the old Arms, a hcart of leath and a hcart of grace. The family of Scott of Hawesley and Thirlestane long retained the illegi-
born; they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister
to the perhaps as a difference. It is said the motto was—
Best riding by moonlight, in allusion to the crescents on the
shield, and perhaps to the habits of those who bore it. The
motto now given is Amo, applying to the female supporters.

Note 4 D.
old Albert Grome,
The Minstrel of that ancient name.—P. 48.
"John Grome, second son of Melice, Earl of Montevil,
commonly summoned John with the Bright Sword, upon some
pleasurably risen against him at court, retired with many of
his clan and kinned into the English Borders, in the reign of King
Henry the Fourth, where they reigned themselves; and many of
their descendants have continued there ever since. Mr. Sand-
ford, speaking of them, says which indeed was applicable to
most of the Borderers on both sides. They were all stark
cross-surfers, and ardent thieves: Both to England and Scot-
land outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they
gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any
time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is re-
collected of a mother to her son (which is now become prover-
hial), Ride, Rowley, bought is the pot: that is, the last piece
of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time to go
and fetch more."—Introduction to the History of Cumberland.
The residence of the Gamewi being chiefly in the Detaile-
ble Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms,
their depredations extended both to England and Scotland,
with impunity; for as both warriors accounted them the pro-
per subjects of their own prerogative, neither inclined to demand
reparation for their excesses from the opposite others. Which
would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over
them.—See a long correspondence on this subject twixt Lord
Dacre and the English Privy Council, in Introduction to His-
tory of Cumberland. The Detaile Land was finally divid-
ed between England and Scotland, by commissioners appointed
by both nations.¹

Note 4 E.
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.—P. 48.
This burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old
Scotsish song, beginning thus—
"She leant her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa;
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a."²

¹[Note 4 F.]
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?—P. 48.
The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Sur-
rey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his
time; and his somnolent display beastes 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 lord is founded on an incident, as to
which the Earl was involved. Cornwallis Agrip-
pa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass,
the lovely Gemhilda, to whose service he had devoted his
heart and his sword. The vision represented her as a good and
reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light
of a waxen tapper.

²[Note 4 G.]
The storm-swept Orusses:
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway,
Over isle and islet, strait and bay.—P. 49.
The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended
from William de St. Clair, second son of Waltheof Comte de
St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Nor-
manby. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly
St. Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Mal
colm Canmore, obtained large grants of land in Midlothian
Trees domains which was increased by the liberality of succeeding
monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended
the baronies of Roslin, Pentland, Cowsland, Carminie, and
several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from
Robert Bruce, on the following occasion:—The King, in fol-
lowing the chase upon Pentland-hills, had often started a
"white faunche deer," which had always escaped from his
hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled about
him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might
be more successful. No courier would affirm that his hounds
were fitter than those of the king, until Sir William St. Clair
of Rosine unconsciously said, he would wager his head that
his two favorite dogs, Hilp and Hold, would kill the deer
before she could cross the March-burn. The King instantly
caught at his unswary offer, and betted his force of Pentland-
hounds against the hounds of Sir William St. Clair. At the
hounds were tied-up, except a few rushes, or slow-hounds, to put
up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, putting himself in the
best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ,
the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly
after roped, and the hounds slipp Sir William following
on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The bird, 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, embraced Sir William, un-
bestowed on him the lands of Kirkton, Logan-burns, Ena
craig, &c., in free for-service. Sir William in this telegram
of St. Katherine's intercession, built the church of St. Kath-
rine 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.—MS. History
some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the Knight of Rosina's flight
made him poetical, and that in the last emergency, he shouted,
Help, Hound, an ye may.
Or Roslin will lose his head this day.
If this couplet does his fame great honor as a poet, the conclusion of the
story does him still less credit. He set his feet on the dog, says the nar-
rator, and killed him on the spot, saying he would never again put his
foot in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it
is only founded on the crankish posture of the hound in the monument.

This adventurous humpback married Elizabeth, daughter of Malcon Spor, Earl of Orkney and Strathmore, in whose right their son Henry 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 this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravens Craig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William Sibbald, Earl of Clithens.

Note 4 H.

Still nods their palace to its fall,
Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall.—P. 49.

The Castle of Kirkwall was built by the St. Clairs, while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Clithens about 1615, having been garrisoned 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, dying from his native country, on second visit of his share in the inheritance 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 filial pride, after his brother Alexander, Duke of Albany, had married a daughter of my family, and for perfecit 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 forfeiture, he gratefully divorced my forivated ancestor’s sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any malice to plead against a family in whose veins the blood of Robert Bruce ran as fresh in his own; for to their title 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 same David, out of the family of Douglass, which at that time did not much sully the blood, more than my ancestor’s having not long before had the honour of marrying a daughter of the King of Denmark, who was named Godred, and had left in the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever saw entire in Scotland. I then had no small reason to think, that unhappy state, on the many not inconsiderable services conferred since to the royal family, for these many years bygone, on all occasions, when they stood most in need of friends, which they have thought themselves very often obliged to acknowledge better 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 of his time when the taxes 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 unhappy 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 on myself; and laughing at the extravagance and unaccountable summons of men, and the singularity of my own case (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family), when I ought to have known that the worst case I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in seeing the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of depression, and after so many years had been pleased to do me and my family to starve. MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St. Clair.

Note 4 I.

Of that Sea-Snake, trew-\(n\)ue earl’d,
Whose monstrous circles girds the world.—P. 49.

The formugenaad, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest features of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull’s head. The cætera twist the evil demons and the divinities of which is to precede the Ragnarockr, or Twilight of the gods. This Snake is to set a considerable part.

Note 4 J.

Of those dread Mauds, whose hideous ya’s.—P. 59.

These were the Palgrave, or Selectors of rau’s; Sin, dispatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were vile, and to disburse the contest. They were well known to the English reader as Gray’s Fatal Flowers.

Note 4 L.

Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pole death-lights of the tomb,
Rosenk’ld the graves of warriors old,
Their sad obiter wrenched’ from corporeal hold.—P. 49.

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angusayr, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, that if he fell, his sword Tyrilsh should be buried with him. His daughter Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed between her and Angusayr’s spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the Hervarar-Saga. Indeed, the ghosts of the north ern 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 valor than to encounter supernatural beings.—BARTHOLOM’S De causis contempte vennn mortis lib. i. cap. 3, 9, 10, 13.

Note 4 M.

Castle Ravensheuch.—P. 50.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated between Kirkcaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Frith of Forth. It was conferred on Sir William St. Clair as a slight compensation for the earldom of Orkney, by a charter of King James III. dated in 1471, and is now the property of Sir James St. Clair Esq., (now Earl of Roslyn), representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Baron of Roslin.

Note 4 N.

Sewn’d all on fire within, around,
Deep anxiety and altar’s pole;
Shone every pillar foliage bound.
And gimmer’d all the dead men’s mail.—P. 50.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of
Oxney, Duke of Oldenburg, Earl of Cuthness and Strathnairn, 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, Pentlandmoor, &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 Godcroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resides in princely splendor, 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 was Ross-laude, the promontory of the sea, or hetera, ScoUish linnhe, the promontory of the hill, or water-fall. The chapel is said to appear on the precise to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, noticed by Slezer, in his Thesaurus 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 Haly, in the M.S. 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 Peeliacretens, who vexed him shilly, 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 godfather 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 lying in his armor, 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, in their armor: late Roslindie, 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."

Note 4 O.

For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story run,
Whi spoke but spectre-bond in Man.—P. 51.

The ancient castle of Peel-town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruined. Through one of these sepulchers there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the palace. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion: "They say that an apparition, called in the Manxish argum, the 'Mantha Dug' in the shape of a large black spade, with curling snaky hair, was used to haunt Peel-castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waits permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason, forebears wearing and all profane discourse, while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when alighting in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gate of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain to whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever succeeded the evening night his fellow in the guard-room would accompany him that went first, and by this manner, it would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention, that the Mantha Dug was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence."

"One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavored to dissuade him; but the more he was said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the Mantha Dug 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 reprobat 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 he 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 Mantha Dug 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 often than he had then lived on his head."—WALDRON's Description of the Isle of Man, p. 107.

Note 4 P.

St. Bride of Douglas.—P. 51.

This was a favorite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following passage: "The Queen-reign had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and considering of her purpose with Angus, he answered, 'Why not, madam? I am happy that 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. Bryde of Douglas). 'If he be a Duke,' I will be a Brave!'—So was desired from kinsman of that purpose."—GOEDROFT, vol. ii, p. 131.
Marmion:
A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.¹
IN SIX CANTOS.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell.

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.

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 honorable profession, for the more precarious resources of literature. 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 "pleasanter bank" of the Tweed, in order to comply with the law, which requires that the Sheriff shall be resident, 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 Ashiestiel, 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 favorable for angling, surrounded by the remains of nature, 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 Edinburgh friends, in which city we spent the terms of the summer and winter Sessions of the Court, that is, five or 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 favor 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 Honorable 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 accomplishing this was soon found. 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 then stood, such

¹ Published in 4to. £1 11s. 6d., February, 1838.
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 mean time. 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 honor 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 honor 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 matter having received the royal assent, he regarded only as a claim of justice what he would have willingly done as an act of favor. 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 supernumerated officers was, about five or six years after, altered from that which admitted the arrangement of assistant and successor, my colleague 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 harbor 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 or those unpleasant accidents which can neither be foreseen nor avoided.

I had formed the prudent resolution to endeavor to bestow a little more labor 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 labored with a good deal of care, by one by whom much care was seldom bestowed. Whether the work was worth the labor 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 Introduction 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 loquacity 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—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," emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for "Marmion." 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." I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory

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1 See Life, vol. III. p. 4.  
1 Next view in state, proud pacing on his roan,  
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,  
Now forcing scorns, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;  
A mighty mixture of the great and base,  
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,  
On public taste to foil thy state romance,  
Thou gay Murray with his Miller may combine  
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line!  

---

No! when the sons of song descend to trade,  
Their bays are scar, the former laurels fade.  
Let such forgo the poet's sacred name,  
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;  
Still for stern Marmion may they toil in vain!  
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!  
Such be their mood! such still the just reward  
Of prostituted muse and hir'ding bard!  
For this we spurn Apollo's vers'd son,  
And bid a long 'Good-night to Marmion!'

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to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no usual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise—I had never bargained a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the Poem was far beyond their expectation, as to induce them to supply the Author's collars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hog's head of excellent cleart.

The Poem was finished in too much haste, to allow me an opportunity of softening down, if not removing, some of its most prominent defects. The nature of Marmion's guilt, although similar instances were found, and might be quoted, as existing in feudal times, was nevertheless not sufficiently peculiar to be indicative of the character of the period, forgery being the crime of a commercial, rather than a proud and warlike age. This gross defect ought to have been remedied or palliated. Yet I suffered the tree to lie as it had fallen. I remember my friend, Dr. Leyden, then in the East, wrote me a furious remonstrance on the subject.

On first reading this satire, 1809, Scott says, "It is funny enough to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, of whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavoring to snatch out a living with my pen. God help the bear, if having little else to eat, he must not even such his own paws. I can assure the noble ump of fame it is not my fault that I was not born to a park and £5000 a year, as it is not his lordship's merit, although it may be his great good fortune, that he was born to live by his literary talents or success."—Life, vol. vi. p. 195.—See also Correspondence with Lord Byron Prov. pp. 292, 298.

Marmion was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 2000 copies of this edition were 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 1829; a fifth of 3000, early in 1830; and a sixth of 3000, in two volumes, crown 8vo., with twelve dusters by Singleton, before the end of that year; a seventh of 4000 and an eighth of 5000 copies 8vo., in 1811; a ninth of 3000 in 1816; a tenth of 500 in 1820; an eleventh of 500; and a twelfth of 2000 copies, in foolscap, 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 31,000; 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 no day when the student of English civilization will pass without curiosity the contemporary reception of the Tale of Flodden Field."—Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 66.
MARMION.—Page 83.
Marmion.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD MONTAGU,
dc. dc. dc.
THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is surely to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have honored with some degree of approbation 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 turns 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 Tale; 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, September, 1513.

Ashestiel, 1808.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO
WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ. 3
Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

November's sky is chill and drear, November's leaf is red and sear: Late, gazing down the steepy inn, That hems our little garden in, Low in its dark and narrow glen, Yeu scarce the rivulet might ken, So thick the tangled Greenwood grew, So feeble trill'd the streamlet through: Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen Through bush and brier, no longer green,

Lord Montagu was the second son of Henry Duke of Buccleuch, by the only daughter of John last Duke of Montagu. 2 For the origin and progress of Scott's acquaintance with Mr. Rose see Life, vols. ii iii iv. vi. Part of Marmion was composed at Mr. Rose's seat in the New Forest 1814 vol. iii. p. 10.

3 MS. — "No longer now in glowing red The Ettrick-ke Forest hills are clad."
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 covering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardly, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wait the daisy's vanished flower;
Their summer gambols tell, and morn,
And anxions 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 fioic 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.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike and the wise?
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasped the victor's steel!
The vernal 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 Prrr, thy hollow'd tomb!
Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave;
To him, as to the burning levin,
Short, bright, resistless course was given.
Where'er his country's foes were found,
Was heard the fated thunder's 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's, Hafia's, 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, who, in his mightiest hour,
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurr'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
man's laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trumpet had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand:
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright;
As some proud column, though alone

1 "The change and change of nature,—the vicissitudes which are observable in the moral as well as the physical part of the creation,—have given occasion to more exquisite poetry than any other general subject. The author had before made ample use of the sentiments suggested by these topics; yet he is not satisfied, but begins again with the same in his first interpolation. The lines are certainly pleasing; but they fall, in some estimation, far below that beautiful simile of the Tweed which he has introduced into his former poem. The Ast. at. of μαλακών of Macens is, however, worked up again to some advantage in the following passage:—To mute, &c."—Monthly Rev., May, 1808.

2 MS.—"What call awakens from the dead
The hero's heart, the patriot's head?"

3 MS.—"Deep in each British bosom wrote,
O never be those names forgot!"

4 Nelson.

5 Copenhagen.

6 MS.—"T craz'd at subjection's cracking rein."
MARMION

Thy strength had prop'd 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 Palmine's unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the milder held,
Till in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steersage 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,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoy 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 requiescat dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wist 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 error him who owns this grave,

1 MS.—"'Tis think how to his latest day."
2 MS.—"But still upon the holy day."
3 In place of this couplet, and the ten lines which follow it, the original MS. of Marmion has only the following:—
"If genius high and judgment sound,
And wist that loved to play, not wound,
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine,
Could save one mortal of the herd
From error—Fox had never err'd."

While Scott was correcting a second proof of the passage where Pitt and Fox are mentioned together, at Stanmore Priory, in Apr. 1807. Lord Abercorn suggested that the compliment to the Whig statesman ought to be still further heightened, and several lines—

For talents mourn untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most," &c.,
were added accordingly. I have heard, indeed, that they came from the Marmion's own pen. Ballantyne, however, from some hint of mine, had put the sheet to press before the revisal, 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 stupid and malicious enough to insinuate that the author had his presentation copies struck off with or without them, according as they were for Whig or Tory hands. I mention the circumstance now only because I see by a letter of H. B.'s that Scott had thought it worth his while to contradict the absurd charge in the newspaper of the day."—Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 61.
4 MS.—"And party passion doth aside
5 The first epistolary effusion, containing a 'threely on Nelson, Pitt, and Fox, exhibits a remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarel with a poet on the score of politics; but the manner in which he has chosen to praise the last of these great men, is more likely, we conceive, to give offense to his admirers, than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised is for having broken off the negotiation for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honored grave of Pitt! It is then said that his errors should be forgotten, and that he died a Briton—a pretty plain insinuation that, in the author's opinion, he did not live long; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over the grave of his villain hero, Mar- mion."—Jeffrey.
6 MS.—"Their was no common courtesey more
E'er frame! in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky. 1
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
Forever 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 bier;
O'er Prrr's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's 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?"

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tribute strain!
Though not unmark'd from northern clime,
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 know,
And all the keener rush of blood,
That throbs through hard in bard-like mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could bow—
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;

MS. — "And force the pale moon from the sky."
"Reader! remember when thou went a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His rival almost deem'd him such.
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face;
Athenes and Jda, with a dashing sea,
Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,
As the deep billows of the Eggyan roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they—the rivals!—a few feet
Of slender earth divide each winding-sheet,
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
Like frostwork in the morning ray,
The fancied fabric melts away.
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 copsewood wld,
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 plucking from you fen 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 pail,
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, 4
Lost his old legends tire the ear
Of one, who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst fitly 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 how our hearts at doughty deeds,
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
Still throb for fear and pity's sake;
As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgiana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unburied corpse, 5
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move

Which hushes all! a calm unstormy wave
Which oversweeps the world. The theme is o'd
Of dust to dust; but half its tale untold;
Time tempers not its terror."

Byron's Age of Bronze.
  "If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo! Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away."

Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.
  * MS. — "Though oft he stops to wonder still
That his old legends have the skill
To win so well the attentive ear,
Pencnance to draw the sigh or tear."

See Appendix, Note A.
(Alas, that lawless was their love!) He sought proud Tarquin in his den, And free full sixty knights; or when, A sinful man, and unconfessed, 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 glean'd through Spenser's elfin dream, And mix'd in Milton's heavenly theme; And Dryden, in immortal strain, Had rais'd the Table Round again, But that a ribald King and Court Bade him tell on, to make them sport; Demanded for their niggard pay, Fit for their souls, a looser lay, Licentious satire, song, and play, The world defraud'd of the high design, Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then, Though dwindled sons of little men, Essay to break a feebler lance In the fair fields of old romance; Or seek the moated castle's cell, Where long through talisman and spell, While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept, Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept: There sound the harpings of the North, Till he awake and sally 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, squire, and dwarf, And wizard with his wand of might, And errant maid on palfrey white, Around the Genius weave their spells, Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells; Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd; And Honor, with his spotless shield; Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear, That loves the tale she shrinks to hear; And gentle Courtesy; and Faith, Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death And Valor, lion-mettled lord, Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown, A worthy meed may thus be won; Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade Their theme the merry minstrels made, Of Ascapart and Bevis bold, And that Red King, who, while of old, Through Boldrewood the chase he led By his loved huntsman's arrow 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, For Orinna, fool'd in fight The Necromancer's felon night; And well in modern verse hast wove Partenope's mystic love? 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, And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, And Cheviot's mountains lone: The battled towers, the donjon keep, 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 giant height: Their armor, as it caught the rays, Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear, That loves the tale she shrinks to hear; And gentle Courtesy; and Faith, And Valor that despeers death.

The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called. See Appendix, Note D. William Rufus. See Appendix, Note D. See Appendix, Note E. Ibid. Note F. 12 In the MS. the first line has "hoary steep;" the fourth, "donjon steep;" the seventh, "ruddy lustre." 13 MS.—"Eastern sky."
Flash'd back again the western blaze,¹
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 Border gathering song.

III.
A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horshill-hill a plump² 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, squire, and seneschal.

IV.
"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties 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:³
Lord MARMION waits below!"¹
Then to the Castle's lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbent,
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unsparr'd
And let the drawbridge fall.

V.
Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,
His helm hung at the saddlebow;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalwart 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-turned joints, and strength of limb
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.⁵

VI.
Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel;⁶
But his strong helm, of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd:
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon, on his shield,
Saur'd sable in an azure field:
The golden legued bore aright,
Who checks at me, to death is right.¹
Blue was the charger's bridle'd rein;
Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane;
The knightly housing's ample field
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.
Behind him rode two gallant squires,
Of noble name, and knightly sire;
They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim;
For well each cad a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,

¹ "Marmion is to Deborah what Tom Jones is to Joe, a
Andrews: the varnish of higher breeding, nowhere diminishes
the prominence of the features; and the union of a king is
as light and sinewy a cavalier as the Borderer—rather less
ferocious—more wicked, not less fit for the hero of a ballad
and much more so for the hero of a regular poem."—Geor^e
Byss.<br>
² "See Appendix, Note G."
³ P. II. Note II.
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:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong;¹
And led his sumpter-mules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed case his battle-steel.
The last and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazon'd sable, as before,
The towering falcon seem'd 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 dusky palfreys, and array,
Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

IX.
'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 limstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared:
'Enter'd the train, and such a clang;²
As then through all his torrets rang;
Old Norham never heard.

X.
The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourish'd brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanc'd,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort;
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
He scatter'd angels round.
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion!"
Stout heart, and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant run,
Thou flower of English land!"

XI.
Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hail'd Lord Marmion.³
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivlebaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town.⁴
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
All as he lighted down.
"Now, largesse, largesse,⁵ Lord Marmion,
Knight of the crest of gold!
A blazon'd shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

XII.
They marshall'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, lordlings, 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 Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force 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,⁶
And saw his saddle bare;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
inconsiderable in themselves, have the effect of giving truth
and identity to the picture, and assist the mind in realizing
the scenes, in a degree which no general description could
suggest; nor could we so completely enter the Castle with
Lord Marmion, were any circumstances of the description
omitted."—British Critic.

¹ See Appendix, Note I.
² Ibid. Note K
³ MS.—"Clear his shield."
XIII.
Tean stepp'd to meet that noble Lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.¹
He led Lord Marmion to the doors,
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,
"How the fierce Thrivwallis, and Riddles all,²
Stout Williamsonwick,
Andハードriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albane Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's-shawe.³"
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 minstrel's strain,
By knight should never 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 has pass'd a week but ginst
Or feats of arms befell;
The Scots can rein a mettled steed;
And love to couch a spear;—
Saint George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbors near
Than 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.

See Appendix, Note L.
² Ibid. Note M
³ MS. — "And let me pray thee fair!"
⁴ MS. — "To rub a shield or shape a brand,"
⁵ MS. — "Lord Marmion ill such jest could brook,
He roll'd his kindling eye;
Fix'd on the Knight his dark haunted look,
And answer'd stern and high:
That page thou didst so closely eye,
So fair of hand and skin,

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,⁶"
Where hast thou left that page of thine
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare?
When last in lady towers we met,
The boy I closely eyed,
And often mark'd his cheeks were wet,
With tears he fain would hide;
His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,
To burnish shield or sharpen brand;
Or saddle battle-steel;
But meeter seemed 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?⁷
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
A gentle paramour?⁸

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.⁹
Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay
Dissemble grace to the hall to day?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?¹⁰
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,¹¹

Is come, I ween, of lineage high,
And of thy lady's kin.
That youth, so like a paramour,
Who wept for shame and pride,
Was erst, in Wilton's lordly bower
Sir Ralph de Wilton's bride.¹²"
"No bird, whose feathers gayly flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide:
Norham is grim and grated close,
Heem'd in by Latunsment and fosse,
And many a darksome tower;
And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light,
In mir Queen Margaret's bower
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find lease or bant,
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon sour her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—

XXVIII.
"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 you, 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,
Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I March with Surrey's power,
What time we razed old Aytone tower."

XXIX.
"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enow;
For here be some have pricked as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Batham's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lunderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hooves."

XXX.
"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried,
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack,
Than your stout forayers at my back;
But, as in form of peace I go,
A frendly messenger, to know,
Why through all Scotland, near and far,
Their King is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justifiue suspicious fears,
And deadly foud, or thirst of spoil,
Break out in some unseemly broil:
A herald were my fitting guide;

Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;
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 war
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 vieur, woes betide,
Is all too well in case to ride:
The priest of Sheerwood—he could rem
The wildest war-horse in your train;
But then, no spearman in the hall
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man
A blithesome 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,
'Twixt 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,
Sans 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
Little he loves such risks, I know;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.
Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.
"Kind uncle, woes were we each one,
If harm should hap to brother John.
He is a man of mirthful speech,
Can many a game and gambol teach:
Full well at tables can he play,
And sweep at bowls the stake away."

1 MS.—"She'll stoop again when tired her wing."
2 See Appendix, Note O.
3 See Appendix, Note F.
None can a lustier carol bawl,
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 Bughtrig rude,
May end in worse than loss of hood.
Let Friar John, in safety, still
In chimney-corner smoke his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swell;
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."—

XXIII.
"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome;
One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
And visited 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
Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin,
And shadows, mist, and darkness, given.
He shows Saint James's 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,
Cutbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
He knows the passes of the North,
And seeks for shrines beyond the Forth;
Little he eats, and long will wake,
And drinks but of the stream or lake.
This were 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,‡
Kens 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 ead,
With angels fair and good.
I love such holy ramblers; still
They know to charm a weary hill,
With song, romance, or lay:
Some jovial 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 e'en 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 murmur'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 fay,
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" to the Castle-hall."
The summon'd Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl d'herung his face;
we think, are of this description; and this commemoration of Sir Hugh Heron's troopers, who
† See Appendix, Note Q.
‡ See Appendix, Note R.
§ See Appendix, Note S.
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;
Las sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land. 1

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 saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate; 2
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 haggard 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;
Hard till can roughen form and face; 3
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall; 4
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
The Palmer took on him the task,
So he would march with morning tide, 5
To Scottish court to be his guide.
"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray.
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,

From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound, 6
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can phrensi'd dreams dispel.
And the crazed brain restore?
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throw no more!"

XXX.

And now the midnight draught of sleep
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drank it merrily;
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er;
It hush'd the merry wassal roar, 7
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle naught was heard,
But the slow footstep of the guard,
Pacing his sober round.

XXXI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose,
And first the chapel doors unclose;
Then, after morning rites were done
(A hasty mass from Friar John, 8)
And knight and squire had broke their fast,
On rich substantial repast,
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse;
Then came the stirrup-cup in course:
Between the Baron and his host,
No point of courtesy was lost:
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,
Solemn excuse the Captain made,
Till, filling from the gate, had pass'd
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudly rung the trumpet call;
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore;
Around the castle eddied slow,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hoar;

1 "The first profession of the mysterious Palmer is and as—"
2 "—Jeffrey.
3 MS.—"And near Lord Marmion took his seat."
4 MS.—"Hard till can dier form and face,
And want can quench the eyes of grace."
5 MS.—"Happy whom none such woes befall."
6 MS.—"So he would ride with morning tide."
7 See Appendix, Note T.
8 MS.—"The cup pass'd round among the rest.
9 MS.—"Soon did the merry wassal roar."
10 In Catholic countries, in order to reconcile the pleasures of the great with the observances of religion, it was common,
when a party was bent for the chase, to celebrate mass, abridged
and maimed of its rites, called a hunting-mass, the brevity of
which was designed to correspond with the impatience of the
audience." —Note to "The Abbot." —New Ed.
Till they roll’d forth upon the air,¹
And met the river breezes there,
Which gave again the prospect fair.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE
REV. JOHN MARRIOT, A.M.

Ashestiel, Etrick Forest.
The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourisht’l once a forest fair;²
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
Yon Thorn—perchance whose, prickly spears
Have fenced him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green conpeers—
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,³
Since he, so gray 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 sh’ld 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 aspens 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
(The neighboring dingle bears his name),
With lurching step around me prow’d,
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain-bear, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;

¹ MS.—"Slow they roll’d forth upon the air."² See Appendix, Note V.
³ "The second episode opens again with 'chance and change';
but it cannot be denied that the made in which it is introduced
is new and poetic. The comparison of Etrick Forest, now
open and naked, with the state in which it once was—covered
with wood, the favorite resort of the royal hunt, and the refuge
of daring outlaws—leads the poet to imagine an ancient thorn
gifted with the powers of reason, and relating the various
scenes which it has witnessed during a period of three hundred
years. A melancholy train of fancy is naturally encouraged
the idea."—Monthly Review.

While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay green-wood,
Then oft, from Newark’s² riven tower,
Sallied a Scottish monarch’s power:
A thousand vassals must’r’d 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 stalk,
And falconers hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratlet’s⁴ 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 harquebuss below;
While all the rocking hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter’s cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely."

Of such proud hunting, many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales,
Up pathless Etrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw dwelt his arrow's
But not more blithe than silvan court,
Than we have been at humbler sport;
Though small our pomp, and mean our gane,
Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.
Remember’s that my greyhounds true!
Or holt 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,
Passe’d by the intermitted space;
For we had fair resource in store,
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 bower’s, untenanted Bowhill"⁵
No longer, from thy mountains dun,

⁴ Mountain-ash.
⁵ MS.—"How bound the ash his shadows flung,
How to the rock the rowan clang."⁶

⁶ Sluwhound.
⁷ The Tale of the Outlaw Moray, who hold set Newark
Castle and Etrick Forest against the King, may be found in
the Border Minstrelies, vol. i. In the Macfarlane MS., among
other causes of James the Fifth’s charter to the burgh of Sel-
kirk, is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress
this dangerous outlaw.

⁸ A seat of the Duke of Buccleuch on the Yarrow, in E-
trick Forest. See Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.
The yeoman hears the well-known gun,  
And while his honest heart glows warm,  
At thought of his paternal farm,  
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,  
And drinks, "The Chiefman of the Hills!"

No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,  
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,  
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw  
By moonlight dance on Carterhangle;  
No youthful Baron's left to grace  
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,  
And ape, in manly step and tone,  
The majesty of Oberon;  
And she is gone, whose lovely face  
Is but her least and lowest grace;  
Though it to Sylphid Queen 'twere given,  
To show our earth the charms of Heaven,  
She could not glide along the air,  
With form more light, or face more fair,  
No more the widow's deafen'd ear  
Grows quick that lady's step to hear;  
At noontide she expects her not,  
Nor busies she 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,  
Scarcely 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 wight,  
When, pointing to his airy mound,  
I call'd his ramparts holy ground.  
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;  
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,  
Despite 10 difference of our years,  
Return again the glow of theirs.  
Ah, happy boys! such feelings 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 oar.  
Yet cherish the remembrance still,  
Of the lone mountain and the rill;  
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,  
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,  
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 this pain:  
It soothes the love of lonely rest,  
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.  
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,  
And stilled soon by mental broils,  
But, in a bosom thus prepared,  
Its still small voice is often heard,  
Whispering a mangled sentiment,  
'Twixt resignation and content.  
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,  
By lone St Mary's silent lake;  
Then know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,  
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;  
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 point, retiring, hides a dell,  
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;  
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,  

Mr. Mariott was given—or to the young nobleman here  
well to—George Henry, Lord Scott, son to Charles, Earl of  
Dalkith (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry),  
ae who died early in 1808.—See Life of Scott, vol. iii.  
pp. 50-61.  
2 The four next lines on Harriet, Countess of Dalkith,  
afterwards Duchesses of Buccleuch, were not in the original MS.  
3 The late Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whytebank—who's  
beautiful seat of the Yair stands on the Tweed, about two  
sides below A-bostel, the then residence of the poet.  
4 The sons Mr Pringle of Whytebank.
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer time, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-stread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Naught living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,¹
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 prayed.²

If age had tamed the passions' strife,³
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 long'd to spend his age.⁴
'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,
On Bourhope's 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 gray."⁵
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower:⁶
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—
(So superstition's creed divines)—
Thereon view the lake, with sullen rear,
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail;⁷
And ever steep again to have
Their battles on the surging wave;
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer night my plaid avail.

¹ See Appendix, Note X.
² "A few of the lines which follow breathe as true a spirit of peace and repose, as even the simple strains of our venerable Walton."—Monthly Review.
³ "And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show.

Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tide had all its sway;⁸
And, in the bittens' 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,⁹
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life
(Though but escape from fortune's strife),
Something most matchless good and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice;
And deem each hour to musing given,
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,
Such peaceful solitudes dispel:
He loves to drown his bosom's jar
Amid the elemental war:
And my black Palmer's choice had been
Some ruder and more savage scene,
Like that which frowns round dark Loch
skene,¹⁰
There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down you dark abyss they hurl:
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the voiceless stream below,
Diving, as if condemn'd to have
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchanter'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 jar within,
Tells with the rocks the roaring hum;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."¹¹

¹² See Appendix, Note Y.
¹ MS.—"Spread through broad mist their snowy sail."
² MS.—"Till fancy wild had all her sway!"
³ MS.—"The from the case my brain I clear'd.
⁴ See Appendix, Note Z.
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isla strung,
To many a Border theme has rung;\(^3\)
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 Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong.
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,\(^2\)
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,\(^4\)
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tile,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-form.
Much joy'd they in their honor'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 green-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 shrubs and swelling sail
With many a benedictive;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray;
Then shrill'd, because the sev-dog, nigh
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Rear'd o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disorder'd 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 simple bosom there,
Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—
The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

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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 nor 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 dower,\(^*\)
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 Convent'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,
Vigils, and penitence austere,
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 call,
And the nuns loved 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 Prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,

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\(^1\) See various ballads by Mr. Marriott, in the 4th vol. of the
Border Minstrelsy.
\(^2\) See Appendix, Note 2 A.
\(^3\) Ibid, Note 2 B.
\(^4\) See Appendix, Note 2 A.

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\(^*\) MS.—" *Twas she that gave her ample dower
Who deck'd the chapel of the saint."
On two apostates from the faith,  
And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.  
Naught 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 dishonor'd her.  
Her kinsman 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 gloom,  
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 gleided by.  
She saw them not—twas seeming all—  
Far other scenes her thoughts recall,—  
A sun-scord'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 heap'd 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 bow and knife,  
Against the mourner's harmless life.  
This crime was charg'd 'gainst those who lay  
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet gray.

VIII.  
And now the vessel skirts the strand  
Of mountainous Northumberland;  
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,  
And catch the sun's delight'd eyes.  
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay  
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;  
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall  
Of lofty Seaton-Deneval;  
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods  
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;  
They pass'd the tower of Widderington,  
Mother of many a valiant son;  
At Coquet-isle their beeds they tell  
To the good Saint who own'd the cell;  
Then did the Alne 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 Dunstanborough's cavern'd shore;  
Their tower, proud Bamborough, mark'd the there,  
King Idun's 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 girled in the Saint's domain:  
For, with the flow and ebb, its style  
Varies from continent to isle;  
Dry-shed, o'er sands, twice every day,  
The pilgrims to the shrine find way,  
Twice every day, the waves ebb,  
Of staves and sandal'd feet the trace.  
As to the port the galley flew,  
Higher and higher rose to view  
The Castle with its battlement 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 frown'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,  
Scour'd by the wind's eternal sway,  
Open to ravers 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,

See the notes on Chaucer's Chase.—Percy's Reliques
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been;
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,
And tounded, 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 rais'd Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answer'd 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 relics 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 hate the bark to land;
Conspicuous by her veil and hood,
Signing 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 unholli'd eye,
The stranger sisters roam:
Till fell the evening damp with dew,
And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,
For there, even summer night is chill.
Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,
They closed around the fire;
And all, in turn, essay'd to paint
The rival merits of their saint,
A theme that ne'er can tire
A holy maid; for, be it known,
That their saint's honor 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."—
"This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While laboring on our harbor-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."
They told, how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;³
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was chang'd into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd;
Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over 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 daughters fail,
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft 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 rest'd 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-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tynemouth 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!
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and her
(Although with them they led
Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,
And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale),
Before his standard fled.¹
'Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turn'd the conqueror back again,²
When, with his Norman bowyer band,
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.
But fain 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.³
Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his anvil 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 idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disdain.

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 lone that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell;
Old Colwulf⁴ built it, for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon 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 Sexhelm, 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;
Whereo'er 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,
Did 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 clue
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 sprung;
The grave-stones rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
A crescent,⁵ in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seem'd to arrive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful concave 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 dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were those three judges shown
By the pale crescent's ray:
The Abbess 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 mien and flowing dress
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,⁶
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 ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,
Whose look 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 care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;
The cloak and doublet loosely tied,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 G. ² Ibid. Note 2 II. ³ Ibid. Note 21.
⁴ MS.—"'Suspended by an iron chain,
A crescent show'd this dark domain.'"
⁵ MS.—"'On stony table her.'" ⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 L.
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her race she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion'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 pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening 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 neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might 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 ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brutish desires.

1 "The picture of Constance before her judges, though more toned than that of the voyage of the Lady Abbess, is not, in its style, so pleasing; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular."—Jeffrey.

2 "I went for 'Marmion,' because it occurred to me there might be a resemblance between part of 'Parvisa,' and a similar scene in the second canto of 'Marmion.' I fear there is, though I never thought of it before, and could hardly wish to express that which is inimitable. I wish you would ask Mr. Sifford whether I ought to say anything upon it. I had completed the stanza of the passage from Gibbon, which indeed leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind; but it comes upon me not very comfortably."—Lord Byron.

3 Mr. Murray Feb. 3, 1816.—Compare:

"... Parvisa's fatal charms
Again attracted every eye—
Would she thus hear him do o'd to die?
Fie, should, I said, all pale and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill:
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Such tools the Tempter ever needs
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
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 ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back 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,
Not once had turn'd to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyes close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in herocard blood;
But every now and then a tear
So large and slowly gather'd did
From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
It was a thing to see, not hear!
And those who saw, it did surprise,
Such drops could fall from human eyes.
To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone."

Such men the Church selected still,
As either joy’d in doing ill,
Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, 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;
Naught but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip;
’Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seem’d to hear a distant rill—
’Twas ocean’s swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear,
So massive were the walls.

XXVI.
At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And color dawn’d upon her cheek,
A hectic and a flutter’d streak,2
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By Autumn’s stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gather’d strength,
And seem’d herself to bear.3
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.4

1 See Appendix, Note 2 M.
2 MS.— “A freble and a flutter’d streak,
Like that with which the mornings break
In Autumn’s sober sky.”5
3 Mr. S. has judiciously combined the heroes of the pun-
ishment with a very beautiful picture of the offender, so as to
weigh in the interest which the situation itself must necessarily
excite; and the struggle of Constance to speak before the
fatal sentence, is finely painted.”— Monthly Review.
4 MS.— “And seem’d herself to bear.
It was a fearful thing to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair;
Like summer’s dew her accents fell,
But dreadful was her tale to tell.”6
5 MS.— “I speak not now to sue for grace,
For well I know one minute’s space
Your mercy so cute would grant

XXVII.
“I speak not to implore your grace;9
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 need he gave,
Who forfeited, 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 foreswore,
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 favorite’s aim;
In vain a rival barr’d his chain,
Whose fate with Clare’s was plighted,
For he attaints that rival’s fame
With treason’s charge—and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are said,3
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!’
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide:4
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven’s justice here?

Nor do I speak your prayers to gain.
For if my penance be in vain,
Your prayers I cannot want.
Fell well I knew the church’s doom,
What time I left a convent’s gloom,
To fly with him I loved;
And well my folly’s need he gave—
I forfeited, to be a slave,
All here, and all beyond the grave,
And faithless hath he proved;
He saw another’s face more fair,
He saw her of broad lands the heir,
And Constance loved no more—
Loved her no more, who, once Heaven’s bride
Now a scorn’d maiden by his side
Had wander’d Europe o’er.”10

1 MS.— “Say, ye who preach the heavens decide
When in the lists the warriors ride.”
When, loyal in his love and faith,  
Wilton found overthrow or death,  
Beneath a traitor’s spear!  
How false the charge, how true he fell,  
This guilty packet best can tell.”—
Then drew a packet from her breast,  
Paused, gather’d voice, and spoke the rest.

XXXIX.
“Still was false Marmion’s bridal staid;  
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 plann’d  
For Clara and for me:  
This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear,  
He would to Whitby’s shrine repair,  
And, by his drugs, my rival fair  
A saint in heaven should be.  
But ill the dastard kept his oath,  
Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.
“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 headman’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.

XXXI.
“Yet dread me, from my living tomb,  
Yer vassal slaves of bloody Rome!  
If Marmion’s late remorse shall wake  
Full soon; such vengeance will he take,  
That you shall wish the fiery Dane  
Had rather been your guest again.  
Behind, a carter hour ascends!  
The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
The ire of a despotic King  
Rides forth up to destruction’s wing;  
Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,  
Burst open to the sea-winds’ sweep;  

† The MS. adds—“His schemes reveal’d, his honor gone.”
‡ MS.—“And, witless of priests’ cruelty.”
§ MS.—“Stared up aspiring from her head.”
* See Note 2 M or Stanzaxxxv. ante, p. 102

Some traveller then shall find my bones  
Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
And, ignorant of priests’ cruelty,  
Marvel such relics here should be.”

XXXII.
Fix’d was her look, and stern her air;  
Back from her shoulders stream’d her hair  
The locks that wont her brow to shade,  
Stared up erectly from her head;§  
Her figure seem’d to rise more high;  
Her voice, despair’s wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy.  
Appall’d the astonish’d conclave sate;  
With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
Gazed on the light inspired form,  
And listen’d for the avenging storm;  
The judges felt the victim’s dread;  
No hand was moved, no word was said,  
Till thus the Abbot’s doom was given,  
Raising his sightless balls to heaven:—  
“Sister, let thy sorrows cease;  
Sinful brother, part in peace!”*  
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
Of execution too, and tomb,  
Paced forth the judges three;  
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
The butcher-work that there befell,  
When they had glibbed from the cell  
Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.
An hundred winding steps convey  
That conclave to the upper day;  
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
They heard the shriekings of despair  
And many a stifled groan;  
With speed their upward way they took  
(Such speed as age and fear can make),  
And cros’d themselves for terror’s sake,  
As hurrying, tottering on:  
Even in the vespers’ heavenly tone,  
They seem’d to hear a dying groan,  
And bade the passing knell to toll  
For welfare of a parting soul.  
Slow o’er the midnight wave it swung,  
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;  
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll’d,  
His beads the wakeful hermit told,  
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
But slept ere half a prayer he said;  
So far was heard the mighty knell,  
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,”

† MS.—“From that dark penance vault to day.”
‡ MS.—“That night amid the vespers’ swell,  
They thought they heard Constantia’s yell  
And bade the mighty bell to toll,  
For welfare of a passing soul.”
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then conch’d him down beside the kind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern. 1

Marmion

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO

WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ. 2

Ashetiel, Ettick Forest.

Like April morning cloths, that pass,
With varying shadow ’er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life’s checker’d scene of joy and sorrow;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain;
Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past;
Thus various, my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade’s inconstant race;
Pleasant, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees;
Then, wild 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? 3
Oft, when mid such capricious chime,
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme

1 “The sound of the knell that was rung for the parting soul
of the victim of seduction, is described with great force and
delicacy.” — JEFFREY.

2 William Erskine, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-depute of the
Orkneys, became a Judge of the Court of Session by the title
of Lord Kinmelley, 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 as to all literary
matters. See a notice of his life and character by the late Mr.

3 MS.—“ Wth sound now lowly, and now higher,
Irregular to wake the lyre.”

4 MS.—“ Thine hours to thousands rhyme are lent
Hast thou no elevate tone
To join that universal moan,
Which mingled with the battle’s yell.
Where venerable Brunswick fell?
What! not a verse, a tear, a sigh
When valor leads for liberty?”

Hay Donaldson, to whom Sir Walter Scott constructed the
paragraphs.—Ed.
For honor'd life an honor'd close;  
And when revolve 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 Brunswick's tomb.  

"Or of the Red-Cross hero's teach,  
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:  
Alike to him the sea, the shore,  
The brand, the bridle, or the ear:  
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  
How'd round the father of the fight,  
Who snatch'd, on Alexander's sand,  
The conqueror's wreath, with dying hand."

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

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging  
With praises not to me belonging  
In task more meet for mightiest powers:  
Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours?  
But say, my Erskine, hast thou weight'd  
That secret power by all obey'd,  
Which warps not less the passive mind,  
Its source conceal'd or undefined;  
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 fitter term'd the sway  
Of habit, form'd in early day?  
How'er derived, its force confest  
Rules with despot icy the breast,  
And drags us on by viewless chain,  
While taste and reason plead in vain.  
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 yon weathervane round,  
Whose sluggish 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 flow.  
Ask, if it would content him well,  
At ease in these gay plains to dwell,  
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

4 Sir Sidney Smith.
5 Sir Ralph Abercornby.
6 Joanna Baillie.
7 "As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
Receives the lasting principle of death;  
The young disease, that must subside at length,  
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength  
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,  
The Mind's disease, its Rule's Passion, came;  
Each vital humor which should feel the whole  
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul  
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,  
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,  
Imagination ples her dangerous art,  
And pours it all upon the susceptible part."
8 "Nature its mother, Habit it's nurse;  
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;  
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;  
As Heaven's best beam turns vinegar more sour."—Pope's Essay on Man.—Poetry
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 Lochaber's boundless range;
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake
Romans's gray, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, roused 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 no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny 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 well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle 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 hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassell-roul, and brawl.
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seem'd with scars,
Glares through the window's rusty bars.

M 3.—"The lonely hill, the rocky tower,
That caught attention's waking hour.'
MS.—"Recesses where the woodbine grew.'
Smallawah Tower, in Berwickshire, the scene of the
author's infancy, is situated about two miles from Dryburgh
Tower.

The two next couples are not in the MS.

M 3.—"While still with mimic host of shells,
Again my sport the combat tries—
Onward the Scottish Lion bore,
The scatter'd Southron fled before.'

And ever, by the winter hearth,
'Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' sighs, of ladies charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' 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 at length 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 thatch'd mansion's gray-hair'd Sirr,
Wise 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 doom discarding neighbors sought,
Content with equity un bought.
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;—
Ah! whose speech too oft I broke
With gam'd rude and timeless joke.
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conn'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 viturin'd the egantine;
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigor to my lays;
Since oft thy judgment could refine

8 See notes on The Eve of St. John.
9 Robert Scott of Sandyknows, the grandfather of the Poet.
10 Upon revising the Poem, it seems proper to withdraw the
lines:
'Whose doom discarding neighbors sought,
Content with equity un bought.'
have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's
beautiful epistle to John dried of Chesterton.—1888. Note to Second Edit.
9 MS.—"The student, gentleman, and saint.'
The reverend gentleman alluded to was Mr. John Murray.
My flatter'd 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!

Marmion.
CANTO THIRD.

The Hostel, or Inn.

I.
The livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall clift, the deer look'd down;
On wing of jet, from his repose
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose,
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,
Nor waited for the bending bow;
And when the stony path began,
By which the naked peak they wan,
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.
The noon had long been pass'd before
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor;
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

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 bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to uncloze,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they paced,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:

The village inn seem'd large, though rude:
Its cheerful fire and hearty food
Might well relieve his train.
Down from their seats the horsemen sprang,
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung:
They bind their horses to the stall,
For forage, food, and firing call,
And various clamor fills the hall:
Weighing the labor with the cost,
Tolls 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 sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusk'd boar,
And savory 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 oaken settle Marmion sate,
And view'd around the blazing heart;
His followers mix in noisy mirth;
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tides,
From ancient vessels ranged aside,
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.
Theirs was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter theirs at little jest;
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, train'd in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardly heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous 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 venturous in a lady's bower:
'Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

3 The village of Gifford lies about four miles from Haddington; close to it is Yester House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a little farther up the stream, which descends from the hills of Lammermoor, are the remains of the old castle of the family.
4 See Appendix, Note 2 N
V.
Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.

Still fix’d on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strive 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 burst of laughter 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 comrade’s ear
Some yeoman, wonder’d 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,
When’er the firebrand’s sable light
Glances beneath his cowl!
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 rejou’d,
“Our choicest minstrel’s left behind.
Ill 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 livelier from a spring-tide 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,
Lavish’d on rocks, and billows stern,
Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.

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

IX.
A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had,
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 softer’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 forever?
Where through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

Chorus.
Eleni loru, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.
There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are haying;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarcely boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

Chorus.
Eleni loru, &c. Never, O never

XL
Where shall the traitor rest,
Lie the deceiver,
Who could win maiden’s breast,
Ruin and leave her!
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying
Where mingles war’s rattle
With groans of the dying.
CANTO II.  

MARMION.  

CHORUS.  

El eu loro, &c. There shall he be lying.  

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
O'er the false-hearted;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonor sit  
By his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it,—  
Never, O never!  

CHORUS.  

El eu 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 band,  
And rested with his head a space,  
Reclining on his hand.  
His thoughts I soon not; but I ween,  
That could their import have been,  
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 Fontenaye.  

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 writhe 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-peak'ng rung,  
Such as in mummeries they toll  
For some departing sister's soul?  
Say, what may this portend?"—  
Then first the Palmer silence broke  
(The livelong day he had not spoke),  
"The death of a dear friend."  

See Appendix, Note 2 O.  

---"Marmion, whose pride  
Whose haughty soul  
Could never brook,  

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 contril't,  
In camps, the boldest of the bold—  
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him new  
Fall'n was his glance, and dust'd his brow:  
For either in the tone,  
Or something in the Palmer's look,  
So full upon his conscience struck,  
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 Beverley 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, upbrai'd;  
And wrath, 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 revenues  
Himself, proud Henry's favorite peer  
Held Roman thunders idle fear,  
Secure his pardon he might hold,  
For some slight mullet of penance-gold,  
Thus judging, he gave secret way,  
When the stern priests surprised their pre,  
His train but deem'd the favorite page  
Was left behind, to spare his age;  
Or other if they deem'd, none dared  
To mutter what he thought and said;  
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 favorite lay,  
And that strange Palmer's boding say,  
That fell so ominous and drear,  
Full on the object of his fear.  

Even from his King, a scornful look.'"  
*MS.—"But tired to hear the furious maid."  
*MS.—"Incensed, because in wild despair."
To aid remorse's venom'd throes,
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 alike escape, pursuit,
'Till love, victorious o'er alarms,
Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

XVII.
"Alas!" he thought, "how changed that men!  
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 moultes in her cheeks;
Fierce, and unfemme, are there,
Phrensy for joy, for grief despair;
And I theraison—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!—
Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
"I on its stalk had left the rose!
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that woke 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 sorrow—perchance even worse!"—
And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!—
And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,
Like damp 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,
Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway
I've seen Loch Vounshar obey,
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, 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 despises fear,
Not far from hence—" if fathers old
Aright our hamlet 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;—

XIX.
The Host's Tale.
"A Clerk could tell what years have flown
Since Alexander fill'd our throne
(Third monarch of that warlike name),
And eke the time when here he came
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord:
A braver never drew a sword;
A wiser never, at the hour
Of midnight, spoke the word of power
The same, whom ancient records call
The founder of the Goblin-Hall;  
I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay
Gave you that cavern to survey.
Of lofty roof, and ample size,
Beneath the castle deep it lies:
To hew the living rock profound,
The floor to pave, the arch to round,
There never toil'd a mortal arm,
It all was wrought by word and charm
And I have heard my grandsire say,
That the wild clamber and affray
Of those dread artisans of hell,
Who labor'd under Hugo's spell,
Soundéd as loud as ocean's war,
Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.
"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,
Deep laboring with uncertain thought;
Even then he musterd all his host,
To meet upon the western coast:
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their oars within the frith of Clyde;
There floated Haco's banner trim,  
Above Norwegian warriors grim,  
Savage of heart, and large of limb.
Threatening both continent and sea,
Bute, Arran, Cunningham, and Kyle.
How will her ardent spirit swell,
And chase within the narrow cell!"
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
And turried not his garb 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 bore
A painted cap, such as of yore

Gloies say that Pharaoh's Magi wore;
His four were marked with cross and spell,
Upon his breast a pentecle.

His one, of virginal 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.

"Dire dealings with the fiendish race
Had mark'd strange lines upon his face;
Vigil and fast had worn him grim,
His eyesight dazzled seem'd 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 run,

He solloam thus beheld the sun.—
'I know,' he said—his voice was hoarse,
And broken seem'd its hollow force.—
'I know the cause, although untold,
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 sullen aid withheld,
Save when by mightier force controll'd.
Such was: I summon'd to my hall;
And though so potent was the call,
That scarce the deepest nook 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 show st thy might,

As born upon that blessed night
When yawning graves, and dying groan,
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown,—
With untainted valor shall commi.
Response denied to magic spell."—

'Gramercy,' quoth out Monarch free,
'Place him but front to front with me,
And, by this good and honor'd brand,
The gift of Coeur-de-Lion's hand,
Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,
The demon shall a buffet bide."—

His bearing told 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
Creats the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shall thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine o'dn fie 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
Whatever these airy sprites can show—
If thy heart fall 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
To 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 beside the wandering wight,
That treads its circle 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,
Appear'd 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,

MS.—"Bicker and buffet he shall bide."

2 MS.—"Bore many a character and sign.
Of planes retrograde and trine."

MS.—"With untainted valor mayst not appeal
What is denied to magic spell."

3 MS.—"Seek ye that old camp which
As a trench that

4 MS.—"Alone, and arm'd, rode forth the King
to that encampment's haunted round"

5 MS.—"The southern gates Monarch past"
Alike the leopards in the shield,  
Alike his Syrian courser's frame,  
The rider's length of limb the same:  
Long afterwards did Scotland know,  
Fell Edward was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.
"The vision made our Monarch start,  
But soon he maim'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 razed the skin—a puny 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 proud Haco from his car,  
While all around the shadowy Kings  
Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.  
'Tis said, that, in that awful night,  
Remoter 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 her navy bore,  
Triumphant to the victor shore.†  
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 quail'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 gibing say,  
"Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay  
The penance of your start."  
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,  
King Alexander fills his grave,  
Our Lady give him rest!  
Yet still the knightly spear and shield

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2. Sir Walter Scott, "Scots a' forr a' that.
3. To be fulfilled in times afar,  
When our sons' sons wage northern war;  
A royal city's towers and spires  
Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,  
And shouting crews her navy bore,  
Triumphant, from the vanquish'd shore."  
4. For an account of the Expedition to Copenhagen in 1801,  
see Southey's Life of Nelson, chap. vii.

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The Elfin Warrior doth wield.  
Upon the brown hill's breast,  
And many a knight hath proved his chance  
In the charn'd ring to break a lance,  
But all have faintly sped;  
Save two, as legends tell, and they  
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Ray. —  
Gentles, my tale is said."  

XXVI.
The quails were deep, the liquor strong  
And on the tale 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 quiver and the targe were laid,  
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,  
Oppress'd with till and ale, they snore:  
The dying flame, in fitful change,  
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.
Apart, and nestling in the hay  
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;  
S 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 pinne,  
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,  
His master Marmion's voice he knew.

XXVIII.  
"Fitz-Eustace! rise, I cannot rest;  
You churl's wild legend hants my breast,  
And graver thoughts have chased my mood  
The air must cool my feverish blood;  
And soon would I ride forth, to see  
The scene of elfin chivalry.  
Arise, and saddle me my steed;†  
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed.

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* See Appendix, Note 2 U.
† A wooden cap, composed of staves hooped together.
‡ MS. — "Deep slumbering on the floor of clay,  
Oppress'd with till and ale, they lay,  
The dying flame, in fitful change,  
Threw on them lights and shadows strange.
§ MS. — "But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,  
It spoke—Lord Marmion's voice he knew."
∥ MS. — "Come down and saddle me my steed."
CANTO IV.

MARMION.

They dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, '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.

Didst never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who grasped my sire's chappell,
Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary wight forlorn!
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!
Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite:—
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or round the green oak wheel their ring.
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrod,
And from the hostel slowely rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace follow'd him abroad,
And mark'd him pace the village road,
And listen'd to his horse's tramp,
Till, by the lessening sound,
He judged that of the Pictish camp
Lord Marmion sought the round.
Wander it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,
That one, so wary held, and wise.—
Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received
For gospel, what the church believed,—
Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Array'd in plate and mail.
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions, in contending flow,
Unfix the strongest mind;
Weared from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, waited till he heard,
At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,
Come town-ward rushing on;
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,
Then, clattering, on the village road—
In other pace than forth he yode;—
Return'd Lord Marmion.
Down hastily he sprang from selle,
And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell;
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,
And spake no word as he withdrew:
But yet the moonlight did betray,
The falcon-crest was sail'd with clay;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger's knee,
And his left side, that on the morn,—
He had not kept his footing sure.
Long musing on these wondrous signs,
At length to rest the squire reclines,
Broken and short; for still, between,
Would dreams of terror intervene:
Eustace did ne'er so bluntely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH

TO

JAMES SKENE, ESQ. 4

Ashestiel, Etrick Forest.

An ancient minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we led?"
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; 5
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 checker'd shades of joy and woe;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken

4 James Skene, Esq., of Rubelaw, Aberdeenshire, was Corneet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers, and Sir Walter's tutor was Quartermaster of the same corps.
5 MS.—"Unsheath'd the voluntary brand."
Somewhat of manners 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 inspired 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,
Did us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wont along the sky,
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly;
The shepherd, who in summer sun,
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
He who, outstretch'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 sterner labor for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapors dark and dun;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm
Hurting 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 Nelson and to dangerous task.

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Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go,
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathe's the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides,
To open downs, and mountain-sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the falls,
Stiffens his locks to icicles;
Oft he looks back, while streamimg far
His cottage window seems a star,—
Loses 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,
Remumming death is in the gale:
His path, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.
The widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirk'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

But soon he loses it,—and then
Turns patient to his task again.
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.\(^1\)
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 lientlent sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chant’d by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late, wert doom’d to twine,—
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,\(^2\)
And bless’d the union of his child,
When love must change its joyons cheer,
And wipe affection’s filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end,\(^3\)
Speak more the father than the friend:
Scarce had lamented Forbes\(^4\) paid
The tribute to his Minstrel’s shade;
The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator’s heart was cold—
Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind!
But not around his honor’d urn,
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 attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering 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;\(^6\)
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 naught,—ans, to speak true;
Not anxious to find aught 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 flagged; as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too;\(^5\)
Then gravely laboring to portray
The blighted oak’s fantastic spray;
I spelling o’er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante by name, yeal’d the White.
At either’s feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp,\(^7\) with eyes of fire.
Jealous, each other’s motions view’d,
And scarce suppress’d their ancient feud.\(^8\)
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 Ariel lived more merrily
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,\(^9\)
The wild blast sighing deep and drear;
When fires were bright, and lamps beam’d gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
And he was held a laggard soul,
Who shunn’d to quaff the sparkling bowl.
Then he, whose absence we deplore,\(^10\)
Who breathes the gales of Devon’s shore,
The longer miss’d, bewail’d the more;
And thou, and I, and dear-loved R——\(^11\)
And one whose name I may not say,\(^12\)

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\(^1\) MS.—“ Call’d forth his feeble age to arms.”

\(^2\) MS.—“ Scarce on thy bride her sire had smiled.”

\(^3\) MS.—“ But even the actions next his end.
Spoke the fond sire and faithful friend.”

\(^4\) See Appendix, Note 2 W.

\(^5\) MS.—“ And nearer earth may I plead.”

\(^6\) MS.—“ Our thoughts in social silence too.”

\(^7\) Camp was a favorite dog of the Poets’, a bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity. He is introduced in Raeburn’s portrait of Sir Walter Scott, now at Dalkeith Palace. —Ed.

\(^8\) MS. —“ Till of our voice suppress’d the feud.”

\(^9\) MS.—“ When light we heard what now I hear.”

\(^10\) Colin MacKenzie, Esq., of Portmore, one of the Princes Clerks of Session at Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, died on 16th September, 1830. —Ed.

\(^11\) Sir William Rae 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, V. 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-table in rotation. —Ed.

\(^12\) The gentleman whose name the Poet “might not say,” was the late Sir William Forbes, of Pitlargo, Bart., son of the author of the Life of Beattie, and brother-in-law of Mr. Skene.
For not Mimosa’s tender tree
Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—
In merry chorus well combined,
With laughter crownd’th 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 th’ good horse that bore him best,
His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:
For, like mad Tom’s, our cheifest 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.

Marmion.

Canto Fourth.

The Camp.

I.

EUSTACE, I said, did brightly mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudy Marmion’s bugles blew,
And with their light and lively call,
Brought grooms and yeomen 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 clamor’d loud for armor lost;
Some brown’d with wrath, with wrath 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,
Last night he dress’d him shock and fair.
While chaf’d the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
“Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall:
To Marmion who the plight dare tell.

Of the 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.”

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 plunged in gloomy thought
And did his tale display
Simply as if he knew of naught
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvel’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 deservest thy hire,” he said;
“Dost see, thou knave, my horse’s plight!
Fairies have riddn him all the night,
And left him in a foam!
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,—
“Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou 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-sward way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie’s and through Saltoun’s wood
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till over head
A vaulted screen the branches made.
"A pleasant path," Fitz-Enstate said;
"Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry;
Might meet some damsels flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks aghast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
He, e. t. e. are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells,
The damsels kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's need."
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind:
Perchance to show his lore design'd;
For Enstate much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tone;
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 naught 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 know,
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furlong 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 scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trumpet a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scuteheon² bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Iachmany, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glosing,
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
That feudal strife had often quelled.
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 rage,
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, loin, and breast,
Silk honsings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroider'd round and round.
The double pressure might you see,
First by Aehains borne,
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 colors, blazon'd brave,
The Lion, which his title gave,
A train, which well beseech'd his state,
But all unarmed, 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

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.

¹ MS.—"Upon a black and ponderous tone."
² William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was born in
Kent, A.D. 1412, and died in 1491. Wynken de Worde was
next a successor in the production of these
³ Rare volumes, dark with tarnish'd gold,
which are now the delight of bibliomaniacs.

The MS. has " Sco' nd's y' al Lion" here; in line 9th,
Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:—
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply sworn
Ne'er to quit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court;
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
And honors 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 this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may,
The Palmer, his mysterious 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 Marchmont 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 Crichtoun Castle's crowns the bank:
For there the Lion's care assign'd
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;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.
Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and trotter'd Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honor, 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 laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair,
Still rises unimpaired below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair burn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More;*
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.
Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rose,
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 dried, the sorrowing dame,
To welcome noble Marmion came;
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffer'd the Baron's seat to hold;
For each man that could draw a sword
Had match'd that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
On Flodden, by his sovereign's side;†
Long may his Lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant train,*
Come sweeping back through Crichtoun Dean
'Twas a brave race, before the name
Of hated Bothwell stain'd the fame.

XIII.
And here two days did Marmion rest,
With every rite that honor claims,
Attended as the King's own guest:—
Such the command of Royal James,

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1 MS.—"The Lion-King his message said:—
   'My liege hath deep and deadly sworn,' &c.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 Z; and, for a fuller description of
   Crichtoun Castle, see Sir Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Prose
3 MS.—"Her lazy streams repine."
Who marshall'd then his land's array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay,
Perchance he would not foeman's eye
Upon his gathering host should try,
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindsay's wit
Or cheer the Baron's moodier fit;
And, in his turn, he knew to prize
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wis—
Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,
And policies of war and peace.

XIV.
It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlements they walk'd,
And, by the slowly-fading light,
Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard
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.
And, closer question'd, thus he told
A tale, which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enrol'd:

XV.
Sir Mabdy Lindsay's Tale.
"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare

Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linden's tune,
How bith the blackbird's lay!
The wild-buck-bells from forny brake,
The goat 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
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,
ancient Scottish monarchs to Linlithgow and its fine lake:
The sport of hunting was also followed with success in the neighborhood, from which circumstance it probably arises that the ancient arms of the city represent a black greyhound bitch tied to a tree. The situation of Linlithgow Palace is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake. The form is that of a square court, composed of buildings of four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented, and the size of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the staircases, are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet-room is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet high, with a gallery for music. The king's wainscot dressing-room, looking to the west, projects over the walls, so as to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of the most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen."—Sir Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii. p. 362.

See Appendix, Note 3 C.

MS.—"In offices as strict as Lent,
And penances his Junes are spent."

MS.—"For now the year brought round again
The very day that he
was slain—
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,
And folded hands
And hands sore clasped—

Jeffrey.
Their banners o'er them beaming,
I too was there, and, loath to tell,
Bedeck'd with the jangling knoll,
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,
Through the stain'd casement gleaming;
But, while I mark'd what next befell,
It seem'd as if 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 knightly word,
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 propp'd the Virgin in her faint,—
The loved Apostle John!

XVII.
"He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made;
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 he 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."

MS.—"In a low voice—but every tone
Thrift'd through the listener's vein and bone."

MS.—"And if to war thou needs wilt fare
Of wanton wiles and woman's snare,"

MS.—"But events, since I cross'd the Tweed,
Have undermined my skeptic creed

XVIII.
While Lindesay told his marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
He mark'd not Marmion's color change,
While listening to the tale;
But, after a suspended pause,
The Baron spoke — "Of Nature's laws
So strong I held the force,
That never superhuman cause
Could e'er control their course,
And, three days since, had judged your am
Was but to make your guest your game;
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,³
What much has changed my skeptic creed,
And made me credit aught."—He said.
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid:
But, by that strong emotion press'd,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,
At Gifford, to his train.
Naught of the Palmer says he there,
And naught of Constance, or of Clare;
The thoughts which broke his sleep, he seem
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.
"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couched me head
Fantastic thoughts return'd;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.⁴
So sore was the delirious goad,
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 bugle blew.
Mediation an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and dear;⁵
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.
"Thus judging, for a little space
I listened, ere I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they served me true,

³ MS.—"In vain," said he, "to rest I laid
My burning limbs, and throbbing head—
Fantastic thoughts return'd;
And, by their wild dominion
Sway'd, swayed,
My heart within me burn'd."

⁴ MS.—"And yet it was so slow and dear,"
When sudden 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 mix’d affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Saw’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 with very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

"Why not my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could be ‘gainst the shock of hell?—
I roll’d upon the plain.
High 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, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;
For never, from visor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o’er my head he shook the blade:
But when to good Saint George I pray’d
(The first time o’er 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
Sink’d down upon the heath.
’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 ember upper air:

I’ve been, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In combat single, or mêlée.”

"The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet doth the worst remain:
My reeling eyes I upward cast,—
But opening hell could never blast
Their sight, like what I saw.”

I knew the face of one long dead,
Or who to foreign climes hath fled.

Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy.”

XXII.
Marvell’d Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learnt’d in story, ‘gan recount
Such chance had happ’d of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fell of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Balmer bold,
And train’d him nigh to dissallow
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 Rothiemurcas glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchmasaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore."
And yet, whate’er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
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 harbor 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 naught, at length, in answer said;
And here their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowe 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 trode:
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, 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

I knew the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, or long since dead—
I well may judge the last.”

See the traditions concerning Balmer, and the spears called Lambeard, or Bloody-hand, in a note on cant 111.

Note 2 U.

"Of spotless faith, and bosom bold.”

"When mortals meditate within
Fresh guilt or unrepented sin.”
Across the furry hills of Braid.
They pass’d the glen and scanty rill,
And climb’d the opposing rank, 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 listed, as I lay at rest,

While rose, on breezes thin
The murmur 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,
Naught do I see unchanged remain,

Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
To me they make a heavy morn,
Of early friendships past and gone.

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-moor below,

Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand did I say? I ween,

Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That checker’d all the height 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 huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green
In these extended lines there lay
A martial kingdom’s vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hadrians, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon’s fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse’s rocky lea;

MS.—‘
But, oh! far different change has been
Since Marmion, from the crown
Of Blackford-hill, upon the scene
Of Scotland’s war look’d d’-v’n.’

See Appendix, Note 3 E.

MS.—‘
A thousand said the verse? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That white’d all the height between.’

Here ends the stanza in the MS.

Seven on versl so called, cast by one Borthwick.

From west to east, from north to south,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain cone;
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 slash’d, from shield and lance,
The sun’s reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of falling smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay’d,
Where the night-watch their fires had made
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery’s clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tug’d to war;
And there were Borthwick’s Sisters Seven,
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omen’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 flaunted fair;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail’d, and square,
Scroll, penman, pensil, handrol,’ there
O’er the pavilions flew:
Highest and midst most, 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,
Yet bent beneath the standard’s weight
Where’er the western wind unroll’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.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view’d the landscape bright,—
He view’d it with a chief’s delight,—

Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them.

See Appendix, Note 3 F.

MS.—‘The standard staff, a mountain pin,
Pitch’d in a huge memorial stone,
That still in a monument is shown.’

See Appendix, Note 3 G.

MS.—‘Loud Marmion’s large dark eye flash’d light,
It kindled with a chief’s delight,
For glow’d with martial joy his heart,
As upon battle-day.’
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 stooping on his prey.

' On well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade
Were bu' a vain essay:
For, by Saint George, were that host mine,
Not power informal nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm'd their armor's shine
In glorious battle-fay!'

Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood:
"Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
That kings would think withal,
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,
'Tis better to sit still at rest;'
Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX.
Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For farer 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 glow
With gloomy splendor red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And ting'd 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 ridgy 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 heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleam'd, 't was purple amethyst.
Yonder the snows of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law:
And broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
With islands on its bosom float,
Like emerald's chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent;

As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not dare To fight for such a land!'
The Lindsays smiled 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 clarion loud,
And file, and kettle-drum,
And satchbut deep, and psaltery,
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 bells, with distant chime,
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,
And thus the Lindsays spoke:
"Thus chancor still the war-notes when
The king to mass his way has ta'en,
Or to St. Katharine's of Siene,"
Or Chapel of Saint Roeque.
To you they speak of martial fame,
But me remind of peaceful game,
When blitler 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 lilly 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 harum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's lengthen'd wall.—
But not for my pressing thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!

* MS.—"'Tis better sitting still at rest,
Than rising but to fall;
And while these words they did exchange,
They reach'd the camp's extremest range.'

The Poe appears to have struck his pen through the two
MS.—"Dun-Edin's towers and town."
Lord Marmion, I say nay:
God is the guider of the field;
He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—
But thou thyself shalt say,
When join'st thou host in deadly stowre,
That England's dunes must weep in bower,
Her monks the death-mass sing;¹
For never sawst thou such a power
Led on by such a King."—
And now, down winging 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.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.²

TO
GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.³
Edinburgh.

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scented the sunbeam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profligate regard,
Like patron on a needly bard;
When silvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle tramp, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound, with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employ'd no more,
Cumber our parlor's narrow floor;
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemned to rest and feed;
When from our snow-encircled home,
Scarse cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring

1 Ms.—"Their monks deaf masses sing."

"These Introductory Epistles, though excellent in themselves, are in fact only interludes to the fable, and accordingly, nine readers out of ten have perused them separately, either before, or after the poem. In short, the personal appearance of the Minstrel, who, though the Last, is the most charming of all minstrels, is by no means compensated by the idea of an author born of his picturesque beard, and writing letters to his intimate friends."—George Ellis.

² This accomplished gentleman, the well-known conductor of Mr. Gaunt and Mr. Free is in the "Antiquities," and editor of "Specimens of Ancient English Romances," &c., died.

³ Not she, the Championess of old,
In Spenser's magic tale enrol'd,
She for the charmed spear renown'd

The needful water from the spring;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice counted over,
Beggars the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, cross'd,
Invoke against the lingering post,
And answering housewife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-improved wains;
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city 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;⁴
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed;⁵
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
Porteauilis spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone,—but not so long,
Since, early closed, and opening late,
Jealous revolvd the studded gate,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket curiously supplied.

Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now,
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
For thy dark cloud, with ember'd tower,
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
Thou gleam'st against the western ray
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

⁴ See Introduction to canto ii.

⁵ See Appendix, Note 3 H.

"Britain heard the descent bold,
She flung her white arms over the sea,
Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
The freight of harmony."
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—
Not she more changed, when placed at rest,
What time she was Malbecco’s guest, 
She gave to flow her maiden vest;
When from the corset’s grasp relieved,
Free to the sight her bosom heaved;
Sweet was her blue eye’s modest smile,
Ere hidden by the aventail;
And down her shoulders graceful roll’d
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
They who whom, in midnight flight,
Had marvell’d at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.  
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbecco’s cares a while;
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,
Forgot his Columbella’s claims,
And passion, erst unknown, could gain
The breast of blust Sir Satyrane;
Nor durst light Paridel advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charm’d, at once, and tamed the heart,
Incomparable Britomarte!

So thou, fair city! disarray’d
Of battled wall, and rampart’s aid,
As stately seemest, but lovelier far
Than in that manly of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North!
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
Ne’er reader at alarm-bell’s call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Then now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For foss and tarrett proud to stand,
Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.
Thy thousands, train’d to martial toil,
Full red would stain their native soil,
Ere from thy mural crown there fell
The slightest knop, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dun-Edvor! 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 fight 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 repose;
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,
Bedings, 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 fancy,
Than gaze abroad on rocky fen,
And make of mist’s 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 tunes whilere
Could win the royal Henry’s ear?
Famed Beaumarchais call’d, for that he loved
The minstrel, and his lay approved?
Who shall these lingering notes redeem,
Decaying on Oblivion’s stream;
Such notes as from the Breton tongue
Marie translated, Blondel sung?
‘D’ you hear, Time’s ravage to repair,
Will make the dying Muse thy care
Then, when her eye the hoary foe
Wakes, to sing 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 flit
On wings of unexpected wit;
In letters as in life approved
Example honor’d, and beloved,—
Dear Ellie! to the bard impart
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart,

1 See “The Fairy Queen,” book iii. caniox.
2 “For every one she liked and every one her loved.”
3 See Appendix, Note 37.
4 In January, 1796, the exiled Count d’Artois, afterwards
Charles X. of France, took up his residence in Holyrood, where

he remained until August, 1799. When again driven from his
country by the Revolution of July, 1830, the same unfortunate
Prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought
refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts, and re-
mained there until 18th September, 1832.

5 MS.—“Than gaze out on the raggy fen.”
See Appendix, Note 3 K.
At once to charm, instruct and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend! ¹

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task, — but, O!
No more by thy example teach,
— What few can practise, all can preach, —
With even patience to endure
Linger ing disease, and painful cure,
And burst affliction’s pangs subdued
By aid 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.³
Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied paeon,
Irregularly traced and planed,
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’ glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

MARMION.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COURT.

I.

The train has left the hills of Braids;
The barrier guard have open made
(‘So Lindesay bade’) the palmside,
That closed the tented ground;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.²
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,

³ ‘Come then, my friend, my genius, come along,
On master of the poet and the song!’

Pope to Bellingbroke.

² At Sanning-hill, Mr. Ellis’s seat, near Windsor, part of the
two cantos of Marmion were written.

³ MS. — ‘The barrier guard the Lion knew,
Advanced their pikes, and soon withdrew
The slender palmsides and few
That closed the tented ground;

⁴ MS. — ‘So long their shafts, so large their bows.’
⁵ See Appendix, Note 3 L.
⁶ MS. — ‘There urged their chargers on the plain.’
⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 M.
⁸ Ind. Note 3 N.
⁹ MS. — ‘And mailed did many wield’ of weight.’
① See Appendix, Note 3 O.

Upon the Southern hand to stare,
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,⁴
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.⁶

II.

Nor less did Marmion’s skilful view
Glance every line and squadron through;
And much he marvell’d one 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 bone and height,
With battle-axe and spear.
Young knights and squires, a lighter train,
Practised their chargers on the plain,⁸
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.³
He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm’d, on foot, with faces bare,⁸
For visor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burnish’d were their corsets bright,
Their brigantines, and gorgets light,
Like very silver shone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore
And many wielded mace of weight,⁹
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

And Marmion with his train rode through,
Across its ample bound.”

³ MS. — ‘There urged their chargers on the plain.’
⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 M.
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,  
A dagger-knife, and brand.  
Sober be 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, scouring danger's name,  
In eager mood to battle came,  
Their valor like light straw on flame,  
A fierce but fading fire.

V.  
Not so the Borderer—bred to war,  
He knew the battle's din afar,  
And joy'd to hear it swell  
His peaceful day was slothful case;  
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, moor, and heath;  
Joyful to fight they took their way,  
Scarce caring who might win the day,  
Their booty was secure.  
Thee, 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, Ringan! seest thou there!  
Cvst guess which road they'll homeward steer?"—  
O! could we but on Border side,  
By Easedale green, or Liddell's tide,  
Bestow a prize so fair!  
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,  
Fright chance to lose his glittering hide;  
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,  
Could make a kirtle rare."

MS.—"Hist, Ringan! seest thou there!  
Canst guess what homeward road they take—  
By Easedale green, or Yetholm lake?  
O! could we but by bush or brake  
Bestow a prize so fair!"
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street, and lane, and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
While burgheers, with important face,
Described each new-come lord,
Duss'd his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o'clock'd the crowded street;
There must the Baron rest,
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's beho'ot.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron done his peaceful woods,
And following Lindsay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

VII.
Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassell, nirth, and glee:
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 blithest—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touch'd a softer string;
With long-eard cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retailed his jest;
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;

And flinty 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'd crowd of glee and gr
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I row,
King James's manly form to know;
Although, his courtesy to show,
He dott'd, to Marmion bending low
His brother's cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled;
Trium'd with the fur of martin wild;
His vest of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
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 balfrie bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare;
And Marmion deem'd he never 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,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curl'd beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the 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—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joy'd in banquet bower;
But, 'twas 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 King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room."

"Trium'd with the fur of martin wild;
His vest of changeful satin sheen."

"The Monarch's form was middle size,
For feat of strength, or exercise,"

"The Lion led to lodging meet,"

"For he had charg'd, that his array
Should southward march by break of day."

"The Lion led to lodging meet,"

"The Lion led to lodging meet,"

"And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curl'd beard and hair."

"Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;"

"And loved to plead, lament, and sue—"
CANTO V.

MARMION.

The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.¹
Even so 'twas strange how, overmore,
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 tightened rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife hath sway,²
To Scotland's Court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Crossford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,³
And march three miles on Southernd land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he dress'd
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English cup
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he wary plann'd
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,⁴
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eye that fell,—
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI

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 untied.
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 Yea, and Nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play.⁵
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung:—

XII.

LOCHINVAR.⁶

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 Eke river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late.
For a laight in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So oddly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all;
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his swor d
(For the poor craven bridelgroom 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 wou'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—

And on the righted harp with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rung,
While thus her voice attendant sang."³

³ The ballad of Lochinvar is in a very slight degree founded
on a ballad called "Katherine Janfane," which may be found in
the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. iii.

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 Q.
² Ibid. Note 3 R.
³ Ibid. Note 3 S.
⁴ MS.—"Nor France's Queen, nor England's fair,
Were worth one pearl-drop, passing rare,
From Margaret's eyes that fell."

The MS. bag only—
"For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimpled hood and gorget's pride:"

⁵ "Meanwhile the suite of the Scottish Border," vol. iii.
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lend 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 Lochin-
var.

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cap.
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.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochin-
var.

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 dashing his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochin-
var."

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 croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scour;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Nether-
by clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the last 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 Lochin-
var?

XIII

The Monarch o'er the siser sung
And beat the measure as she sung;
And, pressing closer, and more near

He whisper'd praises in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vie;
And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.
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 read
Which Marmion's high commission show'd:
"Our Borders sack'd by many a raid,
Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said:
"On day of truce our Warden slain,
Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals taken—
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."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood
And with stern eye the pageant view'd:
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Died the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die.
On Lauder's dreary flat:
Princes and favorites 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 dungeons, 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 armor 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 Angus stood,
And chafed his royal lord.

1 See the novel of Redgauntlet, for a detailed picture of some
of the extraordinary phenomena of the spring-tides in the Sol-
way Frith.
* MS.— And what his blood and heart were high
MARMION.

CANTO V.

XV

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 this North you needs must stay,
While slightest hopes of peace remain,
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say—Return to Lindisfarne,
Until my herald come again.—
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold;¹
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears his motto on his blade,²
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd;³
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I behinck me, by St. Stephen,
But e'en this morn to rce was given²
A prize, the first fruits of the war,
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,
A bevy of the maids of Heaven.
Under your guard, these holy maids
Shall safe return to cloister shades,
And, while they at Tantallon stay,
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."¹
And, with the slaughter'd favorite's name,
Across the Monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire remorse, and shame.

XVI.

In answer naught could Angus speak;
His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek
A burning tear there stole.
His hand the Monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook
"Now, by the Bruce's soul,²
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,
Ix 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 unwopt plead
For respite short from dubious deed!
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part,
A striping 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 manly eye!"

XVII.

Dispelled 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 fall
At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—
The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,
And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt:
"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 shelf of arrows spent,
Ere 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 hall! a hall!"¹
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And minstrels, 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 maids befall,
Whose galley, as they sail'd again
To Whithby, by a Scot was taken.
Now at Dun-Edin did they ride,
Till James should of their fate decide;
And soon, by his command,
Went gently summon'd to prepare

See Appendix, Note 3 V.
¹ See Appendix, Note 3 W.
² MS.—"But yester morn was hither driven."
³ The next two lines are not in the original MS.
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honor'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
She feared Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt!
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guerd to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under Heaven.
By these defenceless maids;
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
'Mid bustle of a war begun?
They deemed it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.
Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion, as his guardian, join'd;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warn'd him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the Church's weal,
And health of sinner's soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
Above the stately street:
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.
At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;

There on their brows the moon-beam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements play'd.
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chief and degree,
Who left the royal revelry,
To bow in him for the war.—
A solemn scene the Abbess chose;
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose.

XXI.
"O, holy Palmer!" she began,—
"For sure he must be a sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found.—
For his dear Church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail,
Though I must speak of worldly love,—
How vain to those who wed above!—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood;
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To say of that same blood I came);
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despondently,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,
When he came here on Simnel's part;
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—
And down he threw his glove,—the thing
Was tried, as wont, before the King;
Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Gueldres he had known;
And that between them then 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 disloyal 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 scrolls 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 credence won,
Who, rather than wed Marmion,
Died 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,
No shelter’d her in Whity’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 mows,
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 spoil’d before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win;
Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn
That Clare shall from our house be torn;
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 perfumed nun!
No clerk in all the land, like her,

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 penitence may I pay!—
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 Wolsley’s hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the king:
And, for thy well-earn’d meed,
Thou holy man, at Whity’s shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,
While priests can sing and read.—
What ails 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 at you City Cross!
See on its battlement appear
Phantoms, that sentineons seem to rear,
And blazon’d banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edlin’s Cross, a pillar’d stone;
Rose on a turret octagon;
(But now is razed that monument

On its destroyer’s crowdy head!—
Upon its base destroyer’s head;
The Minstrel’s mansion is said."
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 minstrel's mellow is said? —
Then on its battlements 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 naught confirmed could ear or eye
Discern of sound or mien.
Yet darkly did it seem, as there
Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,
A summons to proclaim;
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When flings the moon upon her shroud
A waverning tinge of flame;
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
From midst 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 hath soiled your hearts within:
I cite you by each brutal lust,
That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—
By wrath, by pride, by fear,
By each o'ermastering 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, unhappy James!
Then all thy nobles came;
Crawford, Glencarin, Mounrose, Argyle,
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lounax, Lyle, —
Why should I tell their separate style;
Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
F oredoom'd to Flodden's carnage pile,
Was cited there by name;
And Marmion, Lord of Pontenaye,

Of Lutterward, and Scrivullaye;
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,
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 nuns should roam at large.
But in that Palmer's alter'd mien
A wondrous change might now be seen
Freddy he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand,
When lifted for a native land;
And still look'd high, as if he plan'd
Some desperate deed afar.
His courser would be feed and stroke
And, tucking up his sable fronce,
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 fain'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 hand:
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 honor's laws.
If '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,\(^1\)
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
Before a venerable pile,\(^2\)
Whose turrets view'd, afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,\(^3\)
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 honor'd guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whitby fair.
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' joy'd the nuns their palfreys leave;
But when fair Clara did intend,

Fitz-Eustace said,—"I grieve,
Fair lady, grave even from my heart,
Such gentle company to part;—
Thank not discourtesy,
But lords' commands must be obey'd;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,
That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,

Commanding, that, beneath his care,
Without delay, you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare."

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'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-decom 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, "the lovely 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 Ghoster'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 blushed with earnest grace;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten'd, grieved;
To martyr, slay, and prophet pray'd,
Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
And call'd the Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cisterian shook;
"The Douglas, and the King," she said,
"In their commands will be obey'd;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of state she had,—
Composed her veil, and raised her head.
And,—"Bid," in solemn voice she said,
"Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry

\(^1\) MS.—"North Berwick's town, and holy Law."
\(^2\) The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercian nuns.
\(^3\) MS.—"The lofty Bass, the Lamb's green isle."

near North Berwick, of which the e are still some remains was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216.
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 plebeian thrust,
He died his band before.

God judge ‘twixt Marmion and me;
He is a Chief of high degree,
And I a poor reclusse:
Yet of, in holy writ, we see
Even such weak minister as me
May the oppressor bruise:
For thus, inspired, did Judith slay
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! wilt 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 fond delay,
Will sharper sermon teach.
Come, d’on thy cap, and mount thy horse;
The Dame must patience take performe.”—

XXXII.
“Submit we then to force,” said Clare,
“But let this barbarous lord despair
His purposed aim to win;
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 dome; 2
Where even a homicide might come,
And safely rest his head,
Though at its open portals stood,
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood
The kinsmen 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
Remember your unhappy Clare!”
Loud 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 Eastace dried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could aide
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her stroke in vain.

XXXIII.
But scent three miles the band had rode,
When o’er a height they pass’d,
And, sudden, close before them show’d
His towers, Tantallon vast? 3
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse. 4
By narrow drawbridge, outworks 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 its lines quadrangular.
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the Warder could desery
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 hurrying posts or fletter fame,
With ever-varying day 5

1 See Appendix, Note 4 B.
2 This line, necessary to the rhyme, is now for the first time restored from the MS. It must have been omitted by an oversight in the original printing.—Ed.
3 For the origin of Marmion’s visit to Tantallon Castle, in the Poem, see Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 174.
4 “‘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 into Dunbar and Inchkeith, in order the better to bridle the earls and barons, who inclined to the reformed faith, and to secure by citadels the sea-coast of the Frith of Forth. For this purpose, the Regent, in use the phrase of the time, ‘dealed

with the more’ Earl of Angus for his consent to the proposal made. He occupied himself, while she was speaking, in feeding a falcon which sat upon his wrist, and only replied by addressing the bard, but leaving the Queen to make the application. ‘The devil is in this greedy gale—she will never be foiled. But when the Queen, without appearing to notice this hint, continued to press her obnoxious request, Angus replied, in the true spirit of a feudal noble, ‘Yes, Madam, the castle is yours; God forbid else. But by the might of God, Madam! such was his usual oath, ‘I must be your Captain and Keeper for you, and I will keep it as well as any you can place there.”’—Sir Walter Scott’s Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii. p. 436.
And, first they heard King James had won
Erstall, said Wark, and Ford; and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta'en
At that sore marvell'd Marmion;
And Douglas hoped his Monarch's land
Would soon subdue Northumberland:
But whisper'd news there came,
That, while his host inactive lay,
At a startled by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.
Such acts to Chronicles I yield;
Go seek them there, and see;
Mine is a tale of Flodden 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,
Began to chafe, and swear:—
"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 away!
The Douglas, too, I wot 'twas why,
Hath bated of his courtesy:
No longer in his halls I'll stay."
Then bade his band they should array
For march against the dawning day.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO
RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

MERTON-HOUSE,1 Christmas.

Mertown-House,2 Christmas.

Heat on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer:

Mertown-House, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden,
a beautifully situated on the Tweed, about two miles below
Earby Abbey.

Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain,3
High on the beach his gallies drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall;
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer;
Carous'd in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and narrow-bone:
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While Scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in phrensy, would they lye,
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 mind 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 honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung:
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stooped priest the chalice rear:
The damsels donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holy green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mis-latoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, sir, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony'd he his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord, underrating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hall'd, with uncontro'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 rearing up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;

* See Appendix, Note 4 C.

* Ibid. Note 4 D
Then the grim boar's head brown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the butting of the boar. 1
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirlin' reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roard, with blithesome din;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery; 2
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smotted cheeks the visors made;
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broak'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 ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem
Is warmer than the mountain-stream. 3
And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great grandsire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair; 4
And reverend apostolic air—
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time.

1 MS.—‘And all the butting of the hoar.
Then round the merry wassail-bowl,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls,
And the large sirlin' steam'd on high,
Plum-porridge, bare, and savory piece.’

2 See Appendix, Note 4 E.

3 ‘Blood is warmer than water,’—a proverb meant to vin-
cicate our family predilections.

4 See Appendix, Note 4 F.

5 MS.—‘In these fair halls, with merry cheer,
Is bid carewell the dying year.’

6 ‘A lady of noble German descent, born Countess Harriet
Bruhl of Marthaskirchen, married to H. Scott, Esq. of Harden
[now Lord Polwarth], the author's relative and much-valued

7 The MS. adds:—‘As bosoms alo Shallow to Sir John.
8 ‘Hannibal was a pretty fellow, sir—a very pretty fellow
in his day.’—Old Bachelor.

9 MS.—‘With all his many-language lore.’
John Leyder, M. D., who had been of great service to Sir
Walter Scott in the preparation of the border Murrell sailed for India in April, 1803, and died at Jassy in August
1811, before completing his 36th year.

‘Scenes sung by him who sings no more
His brief and bright career is o'er
And makes his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost;
The banish'd race of kings ered,
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. 5
Little we heed the tempest drear,
While music, mirth, and social cheer,
Speed on their wings the passing year.
And Mertoun'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:—
Glady as he, we seek the dome,
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 Latin strain,
Her stately prose, her verse's charms,
To hear the clash of rusty arms:
In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,
To jestle conjurer and ghost,
Goblin and witch!—Nay, Heber dear,
Before you touch my char 'er, hear;
Though Leyden aids, alas! no more,
My cause with many-linguaged lore,
This may I say:—in realms of death
Ulysses meets Alcides' wrath;
Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,
The ghost of murder'd Polydore;
For omens, we in Livy cross,
At every turn, lactus 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
The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turn'd on Maid'a's shore,
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If ask'd to tell a fairy tale: 2
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grasy ring;
Visible to human ken,
He walks among the sons of men.

Didst e'er, dear Heber, pass along 3
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair? 4
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass'd through rapine and through wrong
By the last Lord of Franchémont. 5

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 snug;
Before his feet his blood-hounds 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 halloo'd to a hound.

To chase the fiend, 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 blast of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still remain,
Fast as 'tis 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 word that ench'd the spell,
When Franchémont 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 Pict'sdell say;
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from Heaven, 6
That warn'd, in Linthgow, Scotland's King,
Nor less the infernal summoning; 7
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
Whose demon fought in Gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave
But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instant, can renew
Your treasured heards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Heards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franchémont chest,
While gripple owners still refuse
To others what they cannot use;
Give them the priest's whole 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, hark! I hear the distant drum!
The day of Foskden Field is come,—
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literatry wealth.

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1 This paragraph appears interpolated on the blank page 5 of the MS.
2 MS.—"Which, high in air, like eagle's nest,
Hang from the dizzy mountain's breast.
3 Ibid. Note 4 G.
4 Ibid. Note 4 H.
5 See Appendix, Note 4 A. The four lines which follow are not in the MS.
Marmion.

CANTO VI

The Battle.

While great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demon, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatience of war,
He snuff’d the battle from afar;
And hope was none, that back again,
Herald should come from Teronemne,
Where England’s King in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day;
Whilst these things were, the mother’s care
Did in the Dame’s devotions share:
For the good Countess ceaseless pray’d
To Heaven and Saints, her son to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high Baronial 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, Tantallon’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 mutlets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,¹
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet’s embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine

Marmion.

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III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these bivouacs repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,
And list the sea-bird’s cry;
Or slow, like moonlight ghost, would glide
Along the dark-gray bulwark’s side,
And ever on the heaving tide
Look down with weary eye.
Oft did the cliff and swelling main,
Recall the thoughts of Whitty’s fame,—
A home she ne’er might see again;
For she had laid adown,
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil,
And frontlet of the cloister pale,
And Benedictine gown:
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,
Again adorn’d her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,
A deep and fretted brocadery bound,
In golden foldings sought the ground;
Of holy ornament, alone
Remain’d a cross with ruby stone;
And often did she look
On that which in her hand she bore,
With velvet bound, and broider’d o’er.
Her breviary book.
In such a place, so lone, so grim,
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been
To meet a form so richly dress’d,²
With book in hand, and cross on breast,
And such a woeful mien.
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,
To practice on the gull and crow,
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,
And did by Mary swear,—
Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen

¹ MS. — “The tower contain’d a narrow stair,
And gave an open access where.”

² MS. — “To meet a form so fair, and dress’d
In antique robes, with cross on breast.”
DANTÉ VI.

MARMION.

For no'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.

IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide,
It chanced a gliding sail she spied,
And, sighing, thought,—The Abbess, there,
Perchance, does to her home repair;
Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,
Walks hand in hand with Charity;
Where oft Devotion’s trenched glow
Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,
That the enraptured sisters see
High vision and deep mystery;
The very form of Hilda fair,
Hovering upon the sunny air,
And shining on her votaries’ prayer. 2
O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny?
Was it, that, seer’d by sinful scorn,
My heart could neither melt nor burn?
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 due,
And well could brook the mild command,
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now! condemn’d to hide
My doom from this dark tyrant’s pride.—
But Marmion has to learn, ere long,
That constant mind, and hate of wrong,
Descended to a feeble girl,
From Red De Clare, stout Glesier’s Earl:
Of such a stem, a sapling weak; 4
He ne’er shall bend, although he break.

V.

"But see!—what makes this armor here?"—
For in her path there lay
Targe, corslet, helm,—she view’d them near.—
"The breast-plate pierced!—Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence wert thou’gainst foeman’s spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton!—Oh! not corslet’s ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy many bosom’s guard,
On you disastrous day!—"

She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
Wilton himself before her 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 skillful 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 e’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; 6
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply:

VI.

De Wilton’s History. 5

"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 beasman’s shed, 6
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,— 7
He only held my burning head,
And tende’d 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 tear 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 attendance wrought,
charged with coloring; and yet the painter is so fatigued with his exertion, that he has finally thrown away the brush, and is contented with merely chucking out the intervening adventures of De Wilton, without bestowing on them any colors at all."—Critical Review.

5 MS.—"Where an old beasman held my head."

6 MS.—"The banish’d traitor’s bed."
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.

Oft Austin for my reason fear’d,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
Or: dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild mad schemes uprear’d.

My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon:
And while upon his dying bed,
He begg’d 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:
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perish’d 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 must I tell
Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.
* A word of vulgar angered,
That broke from me, I scarce knew why,
Brought: on a village tale;
Which wrought upon his moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
I borrow’d stead and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping band;

MS.—" But thought of Austin staid my hand,
And in the sheath I plunged the brand,
I left him there alone.—
O good old man! even from the grave
Thy spirit call’d De Wilton save."

And, passing from a postern door,
We met, and ‘counter’d hand to hand,—
He fell on Gifford moor.

For the death-stroke my sword I drew
(O then my helm’d 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 staid,
I left him there alone.—
O good old man! even from the grave
Thy spirit could thy master save;
If I had slain my foe, ne’er
Had Whitby’s Abbess, in her fear,
Given to my hand this packet dear,
Of power to clear my injured name,
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 juggler 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 tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old,
Wen by my proofs, his fanchion bright
This eye 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 armorer’s care,
Ere morn shall every breach repair;
For naught, he said, was in his halls,
But ancient armor on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and gray-hair’d men,
The rest were all in Twisel gien.†
And now I watch my armor 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 reveres his King’s command,
Else would he take thee from his band

See the ballad of Otterbourne, in the Border Minstrelsy
vol. I. p. 345.
† Where James encamped before taking post on Fodden.
The MS. has—
* "The rest were all on Flodden plain."
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due,
Now meater far for martial broil,
Firmer thy limbs, and strung by toil,
Once mor.:—"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 shepherd thou, and I to aid
Thy task on dale and moor!—
That reddening brow!—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 know,
And weep a warrior's shame;
Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,
Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
And send thee forth to fame!"

XI.

That night, upon the rocks and bay,
The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,
And pour'd its silver light, and pure,
Through loophole, and through embrasure,
Upon Tartallon tower and hall;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though seam'd with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two gray priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry,
The chapel's carving fair,
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Checkering the silver moonshine bright
A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rochet 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,
Doft'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 leant'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont 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 be 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 Clare the spurs bound on his heels;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the falchion belt!
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 dub 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 honor best bestows,
May give thee double."—
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob 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 smother.
I have two sons in yonder field,
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
And foul fall 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,

1 MS.—"You might not by their shine descry."
2 The well-known Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, son of Archibald Bel-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the 
3 See Appendix, Note 4 L.
4 "The following (five lines) are a sort of mongrel between the school of Sternhold and Hopkins, and the later one of Mr Wordsworth."—JEFFREY.
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—
The train from out the castle drew, 1
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—
Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your hand,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My manors, 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. 2
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 Marmion clasp."—

XIV.
Burn'd 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 heavy beard,
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, be 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! 3
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 flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—"And dar'st thou then
To hear the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unsathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."—

Lord Marmion turn'd—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rang:
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, raze'd 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 brim:
And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "am
O'ertake!"
But soon he reïnd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name,—
A letter forged! Saint Batholomew
Did ever knight so foul a deed? 6
At first in heart it like me 3i,
When the King prized his clerical skill,
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine; 6
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill,—
Saint Mary mend 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 cross'd the heights of Stranrig-moor
His troop more closely there he season'd,
And miss'd the Palmer from the band.—
"Palmer or not," young Blount did say,
"He parted at the peep of day;
Good sooth, it was in strange array."—
"In what array I" said Marmion, quick.
"My Lord, I ill 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 loop-hole while I peep,

1 MS.—"The train the portal arch pass'd through,"
2 MS.—"Unmeet they be to harbor here."
3 MS.—"I must Douglas, thou hast lied."
4 See Appendix, Note 4 M.
5 See Appendix, Note 4 N.
6 MS.—"Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine
Could never pen a written line.
So swear I, and I swear it still,
Let brother Gawain fret his fill."
Ool Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapped in a crown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shawl my 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 lead
Old Cheviot forth, the Earl’s best steed;
A matchless horse, though something old,
Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.
I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,
The Earl did much the Master’s pray
To use him on the battle-day;
But he preferr’d”—“Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou 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 eount, and outwards ride,
Upon the Earl’s own favorite steed:
All sheathe, he was in armor 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! bastard fool, to reason lost!”
He mutter’d; “twas nor fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and g. ve!
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 Douglas; and with some avail;
’Twas therefore gloomy’d his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
‘Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain!
Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare’s sharp questions must I shum;
Most separate Constance from the Nun—
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
A Palmer too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuked 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 closed their march
(There now is left but one frail arch,
Yet mourn thou not its cells;
Our time a fair exchange has made:
Hard by, in hospitable shade,
A reverend pilgrim dwells,
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood.
That e’er wore sandle, frock, or hood.)
Yet did Saint Bernard’s Abbot there
Give Marmion entertainment fair,
And lodging for his train and Clare.¹
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 watch’d 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
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watch’d them as they cross’d
The Till by Twisel Bridge.¹
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern’d 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,
And ever transcends itself. It is impossible to do justice by making extracts, when all is equally attractive.”—Monthly Review.

¹ See Appendix, Note 4 O.

² See Appendix, Note 1 O.

³ “From this period to the conclusion of the poem, Mr. Scott’s genius, so long overclouded, burst forth in full lustre,

⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 P.
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 columns room.

XX.
And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Fledden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep desile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his stead,
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?
—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Fledden had been Bannockbourne!
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 Fledden hill.

XXI.
Are 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—hap what hap,
My basnet to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
Yet more! yet more!—how far array'n
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant by?
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armor flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead

To see fair England's standards fly."
"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'rt best,
And listen to our lord's behest."—
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
"This instant be our band 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,
Scarc to the Abbot bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his hand he drew,
And mutter'd as the flood they view,
"The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall side with me."
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Leat'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 Huber led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current's course,
And, though far downward driven per
force,
The southern bank they gain;
Behind them straggling came to shore,
As best they might, the train:
Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain:
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion stay'd,
And breathed his steed, his men array'd,
Then forward moved his band,
Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone,
That, on a hilltop standing lone,
Did all the field command.

And,
And listen to our lord's behest."
Neither can we be brought to admire the simple dignity of Sa
Hugh the Heron, who thus encourag'd his nephew,—
By my far
Well hast thou spoke—say forth thy say."
—JEFFREY
MS.—"Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep."
XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;
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 battle,
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 shalt thou larry, 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 Englund if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.—
But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again;’
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid’s despair;[1]
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurr’d amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

—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 sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;[2]
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,
And succor those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go!
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share,
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.” —[3]

"Thanks, noble Surrey! ’Marmion said,
No further greeting there he paid;[4]

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 Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill!
On which (for far 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,
“Unworthy office here to stay!
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,[5]
All downward to the banks of Till
Was breathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland’s war,
As down the hill they broke
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum;
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.—[6]
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, 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;[7]
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long look’d the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the road of battle cast;
And, hur—, the ridge of mingled spears[8]
Above the brightening cloud appears;

the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, —our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation,—for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect,—with tho’ of Mr. Scott’s.”—Jeffrey.

[1] MS.—“Their lines were form’d, stretch’d east and west.”
[2] MS.—“Nor mark’d the lady’s deep despair,
Nor heeded discontented look.”
[3] See Appendix, Note 4 R.
[5] MS.—“And first, the broken ridge of smoke
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
When mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chiefains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shock'd, and falchions flash'd amain
Fell England's arrow-fight like rain;
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again
Wild and disorderly.

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 bear them bravely in the fight
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordon's many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch man,
And many a rugged Border claw,
With Haughty, and with Lane.

XXVII.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountainer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And swung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering 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;
Advance, 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,
It waver'd 'mid 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 beads and patter pray'r,—

In all former editions, Highlandman. Badenoch is the correction of the Author's interleaved copy of the edition of 1830.

MS.—"Though there the dauntless mountaineer."" 3
MS.—"Fell stainless Tumstall's banner white,
Sir Edmund's lion fell."'
MS.—"Fitz-Eustace, you and Lady Clare
May for its safety 'mid in prayer."'

I gallop to the host"
And to the fray as code amain,
Follow'd by all the mater main.
The ferv'nt youth, with desperate charge
Made for a space, an opening large,—
The reserved banner rose,—
Eust Carley closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground.
It sunk among the foes.
"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 rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steel rush'd by;
And Eustace, madden'd 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;
Percnce her reason stoops, or reels;
Percence a courage, not her own,
Bruces 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, madden'd by despair,
Fight 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 scar'd with blood and sand;
Draught from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet bent,
The falcon-crest and plume gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!...
Young Blount his armor did amass,
And, gazing on his glaistly face,
Said—'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,—
"Unmurtur'd Blount! thy brawling cease,
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

6 MS.—"Like pine-rooted from the ground."" 6
6 MS.—"And cried he would return in haste." 6
7 MS.—"Repuls'd, the band...the scatt'd wing of England wheels." 6
8 MS.—"Can that be brave Lord Marmion?"
XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,  
Around 'gan Marmion wildly start:—  
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?  
linger ye here, ye hearts of hate!  
Redeem my pen—charge again!  
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!—  
last of my race, on battle-plain  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—  
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,  
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;  
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:  
Edmund is down—my life is reft;  
The Admiral alone is left.  
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
Full upon Scotland's central host,  
Or victory and England's lost.—  
Must I bid twice!—hence, varlets! 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 she murmured,—"Is there none,  
Of all my halls have nust,  
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
Of bliss I 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 a pen made;  
When pangs and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou! —  
Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
To the high streamlet ran:  
Forswear were hatred, wrongs, and fears;  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
Sees but the dying man.  

1 MS.—And when he felt the fresher air.'"  
2 MS.—"Yet my last thought's for England—hie;  
Tell Dacre give my signet-ring. . . .  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey fly!"  
3 MS.—"Full on King James's central host."  
4 "The hero of the piece, Marmion, who has been guilty of  
seducing a nun, and abandoning her to be burned alive, of  
foraging to ruin a friend, and of perjury in endeavoring to  
sue away from him the object of his tenderest affections,  
lights and dyes gloriously, and is indicted to the injured Clara  
the last drop of water to cool his dying thirst. This last  
act of disinterested attention extorts from the Author the  
smoothest, sweetest, and tenderest lines in the whole poem,  
is with pleasure that we extract numbers so harmonious

She stoop'd her by the rummel's side;  
But in abhorrence backward drew;  
For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
Where raging 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, weary pilgrim, drink and pray.  
For the kind soul of Godfrey Grey.  
Who built this cross, and well  
She fill'd the helm, and back she hiea,  
And with surprise and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion's head:  
A pious man, whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—  
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"  
Then, as remembrance rose,—  
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!  
I must redress her woes.  
Short space, few words, are mine to spare  
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—  
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—  
O, think of your immortal woe!  
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 him 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,  
from the discord by which they are surrounded." — "Crit. Rev."

5 MS.—"She stoop'd her by the rummel's side,  
But in abhorrence soon withdrew  
Oozing from the mountains wine  
Where raging the war, a dark-red tide  
Was curdling in the streamlet blue,  
Where shall she turn?—behold, she mark  
A little vaulted cell,  
Whose water, clear as diamond sparks,  
In a rude basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,  
Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray.  
And priests gorged on the altar stone,
Might bide him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on you base 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 labor, Clara bound
And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
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 sung,
"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 sinner's sand!—
O, look, my son, upon you 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 aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—Stanhope! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glowing 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,
Might bide him for delay,
And all by whom the deed was done,
Should with myself become his own.
It may not be!—"

MS.—"O look, my son, upon this cross,
O, think upon the grace divine,
O, think upon the grace divine.
O, think upon the grace divine.

By many a sinner's bed I've been,
And many a dismal parting seen,
But never aught like this."

MS.—"And sparkled in his eye."
The Lady of the Lake has nothing so good as the death of
Marmion.—Mackintosh.

MS.—"In vain the wish—for far they stray,
And spoil and havoc mark'd their way.
'O, Lady,' cried the Monk, 'away!'"

MS.—"But still on the darkening heath."

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 Fontaraban, echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncevalles 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 havoc 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 Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.
But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hurl'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though hill-men ply the gashingly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good,
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,

MS.—"Ever the stubborn spears made good
Their dark impenetrable wood;
Each Scot stepp'd where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell,
Till the last ray of parting light
Then ceased perform the dreadful sight
And sunk the battle's yell.
The skilful Surrey's sage commands
Drew from the strife the shattered bands,
Their less his familiar knew;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds saw
Melt from the mountain blue.
By various march their scatter'd bands,
Disorder'd, gain'd the Scottish lands,—
Day dawning on Fettercairn's dreary side,
Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:

And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clenched within his manly hand,
Beseem'd the monarch slain.

But, O! how changed since yon Utethe night!

Gladly I turn me from the sight
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace's care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To meeted Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear
(Now vainly for its sight you look;
'Twas levell'd when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,
A gerion meet the spoiler had!) 1
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;
And all around, on scutcheon rich,
And tablet carved, and fretted nice,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carv'd so fair,
And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer.
The last Lord Marmion lay not there.
From Ettrick 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 spied,
And drago'd him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,
And thus their corpses were mista'en;
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,
The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low;
but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember."—JEFFREY.

1 "Day gimmers on the dying and the dead,
The eleven hours, and the hellish head," etc.

2 Byron's Lara.

3 See Appendix, Note 4 S. 4 Ibid. Note 4 T.

4 "A corpse is afterwards conveyed, as that of Marmion, to the Cathedral of Lichfield, where a magnificent tomb is erected to his memory, and masses are instituted for the repose of his soul; but, by an admirably-imagined act of poetical justice, we are informed that a peasant's body was placed beneath that costly monument, while the haughty Baron himself was buried like a vulgar corpse, on the spot on which he died. — Mon. Ber
They dug his grave c'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 slender springlet still.
Oft haits the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye
The memorable field desery;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holds the bones of Marmion 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 thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion'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 Fledden's dismal night,
Wilton was foremost in the fight;
That, when brave Surrey's steel was slain,
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest he'd,
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
Unnamed by Hollinshead or Hall,
He was the living soul of all;
That, after fight, his faith made plain,
He won his rank and lands again;
And charged his old paternal shield
With bearings won on Flodden Field.
Nor sing 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,
Paint to her mind the bridal state;
That Wilsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Sands, and Denney, 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."

II.

T O 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 reed?  
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 Purr!
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 too,
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear schoolboy, 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!

romances in irregular rhyme, he may depend upon having as many copyists as Mr. Rudolphi and Schiller, and upon becoming the founder of a new schism in the Catholic poetic church for which, in spite of all our exertions, there will probably be no cure, but in the extravagance of the last and lowest of its followers. It is for this reason that we conceive it to be our duty to make one strong effort to bring back the great spirit of the hero to the wholesome creed of his instruction and to stop the incantation before it becomes desperate and senseless, by persuading the leader to return to his duty and allegiance. We admire Mr. Scott's genius as much as say of those who may be misled by its perversion; and, like the curate and the barber in Don Quixote, lamented the day when a gentleman of such endowments was corrupted by the wicked tales of knight-errantry and enchantment. — JEFFREY.

"We do not flatter ourselves that Mr. Scott will pay to our advice that attention which he has refused to his acute friend Mr. Erskine; but it is possible that his own good sense may in time persuade him not to abandon his loved fairy ground (a province over which we wish him a long and prosperous gov
MARMION.

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Had he known that he had seen Marmion without knowing the author I should have ranked it with Theocritus and Homer,—that is to say, on the very top shelf of English poetry."—Ibid. vol. iii. p. 46.

"I shall not, after so much of and about criticism, say anything more of Marmion in this place, than that I have always considered it as, on the whole, the greatest of Scott's poems. There is a certain light, easy, virginal charm about the Lay, which we look upon as the very soul of his verse; but the superior strength, and breadth, and boldness, both of conception and execution, in the Marmion, appear to me indisputable. The great blot, the combination of mean felicity with so many noble qualities in the character of the hero, was, as the poet says, severely commented on at the time by the most ardent of his early friends, Leyden; but though he admitted the justice of that criticism, he chose 'to let the tree lie as it had fallen.' He was also sensible that many of the subordinate and connecting parts of the narrative are flat, harsh, and obscure—but would never make any serious attempt to do away with these imperfections; and perhaps they, after all, heighten by contrast the effect of the passages of high-wrought enthusiasm which alone he considered, in after days, with satisfaction. As for the 'epistolary dissertations,' it must, I take it, be allowed that they interfered with the flow of the story, when readers were turning the leaves with the first ardor of curiosity; and they were not, in fact, originally intended to be interspersed in any fashion with the romance of Marmion. Though the author himself does not allude to, and had perhaps forgotten the circumstance, when writing the Introductory Essay of 1830, they were announced, by an advertisement early in 1829, as 'Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest,' to be published in a separate volume, similar to that of the Ballads and Lyrical Pieces; and perhaps it might have been better that this first plan had been adhered to. But however that may be, there are any pages, among all he ever wrote, that one would be more sorry he should not have written! They are among the most delicious porridges that genius ever painted of itself—buoyant virtues, happy genius—ailuting in its own energies, yet possessed and mastered by a clear, calm, modest mind, and happy only in diffusing happiness around it.

"With what gratification these Epistles were read by the readers to whom they were addressed, it would be superfluous to show. He had, in fact, painted them almost as fully as himself; and who might not have been proud to find a place in such a gallery? 'The tastes and habits of six of those men, in whose intercourse Scott found the greatest pleasure when his fame was approaching its meridian splendor, are thus preserved for posterity; and when I reflect with what avidity we catch at the least hint which seems to afford us a glimpse of the intimate circle of any great poet of former ages, I cannot but believe that posterity would have held this record precious even had the individuals been in themselves far less remarkable than a Rose, an Ellis, a Heber, a Siena a Marriott, an Enkine.'—LOCKHART, vol. iii. p. 55.

CANTO VI.

Mr. Southey, "is made of better materials than the Lay, yet they are not so well fitted together. As a whole, it has not pleased me so much.—in parts, it has pleased me more. There is nothing so finely conceived in your former poem as the death of Marmion: there is nothing finer in its conception anywhere. The introductory epistles I did not wish away, because, as poems, they gave me great pleasure; but I wished them at the end of the volume, or at the beginning,—any where except where they were. My taste is perhaps peculiar in disliking all interruptions in narrative poetry. When the poet lets his story sleep, and talks in his own person, it has to me the same sort of unpleasant effect that is produced at the end of an act. You are alive to know what follows, and—down comes the curtain, and the fiddlers begin with their abominations. The general opinion, however, is with me, in this particular instance."—Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 44.

"Thank you," says Mr. Wordsworth, "for Marmion. I think your end has been attained. That it is not the end which I should wish you to propose to yourself, you will be well aware, from what you know of my notions of composition, both as to matter and manner. In the circle of my acquaintance, it seems as well liked as the Lay, though I have heard that in the world it is not so. Had the poem been much better than the Lay, it could scarcely have satisfied the public; which, however, is of the monster, the moral monster, in its composition."—Ibid. p. 45.

"My own opinion," says Mr. George Ellis, "is, that both our productions are equally good in their different ways: ret, upon the whole, I had rather be the author of Marmion than of the Lay, because I think its species of excellence is more difficult attainment. What degree of bulk may be essentially necessary to the corporeal part of an Epice poem, I know not; but sure I am that the story of Marmion might have furnished twelve books as easily as six—that the minor character of Constance would not have been less beloved as it had been much more minutely painted—and that De Wilton might have been diluted with great ease, and even to considerable advantage—in short, that had it been your talent merely to exhibit a spirited romantic story, instead of making that story subservient to the delineation of the manners which prevailed at a certain period of our history, he would in the variety of your characters would have suited any scale of painting. On the whole I can sincerely assure you, that had I seen Marmion without knowing the author I should have ranked it with Theocritus and Homer,—that is to say, on the very top shelf of English poetry."—Ibid. vol. iii. p. 46.
NOTE A.

As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgan's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Deep-sung spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unbarred corpse.—P. 86.

The romance of the Morte Arthur contains a sort of abridgment 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兰ancelot after the Sangreal.

'Right so Sir兰ancelot 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 churchyard, he saw, on the front of the chapel, and many faire rich shields turned upside downe; and many of the shields Sir兰ancelot had seen knights have before; with that he saw stand by him thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, than any man that ever he had seen, and all those grinned and passed at Sir兰ancelot; and when he saw their countenance, he dreads them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and took his sword in his hand, ready to doe battle; and they were all armed in black karnes, ready, with their shields and swords drawn. And when Sir兰ancelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way; and there where he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapel, and then hee saw no light but a dimme lampke burning, and then was hee ware of a corps covered with a cloath of sile; then Sir兰ancelot stooped downe, and cut a piece of that cloath away, and then he set under him as the earth had quaked a little, whereof he was afraid, and then hee saw a faire sword lyed by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and hired him out of the chappell. As soon as he was in the chappell-yard, all the knights spake to him with a grimly voice, and said, 'Knight, Sir兰ancelot, lay that sword from thee, or else shet strait die.'—'Whether I live or die,' said Sir兰ancelot, 'with no great good-get youe it againe, therefore fight for it and ye list.' Therewith he passeth through them; and, beyond the chappell-yard, there met him a faire dameswell, and said, 'Sir兰ancelot, save that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.'—'I will not leave it,' said Sir兰ancelot 'for no threats.'—'No!' said she, 'and ye did leave that sword, Queen Guenever should ye never see.'—'Then were I a fool and I would leave this sword,' said Sir兰ancelot. 'Now, gentle knight,' said the dameswell, 'I require thee to kiss me once.'—'Nay,' said Sir兰ancelot, 'that God forbid!'—'Wyll, sir,' said she, 'and thou hastest kissed me thy life dayes had been done, but now, you!' said she, 'I have lost all my labour; for I ordained this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawaine: and once I had Sir Gawaine within it; and at that time he fought with that knight which there lieth 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兰ancelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seven yeares; but, therto may we man have thy love but Queen Guenever: and when I may not rejoice thee to have thy body alive, I holt kept me more joy this world but to have had thy dead body.'—'Sir, I would have halted it and served, and so have kept thee all this day's date, and daily I should have clipped thee, and had seen thee, in the despite of Queen Guenever.'—'Yes say we'll,' said Sir兰ancelot; 'Jesus preserve me from your subtilt w. ch.' And therewith he took his horse, and departed from him.'—

NOTE B.

A sinful man, and unconfered,
He took the Sangreal's holy guest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not view with waking eye.—P. 87.

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 passover was eaten (a precious relic, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sin 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 be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation. All Sir兰ancelot's noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrige with Queen Guenever, or Guanor; and in his holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:

'But Sir兰ancelot rode over-land and ending in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two ways, in wast land; and, by the crosse, was a stone that was of marble; but it was so dark, that Sir兰ancelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir兰ancelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he went to have found people. And so Sir兰ancelot tied his horse to a tree, and there he put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then hee went unto the chappell door, and found it wasted and broken. And within he found a faire altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of sike, and there stood a faire candlestickke, which beare sixe great candells, and the candlestickke was of silver. And when Sir兰ancelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the cappell, but he could find no place where hee might enter. Then was hee passing heavie and lisyous. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and took off his saile and his bridle, and let him pasture, and nailed his helm, and mazird 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 sleeping, he saw come by him two palfreys, both faire and white, the which beare a litter, wherein lying a stike knight And when he wass nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir兰ancelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not veryly, 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 trespass.' And thus a great while complained the knight, and allwaies Sir兰ancelot heard it. With that Sir兰ancelot saw the candlesticke, with the fire tapers, came before the
croce; but he could see nobody that brought it. Also there
stayed a table of silver, and the holy vessel of the Sangreal, the
which Sir Launcelot had seen before that time in King Pet-
chour's house. And therewithal the sick knight set him up-
right, and held up both his hands, and said, 'Faire sweet
Lord, which is here within the holy vessel, take heed to thee,
that I may be hold of this great malady!' And therewith
threw his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he
lashed the holy vessel, and kissed it: And anon he was hole,
and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed
of this malady.' So soon as the holy vessel had been there a
great while, it went into the chappelle againe, with the cand-
desticke and the light, so that Sir Launcelot wist not where it
became, for he was overtaken with store, that hee had no
power to arise against the holy vessel, wherefore afterward
many men said of him shame. But he tooke remem-ber-
ward. Then the sick knight dressed him upright, and kissed	he close. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and
asked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thank
God right heartily, for through the holy vessel I am healed:
But I have right great mervaille of this sleeping knight, which
hath neither power to risse nor to stande upright, whereby
that this holy vessel hath beene here present.'—'I dare it right
well say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defaulfted
with some manner of deadly sinne, whereof he has never con-
fessed.'—'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be,
he is unhappy; for, as I deeme, hee is of the fellowship of
the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sang-
real.'—'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all
your armes, save your bicele and your sword; and, therefore,
by mine assent, now may ye take this knight's bicele and his
sword;' and so he did. And when he was cleane armed, he
took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne,
and so they departed from the crosse.

'Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himself up-
right, and he thought him what hee had there seen, and whether
it were a true or a false, and he heard the voice that
Sir Launcelot, more hardly than is the stone, and more
than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the of
the f.t g tree, therefore go thou from hence, and with-
draw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot
heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist not how to doe.
And so he reparted sore weeping, and cursed the time that he
was borne; for then he deemed never to have had more wor-
ship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew
wherefore that hee was so called.'

Note C.

And Dryden, in immortal strain,
Had raised the Table Round again.—P. 87.

Dryden's melodious account of his projected Epic Poem,
slated by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is
contained in an 'Essay on Satire,' addressed to the Earl of
Sanger, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal. After
mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian
gangs 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
seen long looking 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, for a work which would have taken
up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended
chiefly for the honor 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,
gave the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the
Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the law-
ful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruet; which,
for the compass of time, including only the expedition of our
year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event,
for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the in
gratitude 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 per-
sons (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 per-
haps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least
choked out a way for others to amend my cross in a like de-
sign; but being encouraged only with fair words by King
Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future
existence, I was then discouraged; the beginning of my
attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a
more insurmountable evil, through the change of the times, has
wholly disabled me.'

Note D.

Their theme the merry ministrels made,
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold.—P. 87.

The "History of Bevis of Hampton" is abridged by my friend
Mr. George Ellis, with that vivacity which extracts amuse-
ment 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 in an extract—

"This geniis was mighty and strong
And fiftrety foot was long;
He was highted like a saw;\nA foote he had between every brow;
His lips were great, and hung aside;
His eye was hollow, his mouth was wide;\nLothly he was to look on,
And like a devil than a man.
His staff was a young oak,
Hard and heavy was his stroke." Specimens of Metrical Romances, vo. i. p. 136

I am happy to say, that the memory of Sir Bevis is still fra-
guent in his town of Southampton; the gate of which is senti-
mented by the effigies of that docgnyt knightrrenant and his gi-
gantic associate.

Note E.

Day set on Norham's castell steep
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, &c.—P. 87.

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubliaum-
form, is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about a
mile above Berwick, and where that river is still the bound-
ary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well
as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of
magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there
when he was created earl of the dispute concerning the
Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken du-
ring the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed
scarcely 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 Padsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a s.
keep, or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in
1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keep-
ing of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to
Note F.
The batted towers, the donjon keep.—P. 87.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the donjon, in its proper signification, 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 ease 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. Dungeous (doo-DOON) conjectures plausibly, that the name is derived from these keeps being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called DUN. Borlace supposes the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called Dungeous; 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. 88.

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armor, 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 of Warwick, for their personal 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 armor from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armor for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armor, the Lord of Milan, on, of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armours in Milan, to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—JHINSS' Froissart, vol. iv. p. 597.

Note H.
Who checks at me to death is light. P. 88.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:—Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London, in 1390, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, bore, not only excelling in wisdom but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, there saw Sir Peter Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting, and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme,—

'I bear a falcon, fairest of flight,
Whose pinches at her, his death is light,
In gracht.'

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 Peter:

"I bear a pie picking at a piece,
Whose picks she her, I shall pick at his nose,
In faith.'

This jibron could only be expiated by a jest with sharp lancers. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, 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 hand-off 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 stepping 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 Scots demanded that Sir Peter, 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 valor. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humor of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

Note I.
They hail'd Lord Morn. oon.; They hail'd him Lord of Fontenay, Of Lutterward, and Scrivendale, Of Tamsworth and town.—P. 89.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, in deed, 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 Scrivendale, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions, was held by the honorable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes 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 30th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Masere, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander’s descendant, in the reign

1 Prepared. 2 Armor. 3 Nose
APPENDIX TO MARION.

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of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service accompanying; 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 gainsay the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John de Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelly 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 in 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 chivalric feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Pevy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth."—The story is thus told by Leland:

"The Scottes can to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Wed and Herbhold, and overrun much of Northumberland marches. At this time, Thomas Gray and his frendes defended Norham from the Scottes.

"It were a wonderful processe to declare, what miscariges can by hunger and assages 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."

"After this time there was a great feste made ye Lincoln-shir, to which came many gentlemens and ladies; and amongst them one lady brought a healeme for a man of were, with a very rich creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a better of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the healeme be scene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither, within 4 days of esaming, came Phillip Monbray, guardian of Berwicke, having ye hand of 40 men of armes, the very floor of men of the Scottish marches."

"Thomas Gray, captyaine of Norham, seyenge this, brought his garsion afor the barrest of the castell, behind whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al gilletting in gold, and wearing the healeme, his lady's present."

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, Sir Knight, ye be cam hither to fame your helmet: mount up on your horse, and ride lyke a valiant man to your foes ever here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alive, or I myself wyd dye for it.""

"Whereupon he toke his eare, and rode among the thour of enemies; the which layde sore stripes on him, and pulled him at the lest out of his saddle to the ground.

"At last came the al the hole garrison, bette prick yan among the Scottes, and so wound them and their hosue, that they were overthrown; and Marmion, sore beten, was hors again, and, with Gray, perswede the Scottes ye chase. There were taken 50 horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foot men to follow the chase."
There was many a Featherston gat sic a stoun,
As never was seen since the world began.

III.
I cann’ tell a’, I cann’ tell a’;
Some gat a skelp,8 and some gat a claw;
But they gar the Featherston haud their jaw,—NICOL, AND ALICK, AND A’.9
Some gat a hurt, and some gat name;
Some had harrise, and some gat sten.9

IV.
Ane gat a twist o’ the craig;4 Ane gat a bunch o’ the ‘wame;
Symy Haw gat lamed o’ a leg And syne ran wallowing’ hame.

V.
Hoot, hoot, the old man’s slain outright!
Lay him now wi’ his face down:—he’s a sorrowfu’ sight.
Janet, thon don’t;8 I’ll lay my best bonnet.
Thos’ gat a new gude-man afore it be night.

VI.
Hoo away ladis, hoo away,
We’s a’ be hangit if we stay.
Take up the dead man, and lay him abint the biggin.
Here’s the Bailey o’ Haltwhistle;4 Wi’ his great bull’s pizze,
That sap’d up the broo’,—and syne — in the piggin.10

In explanation of this ancient ditty, Mr. Surtees has furnished me with the following local memorandum:—

WILLIAMSTEWART, 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 appears from one oblong tower, still in tolerable preservation.11 It has been long in possession of the Blacket family. Hardiriding Dick is an epithet referring to homestead, but means Richard Ridley of Hardown. It is the seat of another family of that name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of expenses incurred by the proprietor, the immediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wy seems to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situation on the great Roman wall. Thirldale Castle, whence the clan of Thirlwalls derived their name, is situated on the small river of Tyne, near the western boundary of Northumberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the rampart having been thirled, i.e. pierced, or breached, in its vicinity. Featherston Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards Alston Moor. Albany 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 Featherstonhaugh, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates, 24 Oct. 1565 Henrieti Scii, Insipissit capt. apud Houghton Stapeius in vicum corpus Alexander Featherston, Gen. apud Grewilgham solcio interfect. 22 Oct. per Nicolatum Ridley de Utheunte, Gen. Hugan Ridi, Nicolom Ridle, et alias ejusdem nonnix. Nor were the Featherstons without their revenge; 19 Julle Henrieti Svi, we have—Uplegation Nicholati Ephetres, ac Thome Nyxon, ac. ac. pro hanciado Wili. Rdele de Morales.12

There was a many a Featherston gat sic a stoun, As never was seen since the world began.

NOTE O.

I turn.

Nero can find you guides o’ war;
For here be some wey pricked as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Borthan’s ale,
And driven the bovies of Lauderdale;
Harried the weals of Gretna’s goods,
And given them tight to set their heads.—P. 91.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Fortham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very attractive to some neighbors to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Stilling wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron’s Content," when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was harassed by Rowland Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his coterie, any, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poetical knight of 5000 sheep, 2000 soot, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots (£86 8s. 6d.), and every thing else that was portable. "This spoil was committed the 10th day of May, 1570, and the said Sir Richard was threescore and fourteen years of age, and grown blind, in time of peace; when none of that country lepimed [expected] such a thing."—The Blind Baron’s Comfort12 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 head— and miserable couplet." 

The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jococer intimated the burning a house. WHAT'S

over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the moss-trooping poet.

9 An iron pole with two ends.
10 In Willamstewark was, in print editions, confounded with Ridley Rha, situated two miles lower, on the same side of the Tyne, the hereditary seat of William C. Lowes, Esq.
11 Ridley, the bishop and earl, was according to some authorities born at Hardiriding, where a chair was preserved, called the Bishop’s Chair. Others, and particularly his biographer and namesake, Dr. Glases ter Ridley, assign the honor of the marquis’ birth to Wilimstewark.
APPENDIX TO MARMION.

The Maxwes, in 1685, burned the Castle of Lochwood, they did they do so give the Lady Johnstone "light to set her hood." Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter, to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumb- and writes to the King and Council, that he dressed himself at midnight, at Warilworth, by the blaze of the neighboring villages time tis th. Scottish marauders.

Note P.
The priest of Shorewood—he could rein Thes windest wharphorse in you true.—P. 91.

The churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the diet of St. Thomea of Ecteter, a leader among the Cornish bards in 1546. "This man," says Hollingshed, "had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightily compact: He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long bow and also in the crossbow; he handled his hand-gun and pess very well; he was a very good woodman, and a hardie, 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 activity, and of a courteous and gentle behavior. He descended of a good honest parentage, being bore at Penweirin in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain and a principal doer."—Vol. iv. p. 958. 4th. edition. This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the stake of his own church.

Note Q.
--- that groat where Olives nod,
Where, daring of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily,
Saint Rosalite retired to God.—P. 92.

"Sante Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of a very noble family, and, when 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 hard, and steepy, 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 is now open'd on purpose to show it to those who come here. This chapel is very richly adored; and on the spot where the Saint's dead body was discovered, which is just beneath the rock in the rock, which is open'd as purpose, as I said, there is a very fine statue of marble, representing her in a lying posture, railed in all about with the iron and brass work, and the altar, on which they say mass is built just over it."—Voyage to Sicily and Malta.

Mr. John Dryden (son to the poet), p. 107.

Note R.
Priest John—
Himself still asleep before his heads
Have mark'd ten wares and ten creeds.—P. 92.

Frae: John understood the soporic virtue of his heads and eyeriv, as well as his nameake in Rubelain. "But Gar-
gantua could not sleep by any means, on which side soever he turned himself. 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.' The conceit pleased Gargantua 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 S.
The sworne'd Palmer came.—P. 92.
A Palmer, opposed to a Pilgrims, 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 Palmers seem to have been the Questuarii of the ancient Scottich canons 1442 and 1256. There is in the Bar- nes-type 315, a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled, "Simon and his brother." Their accoutrements are thus literally described (I discard the ancient spelling)—

"Syne changed them up, to lomp on leas,
Two tabards of the tartar; They counted nought what their cloths were.
When saw'd them on, in certain
Syne clamped up St. Peter's keys,
Made of an old red grante;
St. James's shells, on 't other side, shows
As pretty as a pantane.
To, On Symbne and his brother."

Note T.
To fair St. Andrews bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound.—P. 93.

St. Regulus (Scottich, St. Rule), a monk of Patreux, in Achas- ia, warned by a vision, is said, A.D. 579, to have sailed west- ward, 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, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruins castle 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, ingress and regress are hardly practicable. As Regulins 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 (Celle Regulai) should have been superseded, even in favor 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 Saint Andrew.

Note U.
Saint Fillian's blessed well,
Whose spring can phrenzied dreams dispel,
And the cruel brain restore.—P. 93.

St. Fillan was a Scottish saint of some renumation. Although
Scott's Poetical Works.

Papery is, with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain some of these superstitions connected with it. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillian, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some of 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 notes to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.]

Note V.

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished all once a forest fair.

Etrick Forest now a range of mountainous sheep-walks,
Was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase.
Since it was dispirked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, coppes soon arose without any planting. When the King hunted there, he often summoned the army 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 conourse at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the King where he pleased, to daunt the thieves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Loudisdale, 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 whilk the Earl of Argyile, the Earl of Huntly, the Earl of Athol, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the country, and lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, sent 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 Moggartland, and bounded and hawked all the country and bounds; that is to say, Cranmack, Pappertlaw, M. Marylawes, Carlawick, Chapel, Ewinstoun, and—whipping, I hear say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of hares. 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 war or military tenures in Scotland, enumerates the services of hunting, hawking, watching, and wading, as those which were in future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given an account of the mode in which these hunts were conducted in the Highlands of Scotland, in the seventeenth century, having been present at Brae- mar upon such an occasion:

"There did I find the truly noble and right honourable ords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar; James Stuart, Earl of Murray; George Gordon, Earl of Egingy, and son and heir to the Marquess of Hunt; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John, Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their curteesies, with my much honoured, and my last assaulted and approv'd friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercromby, and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lyons was there been, and made laws of equality; for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, every of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highlands, to Mirzek and hunt; where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish; and, in former time, were those people wich were called the Rob-slawans. Their habit is—shoes, with but one sole a-piece; stockings (which they call short hose), made of a warm stuff of diverse colours, which they call tartan; as for breeches, many of them, not their forfathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of; their garters being brawls 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, knit with two knots, about their necks: and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are—long bowes and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebuses, muskets, darks, and Lechaber 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; for, if they do, they will desire to hunt or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquer'd 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 ruin of an old castle, called the Castle of Kinlochroy. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting-house), who reigned in Scotland when Edward the Confessor, Harald, 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. This 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 Lonquahards. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging; the kitchen being always on the side of a bank: many kettles and pots boiling and many sparrowing and running, and such variety of cheer,—as venison baked; sodden, rost, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, murr-coats, heath-cocks, caper-kellies, and tennagants; good ale, sake, white and claret (or aleagant), with most potent aquavitae.

"All these, and more than these, we had continually in such prodigious abundance, caught by falcons, fowlers, falcons, and brought by my lord's tenants and pursuivys to viaticum our camp, which consisted 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 dispose 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 salt places, sometimes wading up to the middle, through rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those forsaund scoutes, which are called the Tinkelle, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of the bad cook, so these tinkelle men do lick their own fingers, for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can bear, now and then, a harquebus or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had sat there three hours, or thereabouts, we might per sive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which being followed close by the tinkelle, are chased down into the valley where we lay, then all the valley, on each side, being way-laid with a hundred couple of standard Irish, all having Irish swords and Irish axes—upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, darts, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore far deer were slain; which after are dispersed 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 sein—Varry's silent lake. —P. 95

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which..."
Appendix to Marmion

The Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flocks of wild swans; hence my Mr. Wordsworth's lines:

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow.

In her 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 Father of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, 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 name. The words usually sung to the air of 'Tweedside,' beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honor.

Note X.

"In feudal strife, a foe,
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low."—P. 96.

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (de lacusus) 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 Cranstons; 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 chapel's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Boupie, 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. 96.

At one corner of the burial-ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called Bironam's Corse, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chapelfy. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in "The Monk," and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. James Hogi, more poetically designed the Estruck 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 froms round dark Loch-kene. —P. 96.

Loch Kene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-kerie discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Gray 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 Whityb's cloister'd site."—P. 97.

The Abbey of Whityb, in the Archdeaconry of Cleveland on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A.D. 657, in consequence of a vow of Osywy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what is usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monasery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by Wliiam Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whityb Abbey are very magnificent.

Note 2 B.

"— St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle."—P. 97.

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 swallowed up in the superiority 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 Whityb's nuns exulting told
How to their house three Barons bold
Must rendent service due."—P. 99.

The popular account of this curious service, which was probably considerably exaggerated, is thus given in "A True Account," printed and circulated at Whityb: "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Ugleburn, then called William de Brue, the Lord of Smelte, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder called Alfaton, did, on the 16th of October, 1153, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the Abbot of Whityb; the place's name was Ekkdale-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 well near about the chapel and hermitage of Ekkdale-side, where was a monk of Whityb, 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 bounds standing by at white. 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 hoar 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 bear-sauers, whereby he soon after died. Thereon the gentle- men, perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough: But at that time the abbot being in very great favor 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 abbot answered, 'They shall as surely die for the same.'—But the hermit an- swered, 'Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls.' The gentlemen being present, bade him save his lives. Then said the hermit, 'You and yours shall hold your 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 Branco, ten stooks of white-oak, of their standing, and oak-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, Allanston, 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 nine of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same time of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labor 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 yether them on each side with your yethers; and so stake on each side with your stout stowers, 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 bet- ter call to God for mercy, repent unwillingly 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 prom- ise, by your parts in Heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as is aforesaid required: 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 so freely forgive these men my death as Christ forgave the ten good men.' The gentlemen being in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words: 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me, Domine veritate. Amen.'—So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy on. Amen.

'This service,' it is added, 'still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors as persons. Part of the lands charged therewith are now held by a gentleman of the name of Herbert.'

Note 2 D. In their constant rest
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled. — P. 99.

She was the daughter of King Owey, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 653, against Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, 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 pray'd; they told,
As over Whitby's towers they sail. — P. 99.

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 former were, by St. Hilda, intoned the prayers of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only be- headed, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists, Ammonite.

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. Full hour suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighboring fields here- abouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not re- ceived it from some credible men. But those who are less in- clined 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 between wolves and seagulls: 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 everybody grants it.' Mr. Clarkson, in his His- tory 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 oft his Patron changed, they told. — P. 99.

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, five- two years before.1 His body was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about '85, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland with what they could save, and the bishops of the chief towns, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The Saint was, however, a most car- sion 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 landing at Norumb; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained

1 He removed the bishopric of Lindisfarne, which, owing to bad health, he again relinquished within less than three months before his death.
APPENDIX TO MARMION.

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nean for a short time, and then caused himself to be
anchored upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed
at Tilmouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped,
exten feet long, three feet and a half in diameter, and only four
inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might cer-
tainly 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
angth made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which the
bishop's see was transferred. At length, the Danes, continu-
ing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a
season; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-Street,
"½g, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and
his carriage became immovable at a place named 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 excelled taste in the length fixing it. It is said
that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise
spot of the Saint's sepulture, which is only intrusted to three
persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to
them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depository 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, 1627, 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 the choir of Durham
Cathedral, there was then found a walled grave, containing the
coffins of the Saint. The first, or outer one, was ascer-
tained to be that of 1541, the second of 1041; the third, or in-
ter one, answering in every particular to the description of
that of 665, was found to contain, not indeed, as had been
avered them, and even until 1539, the incorruptible body, but
the entire skeleton of the Saint, the bottom of the grave being
perfectly dry, free from offensive smell, and without the slight-
est symptom that a human body had ever undergone decomp-
position within its walls. The skeleton was found swathed in
five silk robes of emblems and embroidery, the ornamental
parts laid with gold leaf, and saw again covered with a robe of
linen. Beside the skeleton, were also deposited several gold
and silver insigniae, and other relics of the Saint.

The Roman Catholic saw allow that the coffin was that of
St. Cuthbert.

The bones of the Priti were again restored to the grave in
a new coffin, and are fragments of the former ones. Those
part of the inner coffin which could be preserved - behold-
ing one of these, with the silver altar, golden censers, stole,
robes, two marbles, bracelets, girdle, gold wire of arm,
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 cofin-
journeys,—an account of the opening of his tomb, and a de-
scription of the silk 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." (Hoo, Durham, 1829),
where he will find much of antiquarian history, ceremonies,
and superstitions, to gratify his curiosity.—Be.

NOTE 2 G.

Even Scotland's dauntless king and hero, &c.
Before his standard fled.—P. 100.

Every one has learned, that when David I., with his son
Henry, invaded Northumberland in 1139, the English host
marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert;
and to the efficacy, &c. which was imputed the great victory which
lay at his feet, the bloody battle of Northcullerton, or Cuth-
bon. The men were at least as much indebted to the
jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed
David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were
the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Te-
viotdale and Lothian, with many Norman and German war-
riors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See
CHALMERS' Caledonius, vol. i. p 622; a most laborious, cu-
rious, and interesting publication, from which considerable
defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scot-
tish antiquary.

NOTE 2 H.

'Twas he, to vindicate his reign.
Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,
And turn'd the Conqueror back again.—P. 100.

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;
and was expected, which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the vic-
tory of Ashdown, 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 1096, had forced the monks to fly once
more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, how
ever, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance
accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscrèet curio-
sity to view the Saint's body, he was, while in the act of com-
manding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness,
accompanied with such a panic terror, that notwithstanding
there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled with
out eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have
thought so 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 toils to frame
The seaborne heads that bear his name.—P. 100.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life,
such an artist as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since
his death, he has acquired the reputation of forming those
En trochii 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 an 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. 100.

Coelwulf, 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 His-
tory." He abdicated the throne about 728, and retired to
Holy Island, where he died in the odor of sanctity. Saint as
Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance
vault do 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 con-
stituted them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege
of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquity insists on this objec-
tion, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intered
by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.
These penitential vaults were the Geisselgewölbe of German convents. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a cemetery for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose unсанctified corpses were thereto 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 place for performing penances or undergoing punishment.

Note 2 L.


tynemouth's haughty Princess.—P. 100.

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 nunery; for Vircæ, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Toda, who had sent him a cofin! 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 nunery 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, 
Alice, within the tomb.—P. 102.

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, Vale in pace, were the signal 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 immersed nun.

[The Edinburgh Reviewer, on st. xxiii. post, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is vate in pace.—not part in pace, but go into peace, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mitigation to another world.]

Note 2 N.

The village inn.—P. 107.

The accommodation of a Scottish hostelry, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of 'The Friars of Berwick.' Simon Lawder, "the gay getter," 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 feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bordeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns 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 anywhere 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 hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

Note 2 O.

The death of a dear friend.—P. 109.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the 'deal-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. 25.

'Tis O lady, 'tis dark, an' I heard the deal-bell! 
An' I darenae gae yonder for gowd nor fee.'

"By the deal-bell is meant a tinkling in the ears, which our peasantry in the country regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease. Thus this natural occurrence strikes many with a superstitions awe. This reminds me of a trifling anecdote, which I will here relate as an instance:—Our two servant-girls agreed to go on 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 fingers, which caused a loud shrill sound. I then overheard the following dialogue:—

'B. Ah, mercy! the deal-bell went through my head just now with such a knell as I never heard.'—I. 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 Midgelope tonight.'—B. I would not go for all the world! I shall warrant it is my poor brother Wat; who knows what these wild Frisies may have done to him!'—Hosie's Mountain Bard, 3d Ed. pp. 31-2."

Note 2 P.

The Goblin-Hall.—P. 110.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester (for it bears either name indifferently), the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. The Statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Barn gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment:—'Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hope 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 of Yester died in 1367; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by natural art, and called in the country Bo-Hall, i.e. Hodgekin 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 Hope's water. 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 George

1 James I. Parl. Journals cap. 94; Parliament III. cap. 54.
APPENDIX TO MARCONI.

Sir David Dalrymple's authority for the anecdote is in Fordan, where his works are, "A. D. M. LXXIII. Hum Giffard de Yester mortit; causas costrum, vel satam costrum, et ducenem, arte demonicis antiquo relationes ferunt fabrificata: nam idem habet mirabilis speciem subterraneus, opus mirifico contructo, magnus terrarum spatio protelatus, qui comminuer Lib-Mall appellatus est." Lib. X. cap. 21. — Sir David conjectures that Hugh de Gifford must "there have been a very wise man, or a great oppressor." 

Note 2 Q.

_There floated Haco's banner trim_ Above Norwegian warriors grim._—110._

In 1583, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Frith of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs in Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 20 October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. There are still existing, near the place of battle, many barrows, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and arms.

Note 2 R.

_The wizard habit strange._—P. 111.

"Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with tippets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furred with fox-skins, under which they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many entablatical names, with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their shoes should be of new patent leather, with a cross cut upon them. Their knives are dagger-fashion; and their swords have neither guard nor scabbard."—See these, and many other particulars, in the Discours concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to _Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft_ edition 1655.

Note 2 S.

_Upon his breast a pentacle._—P. 111.

"A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the sparre which he invokes, when they are stubborn and rebellious, and refuse to be conformable unto the ceremonies and rites of magic."—See the Discourses, &c. above mentioned, p. 66.

Note 2 T.

_As born upon that blessed night, When glowing groves and dying groan_ Proclaim'd Hell's empire overthrown._—P. 111.

It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on Christmas or Good Friday have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spanish imitated the hagard and downcast looks of their Philip II. to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.

Note 2 U.

_Yet still the knightly spear and shield_ The Efin warrior both would Upon the brown hill's breast._—P. 112.

The following extract from the Essay upon the Fairy Superstitions, in the "Mists of the Scottish Border," vol. i. will show whence many of the particulars of the combat between Alexander III. and the Goblin Knight are derived:—

Gervase of Tilbury _Otia Imperial ap. Script. ren. Brezaved_ (vol. i. p. 207), relates the following popular story respecting a fairy knight:—"Oesbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandelbury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, renewed 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 knight. Oesbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. 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 sprung up, and darting his spear, like a javelin, at Oesbert, wounded him in the thigh. Oesbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of sable color, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigor. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurred the ground, and vanished. On dismissing himself, Oesbert 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 or the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit. Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, travelling by night with a single companion, "came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked 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 corpse of the knight and steed."—_Heroglyphe of Blessed Angeline_, p. 534.

Besides these instances of Erin's chivalry above quoted, many others might be alleged in support of employing fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Glenmore, in the North Highland, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called Lham-dorg, in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bodily hand, that which he takes himself. He insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him; and makes up an account of the district, extant in the MacFaulans MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us, that, in his time, Lham-dorg fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghostly conflict. Barelay, in his "Euphorion," gives a singular account of an officer who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till mid night, when beheld the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling; this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, who defied them.
both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and annihilated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union; nor did his efforts make more effective impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me: but I think the spirit made to the intruder on his mansion the usual proposal, that they should renounce their redemption; which being declined, he was obliged to retreat.

The most singular tale of the kind is contained in an extract communicated to me by my friend Mr. Surtees of Main-forth, in the Bishopsgate, who copied it from a MS. note in a copy of Burton's "On the Nature of Spirits. Svo. 1683," which I had been the property of the late Mr. Gill, attorney-general to Egerton, Bishop of Durham. "It was not," says my obliging correspondent, "in Mr. Gill's own hand, but probably a hundred years older, and was said to be, E Libro Consec

The extract, which, in fact, suggested the introduction of the tale into the present work, runs thus:

"Rem nimirum hujusmodi quae nostri temporibus event, testi virtu nobis ac fide dignissimi, excurror tempore. Rodolphus Bulmer, cum e curia, quae tene tempore prope Norham, postea eodem, oblationibus causa, existint, ac in earumdores Turbae richam prude cum eum chapeas lepores inseque-

The narrative is continued in the MS. note, and is thus continued:

"Neque, primo aegro, quo prae-

spectus. See a whole chapter on the subject, in BARTLELI

PASSIO AC BUT

"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 per-

began to walk. "Will o' the Wyff," this personage is a strolling demon, or rerit pullet, who, once upon a time, got adittance into a monastery as a scullion and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack o' Lantern. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,

"And he 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 Witches." I have penned 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.

Lord Llanegarorea — I 17.

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindsay's Wicca, 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.

"The first alnila, that thou didst mute,

The MS. chronicle, from which Mr. Crabrooke took this curious extract, cannot now be found in the Chapter Library of Durham, or, at least, I have failed in the researches of my friendly correspondent.

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Then played I twenty springen peepi

"Quoth he was great pleasure for to hear."

Vol. i. p. 7, 257.

"I beg leave to quote a simple instance from a very interesting passage. Mr. David, recounting his attention to King James V. in his infancy, is made, by the learned editor's punctuation, to say,—

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APPENDIX TO MARMION.

But, with all his faults, his work is an acceptable present to Scottish antiquaries. Sir David Lindsay was well known for his early efforts in favor 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. For uncertain if I

Note 2 Z.

Crewe Castle.—P. 118.

A large rainsie castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very differing regard to splendor 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 porico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones 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 softits are ornamented with twining foliage and roses: and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who impounded to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. 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 II., whose death by this unfortunate act of treachery, by seducing his master Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the Monarch having dishonored 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 of Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Carrander, Baronet. It was to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a field 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 Hasty More. The epitaph, which is not uncommonly applied to the priors of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saxon origin. It occurs twice in the "Epistola Itineraria" of Tellinus. "Cor-

Note 3 A.

Earl Alan Hepburn.—P. 118.

He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field at Fliedden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he distinguished himself by a famous attempt to retrieve the day.

Then on the Scottish part, right proud, The Earl of Bothwell then out brast, And with his foot on the horse's back, Into the enemies' throng he thrust; And Bothwell! Bothwell! cried bold, To cause his soldiers to ensue.

To neglect this was held discourteous in the great, and insolence in the inferior traveller; and so utterly was the etiquette based on some feudal lords, that the Lord Ochpbead is said to have planted coins at his castle of Newtyle in Angus, so as to command the high road, and compel all revenue passengers to do this act of homage.

It chanced when such ideas were predominant, that the Lord of Creven Castle received intelligence that a Scottish chieftain of note rank, some say Scott of Buccleuch, was to pass his dwelling on his return from court. The Lord of Crichton made great preparations to banquet his expected guest, who nevertheless rode past the castle without paying the expected visit. In his first burst of indignation, the Prince parted the discontented traveller with a body of horse, made him prisoner, and carried him in the dungeon, while he himself and his vassals feasted upon the guest's cheer which had been provided. With the morning, however, his reflection, and anxiety for the desperate feod which impended, as the necessary consequence of his rough proceeding. It is said, that, by way of amends honorable, the Baron, upon the second day, placed his compellent guest in his seat of honor in the hall, while he himself retired into his own dungeon, and thus did at once appease for his rashness, a slight the honor of the stranger chief, and put a stop to the feud which must otherwise have taken place between them.—Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of Press Works, vol. viii. pp. 149-150.
But there he caught a welcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him threw.
The battle went through his body hard
His fatal line in conflict found," &c.

Flodden Field, a Poem; edited by H. Weber. Edin. 1836.

Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known is the history of Queen Mary.

Note 3 B.
For that a messenger from heaven,
In vain to James had counsel given,
Against the English war.—P. 119.

This story is told by Pitscottie with characteristic simpli-
city:—"The King, seeing that France could get no support of
him for that time, made a proclamation, full hastily, through
all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north,
as well in the isles as in the 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 make his enterprize of Edinburgh, and then to pass forward where he pleased. His proclamations were hastily
obeyed, contrary to the Council of Scotland's will; but every
man loved his prince so well that they would on no ways
leave him; but every man caused make his proclamation so
hastily, conform to the charge of the King's proclamation.

"The King came to Linlithgow, where he happened 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 mean time there came a man, clad in a blue
gown, in the kirk door, and beheld about him in a roll of
men cloth; a pair of brokings on his feet, to the great of
his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto: but
he had nothing on his head, but sely red yellow hair behind,
and on his booted, which was 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-stuff in his hand, and
came first forward among the lords, crying and spreeing 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 grooving 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 prepared; for if thou does,
thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor nose that passeth
with thee. Further, she bade thee meet with no woman, nor
use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou
thine: for, if thou do, thou wilt be confounded and brought
to shame.'

"By this man had spoken th' words unto the King's grace,
The evening-song was near done, and the King paused on this
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 and been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind,
and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindsay,
Lyon-baurland, and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at that
time, young men, and special servants to the King's grace,
were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have
laid hands on this man, that they might have spied further
things at him: But all for naught; 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 informa-
tion of our Sir David Lindsay: "In his (i.e. qui propius
existerunt), fuit David Lindsayus, Montaunos, homo apotecis
fideis et probostatis, nec a literarum studis atleta, cujus
tuttus viva tenor legisseme a mentiendo obruere; a quo his
ego hae uti tradidi, pro certis accipiscem, ut evgutanum et
nis rumoribus fabulum, omisiusus eram."—Lab. xiiii. The
King's throne, in St. Catherine's aile, which he had con-
structed for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights Com-
panions 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 men-	or of James IV.; for the expression in Lindsay's narrative,
"My mother has sent me," could only be used by St. John,
the adopted son of the Virgine 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
cautions against inconstancy, that the Queen was privy to
the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient to do
King James from his impolite war.

Note 3 C.
The wildbeek bell.—P. 119.
I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer
by another word than braying, although the latter has been
sanctified by the use of the Scottish metrical translation of
the Psalms. 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 VII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wanlyte
Lodge, in Wandelie Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient
inscription testifies) of "listening to the bell's bell".

Note 3 D.
June saw his father's weertrow.—P. 119.
The rebellion against James III. was signaling 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, flew 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.,
in the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of
the chapel-royal depiring the deaths of his father, their
founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself
in severe penances. See a following note on stanza x. of cana
The battle of Bannockburn, in which James III. fell, was
fought 10th June, 1513.

Note 3 E.
The Borough-moor.—P. 122.
The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very
great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city
to the bottom 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 wood-
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-moor was, according to
Hawthornden, "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade
of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and simi-
APPENDIX TO MARMION.

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 highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Burnside Links. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word harr, signifying an army.

Note 3 F.

Parliaments.—P. 122.

I do not exactly know the Scottish mode of encampment in 1513, but Patten gives a curious description of that which he saw after the battle of Pinkie, in 1547:—"Here, now, to say somewhat of the manner 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 set (after their fashion), for the love of France, with deur-deys, some of blue buckramm, some of black, and some of other colours. These white ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Faunxeye 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 linen drapery, of the coarser caubryk in deede, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather cayns and couches 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, whereof two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two ends beneath stick in the ground, an ell stander, standing in fashion like the bowes of a sows 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 shant shut at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides, unless their sticks were the stier, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger napery; 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 wear ones couched, they were as warm as they had been wrap'd in horses' dung."—Patten's Account of Somerset's Expedition.

Note 3 G.

—in proud Scotland's royal shield.

The reddie lion ramp'd in gold.—P. 122.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Buchan and Buchanan, the double treasure round the shield, mentioned, counter fleur-de-lis'd or ligned and arm'd argent, was first assumed by Eclainis, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochay, or Asby, little better than a sort of King of Brumford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the northeastern coast of Scotland.

Note 3 H.

—Caledonia's Queen is changed.—P. 124.

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 the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proper distinction.

Note 3 I.

Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry she gave reposé.—P. 125.

Henry VI., with his Queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, tied 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 certainly did. Mr. Pitkeron inclining to believe that he remained at Kirkcaldy. But my noble 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 28th 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 1565. But this error being corrected from the copy in Macfarlane's MSS., p. 119, 20, removes all skepticism 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 hospitable reception of the disarmed monarch and his family, called forth on Scotland the encomium of Molinet, a contemporary poet. The English people, he says,—

"Un nouveau rov créent
Par despitez voulont,
Le viel en deboutrent,
Et son legitime heir,
Qui jugay alla prendré,
D'Escosse le gared,
De tous nulles le menstre,
Et le plus tolerant."

Recollection des Avantures.

Note 3 K.

—the romantic strain,

Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear.—P. 125.

Mr. Ellis, in his valuable introduction to the "Specimens of Romance, has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravilleuse, 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 précis 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. 125.

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 Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII., and the Cornish insurgents, in 1496, the image of Stann was defended by a packed band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Holinshed, "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 uncut shafts.

Note 3 M.

To pass, to school, the groups to gain
And high carvett, that not in vain
The sword away might descend again
On foeman's rusque below.—P. 126.

'Tis the most useful air, as the Frenchmen term it, is territoire; the couberttes, cabrioles, or un pas et un sault, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers: yet I cannot deny but a demicoutte with couberttes, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or melee; for, as La Brune hath it, in his Book of Horsemanship, Monsieur de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the demicoutte, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime galants of France did meet; for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of his coubertte, 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 hardy burgesses there
March arm'd on foot with faces bare.—P. 126.

The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and spears, sword, buckler, knife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £100; their armor to be of white or bright harness. They wore white kirtle, i.e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV, their weapons and armours are appointed to be held four times a year, under the alderman 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 halbert, axe, or spear.—P. 126.

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 armor was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons cross-bows and culverins. All were swords of excellent temper, according to Pluteus; and a voluminous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The same 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 laudable praises and laudable:"

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-piencers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted on foot.

Note 3 P.

A banquet rich, and costly wine.—P. 129.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomesoever 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. Brockett; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1539-40 mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red."—Clifford's Edition, p. 20

Note 3 Q.

His iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pure,
In memory of his father slain.—P. 29.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain oanes every year that he lived. Pitcairnie 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 scotsman. The person and character of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gaiety, approaching to licentious, 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 inconsistency, he sometimes laughed at the superstitious observances to which he at other times subjected himself. There is a very singular poem by David, 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, entit'led—

"Aumbur's Dirige to the King,
Ending ever long on Straining
We that are here, in heaven's glory;
To you that are in Purgatory,
Commend us on our hearty wise;
I mean we folks in Paradise,
In Edinburgh, with all merriness,
To you in Stirling, with distress,
Where neither pleasure nor delight a,
For pity this quixotic writes," etc.

See the whole in Sibbald's Collection, vol. i, p. 234.

Note 3 R.

Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.—P. 129.

It has been already noticed [see note to stanza xii. o. can- i.], that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our historians impute to the King's infatuated passion the delays 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; but she came and went, however, between the arms of James and Sarrey, is certain. See PKRSTON'S History, and the authorities he refers to, vol. ii. p. 99. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort necessary to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was
“This Cochran was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be marrows to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kick-door. The council inquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, Laird of Lochleven, was keeper of the kick-door at that time, who inquired who that was that knocked so rudely? and Cochran answered, ‘This is I, the Earl of Mar.’ The which news pleased well the lords, because they were ready boun to cause take him, is before rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus passed hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his compeers who were there, as they thought good. And the Ea. of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, and he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his craig, and said to him, a tower would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas syne pulled the blowing horn from him in like manner, and said, ‘He had been the hunter of mischief over long.’ This Cochran asked, ‘My lords, is it now, or earnest? ’ They answered, and said, ‘It is good earnest, and so thou shalt. I said; for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more enmity, 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 wine 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 bound them before his eyes at 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 tows and bind his hands, for he thought shame 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 despight, they took a hair tetter, and manged him over the bridge of Lawder, above the rest of his complices.’—Pitscottie, p. 73, folio edit.

Note 3 V.

Tantallon held.—P. 131

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a hilly rock projecting into the German 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.

1 Hope. 2 Jast. 3 Halir.
it. 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 cannon, whose names, as Pitscottie informs us with humble minuteness, were "Throw-mouth'd Mad and her Narrow;" also, "two great boars, and two myon, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons;" for the safe guiding 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 Patzgo. 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. Then is a military tradition, that the old Scottish March was meant to express the words,

"Ding down Tantallon,
Mak a rig to the Base."

Tantallon was at length "dung down" and ruined by the Covenanters; its lord, the Marquis of Douglas, being a favorer 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. 131.

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two bands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1529, 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 Godefrout as a popular saying in his time) are inscribed around the emblem:

"So many guid as ye Douglas beigne
Of ane surname was ne'er in Scotland seyne.

I will ye charge, after yit I depart
To her grave, and thair bury my hart;

Let it remane ever boute tymk and howe,
To ye last day I sile my Saviour.

I do protest in tymk of al my ringe,
Ye lyk subject had never oon lying."

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, is of an excellent temper and admirably poised.

Note 3 X.

Martin Swart.—P. 132.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was de-

feated 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, 1783, p. 21.

Note 3 Y.

Perehance some form was unseduced;
Perehance in prayer, or faith, he suerned.—P. 132.

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 salvo for the strange and obviously precarious 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 name of "Angus and Amelia," the one brothers-vs.-sisters fighting for the other, disguised in his armor, swears that he did not commit the crime of which the Stewart, 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. "Ah, no!" said the valiant, "I am not a coward, 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 à penser," adds Brantome, "s'il n'y a pas de l'abus là."

Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory: "Un autre abus y avoir-il, que ceux qui veulent un juste sujet de querelle, et qu'on les faisait jurer avant entrer au camp, pensaient être assiétés en vainveurs, dire s'en assurérent-ils du tout, meaclar que leurs confesseurs, parviens et confidens leurs en repusrent tout-biit, comme si Dieu leur en eust donné une potente; et ne regardant point d'autres fountes passées, et que lieu en garde la punition de ce coup là pour plus grande, despécière, et exemplaire."—Discours sur les Ducs.

Note 3 Z.

The Cross.—P. 134.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious struc-
ture. 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 workman-
ship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmonted

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 (pro

funder!) destroyed this curious monument, under a warranty 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 was fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the her-

aux published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by radii, diverging from a stone centre, in the Rig Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.
NOTE 4 A.

This awful summons came.—P. 134

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithgow, an attempt, by those averse to war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. The following account from Pitscottie is characteristically minute, and furnishes, besides, some curious particulars of the equipment of the army of James IV. I need only add to it, that Pitcock, or Pitlock, is no other than Pluto. The Christians of the middle ages by no means unbelieved in the existence of the heathen deities; they only considered them as devils. And so far from employing any thing fabulous, it was a synonyme of the grand enemy of mankind. "Yet all their warnings, and uncouth tidings, nor so good counsel, might stop the King, at this present, from his vain purpose, and wicked enterprise, but hastened him hie to Edinburgh, and there to make his provision and furnishing, in having forth his army against the day appointed, that they should meet in the Burrow-muir of Edinborough: That is to say, seven cannons that he had forth of the Castle of Edinburgh, which were called the Seven Sisters, casten by Robert Borthwhick, the master-gunner, with other small artillery, bullet, powder, and all manner of order, as the master-gunner could devise."

"In this meantime, when they were taking forth their artillery, and the King being in bed 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 summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Pitcock; which desired all men to come, both Earl, and Lord, and Baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his own name), to come, within the space of forty days, before his mister, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of obedience. 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 shown to me, that an indweller of the town, Mr. Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed, going in his gallery-stair foreground the Cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, erred on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him if, he took out 5 crown, and cast over the stair, saying, "I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and takes me all whole in the mercy of God, and Christ Jesus my son." Verily, the author of this, that caused me write the manner of this summons, was a hanged gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and named of the seinted of the said summons; and there-after, when the field was stricken, he swore to me, there was no man that escaped that was called in this summons, but that one man alone which made his protestation, and appealed from the said summons; but all the lave were perishd in the field with the king."

NOTE 4 B.

Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.—P. 136

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, or the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newburn describes with some attributes of a devilish character. "Homo, hirufiliosus, ferciosa, et astucia, fere nullo suo tempore impar." 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 disaster. 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 succor. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

NOTE 4 C.

The savage Dane at Fal more deep the mead did drain.—P. 137.

The lol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christians in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The harmony of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Turfus tells a long and curious story, in the History of Hrolfs Kraka, of one Hatto, 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 intrenchment, against those who continued the railing. The dances of the northern warriors round the great fires of pine-trees, are commemorated by Olaus Magnus, who says, they danced with such fury holding each other by the hands, that, if the grasp of any fell all, 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 off a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for "spoiling the king's fire."

NOTE 4 D.

On Christmas eve.—P. 137.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, except on Christmas eve. Each of the frolics with which that holiday used to be celebrated, might admit of a long and numerous note; but I shall content myself with the following description of Christmas, and his attributes as mentioned 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 stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his sars and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him. The name of his children, with their attire: MissisRule, in a velvet cap, with a spring, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a woman's; and his torch-bearer, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bearer carrying a song-book, open;—Missis'e'pie, like a fine cook's wife, drest neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons;—Gambell, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer arm'd with coale-staff, and blinking clothes;—Post and Pair, with a pair-royal of axes in his hat, his garment all done over with pairs and pairs; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters;—N.f.w. earl's gift, in a blue-coat, serving man like with an orange, and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his neck, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread; his torch-bearer carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on outer arm;—Mumming, in a masking pied suit, with a visor; his torch-bearer carrying the box, and ringing it;—Wassail, like a great temperance and squire, and having a pair of yellow powder, drest with ribbands, and rosemary, before her;—Offerings, in a short gown, with a porters stance in his hand; a wytch borne before him, and a bason, by his torch-bearer;—Baby Cocke, as the prince of the power of the air."

The most remarkable in the story are the surviving classical superstitions, as that of the Germans, concerning the Hill of Venus, into which she attempts to entice all gallant knights, and destroys them; there in sort of Fools' Paradise.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

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[Image of page]

No. 4 E

_Few lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery._—P. 138.

It seems certain, that the _Mummas_ of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighboring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the _Quarrards_ of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland (in _ipsa texta_), we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apes, at least of Peter Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbors' plum-cake was deposited. One played a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another was...

... "Alexander, King of Macedon,
Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone:
When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,
To see a little nation courageous and bold."

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote, and unconsciously. There was also, occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited. It was much to be wished that the Chester Mysteries were published from the MS. in the Museum, with the annotations which a diligent investigator of popular antiquities might still supply. The late acute and valuable antiquary, Mr. Ritson, showed me several memoranda towards such a task, which are probably now dispersed or lost. See, however, his _Remarks on Shakespeare_, 1753, p. 36.

Since the first edition of Marmion appeared, this subject has received much elucidation from the learned and extensive labors of Mr. Douce; and the Chester Mysteries [edited by J. H. Markland, Esq.] have been printed in a style of great elegance and accuracy (in 1818), by Bensley and Sons, London, for the Roxburghe Club, 1839.

Note 4 G.

The Spirit's Blasted Tree.—P. 139.

I am permitted to illustrate this passage, by inserting "_Cwbren yr Eyllt_, 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 Vaughans of Hengwrt; 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 chiefmen, Howel Scle, and Owen Glendower, was extreme, and marked by vile treachery in the one, and ferocious cruelty in the other. The story is somewhat changed and softened, as more favorable 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 inscription. Some trace of Howel Scle'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 Cymmer. The former is retained, as more generally used.

The Spirit's Blasted Tree.

_Cwbren yr Eyllt_.

"Through Nannau's Chase, as Howell pass'd
A chief esteem'd both brave and kind,
Far distant borne, the stag-hounds' cry
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

"Starting, he bent an eager ear,—
How should the sounds return again?
His hounds lay wearied from the chase,
And all at home his hunter train

"Then sudden anger flashed his eye
And deep revenge he vow'd to take
On that bold man who dared to force
His red deer from the forest trees

slide from Dr. Pitsenm, my father became possessed of the portrait a _m_ a _tion._

1 The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated genius. By his favor the late Earl of Kellie, who was descended on the maternal

2 The history of their feud may be found in Pennant's Tour in Wales.

3 The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated genius. By his favor the late Earl of Kellie, who was descended on the maternal
"Unhappy Chief! would naught avail,
No signs impress thy heart with fear,
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary seer!

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 creak— they sought their destined prey.

"Illomen'd bird! as legends say,
Who hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow.

"Blinded by rage, alone he pass'd,
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid:
But what his fate lay long unknown,
For was 't anxious year delay'd.

"A peasant mark'd his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake's dark horene,
He saw him near a Blasted Oak,
But never from that hour return.

Three days pass'd ere, no tidings came;—
Where should he be? 'tis his steps 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,
They never must see their lord again.

"Yet Fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the Chief once more:
Some saw him on high Moni'ts top,
Some saw him on the winding shore.

With wonder fraught the tale went round,
Amazement chain'd the hungerer's tongue:
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,
Yet feebly o'er the story hung.

"Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse and steward gray
Would lean to catch the stilled sounds,
Or mark the flitting spirit stray.

Pale lights on Cader's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
Twas even said the Blasted Oak,
Convulsed, heaved a hollow groan:

And to this day the peasant still,
With cautious fear, avoids the ground:
In each wild branch a spectre weep,
At troubles at each rising sound

"Ten annual suns had held their connie,
In summer's smile, or winter storm;
The lady shed the widow'd tear,
As oft she traced her manly form.

Yet still to hope her heart would cling
As o'er the mind ill-boding play,—
Yet travel fond, perhaps her lord
To distant lands he steer'd his way.

"Twas now November's cheerless hour,
Which drenching rain and clouds deface
Dr Carlyle's tract appear'd
And dail and dank each valley's space.

"Loud o'er the weir the hoarse flood fell,
And dash'd the foaming spray on high;
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angrily twis't the evening sky.

"A stranger pass'd Llaneilian's bournes,
His dark-gray steed with sweat besprent
Which, wearied with the lengthen'd way,
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

"The portal reach'd— the iron bell
Loud sounded round the outward wall;
Quick sprang the warden to the gate,
To know what meant the chain's thus call

"O! lead me to your lady soon;
Say— it is my sad lot to tell,
To clear the fate of that brave knight,
She long has proved she love so well

"Then, as he cross'd the spacious hall,
The mental's look surprise and fear;
Still cross'd his harp old Modred hung,
And touch'd the notes for grief's worn ear.

"The lady sat amidst her train;
A mellow'd 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.
Gladly my tongue would tell its tale,
My words at ease unfetter'd flow.

"Now, lady, give attention due,
The story claims thy full belief;
E'en in the worst events of life,
Suspense removed is some relief.

"Though worn by care, see Madoc here,
Great Glyndwr's friend, thy kindred's son!
Ah, let his name no anger raise,
For now that mighty Chief lies low.

"E'en from the day, when chain'd by fate,
By wizard's dream, or poet spell,
Lingerin' from sad Salopia's field
'Round of his ait the Percy fell;—

"E'en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violed faith,
Pursued him with unweary'd step;
Vindicative still for Hotspur'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 gain'd by till his scanty bread;
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne
And her brave sons to glory led!
To penury extreme, and grief,
The Chieftain fell a lingering prey;
I heard his last few faltering words,
Such as with pain I now convey.

'To Sole's sad widow bear the tale,
Nor let our horrid secret rest;
Give but his course to sacred earth,
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 shunn'd the light of day.

Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost, despil'd my land,
Desperate, I fled my native soil,
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

Oh, had thy long-lamented lord
The holy cross and banner view'd,
Died in the sacred cause! who tell
Sad victim of a private feud!

Led by the armor of the chase,
Far distant from his own domain,
From where Garthmaelgan speaks her shades
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

With head aloft and antlers wide,
A red buck roamed then cross'd in view:
Strang with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howell flew.

With bitter taunt and keen reproach,
He, all impetuous, pour'd his rage;
Reviled the Chief, as weak in arm,
And bade him loud the battle wage.

Glyndwr for once restrain'd his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delays;
But soften'd war, like oil to fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

They fought; and doubtful long the fray
The Glyndwr gave the fatal wound!
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

How could we hope for wish'd retreat,
His anger veils ranging wide,
His bloodhounds' keen sagacious scent,
'Or many a trackless mountain tried.

I mark'd a broad and Blasted Oak,
Scorch'd by the lightning's livid glare
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shin'dl'd arms were bare.

Be this, I cried, his proper grave!—
(The thought in me was deadly sin.)
A loft we raised the hapless Chief,
And dropp'd his bleeding corse within

A shriek from all the damsels bent,
That pierc'd the vaulted roofs below;
While horror-struck the Lady stood,
A living form of sculptured wo.

With stupid stare and vacant gaze,
Full on his face her eyes were cast,
Absor'd is—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 dawn,
To hear the tale—behold the man.

He led them near the Blasted Oak,
Then, conscious, from the same withdrew:
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the woe'd bones to view—

Back they recould! the right hand still,
Contracted, grasps'd a rusty sword;
Which rest in many a battle gleam'd,
And proudly deck'd their slaughter'd lord

'They bore the corse to Vener's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers address'd;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,
And gave the angry spirit rest.'

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**Note 4 H.**

*The Highlander*  
*Will, on a Frying-morn, look pale,*  
*If ask'd to tell a fairy tale.* —P. 139.

The *Divine skit*, or *Men of Peace*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Norrger* than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, it 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 favorite color, 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 superstitious 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 popular superstitions of the Highlanders may be found in *Dr. Graham's Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire*.

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**Note 4 I.**

*The towers of Francheumont.*  
*P. 139.*

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.  

Past by the pretty little village on Francheumont (near Spa), with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Couz 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 neighboring peasantry, that the last Baron of Francheumont 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 internal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained the more august. 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 on that act he would have delivered over his son to the Devil. Yet if anybody can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the Earth, the Sea, and the Sun would vanish, and many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the Devil in the shape of a great cat.

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**Note 4 K.**

The very form of Hilda fair,  
Hovering upon the sunny air,  
And smiling on her votaries' prayer.—P. 141.

"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 occasions, in the Abbey of St. Andrews or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (in the sweeter 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 south end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. Though we are certain this is only a reflection caused by the splendor 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 Pagists, even in these our days, offer up their prayers with as much zeal and devotion as before any other image of their most glorified saint."—Charlton's History of Whitby, p. 33.

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**Note 4 L.**

_The large and gaping brand_  
Which went on fire, in battle fought,  
Has Force's head, and Fergus' heart.  
As saw-knife laps the sapling spray.—P. 143.

The Earl of Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spans of Kilsipindie, a favorite 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 of Hermitage, 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 Linnegay, of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill. See Introduction to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

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**Note 4 M.**

_Ans hopest thou hence unscathed to go?_  
No! by St. Bride of Bothwell, as I,  
Up drawbridge, grame it!—Hare! Wonder no!  
Let the portcullis fall.—P. 144.

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 Maccllan, Tutor of Bombay, who having refused to acknowledge the prerogative claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thrive on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Grey, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the Tutor of Bombay, and obtained from the King a "Eee letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Grey's hands. When the tutor arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honor due to a favorite 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 affec tion of reverence; "'tis, 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 what you will.'"—Sir Patrick answered again, with a sore heart, and said, 'My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispose 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 labors that you have used at this time according to your deserts.'

"At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spared his horse but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken."—Pitcscottie's History, p. 39.

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**Note 4 N.**

_A letter forged!—Saint Jude to speed!_  
_Did ever knight so feel a deed!_—P. 144.

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.

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**Note 4 O.**

Lennox's convent.—P. 155.

This was a Cistercian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennox House is now the residence of my tene able 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 Flodden Field.

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**Note 4 P.**

_Twintel bridge._—P. 145.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King

1 First Edition.—Mr. Brydone has been many years dead 1948.
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 to his support, with the reserve of cavalry probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in check. Home’s men, when digging, had gone to pieces on the usual passage of the baggage of both armies; and their leader is described by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery.

On the other hand, Huntley, on whom they bestowed many encomiums, 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. On the left, the success of the English was yet more decisive; for the Scottish right wing, consisting of un disciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and his men, who had the first part of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. 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 conquer of victory, when it seemed to the right flank, and in the rear of James’ 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, from a thousand to six thousand men; but that included the men of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarcely a family of renown 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, which Tunstall’s book alone, in the midst of its account, sets out under the title, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend, Mr Henry Weber Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epitaph of

encampment, a short distance from Flodden Hill, a tumulus, which, on removing, exhibited a very singular sepulchre. In the centre, a large urn was found, but in a thousand pieces. It had either been broken to pave the stones falling upon it when digging, or had gone to pieces on the ascent of the air. This urn was surrounded by a number of soil formed of flat stones, in the shape of graves, but too small to hold the body in its natural state. These sepulchral remains contained nothing except ashes of the same kind as that in the urn.—"Admiral local records (v. 180, 1832), vol. ii, pp. 60 and 109.

Note 4 R.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romanic 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 of the Wars, and Surrey, who arrived on his right flank, and in the rear of James’ 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, from a thousand to six thousand men; but that included the men of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarcely a family of renown 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, which Tunstall’s book alone, in the midst of its account, sets out under the title, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend, Mr Henry Weber Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epitaph of

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manned, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the
circumstance of his returning unharmed, and loaded with a
oil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny
against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a
more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred that Jam-
weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone
on a pilgrimage, to merit absolution for the death of his father
and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry. In particular
it was objected to the English, that they could never show
a token of the iron belt; which, however, he was likely to
have laid aside on the day of battle, as encumbering his per
sonal exertions. They produce a better evidence, the monarch's
sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald's
College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of
the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate mon
arch were treated in his time. An unhewn column marks the
spot where James fell, still called the King's Stone.

NOTE 4 T.

The fair cathedral storm'd and took.—P. 151.

This storm of Lichfield cathedral, which had been garri
soned on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil
War. Lovel Brooke, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the
assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the visor 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 Eng
land. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly
upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being pulled
by the fire of the besiegers.
The Lady of the Lake:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

After the success of "Marmion," I felt inclined to exclaim with Ulysses in the "Odyssey"—

"Ouat vna tis ait萁o &tno &tioi etereiioei.
Nv ater scondv s'devo."

Ody. x. 1. 5.

"One venturesome game my hand has won to-day—Another, gallant, 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 Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gaeil highly adapted for poetical composition. The feeds 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 honorable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, more 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 imprinted on my recollection, was a labor 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 doubts 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 sub ject 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 favorite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." I replied to this affectionate ex postulation in the words of Montrose—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the test
To gain or lose it all."

The lady first entered the romantic scenery of Loch Katrine, of which he may perhaps say he has somewhat extended the reputation, "riding in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear guard, and loaded arms."—Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 190.

"The lady with whom Sir Walter Scott held this conversation was, no doubt, his aunt, Miss Christian Rutherford; there was no other female relation excepted when this introduction was written, whom I can suppose him to have consulted on literary questions. Lady Capelton, on seeing the corpse of Tybalt, exclaims,—

'Tybalt, my cousin I oh my brother's child!'


Lines in praise of woman.—Wishart's Memoirs of Montrose, p. 497.
"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 bonnet,
The dink, and the feather, and a'!"

Afterwards, I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which recurred to her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the reticence often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warping of her excellent taste and unbiased friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retraction of the unfavorable 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 canvas, improves any favorable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade.

I remember that about the same time a friend started in to "尺度 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 Ashiestiel 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 favorable 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 through 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,

1 The Jolly Beggar, attributed to King James V. — Herd's Collection, 1776.
2 "I believe the shred of crime here introduced was the poet's excellent cousin, Charles Scott, now lord at Knowes-dalh. The story of the Irish postilion's trot he owed to Mr. Moore." — Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 233.
3 "Mr. Robert Cadell, who was then a young man in training for his profession in Edinburgh, retains a strong impression of the interest which the Lady of the Lake excited there for two or three months before it was on the counter. "James Sullane," he says, "read the cantos from time to time to 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 revery 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 King with the wandering knight, Fitz-James, when he winds his bugle to summon his attendants. He was probably thinking of the lively, but somewhat licentious, old ballad, in which the denouement of a royal intrigue takes place as follows:

"He took a bagle free his side,
He blew loud and shrill,
And four and twenty belted knights
Came skipping over the hill.
Then he took out a little knife,
Let a' his daddies fa',
And he was the bravest gentleman
That was amongst them a'.
And we'll go no more a-roving," 

This discovery, as Mr. Pepys says of the rent in his camlet 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, when I relied on it with the same hope of producing effect, with which the Irish postboy 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 Venachar 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 indue me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconsistent wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had so boldly courted her favors for three successive times, had not as yet been shaken.3 I had at select coteries, as they advanced at press. Common fame was loud in their favor; a great poem was on all hands anticipated. I do not recollect that any of all the author's works was ever looked for with more intense anxiety, or that any one of them excited a more extraordinary sensation when it did appear. The whole country rang with the praises of the poet. Crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till that comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighborhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-certained fact, that from the date of the public-
tained, 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 Wilkite, 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 cursed, 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 endeavored 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 had now for several years dedicated my hours so much to literary labor, that I should have felt difficulty in employing myself otherwise; and so, Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if perversity should think me undeserving of the favor with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, "they could not but say I had the crown," and had enjoyed for a time that popularity which is so much coveted.

I conceived, however, that I held the distinguished situation I had obtained, however unworthily, 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 duties only on rare and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which the caprice of which the public, 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 indulgence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the negative proscription. Accordingly, those who choose 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 Queenhith.

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 gallopes furiously through a village, must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in stretching to flog 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 an uncommon one with our irritable race, to enjoy general favor, without incurring permanent ill-will, so far as is known to me, among any of my contemporaries.

W. S.

ABBOTTSPORD, April, 1810.

2500, appeared in 1825. Since which time the Lady of the Lake, in collective editions of his poetry, and in separate issues, must have circulated to the extent of at least 20,000 copies more. So that, down to the month of July, 1829, the legitimate sale in Great Britain has been not less than 50,000 copies.

1 "In twice five years the greatest living poet,
Like to the champion in the lists, the king,
Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it
Although "in an imaginary thing," &c.

Don Juan, canto xi. st. 55.

2 "Sir Walter reign'd before me," &c.

Don Juan, canto xi. st. 57.
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. 1

1 Published by John Ballantyne & Co. in 4to., with engraved frontispiece of Saxon's portrait of Scott, £2 2s. May, 1810.

2 "Never, we think, has the analogy between poetry and painting been more strikingly exemplified than in the writings of Mr. Scott. He sees everything with a painter's eye. Whatever he represents has a character of individuality, and is drawn with an accuracy and minuteness of discrimination, which we are not accustomed to expect from verbal description. Much of this, no doubt, is the result of genius; for there is a quick and comprehensive power of discernment, an intensity of keenness of observation, an almost intuitive glance, which together alone can give, and by means of which her favorites are enabled to discover characteristic differences, where the eye of dulness sees nothing but uniformity; but something else must be referred to discipline and exercise. The liveliest fancy can only call forth those images which are already stored up in the memory; and all that invention can do is to unite these into new combinations, which must appear confused and ill-defined, if the impressions originally received by the senses were deficient in strength and distinctness. It is because Mr. Scott usually delineates those objects with which he is perfectly familiar, that his touch is so easy, correct, and animated. The rocks, the ravines, and the torrents, which he exhibits, are not the imperfect sketches of a hurried traveller, but the finished studies of a resident artist, deliberately drawn from different points of view; each has its true shape and position; it is a portrait; it has the name by which the spectator is invited to examine the exactness of the resemblance. The figures which are combined with the landscape are painted with the same fidelity. Like those of Salvator Rosa, they are perfectly appropriate to the spot on which they stand. The boldness of feature, the tightness and compactness of form, the wildness of air, and the careless ease of attitude of these mountaineers, are as congenial to their native Highlands, as the birch and the pine which darken their glens, the sedge which fringes their lakes, or the heath which waves over their moors."— Quarterly Review, May, 1810.

3 It is honorable to Mr. Scott's genius that he has been able to interest the public so deeply with this third presentation of the same chivalrous scene; but we cannot help thinking, that both his glory and our gratification would have been greater, if he had changed his hand more completely, and actually given us a true Celtic story, with all its drapery and accompaniments in a corresponding style of decoration. Such a subject, we are persuaded, has very great capabilities, and only wants to be introduced to public notice by such a hand as Mr. Scott's, to make a still more powerful impression than he has already effected by the resurrection of the tales of romance. There are few persons, we believe, of any degree of poetical susceptibility who have wandered among the secluded valleys of the Highlands, and contemplated the singular people by whom they are all teemed—with their love of music and of song—their hardy and irregular life, so unlike the unvarying toils of the Saxon mechanism—their devotion to their chief—their wild and lust traditions—their national enthusiasm—the melancholy grandeur of the scenes they inhabit—and the multiplied superstitions which still linger among them—without feeling, that there is no existing people so well adapted for the purposes of poetry, or so capable of furnishing the occasion of new and striking inventions.

4 "We are persuaded, that if Mr. Scott's powerful and creative genius were to be turned in good earnest to such a subject, something might be produced still more impressive and original than even this age has yet witnessed."—Jay Fray, Edinburgh Review, No. xvi. for 1810.

5 "The subject of The Lady is a common Highland irruption, but at a point where the neighborhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clans are so near to the Court, that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine. There are no so many splendid passages for quotation as in the two former poems. This may indeed silence the objections of the critics, but I doubt whether it will promote the popularity of the poem. It has nothing so good as the Address to Scotland or the Death of Marmion."—Mackintosh, in his Diary, 1811, see his Life, vol. ii. p. 82.

6 "The Lay, if I may venture to state the creed now engra
The Lady of the Lake.

Canto First.

The Chase.

Har'p of the North! that mouldering 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 festive 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 dama's and crested chiefs attention bow'd.
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Kighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude so'er the hand
That ventures 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 hair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red

Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head.
The deep-mouth'd blood-red and heavy lay
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 man storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his bearded frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment smil'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 capse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-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 awaken'd mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rang out,
A hundred voices joint the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fiel the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its falling din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and urn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stay'd perchance,
Was fain to breathe his laboured horse;
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarcely half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain's side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.
The noble stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.

But nearer was the copsewood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benlomond.

Fresh vigor with the hope return'd,
With flying foot the heath he span'n,
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 Cambusmore;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benleedi's ridge in air.
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunn'd to stem the floodet Teith.
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swarm stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar?
And when the Brig of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone

VII.
Alone, but with unbounded zeal,
That horseman plied the scourgant and steel.
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil.

While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strain'd full in view,
Mourning with a firm voice, a line of ten syllables, it is returned, first from the opposite side of the lake; and when that is finished, it is repeated with equal distinctness from the wood on the east. The day must be perfectly calm, and the lake as smooth as glass, for otherwise no human voice can be returned from a distance of at least a quarter of a mile."—GRAHAM'S Sketches of Perthshire, 2d edit. p. 182. See Appendix, Note A.

1. See Appendix, Note A.
2. "About a mile to the westward of the Inn of Aberfoyle, Lochard opens to the view. A few hundred yards to the east of it, the Avenal, which had just issued from the lake, tumbles its waters over a rugged precipice of more than thirty feet in height, forming, in the rainy season, several very magnificent cascades.

3. "The first opening of the lower lake, from the east, is uncommonly picturesque. Directing the eye nearly westward, Benlomond raises its pyramidal mass in the background. In nearer prospect, you have gentle eminences, covered with oak and birch to the very summit; the bare rock sometimes peeping through amongst the clumps. Immediately under the eye, the lower lake, stretching out from narrow beginnings to a breadth of about half a mile, is seen in full prospect. On the right, the banks are skirted with extensive oak woods which cover the mountain more than half way up.

4. "Advancing to the westward, the view of the lake is lost for about a mile. The upper lake, which is by far the most extensive, is separated from the lower by a stream of about 200 yards in length. The most advantageous view of the upper lake presents itself from a rising ground near its lower extremity, where a footpath strikes off to the south, into the wood that overhangs this connecting stream. Looking westward, Benleedi is seen in the background, rising, at the distance of six miles in the form of a regular cone, its sides presenting a gentle slope to the N.W. and S.E. On the right is the lofty mountain of Benoghrie, running westwards the deep vale in which Lochleven lies concealed from the eye. In the foreground, Lochard stretches out to the west in the fairest prospect; its length three miles, and its breadth a mile and a half. On the right, it is skirted with woods; the northern and western extremity of the lake is diversified with meadows, and corn-fields, and farm houses. On the left, few marks of cultivation are to be seen.

5. "When on, the traveller passes along the verge of the lake under a bank of rock, from thirty to fifty feet high; and, standing immediately under this rock, towards its western extremity, he has a double echo, of uncommon distinctness. Upon pronouncing, with a firm voice, a line of ten syllables, it is returned, first from the opposite side of the lake; and when that is finished, it is repeated with equal distinctness from the wood on the east. The day must be perfectly calm, and the lake as smooth as glass, for otherwise no human voice can be returned from a distance of at least a quarter of a mile."—GRAHAM'S Sketches of Perthshire, 2d edit. p. 182. See Appendix, Note A.

6. "Two mountain streams—the one flowing from Loch Voil, by the pass of Leny; the other from Loch Katrine, by Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, unite at Callender; and the river thus formed thenceforth takes the name of Teith. Hence the designation of the territory of Mensteith.

7. "Loch Vennachar, a beautiful expanse of water, of about five miles in length, by a mile and a half in breadth." Grah.

8. "About a mile above Loch Vennachar, the approach (from the east) to the Bridge, 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 harks upon the traveller's eye a sudden and wide 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 justly 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 Glenfinlas, and the distance Benvenue."—GRAHAM.
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 toll'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 bard the way;  
Already glorying in the prize,  
Measured his antlers with his eyes;  
For the death-wound and death-hallow,  
Muster'd his breath, his whinnyard drew;  
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, dashed down a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trosach's wildnest nook  
His solitary refuge took.  
There, while close couched, the thicket shed  
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,  
He heard the baffled 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 labors 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.  
"I little thought, when first thy rein  
I shook'd upon the banks of Seine,  
That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy neat limbs, my matchless steed!  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back lipp'd, with slow and crippled pace,  
The silky 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 gleam their level way;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed 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-splinter'd pinnacle;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native baldwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous plied on Shin'ms plain.  
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 shiver'd brows display'd,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streams green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west'st wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child  

\footnotesize 1 See Appendix, Note B. 
2 Ibl. Note C. 
3 "The term Trosach signifies "rough or breviled territory." — Grahain. 
4 MS. — "And on the hunter hied his pace,  
To meet some comrades of the chase."
Here eglandine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark lines with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.

With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening 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 cope 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such broidth of brim,
As served the wild-ducks' brood to swim.
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 stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made,
The shaggy mounds no longer wood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wove-encircled, seem'd 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.

MS.-"Hissheathed trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
Hisragged arms athwart the sky,
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where twinkling streamers waved and danced."

MS.-"Affording scarce such breadth of flood,
As served to float the wild-duck's brood."

MS.-"Emerging dry-shoot from the wood."

S. Loch Ketturin is the Celtic pronunciation. In his Notes to The Fair Maid of Perth, the author has signified his belief
that the lake was named after the Catterins, or wild robbers,
who haunted its shores.

Benvenue—is literally the little mountain—i. e., as compared with Benali and Benmonmid.

MS.-"His ruin'd sides and fragments bear,

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 broom's 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, enwrapt with bright,
Float amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenned.,
Down on the lake in masses throw
Crag, knoll, and mound, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hour;
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an' heaved high his forehead bare.

XV.

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptur'd and amaz'd.
And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp, or churchman'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 gray;
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 lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin's distant hum,

While on the north to middle air."

8 According to Graham, Ben-an, or Benvenn, is a moor of Ben-Mountain.

9 Perhaps the art of landscape painting in poetry has never been displayed in higher perfection than in these stanzas, to which rigid criticism might possibly object that the picture is somewhat too minute, and that the contemplation of it detain's the traveller somewhat too long from the main purpose of his pilgrimage, but which it would be an act of the greatest injustice to break into fragments, and present by piecemeal.

10 So the magnificent scene which bursts upon the bewildered hunter as he emerges at length from the dell, and commands at one view the beautiful expanse of Loch Katrine."—Critical Review, August, 1820.

11 MS.-"From the high promontory gazed
The stranger, awe-struck and amaz'd.
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewilder'd stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.¹

XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now,—behold ye nimbler deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some meek lamb may couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy,²
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 merriment:
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.—³

I am alone;—my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried."

XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,⁴
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel gauge of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,⁵
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twig to lave,
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 Lake 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 flung 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 trace⁶
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown.—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing 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 flaxen 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,—³
These silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear

XIX.

A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid.
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such 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 broach 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 hanks 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 unreveal'd,

And when the boat had touch'd the sand
Conceal'd he stood amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake."

⁴ MS.—"To hospitable feast and hall."
⁵ MS.—"A little skiff shot to the bay.
The Hunter left his airy stand,

¹ See Appendix, Note E.
² MS.—"'The bugle shrill again he wound,
And lo! forth starting at the sound.'"
³ MS.—"A little skiff shot to the bay,
The Hunter left his airy stand,

⁶ MS.—"A finer form, a fairer face,
Had never marble nymph or grace,
That boasts the Grecian chisel's trace.

⁷ MS.—"The accents of a stranger tongue."
⁸ See Note on Canto X. stanza 8.
With maiden pride the maid conceal’d,
Yet not less purely 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 I,” the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alar’d, with hasty ear,
Push’d her light shallow from the shore,
And when a space was gain’d between,
Closer she drew her bosom’s screen;

(So forth the startled swan would swing, 3
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
Then safe, though flutter’d and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
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 armor trode the shore.

Slighting the petty need he show’d,
He told of his benighted read;
His ready speech flow’d fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seem’d that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

MS — “A space she paused, no answer came.—

“Alpine, was thine the blast?” the name
Less resolutely utter’d fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.

“Nor foe nor friend,” the stranger said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The startled maid, with hasty ear,
Push’d her light shallow from the shore.”

XXII.
A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wilder’d wanderers of the hill.

“Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew
This morn, a coach was pull’d for yon.

On yonder mountain’s purple head
Have parramiga and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer.” —

“Now; by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has err’d,” he said;

“No right have I to claim, mispheed,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune cast,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne’er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake’s enchanting strand.

I found a fay 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 gray-hair’d sire, whose eye intent
Was on the vision’d future bent.

He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way,
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tassell’d born so gayly girt,
That falchion’s crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumeage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim,
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deem’d it was my father’s horn,
Whose echoes o’re 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 unwonted saw him try;
For seldom sure, if o'er before,
His noble head had grasped an ear:¹
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the slallop flew;
With heads erect, and whispering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply,
Nor frequent does the bright ear break
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their slallop on the beach.

XXV.
The stranger view'd the shore around;
"T'was 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.²

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 hoar 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-head,
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 unhorned,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine.

XXVII.
"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He cross'd 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
Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the task'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died;³
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Penmons and flags defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streams of blood retain'd,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncoth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII.
The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised—
Few were the arms whose sinewy 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 stanch arm might brook 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 sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart;⁴
There hung the wild-cat's brindled hide,
Above the elk's branch'd brow and skull,
And frontlet of the forest bull."

¹ See Appendix, Note G.
² MS — "Here grins the wolf as when he died,
² See Appendix, Note H.
But in the absent grant's hold
Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX.
Th' 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. 1
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unask'd his birth and name 2
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fallest 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 sire's, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning, with Lord Moray's train,
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here." 3

XXX.
Fair would the knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire,
Well shov'd the elder lady's mien, 4
That courts and cities she had seen:
Ellen, though more her books display'd 5
The simple grace of silvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Shower'd she was come of gentle race.
Twere strange, in ruler 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 guy,
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,

M.2.—"Oh whom, though more remote her claim,
Young Ellen gave a mother's name." 6

1 See Appendix, Note I.
2 MS.—"Woh show'd the mother's easy mien."
3 MS.—"Ellen, though more her looks betray'd
The simple heart of mountain maid,
In speech and gesture, form and grace,
Show'd she was come of gentle race:
'Twas strange, in birth so rude, to find
Such face such manners, and such mind.

On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels we cast the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing;
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Fill'd up the symphony between.

XXXI.
Song.
"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dwelling.
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 waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,"
Armor's clang, or war-steed chaiping,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Musterling clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill note may come
To the day-break from the fellow,
And the bitt'en sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, 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's verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.
"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumberous spells assail ye;
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bogles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Each various hint the stranger gave
The mother heard with silence grave."

6 See Appendix, Note K.
7 MS.—"Salamander our spells shall not avail you.
8 MS.—"Let our slumberous spells avail ye.
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 roc bagles sound reveillé."

XXXIII.
The hull was clear'd—the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dream'd their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flowers shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had hull'd to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again return'd the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul be interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in din 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 yielded 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 grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and, pouting with affright,
Recall'd the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The unwonted trophies of the hall.
Mid these the stranger fix'd his eye,
Where that huge faneion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rush'd chasimg countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moon-shine pure.

XXXV.
The wild rose, equantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume.
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play'd on the water's still expanse,—
Wild wore 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 bear the Douglas' eye?
Can I not view a Highland band,
But it must match the Douglas band?
Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I'll dream no more,—by maudly mind,
Not even in sleep is will resign'd.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."

The woods, the mountains, and the waving wave
Of the wild brooks!"—Castle of Indolence, Cant. 1.

MS.—"And dream'd their mountain chase again."

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul dreams shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And over the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom;
Ervice the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart;
But chief, awhile! O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with plains awe and joy-mixt woes the heart.

Or are you sportive?—bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estranged, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;

"Play'd on the bosom of the lake,
The birch, the wild rose, and the broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume. The birch-trees wept in balmy dew.
The aspen slept on Beauchen; Wild wore the heart whose passions' wave
Defied the influence of the hour."
The Lady of the Lake.

Canto Second.

The Island.

I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morn 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 strong r on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roosed a minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mix'd with the sounding harp, & white-hair'd Allan-Bane.

II.

Song.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course so light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory fade,
The benefits of former days,
Then stranger, yon good spright, while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to lose in royal court,
High place in battle line,
Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
The honor'd need be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love and friendship's smile,
Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

Song continued.

"But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Fine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe:
Remember then thy hap ere whilst,
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 shallop reach'd the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the lakeshore,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
To minstrel benediction given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven.
As from the rising sun to claim
A spark of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seem'd watching the awakening fire;
So still he sate, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one leaf of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sate 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 rosy hue—
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
You parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave adieu;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Show me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye!

* See Appendix, Note L.

* MS.—"At tourneys where the brave resort."
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 sign she made;
And after, off the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was deal'd 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 stag-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 said—
"Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—
"Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;
Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eyes,
Another step than thine to spy,"
Wake, Allan-Bane," aloud she cried,
To the old Minstrel by her side,—
"Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the Grenme!"
Scarce 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 Grame was held the flower.

VII.
The Minstrel wak'd his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes,
And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died.
"Vainly thou bid'st, O noble maid,
Chasping 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 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.
C'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, can
Thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.
"But ah! dear lady, thus it sigh'd
The eve thy sainted mother died;
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 loud through Bothwell's banner'd hall,
Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,'
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Breed in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
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!"

IX.
Soothing she answer'd him, "Assuage,
Mine honor'd friend, the fears of age;
All melodies to 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, unbidden notes should rise,
Confus'dly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song—
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Observe, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lauds, 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 grieve.
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 lca,
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 wreathe'd in her dark locks, and smiled.
ANTO II.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

X.

*her smile or speech, with winning sway,
Wield 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
Thrift'd to a tear, then thus replied:
"Lovehest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honors, thou hast lost!
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,
To see my favorite'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!"

XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,
(Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd;)
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy.
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay
In courtly dance than bithie 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 bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourage, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lemno's foray—for a day."

XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress'd:
"I'll hast thou chosen them for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick c'ere, and smiled
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back 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 dared give—ah! woe the day,
That I such hatred truth should say—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disown'd by every noble peer,?
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 guerdon in thy hand;
Full soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear;
And though to Roderick thou'rt a dear,
That thou mightst 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.

"Minstrel," 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 votaress in Maronnan's cell,
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er 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 gray,—
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own!—I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklur's thundering wave;,
And generous—save vindictive mood,
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
That bound him to thy mother's name?
Who else dare give," &c.

? See Appendix, Note Q.
* Ibid, Note R.
? "Ellen is most exquisitely drawn, and could not have been improved by contrast. She is beautiful, frank, affec tionate, rational, and playful, combining the innocence of child with the elevated sentiments and courage of a heroine.
Quarterly Review.
? See Appendix, Note S.
More mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,
Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes drenched with blood.
The man that for my father fought,
I honor, as his daughter ought;
But can I chace it rocking red,
From peasants slaughter'd in their shed?
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem,
And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
While yet a child,—and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—
I shudder'd at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty men and lordly air:
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas know 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?—woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle!
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore,"
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Died, self-unseathed, foreshow
The footsteps of a secret foe."
If courtey spy hath harbor'd here,
What may we for the Douglas 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 disdainful head,
Bethink thee of the dread discard
That kindled, when at Beltane game
Thou led'st the dance with Malcolm Grame,
Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspen wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the caunt's hoarse head,

Yet, by my minstrel's 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 man'd and masted barges grew
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Stood full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Broughshiel they pass'd,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spear, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumes, dance and wave.
Now see the bonnets 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 chatters 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 rang the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellow'd along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay
Wailed every harisher note away;
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clain's shrill gathering "shoulder could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the light."
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundred's shak's the glen,
And, hurrying at the signal dread,
The batter'd earth returns their tread.
Then prelude ag'zt, of livelier tone,
Express'd their weary marching on,
Ere peal of clashing battle rose,
With mag'nted outcries, shrieks, and blows;
And fir'le din of stroke and ward,
As broad sword upon target jar'd;
And grinding cease, ere yet again,
Co'densed, the battle yell'd amain;

1 See Appendix, Note T.  2 Ibid. Note U.
"The moving picture—the effect of the sounds—and the
character and strong peculiar nationality of the whole
precession are given with inimitable spirit and power of
expression."—Jeffery.
Cotton-grass.
4 The pipe of the bagpipe.  5 See Appendix, Note V.
Canto II.

The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,
Sunk in a moan prolong'd and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell.
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their houseth'chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his ear,
With measured sweep the burden bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.
The chorus first could Allan know,
"Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! ieroe!"
And near, and nearer as they row'd,
Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

XIX.

Boat Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again.
"Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifled rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise again,
"Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XX.

Proudly our piobhach has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
"Roderick Vich Alpine dhu ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces your islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine
O that some 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,
"Roderick 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 back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chieftain'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, loiterer come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreath a victor's brow!"—
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obey'd,
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung:
"List, Allan-Bane! From mainland cast
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side"
Then like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerer 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 dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
poem has seldom, if ever, been introduced with finer effect, or
in a manner better calculated to excite the expectations of the reader, than on the present occasion."—Critical Review
...
MS.—"The chorus to the chieftain's fame..."
It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a dutous daughter's head!  
And as the Douglases 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 niall welcomes 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 Rodrick kinking on the isle;  
His master pitiously he eyed,  
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride  
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 shoulder, 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 penion, won  
In bloody field, before me shone,  
And twice ten knights, the least a name  
As mighty as ye 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 waked crescent own'd my might,  
And in my train troop'd lord and knight,  
Though Blantyre hymnd her holiest lays,  
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,  
As when this old man's silent tear,  
And this poor maid's affection dear,  
A welcome gave 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 appear'd,  
For Douglas spake, and Malcolm heard.  
The flush of shume-faced joy to hide,  
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue  
His fatal greetings eager hung,  
Mark'd not that awe (affection’s proof)  
Still held you gentle youth aloof;  
No! not till Douglas named his name,  
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;  
The loved caresses of the maid  
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;  
And, at her whistle, on her hand  
The falcon took her favorite stand,  
Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,  
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.  
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,  
Like fabled Goddess of the wood,  
That if a father's partial thought  
Overweigh'd her worth and beauty aught,  
Well night the lover's judgment fail  
To balance with a juster scale;  
For with each secret glance he stole,  
The fond enthusiast 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 graceful limbs disclose;  
His fixt hair of sunny hue,  
Cur'd closely round his bonnet blue.  
Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye  
The ptarmigan 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 doe, though wing'd with foam  
Outstropp'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 bards, 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 quail 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 a stray?  
And why so late return'd? And why"—

Although the youth was Malcolm Graeme.  
Thee with flash'd check and downcast eye,  
Their greeting was confused and shy."

1 MS.—"The dogs with whimpering notes renial."  
2 MS.—"Like fabled huntress of the wood."
The rest was in her speaking eye.

"My child, the chase I follow far,
Tis mimickry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime rest
Were al of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I stray'd,
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,
Nor stray'd I safe; for, all around,
Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Rash'd life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood,
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Eudrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me ajen."

XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Graeme,
Yet, not in action, word, nor eye,
Fail'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 thought seem'd toiling in 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
To best convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said:—

"Short be my speech;—not time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father,—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim
Mirc honor'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,—
List all!—The King's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,¹
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch's silvan game,

themsehves in bloody toils were snared;
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals hung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Meggrat's head,
From Yarrow braves, and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk, 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 espiial sure I know:
Your counsel in the strictest I know"—

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 color went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Graeme;
But from his glance it well appear'd,
'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd;
While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,
The Douglas thus his counsel said:—
"Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar
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 gray head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants 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 honor," Roderick said,
"So help me, heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My fathers' ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part

¹ See Appendix, Note Z.
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 soon;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling’s porch;
And, when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames,
Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
—Nay, Ellen, blush not thus away,
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heart might say—
Small need of inroad, or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the foil’d king, from pathless glen,¹
Shall bootless turn him home again.”

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 calmly out their dangerous dream,²
I’ll wak’n’d by the morning beam;
When dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the huddled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb 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 foreshow?—
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound’d,
As sudden ruin yawnd 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 rise 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 wan as clay.
“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—forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne’er
Will level a rebellious spear.
’Twas that taught his 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 wrongs,
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,
Stoop’d his pinion’s shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim’s way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plung’d deepest its envenomed smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the land of Douglas wrung,
While eyes, that mock’d at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o’er.
The death-pangs of long-cherish’d hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its checker’d shroud,
While every sob—so mate 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 Graeme

XXXIV.
Then Roderick from the Douglas broke
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low
To one broad blaze of reddy glow;
So the deep anguish of despair³
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm’s breast and belted plaid:

MS.—“Till the foil’d king, from hill and glen.”
MS.—“Dream’d calmly out th’ desperate dream.”

³ MS.—‘The deep-toned anguish of despair
Flush’d in fierce jealousy, to air.”
"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,
"Rack, minion! hold'st thou thus at naught
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thou dost for punishment delay'd."
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Graeme.

"Perish my name, if naught afford
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!"
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Gripped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been—but Douglas rose,
And thrash between the struggling foes
His giant strength:—"Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fall'n so far,
His daughter's hand is doom'd the spoil
Of such dishonorable troth?"
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glanced,
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As, falter'd through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veil'd his wrath in scornful word.

"Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air."
Then mayst 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 passes show.
Malis, what ho!—his benchman came.

"Give our safe-conduct to the Graeme."
Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold,
"Fear nothing for thy favorite hold;
The spot, an angel deign'd to grace,
Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place.
Thy churlish courtesy for these
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe to 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,
Naught here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,
So secret, but we meet agen.—
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour."—
He said, and left the silvan bower.

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 Graeme,
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, bind
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,
His ample plaid in tighter fold,
And stripp'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 leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Graeme,
Who loves the Chieftain of his name,
Not long shall hour—d Douglas dwell,
Like hunted stag in mountain cell;
Nor, ere you ride—will'mn robber dare,—
I may not give the roe to air!
Tell Roderick Dhu I owg him naught,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to you mountaine-side."
Then plunged he in the flashing tide
Bold o'er the flood his head & bore.
And stoutly steer'd him from the shore,
And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,

"I hold the first who strikes, n foe."

Note to the second edition.

1 "There is something foppish and out of character in Malcolm's rising to head out Ellen from her own parlor; and the sort of wrestling-match that takes place between the rival chieftains on the occasion, is humiliating and indecorous."—Inferre.

2 MS.—"Thus as they strove, each better hand
Griess'd for the dagger or the brand."

The Author has to apologize for the inadvertent appropriation of a whole line from the tragedy of Douglas.

4 MS.—"Sullen and slow the rivals bok;
Loosed, at his best, their despe' hold,
But either still on other glared, ".

5 See Appendix, Note 2 A.

6 See Appendix, Note 2 B.

7 MS.—"He spoke, and plunged into the tit}
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 hap’d by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
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 fast 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.²

II.

The summer dawn’s reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss’d the Lake, just stirr’d the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;

"There are no separate introductions to the cantos of this poem; but each of them begins with one or two stanzas in the measure of Spenser; usually containing some reflections connected with the subject about to be entered on; and written, for the most part, with great tenderness and beauty. The following, we think, is among the most striking."—Jeffery.

² See Appendix, Note 2 C.

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick’s breast
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
A abrupt he paced 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 prefas meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking hand stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast,—
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenen,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven, reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV.

A heap of wither’d boughs 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 fock and hood.
His grissled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seem’d o’er,

Invisible in fleecy cloud,
The lark sent down her matins loud,
The light must left,’ &c.

Are clothed with early blossoms; through the grass
The quick-eyed hazel nester, ann the bill’s
Of somnus hissing in the woods of evergreen:
Cælida Heredia

MS.—"Part by his vassals’ early care
The mighty man prepare."
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,1
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
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 hollow'd creed gave only worse5
And deadlier emphasis of curse;
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shun'd with care,
The eager huntsmen knew his bound,
And in mid chase call'd off his 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.3

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,4
To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron bond;
Beneath the browd and ample bone,
That buckler'd heart 'o fear unknown,
A feebler and a timorous guest,
The field-face framed her lovely mast;
There the slow wind-blow left his shine
On the field-lined tops that mock'd at tune;
And there, too, lay the leafer's skull,9
Still wreath'd with chaplet, flush'd and full,
For heath-bell with her purple bloom,

See Appendix, Note 2 D.

MS.—"While the bless'd creed gave only worse."

MS.—"He pray'd with many a cross between,
And terror took devotion's mien."

See Appendix, Note 2 E.

The remaining thing is something of pride in the perilous hour.
Waste'er be the shape in which death may lowe.
For fame is there to say who bled,
And honor's eye on daring deeds!
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the withering field of the tomsless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Hearts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay."—Byron: Siege of Corinth.
Remove you skull from out the scattered heads,
To that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!
Supplied the bonnet and the plume:9
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 virgin snood did Alice wear:9
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden grudge 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, unconcem'd.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to waft,
Till, frantic, he as truth received:10
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate;
In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasped 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 presumptuous pride;
Till with a fired brain and nerves o'er
strung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;
Yet this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;
Behold through each lack-justre, eyeless hole,
The gay rec es of visions and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brook'd control;
Can all said, sage, or sophist ever writ.
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit!"

Child's Heart.

"These reflections on an ancient field of battle afford the most remarkable instance of false taste in all Mr. Scott's writings. Yet the brevity and variety of the images serve well to show, that even in his errors there are traces of a powerful genius."—Jeffrey.

* See Appendix, Note 2 F.

9 MS.—"Till, driven to despair, he believed:
The legend of his birth received."
VII.
The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child. 1
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Reheld the River Demon rise;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noon-tide, bag, or ghoul grim:
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swell'd with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heat
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 boding scream; 2
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steed's careering fast
Along Benharrow's slingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride.*
The thunderbolt had split the pine,—
All 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 Chieftain 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 egleg'd beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs 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 Inch. Caillach wave 4
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave;
And answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothed many a chieftain's endless sleep.
The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,
With wasted hand and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke.

IX.
"Woe to the clansman, who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low! 3
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sire's and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just 4
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, 5
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds its source,
And flings to shore his musterd force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
"Woe to the traitor, woe!"
Ben-an's gray 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 scath'd the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reach'd the air,
Although the holiest name was there, 6
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 down wretchedness and shame
And infamy and woe."
Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,

See Appendix, Note 2 G.

1 MS.—"The fatal Ben-Shie's dismal scream;
   And seen her wrinkled form, the sign
   Of woe and death to Alpine's line."

2 MS.—"The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream; 2
   And seen her wrinkled form, the sign
   Of woe and death to Alpine's line.

3 See Appendix, Note 2 K.

4 MS.—"Their clattering targets wildly strook;
   And first they mutter'd low."

5 MS.—"Although the holy name was there."

6 See Appendix, Note 2 I.
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 shrieking echo gave,
Curl-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
And the gray pass where birches wave,
   On Beala-nam-bo.

XII.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his laboring 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 Chief’sman’s aid,
The signal saw and disobey’d.
The crooklet’s points of sparkling wood
He quench’d among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he rear’d,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
   “When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine’s summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Falsied the foot that shuns 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 came again
The murmur of the deep Amen.

XIII.

Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still
When it had near’d the mainland till;
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.

Speed, Malise, speed! the deer’s hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, 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 bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound
The crag is high, the scaur 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,
Puraneat not maid through greenwood bush,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
With rivals in the mountain race;
But, danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the hats 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 clamor and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe,
Left in the half-cut swathe 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 alarms,
Each son of Alpine rush’d to arms,
So swept the tumult and affray

Thou track’st not now the stricken doe,
Nor maiden coy through greenwood bough,
   “The description of the starting of the ‘fiery cross’ bears
   more marks of labor than most of Mr. Scott’s poetry, and
   borders, perhaps, upon straining and exaggeration; so
   shows great power.”—Jeffrey.
Along the margin of Achray,
Alas, thou lovely lake! that o'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gayly loud.¹

**XV.**

**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.

¹ MS.—"Seems all too lively and too loud."

² MS.—"Tis woman’s scream, 'tis childhood's wail."

³ See Appendix, Note § M

Or corri. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.

⁴ "Mr. Scott is such a master of versification, that the most complicated metre does not, for an instant, arrest the progress of his imagination; its difficulties usually operate as a salutary excitement to his attention, and not unfrequently suggest to him new and unexpected traces of expression, if a careless rhyme, or an ill-contrived phrase occasionally escape him amidst the irregular torrent of his stanza, the blemish is often imperceptible by the burned eye of the reader; but when the short lines are yoked in pairs, any dissonance in the jingle, or interruption of the construction, cannot fail to give offence. —We learn from Horace, that in the course of a long work, a poet may legitimately indulge in a momentary slumber; but we do not wish to bear him more."—Quarterly Review.

⁵ Faithful. The name of a dog.

⁶ MS.—"Angus, the first 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 open’d arms he flew,

Press’d on her lips a fond adieu—

"Alas!" she sob’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 laboring breast,
And toss’d aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when freed,
First he essayed 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 headman’s eye
Wat with unavow’d sym’pathy,
"Kinsman," she said, "his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on;
The oak has fall’n,—the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan’s shelter 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 nest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan’s head!
Let babes and women wail the dead."
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatch’d sword and targe, with hurried hand;
And short and fluttering 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 claimed his right, and tears their course.

XIX.
Benlaid saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Dis.
O’er dale 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 Toith’s young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That grace’d the sable strath with green,
The chapel of St. Bride was seen.
Swain was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus past not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzyly,
Though heark’d his sympathetic eye,
He dash’d aruid the torrent’s roar;
His right hand high the crossetl bore,
His left the pole-axe grasp’d, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splashed high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fall’n,—forever there,
Farewell Duncraggan’s orphan heir!
But still, as in parting life,
Firmer he grasp’d the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gain’d,
And up the chapel pathway strain’d

XX.
A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.
Her troth Tomlca’s Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armaudave.
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bermated sire and self-clad dame;
And plaked youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear,
And children, that, unwitting 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 ‘kerechf’s snowy band;
The gallant bridgroom 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 band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand!
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridgroom from the plighted bride!
O fatal doom! it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine’s cause, her chieftain’s trust,
For summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch 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.

Graced the dark strath with emerald green

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See Appendix, Note 2 N.

MS.—"And where a steep and wooded knoll"
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Lussaig’s lake supplies the Teith.
—What in the racer’s bosom stirred?
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 madly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
And hope from well-fought field returning,
With war’s red honors on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o’er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

Song.
The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken’d curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warrior’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 may not, 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 bendèd bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, 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 bithèly will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary.

1 Mrs. — "And memory orange; the torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain;
But mingled with impatience came
The madly love of martial fame."
2 Bracken.—Fern.
3 See Appendix, Note 2 O.

XXIV.
Not faster o’er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speedst 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 roosed to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarum’d. Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turn’d its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney’s valley brown,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine’s name,
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle 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 tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood;
Each train’d to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain’s hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu’s command.

XXV.
That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Survey’d the skirts of Bevenvenue,
And sent his scouts o’er hill and heatha
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Grizame and Bruce.
In Redone courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray’s towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the heroes from Loch Con;
All seem’d at peace.—Now, wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scann’d with care?
In Bevenvenue’s most darksome clift,
’Twill cheer him in the hour of death,
The beant right to thee, Mary.

* See Appendix, Note 2 O.
† "The eager fidelity with which this fatal signal is hurst
on and obeyed, is represented with great spirit and felicity."—Jeffrey.
‡ See Appendix, Note 2 O.
A fair though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequester'd dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-man-Urisken been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And call'd the grot the Goblin-cave.

XXVI.
It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'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 stood full many a rock,
Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot,
And form'd the rugged silvan grot; 3
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shine
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur wafted the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspected cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern gray.
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,
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debar'd the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyr's hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.
Now e'ert, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild-pass of Beal-nam-bo.
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Acharn,
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; 4
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 neighboring height.
By the low-level'd sunbeams light!
For strength and stature, from 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 Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar; 5
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters 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 dey
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 hark! what mingles in the strain 6

1 See Appendix, Note 2 Q.
2 After landing on the skirts of Benvenue, we reach the cave (or properly the cairn) of the goblines, by a steep and narrow defile of a few hundred yards in length. It is a deep circular amphitheatre of at least 600 yards of extent in its upper diameter, gradually narrowing towards the base, hemmed in all round by steep and towering rocks, and rendered impenetrable to the rays of the sun by a close covert of luxuriant trees. On the south and west it is bounded by the precipitous shoulder of Benvenue, to the height of at least 900 feet; towards the east, the rock appears at some former period to have tumbled down, strewn the whole course of its fall with immense fragments, which now serve only to give shelter to foxes, wild-cats, and hawks.”—Dr. Graham.
3 The Urisk, or Highland satyr. See Note on the previous Canto.
4 Ibid, Note 2 S.
5 Mr.—“To drown his grief in war's wild roar,
Not think of love and Ellen more.”
6 See Appendix, Note 2 R.
It is the harp 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.
Mynm to the Virgin.
*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from 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, hear a suppliant child!
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share;
Shall seem with down of elder piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air;
Should breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, list a suppliant child!
*Ave Maria!*

*Ave Maria!* stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wondrous haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
*Ave Maria!*

XXX.
Died on the harp the closing hymn—
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine's lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page, with humble sign,
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then while his plaid he round him cast,
"It is the last time—tis the last,"
He muttered three,—"the last time e'er
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!"
It was a godly thought—his stride
Hied haster down the mountain-side
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
And instant cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,

The Lady of the Lake
Canto Fourth.

The Prophecy.

I.
"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
O wailing rose, whom fancy thus endears!
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armande,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's 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,

1 *MS.*—"The flinty couch *my sire* must share!"

2 *MS.*—"The dry) = otto's noxious air!"

3 *MS.*—"Where broad extending far below
Muster'd Clan-Alpine's martial show!"

4 *MS.*—"And rapture dearest when obscured or fears"
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.

"Stand, or thou diest! — What, Malise? — soon
Art thou return'd from Braes 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 he! Malise gone.)

"Where sleepst 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, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chief; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back."

III.
Together up the pass they spied:

"What of the foeman?" Norman said,—

"Varying reports from near and far;
This certain,—that a band of war
Has for two days been ready bouned,
At prompt command, to march from Doune;
King James, the while, with princely powers,
Holts revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.

Inured to tide such bitter bout,
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
Unit for arms; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure?"—

IV.

"Tis well advised,—the Chieftain's plan!
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But wherefore 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 Taghaim forsook; by which, afar,

Our sires foresaw the events of war."

Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."

MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad."

His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glow'd like fiery spark
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet.
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikemen's goad,
And when we came to Deman's Row,
A child might senseless 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 Hero's Targe."

Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan 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 you rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
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
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleam'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—

See Appendix, Note 2 T. 3 Ibid. Note 2 U. 4 Ibid. Note 2 V. 5 Ibid. Note 2 W.
“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 harrowing anguish torn,—
This for my Chieftain have I borne! —
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
An human tongue may ne’er 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;
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul;—
Which spills the foremost foeman’s life, 
That party conquers in the strife!”

VI.
“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 lead 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!
Malice! 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 pale of Mar.”

1 MS. — “Which foremost spills a foeman’s life.”
2 See Appendix, Note 2 X.
3 MS. — “The clansman, vainly deem’d his guide.”
4 MS. — “He light on those shall stab him down.”
5 MS. — “When move they on?”
6 “This sun” at noon
7 “To-day” at noon
8 “To-morrow then” at noon
9 MS. — “‘Tis stubborn as his Highland gare.”
10 MS. — “Thick as the flashes darted forth
By morrice-dancers of the north; And saw at morn their barges ride,
And saw at morn their barges ride,
Close moor’d by the long islet’s side.
Since this rude race dare not abide
Upon their native mountain side,
’Tis fit that Douglas should provide
For his dear child some safe abode,
And soon he comes to point the road.”
Thick moor'd 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! Pretext so kind!
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, 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 image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,²
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him redden, when the theme
Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream
Of Malcolm Graeme, in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
Think'st thon he trow'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!
Minstrel, 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 fame,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to die, 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 be his return delay,
He only named you holy fame
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Graeme,—
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?"—

Note, &c.

"No, Allan, no! His words so kind
Were but pretext my fears to blind.
When in such solemn tone, and grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave."

"Thou dost disturb'd by slightest shock,
Reflects the adamantine rock."—
"If pall and vair no more I wear,  
Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,  
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.
'Is 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 you stroke on beech and oak,  
Our moonlight lady's 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 you mortal lie,  
For thou wert christened 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."

XIV.
Ballad continued.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
Though the birds have staid 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 Ethere Brand."

Then forward stepped 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 whence 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 gayly 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

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1 See Appendix, Note 2 A.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 B.
3 See Appendix, Note 2 C.
4 Ibid., Note 2 D.
5 Ibid., Note 2 E.
6 Ibid., Note 2 F.
CANTO IV.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good Greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
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 Snowdon's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a scream:
"Oh 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 taught
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?"—"No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur seethe."—
"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
Yonder his tartans 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 honor'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 never 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 bear us soon to Sirling gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower"—
"O hush, Sir Knight, 'twere 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 bath hath lure thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I'll tell him all—
Yes, struggling boon, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outlaw'd and exiled, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere infamy to wed.
Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—
If ye yet is—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII.
Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain;
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the he;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had seal'd her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffer'd to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.—
"O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
If thou mayst trust won wily kern!
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had cross'd his brain,
He paused, and turn'd, and came again.

XIX.
"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!—
It chanced in flight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave;
And bade, when I had boon to crave
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship the embattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;¹
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the king without delay,²
This signet shall secure thy way;
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me.”
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused—kiss'd her hand—and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He join'd his guide, and wending down
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way,
That joins Loch Katrine to Acharay.

XX.

All in the Trosach's glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill;
Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—
“Murdoch! was that a signal cry?”—
He stammer'd forth—“I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare.”
He look'd—he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed:—“Ah! gallant gray!
For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well
We ne'er had seen the Trosach's dell.—
Murdoch, move first—but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!”
Jealous and sullen on they fared,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge.
When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tatter'd weeds and wild array,⁴
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her rest-less eye
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seem'd naught to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling

MS.—“Permit this hand—the ring is thine.”
MS.—“Seek thou the King, and on thy knee
Put forth thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me;
My name and this shall make thy way.’
He put the little signet on.”
MS.—“He stammer'd forth confused reply;
'Saxon,
'd ear Knight, I shouted but to scare
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shriek'd till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laugh'd when near they drew
For then the Lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung—
She sang—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's 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 gray,
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,⁵
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick foray'd Devan-side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt 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 strik'st her but one blow,
Yon raven from his dainty fare.”

¹ MS.—“Wrapp'd in a tatter'd mantle gray.”
² 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 curve or plain of Stirling.
³ MS.—“A Saxon born, a crazy maid—
'Tis Blanche of Devan,' Murdoch said.”
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.

"See the gray pennons 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 batton on his bones,
And then shall his detesed plaid,
By bush and brier in mid air staid,
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 greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trill'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;
1\h bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,"
Bearing its branches sturdily;

MS.—"With thee these pennons will I share,
When seek my true love through the air."

MS.—"But I'll not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
Deep, deep; 'mid ye disjointed stones,
The wolf shall batton on his bones."

MS.—"Sweet William was a woodman true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat was of the forest hue,
And sweet he sang the Lowland lay."

Hav't ten branches on his antlers.
5 6 No machinery can be conceived more clumsy for effecting
the deliverance of a distressed hero, than the introduction of a
and we ask who, without knowing or caring about the word
never meets him by song, to take care of the ambush that

He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardly, hardly.

"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 brought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought—
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved 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.
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life!
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couched upon the heathery moor:
Then couldst thou reach!—it may not be—
Thine ambush'd kin thou'rt shall 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 gringly smiled to see him die;

was set for him. The maniacs of poetry have indeed been
prescriptive right to be musical, since the days of Ophelia
downwards; but it is rather a rash extension of this privilege
to make them sing good sense, and to make sensible people or
guided by them."—Jeffrey.

MS.—"Forth at full speed the Clansman went;
But in his race his bow he bent,
Halted—and back an arrow sent."

MS.—"It may not be—
The fiery Saxon gains on thee,
Thine ambush'd kin thou'rt shall see!
Resistless as the lightning's flame,
The thrust betwixt his shoulder came."

MS.—"Then o'er him hung, with falcon eye,
And grinely smiled to see him die!"
Then slower wended back his way,  
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

**XXVII.**
She sate beneath the birchen-tree,  
Her elbow resting on her knee;  
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,  
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;  
Her wreath of brown and feathers gray,  
Dangled 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 phrenzied visions fade away.  
A helpless, injured wretch I die!"  
And something tells me in thine eye,  
That thou wilt mine avenger born.—  
Seest thou this tress?—O! I have seen  
This little tress of yellow hair,  
Through danger, famine, and despair!  
It once was bright and clear as thine,  
But blood and tears have dim'd its shine.  
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,  
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—  
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave  
Like plumeage on thy helmet 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 from thy parting light!—  
O! by thy kinglyhood's honor'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 broad 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."  

**XXVIII.**  
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.  
"God, in my need, be my relief!"  
As I wreak this on yonder Chief?"  
A look from Blanche's tresses fair  
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;  
The mingled bruid in blood he dyed,  
And placed it on his bonnet-side:

*MS.—"A guiltless injured wretch I die."*
*MS.—"But now my champion,—it shall wave."*
*MS.—"God, in my need, to me be true,*

"By Him whose word is truth! I swear,  
No other favor will I wear,  
Till this sad token I imbue  
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!  
—But hard! what means ye faint hallo?  
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.  
And oft must change his desperate track,  
By stream and precipice turn'd back.  
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,  
From lack of food and loss of strength,  
He couched him in a thicket hoar,  
And thought his toils and peril o'er—  
"Of all my rash adventures past,  
This frantic freak must prove the last!  
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,  
That all this Highland hornet's nest  
Would muster up in swarms so soon  
As e'er they heard of bands at home?  
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—  
Hark, to the whistle and the shout!—  
If farther through the wilds I go,  
I only fall upon the foe:  
I'll couch me here till evening gray,  
Then darkling try my dangerous way."  

**XXIX.**  
The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell;  
Enough remains of glimmering light  
To guide the wanderer's steps aight.  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;  
And not the summer solstice, there,  
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze; that swept the wold,  
Benn'mb'd his drenched limbs with cold.  
In dread, in danger, and alone,  
Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown  
Tangled and steep, he journey'd on;  
Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,  
A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

**XXX.**  
Beside its embers red and clear,  
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer,  
And up he sprang with sword in hand,—  
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"—

*MS.—"By the decaying flame was laid  
A warrior in his Highland plaid."*
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"—
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost."—
'Art thou a friend to Roderick?'—"No."—
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?"—
"I dare! to him and all the band!
He brings to aid his murderous hand."—
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trappt'd or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou canst a secret spy!"
"They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."—
"If by the blaze I mark ariight,
Thou bearst the belt and spur of Knight."—
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer, 3
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his farther speech address'd.
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kineman true:
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty angry 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 honor'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, 4

MS.—"I dare! to him and all the band!
He brings to aid his murderous arm."
See Appendix, Note 3 F.
See Appendix, Note 3 G.

Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Colliantogle'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 bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gather'd heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam 8
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 wildering pilgrim spied,
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 hazy screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their howly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er the Gaeil 9 around him throw
His gracefull plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded how
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,

* MS.—"And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the lake."  8
6 MS.—"And lights the fearful way along its side:"  e
The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gaeil, or Gaa n the
terms the Lowlanders, Sassenach, or Saxons.
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 fail
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, 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 twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch 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 had borne,
And heap'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, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid."
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on you hill;
The dangerous Chief was then afar,
"A' soon expected back from war.
Thou, said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though, deep, perchance, the villain lied."—

"Yet why a second venture try?"—
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our 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,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
The merry glance of mountain maid:
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."—

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"—
"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Yet doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This master of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—

"Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken 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,
Bewildered 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
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruthless dagger stabb'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."—

VI

Worthy at such arrangement feal,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And hear'd'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 outrage:—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrows truncheon of command,¹
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
His herds and harvests rear'd in vain,—
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 reft 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 for flocks these shingles 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,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey? Ay, by my soul!—While on you plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along your 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 waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambushade?"—
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning 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 doom'd to die.
Save to fulfil an augury."—
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
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 glen
In peace; but when I come aengen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"—³

IX.
"Have, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.¹
Instant, through cope and heath, arose
Bennets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The braeken bush sheds forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life³
To plaided 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.⁴

See Appendix, Note 3 H. ² Ibid. Note 3 I.

MS.—"This dark Sir Roderick ¹ and his band." This savage Chieftain—that's Sir Roderick ¹ and his band.

MS.—"From cope to cope the signal flew.
Instant, through cope and crags, arose."³

MS.—"The braken bush shoots forth the dart."²

MS.—"And each lone tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife."³

That whistle war'd the lonely glen
With full five hundred armed men."³

¹ The Monthly reviewer says—"We now come to the chef d'oeuvre of Walter Scott,—a scene of more vigor, nature, and animation, than any other in all his poetry." Another anonymous critic of the poem is not afraid to quote, with reference to the effect of this passage, the sublime language of the Prophet Ezekiel:—"Then said he unto me, Prophecy unto the
Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still.  
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,  
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?  
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 manned 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:  
Down sunk 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 copses 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 plummage fair,—  
The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
Where heath and fern were waving wide:  
The sun's last glance was glistened back,  
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—  

wond, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith he Lord God: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they "rose and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."  

XL

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed  
The witness that his sight received;  
Such apparition well might seem  
Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
And to his look the Chief replied:—  
"Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—  
But—doubt not aught from mine array.  
Thou art my guest:—I pledged my word  
As far as Coillantogle 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 you 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,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonor'd and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,  
And still, from copse and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
The signal whistle heard again.  
Nor breathed he free till far behind  
The pass was left; for then they win'd  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  

And to a great stone that lay by  
He said:—By God his face, we twa  
The flight on us shall come ta."

3 MS.—"For aid against one brave man's hand."

4 "This scene is excellently described. The in skene are high-souled and brave men of the two warriors,—the reliance which the Lowlander places on the word of the Highlander to guide him safely on his way the next morning, although he has spoken threatening and violent words against Roderick, whose kinsman the mountaineer professes himself to be,—these circumstances are admirably imagined and related."

6 See Appendix, Note 3 K.

8 MS.—"And still, from copse and heather peep  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword rush."

9 At the same time or together.

Note in the Author's M.S. not affixed to any former edition of the poem.
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reach’d that torrent’s sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vermarchar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
On Rocheastle the mouldering lines;  
Where Rome, the Empires of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled;  
And here his course the Chieftain staid,  
Threw down his target and his plaid,  
And to the Lowland warrior said:—  
"Bold Saxons! to his promise just,  
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,  
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,  
Far past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard.  
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
A Chieftain’s vengeance thou shalt feel.  
See here, all vantageless I stand,  
Arr’d, like thyself, with single brand;  
For this is Colmantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne’er delay’d,  
When foeman bade me draw my blade;  
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow’d thy death:  
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
And my deep debt for life preserved,  
A better meed have well deserved:  
Can naught but blood our feud atone?  
Are there no means?"—"’Neath, 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 spils the foremost foeman’s life,  
His party conquer 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 be still his foe,  
Or if the King shall not agree  
To grant thee grace and favor free,  
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,  
That, to thy native strengths restored,  
With each advantage shalt thou stand,  
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV.

Dark lightning flash’d from Roderick’s eye—  
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu!  
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
Thou add’st but fuel to my hate:—  
My clansman’s blood demands revenge.  
Not yet prepared?—By heaven, I change  
My thought, and hold thy valor light  
As that of some vain carpet knight,  
Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
And whose best beat is but to wear  
A braid of his fair lady’s hair."—  
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
For I have sworn this braid to stain  
The bold blood that wars thy vein.  
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—  
Yet think not that by thee alone,  
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;  
Though not from cope, or heath, or caim,  
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 hilt to hilt.,"—  
Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each look’d to sun, and stream, and plain,  
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 targe he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
Had death so often dash’d aside;  
For, train’d abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James’s blade was sword and shield.  
He practised every pass and ward,  
ones, fickle, intrepid, impetuous, affectionate, courteous, graceful, and dignified. Roderick is gloomy, vindictive, arrogant, undaunted, but constant in his affections, and true to his engagements; and the whole passage in which these personages are placed in opposition, from their first meeting to their final conflict, is conceived and written with a sublimity which has never been equalled."—Quarterly Review. 1819.
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war. 1
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stirred draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartsans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'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 Chieftain to his knee. 2

XVI.
"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"—
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
—Likeadder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Fall at Fitz-James's throat he sprung; 4
Received, but rock'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 grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below,
The Chieftain's grip his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright:—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Ree'd soul and sense, ree'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade fell bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;

MS.—"Not Roderick thus, though stronger far,
More tall, and more inured to war."
This copy is not in the MS.
See Appendix, Note 3 O.
MS.—"Yield they alone who fear to die."
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Fall at Fitz-James's throat he sprung."

Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose. 6

XVII.
He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeem'd, unhope'd, from desperate strife; 6
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every breath appear'd his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipt the braid,—
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valor give."
With that he blew a bugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unboumed, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln-green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosed'd rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James reain'd up his horse,—
With wonder view'd the bloody spot—
—"Exclaim not, gallants! question not,—
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the gray pulley bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight
I will prepare at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high;—I must be bouned,
To see the archer-game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.
"Stand, Bayard, stand!"—the steed obey'd
With arcing neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreath'd his left hand in the mane
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
Boundled the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,

MS.—"Panting and breathless on the sands,
But all unwounded, now he stands." 6
MS.—"Redeem'd, unhope'd, from deadly strife;"
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every breath appear'd his last."
MS.—"Faint and afar are heard the feet."
Thou like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launch'd, along the plain they go;
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
And up Carlonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop prickt the Knight,
His merry-men follow'd as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstoun lies behind them cast;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune;¹
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire;²
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glances and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their courser's sweltering sides,
Dark Fort! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With flash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!³
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career look'd down.

XIX.
As up the flinty path they strain'd⁴
Sudden his steed the leader reined;⁵
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung:
"Steet thou, De Vaux, ye woodsman gray,
Who townward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array!
Mark's thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side!⁶
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! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye!
Aho! ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Tread's not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle ⁷
The uncle of the banish'd Earl.

¹ The ruins of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Morton, are now the property of the Earl of Moray, and are kept in repair at the expense of the Duke of Argyll. See Note A, p. 220.
² Blair-Drummond saw their hoofs of fire. See Note D, p. 220.
³ It may be worth noting, that the poet marks the progress of the King by naming in succession places familiar and dear to his own early recollections—Blair-Drummond, the seat of the Homes of Kames; Kier, that of the principal family of the name of Stirling; Ochtertyre, that of John Ramsay, the well-known antiquary, and correspondent of Burns; and Craigforth, that of the Callenders of Craigforth, almost under the walls of Stirling Castle;—all hospitable roofs, under which he had spent many of his younger days. See Note D, p. 220.
⁴ MS.—"As up the stony path they strain'd." See Note A, p. 220.
⁵ MS.—"With which he gains the mountain-side." See Note A, p. 220.
⁶ The Edinburgh Reviewer remarks on "that unhappy couplet, where the King himself is in such distress for a rhyme as to be obliged to apply to one of the obscurest saints in the calendar." The reading of the MS. is:—
"Tis James of Douglas, by my word, The uncle of the banish'd Lord." See Appendix, Note 3 P.
⁷ See Appendix, Note 4 P.

Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:
The King must stand upon his guard;⁸
Douglas and he must meet prepared.⁹
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight²⁰
They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.
The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself:—
"Yes! all is true my fears could frame;²¹
A prisoner lies the noble Greeme, And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate,—
God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven;—
—Be pardon'd one repining tear!
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent! but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.
—Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!²²
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headman's bloody hand,—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!—
—But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Francis-can steeple reel!
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!²³
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burgars hold their sports to-day.²⁴
James will be there; he loves such show,
Where the good yeomen bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear
I'll follow to the Castle-park.
And play my prize,—King James shall mark
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,  
His boyish wonder loved to praise."

XXI.
The Castle gates were open flung,  
The quivering drawbridge rock’d and rung,  
And echo’d loud the flinty street  
Beneath the courser’s clattering feet,  
As slowly down the steep descent  
Fair Scotland’s King and nobles went,¹  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud hurra.

And ever James was bending low  
To his white jennet’s saddle-bow,  
Doffing his cap to city dame,  
Who smiled and blush’d for pride and shame.  
And well the simperer might be vain,—  
He chose the fairest of the train.

Gravely he greets each city sire,  
Commends each pageant’s quaint attire,  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,  
Who rend the heavens with their acclams,  
"Long live the Commons’ King, King James!"

Behind the King throng’d peer and knight,  
And noble dame and damsel bright,  
Whose fiery steeds ill brook’d the stay  
Of the steep street and crowded way.  
—But in the train you might discern  
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;  
There nobles mourn’d their pride restrain’d,²  
And the mean burgher’s joya disdain’d;  
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
Were cast from home a banish’d man,  
There thought upon their own gray tower,  
Their waving woods, their feudal power,  
And deem’d themselves a shameful part  
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.
Now, in the Castle-park, drew out  
Their checker’d bands the joyous rout.  
There morrises, with bell at heel,  
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;³  
But chief, beside the butts, there stand  
Bec’d Robin Hood⁴ and all his band,—

Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,  
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,  
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,  
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;  
Their bugles challenge all that will,  
In archery to prove their skill.

The Douglas bent a bow of might,—  
His first shaft center’d in the white,  
And when in turn he shot again,  
His second split the first in twain.

From the King’s hand must Douglas take  
A silver dart, the archer’s stake;  
Fondly he watch’d, with watery eye,⁴  
Some answering glance of sympathy,—  
No kind emotion made reply!  
Indifferent as to archer wight,  
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII.
Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,  
The manly wrestlers take their stand.  
Two o’er the rest superior rose,  
And proud demanded mightier foes,  
Nor call’d in vain; for Douglas came.  
—For life is Hugh of Larbume lame;  
Scarce better John of Allen’s fare,  
Whom senseless home his comrades bear  
Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
To Douglas gave a golden ring;¹  
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
As frozen drop of wintry dew.

Douglas would speak, but in his breast  
His struggling soul his words suppress’d  
Indignant then he turn’d him where  
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,  
To hurl the massive bar in air.

When each his utmost strength had shown,  
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone  
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,  
And sent the fragment through the sky,  
A rood beyond the farthest mark;—  
And still in Stirling’s royal park,  
The gray-hair’d sires, who know the past,  
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,  
And moralize on the decay  
Of Scottish strength in modern day.³

¹ The MS. adds:—

"With awkward stride there city grooms
Would part of fabled knight assume."

² See Appendix, Note 3 R.

³ MS.—"" With awkward stride there city grooms
Would part of fabled knight assume."

⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 S.

⁵ MS.—"" With awkward stride there city grooms
Would part of fabled knight assume."

¹ Ibid. Note 3 T.

² MS.—"" Of mortal strength in modern day."
XXIV.
The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
The King, with look unmourned, bestow'd
A purse well fill'd with pieces broad.¹
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,²
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
\[...

MS.—"A purse weigh'd down with pieces broad,"
MS.—"Scatter'd the gold among the crowd,"
MS.—"Ere James of Douglas' stalwart hand,"
MS.—"Though worm by many a winter storm,"
MS.—"Or call'd his stately form to mind."
MS.—"Clamor'd his comrades of the train."

XXV.
The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favorite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bordeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe 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,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,

XXVI.
Then clamor'd loud the royal train,⁶
And brandish'd swords and staves again,
But stern the Baron's warning—"Back!"—
Back, on your lives, ye 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?
Presumptuous Lord!" the monarch said;
"Of thy mis-proud 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.—
Break off the sports!"—for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
"Break off the sports!" he said, and frowned,
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII.
Then uproar wild and misarray
Marr'd the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,
Rebell'd by threats and insult loud;⁹

² MS.—"But stern the warrior's warning—" Back! "
³ MS.—"But in my court, injurious blow,
And bearded thus, and thus out-dared! What ho! the Captain of our Guard!"
⁶ MS.—"Their threats repell'd by insult loud"
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier 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 honor, 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 wails 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 spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire;
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill be led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resign'd his honor'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 Lemnox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
Hear'st thou?" he said, "the loud acclam,
With which they shout the Douglas' name,
With like acclam, the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their morning note;
With like acclam they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclam would Douglas grieve,
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 mood,
And fierce as Phrensy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
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 throne,—
The outlaw'd Chieftain, 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
Which would increase his evil. He that depens
Upon your favors, swears with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland."

Coriolanus, Act I. Scene I.
Your grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Fill for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride." — 1

XXXII.
"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
i should have earlier look'd to this:
I lost it in this bustling day,
Retract with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of nine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid 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 our message, Bravo: fly!"
He turn'd his steed,—"My liege, I lie,—
Yet ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
The turf the flying courser 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 dismissed the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the sadder'd town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumor'd feud and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms,—the Douglases too,
They mount'd him pent within the hold,
"Where stout Earl William was of old" — 3
And there his word the speaker staid,
And linger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaws'd 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 begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,
Till clos'd the Night her penmens brown.

1 MS.—"On distant chase you will not ride."
2 Stalbess by James II. in Stirling Castle.

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 culprit to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battle 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 it 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, foretold
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd, 4
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard.
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blacken'd stone,
And show'd wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deform'd with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch.
And fever'd with the stern debouch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drain'd, and cups o'erthrown.
Show'd in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labor'd still their thirst to quench;
Some, chill'd with watching, spread their harms
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands.

3 MS.—"Through blacken'd arch and casement barr'd."
4 MS.—"The lights in strange alliance shine
Beneath the arch of blacken'd stone."
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.\(^1\)
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 despoil'd the soil
That paid so ill the laborer'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 pillow fierce and uncontrol'd;
And now, by hotly and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV.
They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Lock Katrine and Achray.
Pierce 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 gored,
Bore token of the mountain sword.
Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and favorish wails were heard;
Sad burden to the raffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke.\(^2\)
At length up started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,

In host a harry mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day, their games cut short,
And marry'd the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud; "Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the baxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V.
Soldier's Song.
Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging 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 blazey
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 hunch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mothe Church:
Yet whoop, bully-buys! 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-mour 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."

\(^1\) See Appendix, Note 3 U.
\(^2\) See Appendix, Note 3 U.

\(^1\) Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.
\(^2\) "The greatest renown in the poem, is the ribaldry and all vulgarity which is put into the mouths of the soldiers in the guard-room. Mr. Scott has confided to write a song for them, which will be read with pain, we are persuaded, even by his warmest admirers: and his whole genius, and even his power of versification, seems to desert him when he attempts to repeat their conversation. Here is some of the stuff which has dropped, in this unimpassioned attempt, from the pen of one of the first of poets of his age or country," &c. &c. \(^3\) See Samuel Romilly, [Oct. 1810.], "Life," vol. ii. p. 349.
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scar'd,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and in plain,
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
"What news?" they roared.—"I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as unamenable
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."
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp!
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggling band."—

VII.
"No, comrade;—no such fortune mine.
After the fight these sought our line,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should pursue them stead,
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 strive and juggling bent;
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee?
I'll have my share, howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
Bertram his forward step withstood; 3
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepped between,
And dropped at once the tartan screen:—
So, froth his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
The savage soldierly, amazed, 4
As on descended angel gazed;
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;
The MS. reads after this:—
"Get thee an ape, and then at once
Thou mayst renounce the warler's lance,
And trudge through borough and through land,
The leader of a juggling band."—
See Appendix, Note 3

Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bleed.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."—
"Answer'd De Brout, 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,— 5
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 Tullibardine's house he sprung),
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humor light,
And, though by courtesy controll'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 palfrey 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—
"What have I to do with pride?—
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A supplian for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

3 MS. — "Bertram! his (violence withstanded."
4 MS. — "As on descended angel gazed;"
5 MS. — "And merry Needwood knows the cause.
"Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now."
The signet-ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and alter'd look;
And said,—"This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veil'd,
Lady, in aught my folly fail'd.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way."
But, ere she followed, 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 guerdon took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced blunting the proffer'd gold;—
"Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,²
Which in my barrel-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.

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
Round from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above its own.
With the Chief's birth begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his bound, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse—
A doleful tribute! o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right—deny it not!—"
* Little we reck," said John of Brent,

"We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name—a word—
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord;
Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—
God bless the house of Beaufort!*
And, but I loved to drive the deer,
More than to guide the laboring steer,
I had not dwelt an outcast here.
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shall thou see."

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults,⁵ where, loosely stored
Lay wheel, and axe, and headman's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim,
For wenching 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 Lecch visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then, the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs grew'd anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly 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.

As the tall ship, whose lofty proere
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,

* MS.———"Thou mayst remain
² MS.———"'Thou mayst remain
⁵ MS.———"Low broad vaults.
⁶ MS.———"Stretching.'
⁷ MS.———"Flinty floor.'
Amid the breakers lies astrand,—
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu!
And o'er his fever'd limbs he threw
In toil abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Ye! cannot have her from her seat:—
O! how unlike her course at sea!—
Or his free step on hill and plain?—
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 chocked 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 died?"—
"O, calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel cried,
"Ellen is safe."—"For that, thank Heaven?"—
"And hopes are for the Douglas 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 rear'd his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Checker'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.—
"Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold, on festal day,
In yon lone isle,... again where ne'er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear!...
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
Strike it!"—and then (for well thou canst),
Fret from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clarâ³ of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
A' as it could from battle fray.
The trembling Bard with awe obey'd,—
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witness'd from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night;—
Awaken'd the full power of song,
And bore him in career along:—
As shallop 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.

XV.

Battle of Beal an Dhune,
"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenne,
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'eyr nod the crne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That matters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groundling ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket 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!

XVI.
"Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crown'd.
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang.
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang.
The sullen march was dumb.

MS.—"Oh! how unlike her course on main!
Or his free step on hill and plain!"

MS.—"Shall never harp of minstrel tell,"

1 MS.—"O! how unlike her course on main!
Or his free step on hill and plain!"

2 See Appendix, Note 3 W.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 X.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor 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 brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.
"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, 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 shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaided and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful 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 burn
At once lay level'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinehes caws the game!
'They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'—

XVIII.
"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 heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurl'd them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering clash,
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 rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
—'My banner-man, advance! I
See,' he cried, 'their column shake,—
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!'
The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.

Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men!
And resound through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was pouring;
Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring limn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Sink the whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who never shall fight again.

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 decliv.
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle,—
Gray Beaumarchais 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 agen.
I heeded not the eddying surge.

1 The M. has not the comet.
2 A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the Tinehes.
3 MS.—"And resound through the darksome pass
The battle's tide was pouring;
There tell'd the spearmen's struggling spear
There raged the mountain sword."
4 MS.—"Away! away! the work of fate!"
Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,
Mine ear but heard the sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,¹
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll²
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged azen,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaud'd warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.³
At weary bay each shatter'd band,
Eyeing its foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mark'd the full havoc of the day.

XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
T'Al Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried— Behold you 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 mace, and brood, and den,'
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corset rung,
He plunged him in the wave:—
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamors Bonnevenue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream 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 snowy crest.

¹ —"the loneliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath."—
BYRON'S GRENOYE

² MS. —"And seem'd, to minstrel ear, to toll
The parting digie of many a soul."
³ MS. —"Wade by the darkest lake below,
Files out the spearman of the foe."—
⁴ The MS. reads—
"It tinged the boats and lake with flame."—

Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,
To mar the Highland markman's eye;
For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael,—
In vain—He nears the isle—and 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 mean
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A wailing 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 gave a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag
Clarinion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a trance-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch's name, afar
An herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold."
—But here the lay made sudden stand!—
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!—
Oft had he stolen a 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;³
At length, no more his deafen'd ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are clenchi—
As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd
Set are his teeth, his fading eye⁵
Is sternly fix'd on vacancy;
Thus, motionless, and mouthless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!—

The eight closing lines of the stanza are interpolated on a slip of paper.

⁶ MS. —"Glow'd in his look, as swell'd the song."—
⁷ MS. —"his shaggy eye,"
Old Allan-Raeb lock'd on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit pass'd:—
But when he saw that life was fled,
He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII.

Remonstrance.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?
—For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay,
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 honor'd Pine!"

What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend you hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungrit ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.—
O woe for Alpine's honor'd Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may break the cage,
The prisoner's eagle dies for rage.
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 honor'd Pine."—

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remain'd in lordly bower apart,
Where play'd with many-color'd gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fell,
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a material train

Of Rob Roy MacGregor defenceless and unarmed.' His foeman, conjectured to be one of the MacLarens before and after mentioned, entered and paid his compliments, inquiring after the health of his formidable neighbor. Rob Roy maintained a cold, haughty civility during their short conference; and so soon as he had left the house, 'Now,' he said, 'all is over: let the piper play, Hie til mi tuilidh!' we return no more,' and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished."—Introduction to Rob Roy.


MS. "I am glad you like the battle of Beal'd an Duine. It is rather too long, but that was unavoidable. I hope you will push on the notes. To save time I shall send the copy when ready to St. John Street,—W. S."
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fied 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 hostler, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.—
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
"How may an almost orphan maid
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 aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair, and high arcade,
Till, at its 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 dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue, fancy frames
Ærial knights and fairy dams.
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 gaz'd on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gaz'd,
Then turn'd bewild'er'd and amaz'd,
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
Midst 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 wretch of snow, on mountain-breast,
Sides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,¹
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands,—
She shov'd the ring, she clasps her hands.
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her; and, the while,
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile,
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,
And bade her terrors be 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 naught 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 would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamor loud.
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stan'by thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencarn,
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 gen'ral eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepp'd between—"Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 Y.
² MS.——"shrinking, quits her stay."
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?
Blushing, she turn’d her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish’d her sire to speak.
The suit that stain’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 Greme’s to Scotland’s Lord.
For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sobs,
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,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name.—
Fettered and warder for the Greme!—
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.
Resume 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 bard-boy’s evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.

1. MS.—"In lowly life’s more happy way."
2. See Appendix, Note 3 Z.
3. MS.—"Thy sovereign’s step I to Benvenne."
4. MS.—"Pledge of Fitz-James’s faith, the ring."
5. MS.—"And in her breast strove maiden shame;
More deep she deem’d the monarch’s ire
Kindled ’gainst him, who, for her sire,
Against his sovereign broadsword drew;
And, with a pleading, warm and true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.

In speaking of the other,
I told him that I thought you more particularly the set of Princes, as they never appeared more fascinating than in "Marmion!" and the Lady of the Lake." He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your James’s as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both," &c.—Letter from Lord Byron to Sir Walter Scott, July 8, 1812.—Byron’s Life and Works, vol. ii. p. 156.

W. S."
Canto VI.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

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 bitter was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!

"On a comparison of the merits of this Poem with the two former productions of the same unquestioned genius, we are inclined to bestow on it a very decided preference over both. It would perhaps be difficult to select any one passage of such genuine inspiration as one or two that might be pointed out in the Lay of the Last Minstrel—and perhaps, in strength and discrimination of character, it may fall short of Marmion; although we are both to resign either the rude and savage generosity of Roderick, the romantic chivalry of James, or the playful simplicity, the affectionate tenderness, the modest courage of Ellen Douglas, to the claims of any competitor in the just-mentioned poem. But, for interest and artificial management in the story, for general ease and grace of versification, and correctness of language, the Lady of the Lake must be universally allowed, we think, to excel, and very far excel, either of her predecessors."—Critical Review.

"There is nothing in Mr. Scott of the severe and majestic style of Milton—or of the terse and fine composition of Pope—or of the elaborate elegance and melody of Campbell—or even of the flowing and redundant diction of Southerly—but there is a medley of bright images and glowing, set carelessly and loosely together—a diction tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakespeare—the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances—the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes—and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry—passing from the borders of the sublime to those of the sublime—a wanton mince and energetic—sometimes artistic, and we are negligent, at times full of spirit—always having a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic 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!"—Jebb.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

The heights of Ann-Vor,
And you at the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old.—P. 185.

Unistar, as the name is pronounced, or more properly Unighmar, 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 later 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 hold for deer, which 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 neighborhood.

NOTE B.

Two eyes of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath'd on speed.—P. 186.

'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. Those 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 men, when shall follow them into Paradise. To return unto my former purpose, this kind of dogs hath bene dispersed through the counties of Huntingdon, Lancashire, Flanders, and Burgundy. They are mighty of body, nevertheless their legs are short and light, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of scent, hunting chase which are farre straggled, fearing neither water nor cold; and doe more content the chase that smell, as foxes, hares, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither ofswiftnes nor courage to hunt and kill the chase that are lighter and swifter. The bloodhounds of this colour prone good, especially those that are cole 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 Loarze, which seemed to lose hunting much, wherein was a leasion which the same hunte gave to his bloodhound, called Souylard, which was white:—

'My name came first from holy Hubert's race,
Souylard my sire, a hound of singular grace.'
called the Troachs, 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 steer or deer.—P. 193.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighborhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory incursions upon their Lowland neighbors. "In former times, those parts of the 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, an, 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. "The well known that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accounted not only lawful, but honorable, 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 unlike than they, and widely differentiated 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 looking fields, or sweeping of a glen, Had still been held the deed of gallant men."

Note F.

A gray-peev'd sire, whose eye intent, Was on the vision's future bent.—P. 189.

Of force of evidence could authorize us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favor of the existence of the Second-sight. It is called in Gaelic Tuiskitairn, from Tuasach, an unrel or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called Tuiskitairne, which may aptly translated visionaries. Martin, 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 seen, that they neither see, nor think of any thing 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 rected, 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 to a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but their children not, and vice versa; 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 afterw twenties it at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles he lighted, it will be accomplished that night; the later always is accompishement, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is perceived about on, 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 me only by a person who was present at the time the vision was given; and I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did convince me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above, is now a skilful seer, as appears 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 apposition.

"If two or three women are seen at one near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether all three, or 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 been seen thus myself by seen of both sexes, at some hundred miles' distance; some that saw me 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 seems to be accomplished: as at Mogsliot, in the Isle of Skie there were but a few sorry cowhouses, thatched 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 seer, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire full 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-dove, 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 seem come in sweating and describe the see.
ple 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 these visions at once, though they be together at the time. But if one who has this faculty, designately touch his follower 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, vol. p. 360, et seq.

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and crediable authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the Tartar, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

Note G.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.—P. 100.

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 fower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, 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 Culloden.

"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letterlinilieb, 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 joints or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some staves 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 descended 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 so much of the same color, that one could discover no difference in the closest day."—Home's History of the Rebellion, Lond. 1692, 4to. p. 281.

Note H.
My swr a tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart.—P. 190.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferran; he was an antagonist of Orland, 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 tiding
Unto Charles the King,
Al of a dought knight
Was come to Naret,"

Stout he was and sera,
Vernagu he bright.
Of Babloun the sonrain
Thider him seade gan,
With King Charls to fight.
So hard he was to fend
That no dint of brond
No grend him, aplit.
He hadde twenti men strengthe
And forti fowt of longthe,
Thilke palniam heede,20
And four feet in the face,
Y-men21 in the place,
And fifti in brede.
His nose was a fot and more,
His brow, as bristles were;
He that it seigh it sede.
He loked latheliche,
And was swart22 as any piche,
"Of him men might adeere."

Romance of Charlemagne, l. 461-454
Auchinleck MS.: folio 265.

Ascapart, or Ascabart, 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 Scott's Norton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself. The dimensions of Ascabart were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct:

"They metten with a geant,
With a latheliche semblant.
He was wonderliche strong,
Rome23 thrett fote long.
His berd was bot gret and rowe;24
A space of a fot betweene his bro se;
His club was, to yewe a strok,
A lite bodi of an oak."

"Beues hade of him wonder gret,
And askede him what a het,25
And yaf26 men of his contré.
Were ase mach27 ase was he.
'Me name,,' a sede,28 'is in Ascapard,
Garcill me sent hiderward.
For to bring this quene ayan,
And the Beues her of-wien.29
Icham Garci30 champlion,
And was i-drive out of mew31 toon
Al for that ich was so lite.32
Eueri man me wolde smite.
Ich was so lite and so morug,33
Eueri man me clegede dwerugh,34
And now icham in this londe,
I wax mor35 ich understende,
And stranger than other tene;36
And that schel on us be sende."—
Sir Bevis of Hampton, l. 431
Auchinleck MS.: folio 199.

Note I.
Though all unasked his birth and name.—P. 191.

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctual excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment.

1 Found, proved,—2 Hid.,—3 Measured,—4 Breadth,—6 Were,—6 Black.
—7 Falby,—8 Doug,—9 H.,—10 Give,—11 The stem of a little oak tree.
—12 He bright, was called:—13 H.—14 Greul,—15 He said:—16 Stor.—
17 H.,—18 Wy.,—19 Little,—20 Lean,—21 Dwarf,—22 Greater, taller—
23 For.
Fools 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 K.**

*Fill’d up the symphony between.*—P. 191.

They" (meaning the Highlanders) "delight much in music, but chiefly in harps and clarsoes of their own fashion. The strings of the clarsoes are made of brass wire, and the strings of the harps, of sinews; which strings they strike either with their nails, growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to deck their harps and clarsoes with silver and precious stones; the poor cases that cannot attain hereunto, deck them with chrystall. Their sinews prettily compound, containing (for the most part) prayses of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, whereof their rhymes intrent. They speak the ancient French language altered a little."—The harp and clarsoes are now only heard in the Highlands in ancient song.

At what period these instruments ceased to be used, is not on record; and tradition is silent on this head. But, as Irish harpers occasionally visited the Highlands and Western Isles till lately, the harp might have been extant so late as the middle of the last century. Thus far we know, that from remote times down to the present, harpers were received as welcome guests, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland; and so late as the latter end of the sixteenth century, as appears by the above quotation, the harp was in common use among the natives of the Western Isles. How it happened that the noisy and unharmonous bagpipes banished the soft and expressive harp, we cannot say; but certain it is, that the bagpipe is now the only instrument that obtains universally in the Highland districts."—**Campbell’s Journey through North Britain.** London, 1808, 4to. I. 175.

Mr. Gunn, of Edinburgh, has lately published a curious Essay upon the Harp and Harp Music of the Highlands of Scotland. That the instrument was once in common use there is most certain. Clelland numbers an acquaintance with it among the few accomplishments which his satire allows to the Highlanders:

"In nothing they’re accounted sharp, Except in bagpipe or in harp."

**Note L.**

**More’s genial influence roused a minstrel gray.**—P. 193.

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 engineers, quartered at Inverness about 1720, who certainly cannot be deemed a favorable witness, gives the following account of the office, and of a bard 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 action of the successive heads, and sings his own lyricms as an epistle to the chief when indisposed for sleep; but poets are not equally esteemed and honored in all countries. I happened to be a witness of the dishonor done to the muse at the house of one of the chiefs, where two of these sides were set at a good distance, at the lower end of a long aisle, 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 men, 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 homely voice, and in a tune of various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyricms; and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the name 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 pleased himself upon his school-learning), 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 may believe was very edifying and delightful."—**Letters, in** 167.

**Note M.**

**The Gramne.**—P. 194.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for motrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumbarton 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 Gramne, the faithful and undaunted partner of the labors and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Resz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his tom- ber, and the rigor with which he executed the oppressive mandates of the princes whom he served, I do not hesitate to name as a third, John Gramne of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dunlee, whose heroic death in the arms of victory may be allowed to cancel the memory of his cruelty to the non-conformists, during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

**Note N.**

**This harp, which erst Saint Modan swung.**—P. 194.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsanctified 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, assumed future events by its spontaneous sound. "But laboring once in these mechanic arts for a devout matrone that had sitt him on work, his violl, that hung by him on the wall, of its own accord, without nay man’s help, distinctly sounded this anthonie:—"Gaudes in calis anima sanctorum qui Christi essetis sunt sacri; et quia pro creation amore vestrus sunt fuderunt, ideo cum Christo graduat aeternam. Whereat all the company being much astonisht, turned their eyes from beholding him working, to looke on that strange credent." * * * "Not long after, manie of the court, that hitherunto had borne a kind of fayned friendship towards him began now greatly to enviye at his progress and rang in goodnes, using manie crooked, backbiting meanes to disanne his verses with the black masses of hypocrisy. And the better to authorize their calumny, they brought in this that happened in the violl, affirminer it to have been done by art magick. What more? This wicked rumour increased daily, till the king and others of the nobilitie taking hold thereof, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. Therefore he resolved to leave the court and go to Elphegas, surannned the Bauld, then Bishop of Winchester, who was his cousin. Which his enemies under standing, they layd waw in him in the way, and know

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*Footnote: Certaine Matters concerning the Realmes of Scotland, &c. as they were Anne Domini 1697. Lond. 1698.* 4to.
throwe him of his horse, beate him, and dragged him in the durt in the most miserable manner, meaning to have shine him, but had no companie of marlin degges that came unlookt upon them defended and redeemed him from their cruelty. When with sorrow he was ashamed to see dogges more humane than they. And giving thanks to Almighty God, he senedy against perceived that the tune of his stroll had given him a warning of future accidents.'—Flower of the Lives of the most renowned Saints of England Scotland, and Ireland, by the R. FatherHiercme Porter. Doway, 1622, 4o, tome l. p. 438.

The same supernatural circumstance is alluded to by the anonymous author of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon."

"—[Duistan's horns sounds on the wall."

"Forest. Hark, hark, my lords, the holy abbot's harp
Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall !

"Duistan. Unbowl'd man, that seemst the sacred rede,
Hark, how the testimony of my truth
Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,
To justify Duistan's integrity.
And save thy active beast of no effect."

Note O.

Ere Douglases, to rain driven,
Were exited from their native heaven.—P. 194.

The downfall of the Douglases of the house of Angus during the reign of James V. is the event alluded to in the text. The Earl of Angus, it will 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, which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valor 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, says Pitscottie, "with great lamentation; showing to them how he was held in subjection, this 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 wroug 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 mulfice that he bore towards the Earl of Angus, his kin and friends, they concluded all, and thought it best that he should be summoned to understand the law; if he found no caution, nor yet commit himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And further, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to understand the law within a certain day, or else he 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 compared not were banished, and holden interns to the king."

Note P.

In Holy-Road a Knight he slew.—P. 195.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland; na, the presence of the sovereign himself, scarcely re-trained the ferocious and invertebrate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The following instance of the murder of Sir William Stuart of Owltree, 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 asked simplicity, of Birrell's Diary, 30th July, 1658.


Note Q.

The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Dizon'd by every noble peer.—P. 195.

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 inventeate, that numerous as their allies were, and desigand the 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, larked, during the exile of his family in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise James the Grieve (i. e. Reve or Bulliff). "And as he bore the name," says Godcrift, "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 honorable 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. 190.

Note R.

—Marowann's eat. —P. 195.

The parish of Kilmaroonock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Mararock, or Marack, or Marowann, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered. There is a fountain devoted to him in the same parish; but its virtues like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Note S.

Bracklinn's thundering wave.—P. 195.

This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keitee, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callander in Perthshire. Above a chasm, where the rock precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighborhood, 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. 196.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of Time-ma,n, because he timed, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was vanquished, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Hamilton-hill, near W울ler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hot-spur. 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 Foil Raid, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him instead at the battle of Brancog in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Veron, 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. 1434.

Note U.

Dived, self-uncased, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.—P. 196.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to dedicate odes to 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 Hroth 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 handle 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 enter into it." Kormak, 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, Dulta, explained, 'Do not despise the counsel given thee, my son.' Kormak, however, repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the bag, when Skofnung emitted a hollow sound; but still he could not unsheath 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 unstringing the sword, which he bore above his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain he endeavored to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt; then the worm issued from it. But Kormak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he an unsheathed Skofnung, it emitted a hollow murmur. — Barthe- linae Carolus Contemnus a Danus adulac Gentilissius Mortis, Libri Tres. Hafniae, 1669, 4to, p. 574.

To the history of this sentiment and prescient weapon, I beg leave to add, from numerous following legends, for which cannot produce any better authority. A young nobleman, of high hopes and fortune, chanced to lose his way in the town which he inhabited, the capital, if I mistake not, of a German province. He had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder-shower determined him to ask a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall man, of a grizzly and ferocious aspect, and soild dress. The stranger was really ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard, as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed the threshold. His host immediately stared at him with such a marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. "I am," answered the man, "the public executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously un-sheathed itself!" The nobleman, in the following time, leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plots of the period, was shortly after deposed by that very man as instrument.

Lord Lovat is said, by the author of the Letters from Scot- land, to have affirmed, that a number of swords that hung u, in the hall of the mansion-house, leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. The story pauses current among his clan, but, like that of the story I have just quoted, proved an unfortunate omen.—Letters from Scotland, vol. ii. p. 214.

Note V.

Those thrilling sounds that toll the migh.
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.—P. 196.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover in a well composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight." 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, of old tend to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion recurn- ingly measured; 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 phant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailing of a funeral procession."—Essay on Laughter and Lust- Gross Combination, chap. iii. Note.

Note W.

Roderigh V'h Alpin d'ew, he! i seo!—P 197

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were entirely used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Higlio-
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 Aaron to the priests of Pachis. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyle is called MacCallum More, or the son of Con with the great. Sometimes, however, it is derived from immorial distinctions, or the memory of some great fact; thus Lord Stairton, as chief of the Mackenzies, or Clan-Kenset, bears the epithet of Cadier's, 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 chief had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from composition, as duh or reg; sometimes from size, as beg or more; at other times from some peculiar exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The 1st of the text therefore signifies, Black Rodenick, 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 honor of a favorite 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 die on her side.—P. 187.

The Lennox, 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 neighboring district of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen-fruin is a celebrated instance. This was a claw-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allan, or Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands admitted that the Colquhouns were the first to charge, 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 Benclean, or Banachar, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanan of Auchmar, however, speaks of his slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlanes. Again it is reported that the Macgregors murdered a number of women, whom report of the intended battle had brought to see the spectacle, and whom the Colquhouns, anxious for their safety, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. One account of the Macgregors denies this circumstance entirely: another ascribes it to the savage and blood-thirsty disposition of a single individual, the last-born brother of the Laird. Macgregor, who amused himself in this second massacre of the innocents, in express disobedience to their chief, by whom he was left their guardian during the pursuit of the Colquhouns. It is added, that Macgregor bitterly laments this atrocious action, and reproaches the rain 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 youth. "In the spring of the year 1602, there happened so great discontents and troubles between the laird of Luss, chief of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, kain of Macgregor. The original of these quarrels proceeded from injuries and provocation mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conferences, meted at the head of two hundred of his clans 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 300 foot, composed of his own subjects and of the inhabitants of the mouth, or part of the Buchanan's, his neighbors, 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 dispensing his resentment, he kept the appointment, and parted good friends in appearance. "No manner was be 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 Glenfroon. Macgregor, upon the alarm, divided bis men into two parties, the greatest part whereof he commanded himself, and the other he committed to the care of his brother John, who, by his or- ders, was left behind, near the bank of the river Luss, in high hinds 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 200 of the Colquhouns were left dead upon the spot, most of the leading men were killed, and a multitude of prisoners taken. But what seemed most surprising and incredible in this defeat, was, that none of the Macgregors were killed, or injured in the least degree, not even 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 consequences of the battle of Glenfruin were so 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, appeared in plebeian 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 driven up and down Scotland, and absolutely murdered down by bloodthirsty like wild beasts. Argyle and the Campbells, on the one hand, Mонтrose, with the Grahames and Buchanan, 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 Birrell's expression, he kept "a Highlandman's promise!" and, although he fulfilled his word to the letter, by carrying him as far as Berwick, discharged afterwards brought him back to Edinburgh, where he was executed with eighteen of his clansmen. "—Birrell's Jurtney, 16 Oct. 1693. The Clan-Gregor being thus driven to utter despair, seem to have renounced the laws for the benefit of which they were excluded, and their deprivations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their proscription, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of chieftainship, that, notwithstanding the repeated proscriptions provisionally ordained by the legislature, "for the timeous preventing the disorders and oppression which may fall out by the said name and clan of Macgregors, and their followers," they were in 1715 and 1742 a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Note Y.

---The King's vindictive pride

Boasts to have tamed the Border-side.—P. 199.

In 1599, 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 enormities. 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 Etrick Forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle, Parn Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, a famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the King, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Drengur, near the source of the Tyne. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, "the rushing-bush kept the cow," and, "thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wherewith the King had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Etrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife."—Pittc-ter's History, p. 153.

Note Z.

What grace for Highland Chief's, judge ye.

By fate of Border chieftain.—P. 199.

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, wherethrough he found many of the said lands in somerset; the which he confiscated and brought home to his own use, and afterwards he called them as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the Isles captive with him, such as Muddyart, M-Connell, M-Loyd of the Lewes, M-Neill, M-Lane, M-intosiol, John Muddyart, M-Kay, M-Kenzie, with many other that I cannot release at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in their coming. 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."—Pittcote, p. 152.

Note 2 A.

Best safe till morning; pity there

Such check should feel the midnight air.—P. 201.

Harlinoed was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the 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 light 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 King, 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 Macaulay of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:—"This and many other stories of romance; but there is one thing, that at first thought might seem very romantic, 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 mass. They lay there the whole night, and have never had any inconvenience. I have been told also, that they sometimes use 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 at a loss 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. And that is soon effected by the 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 harshness or a romance; but inasmuch that I used to say, they seemed to be of the duck kind, and to love water as well. 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 lodgings, where the ground has been free from rain or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain."—Letters from Scotland, Lond. 1754, Svo ii. p. 108.

Note 2 B.

his henchman came.—P. 201.

"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 seat, at his henchman, 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, he called Killichman, and the great man; and both being well warmed with milk & st Ward the dispute grew very hot. A youth who was henchman not understanding one word of English, imagined his chief was insulted, and thereupon 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 sustained 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. 149

1 See Border Minstrelsy, vol. i. p. 399.
2 Whate.
Note 2 C.

And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.—P. 202.

When a chieftain desired to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seated its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also Crean Tarthig, or the Cross of Havana. To do what the symbol implied, inspired infancy. 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 the district, which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbors, 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 that were left during the war of 1715. 6 The Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq., of Invercaulyn, described to me his having seen 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 in 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.

This practice, like some others, is common to the Highlanders with the ancient Scandinavians, as will appear 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 breadth, in the common sight of them all, is carried, by the speedy running of some active youth, or old man, unto that village or city, with this command,—that on the third, fourth, or eighth day, one, two, or three, or 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, "owl tied to it"), to appear speedily on such a bank, or field, or village, to hear the cause he is called, and to hear orders from the said provincial governors who so call do.

Wherefore that messenger, swifter than any post or wagon, 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 calls those places what they must do. The messenger, therefore, of the footmen, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battle, 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.

1 The Munition against the Robbers of Tyndale and Redesdale, with which I was favoured by my friend, Mr. Burtens, of Mamsforth, may be found in the original Latin, in the Appendix to the Introduction to his Border Minstrelsy, No. VII. vol. I. p. 571.

2 Lithgow's Travels in Scotland, p. 433.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

The dominion of the English, records the no less powerful arguments used to the friar to excite their animosity:—

‘And more t' argument the flame, and massacre of their hate, the friar, of his counsels vile, to rebels doth impart, affirming that it is an almost deed to God, to make the English subject's taste the Irish rebels' robe. To spoil, to kill, to barren this friar's counsel is; and for the doing of the same, he warrants heavenly bliss. He tells a hollow tale; the white he turns to black. And through the pards in his male, he works a knavish knack.'

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 inroads, 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 chiefman; or, as the engraver expresses it,

‘The frier then, that treacherons knave; with oach ouch-bone lament. To see his condn Devil'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 sying this, laments that licklesse parte, And causeth to the pithe of hell the death man's sturdle heart. Yet for to qaght him with the frier taketh paine. For all the synnes that ere he did remission to obtaine. And therefore serves his booke, the candell and the bell; But thinke you that such spise toles being dammed souls from hell? It longs not to any parte infernal things to knowe; But I beleve till later daie, their rose not from belowe Yet hope that friers give to this rebellious rout, If that their souls should chance in hell to bring them quickly out, Dooth make them teun suche lives, as neither God nor man, Without revenge for their desartes, revolte or suffer can. Thus friers are the cause, the fountain, and the spring, Of barbarities in this land, of eche unhappie thing. Theil cause them to rebel against their soveraigne quene, And through rebellion often tyues, their lives do vanish done. So as by friers meanes,

in whom all follie swimme, The Irish kne kame doe often lose the life, with hedde and limme.'

As the Irish tribe, and those of the Scottish Highlands are much more intimatly allied, by language, manner, dress, and customs, than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to admit, I flatter 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 Benbenia), called in their language Bhrinair-bocht, 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 uayment, and lives in as great simplicity as any of his order; his diet is very plain, he drinks no water, his hair 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 waiscoat: he wears a plaid above it, girl about the middle, which reaches to his knee: the plaid is fastened on his breast with a wooden pin, his neck bare, and 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 bell (as others have) to toll 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. 203.

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 disorderly fancy to excite terror, by accounting 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 record 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 or 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-Doiz-Magnervich.
There is but two myles from Inverlochbie, the church of Kilmalie, in Lochyeld. In ane of ymires there was ane church builded upon ane hill, which was above this church, which dooth now stand in this toune; and ancient men dooth say, that there was a battell fought on ane little hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certain men which they did not know what they were. And long time thereafter, certaine herbs of that toune, and of the next toune, called Un-\*, both wenches and youthes, did on a myyne conveen with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were shynne long tyme before and ploweth and did maketh a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one man or wench, which was very cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being yquetie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloutie above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceivd of ane 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 hereof, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with anie answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called Gilv-doir Magkrevel-\*, 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 so he was. He did build this church which dooth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalie. '—Macfar-\*, ut supra, i, 188.

**NOTE 2 F.**

Yet ne'er again to brand her hair.  
**The virgin snood did Alcée weep.**—P. 203.

The snood, or riband, with which a Scottish lass branded her hair, had an emblematical signification, and appiled to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the curch, toy, or coif, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the state 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 curch. In old Scottish songs there occur many silly allusions to such misfortune; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the main among the heather:"

"Down among the broom, the broom,  
Down among the broom, my dearie,  
The lasie lost her silken snood,  
That gaird her gaeot till she was wearie."

**NOTE 2 G.**

The desert gave him visions wild,  
**Such as might suit the spectre's child.**—P. 204.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmalie, the author has endeavored to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person 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 others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves convinced in their reality; as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostors long to perserve an enthusiast, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed, he 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 stanza The River Devil, or River-horse. For it is that form which he commonly supposes in the Kelpie, or the 'water-spirit,' an evil and malicious spirit, delightful to forebode 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 Vennachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a tumna, procession with all its attendants. The "noon tide hag," called Gaith-eilig, a tall, enameled, gigantic female in supposed to be in particular to insult the district of Knoydart. A gobin, dressed in antique armor, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, Liam-geor-, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemuren. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful in shape and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and gles of the Highland, 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 Bcow-Site's boding scream.**—P. 204.

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 intimated, by its visitings, any approaching disaster. That of Grant of Grant was called May Moulineck, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had an arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemuren had an attendant called Bodach-dv-dv-dv, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ban-Schie implies a female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chief's particular familie. 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 colors, called Dr'evyng, 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 charging steed, covering fast  
Along Benhorror's singly side,  
Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride.—P. 204.

A preface of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lenn 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 amanies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Soathfield mountain, between Pennryth and Keswick, upon the 23d June, 1744 by two persons, William Lancaster of Blackhall, and Samuel Stricket, 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 apparit was 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 gallo, to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be portrayed sufficiently accounted for by optical deception. — Survey of the Lakes, p. 255.

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to Highland families. Novels mentioning having seen at a lapidary's, in 1639, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Glenburn, 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, ed. 1730, 247. Glanville mentions, in a family, the members of which received this solemn sign by nature, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighborhood; 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 affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced, during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a clan, and the owner of an ancient 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 to 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 disguised 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 family and castle, the female specter 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 dishonor done his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat."

Note 2 K.
whose parents in Loch-Cuillich wove
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpin's grave. — P. 294.

Loch-Cuillich, the Isle of Nuns, or of Old Women, is a most wild island at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. The site belongs to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanach, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial-ground continues to be used, and contains the familiar places of sepulture of several neighboring clans. The monuments of the lairds of Macgregor, and of other families, claiming a descent from the old Scottish King Alpin, are most remarkable. The Highlanders are taught from their youth to respect the rights of sepulture as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if

clanship 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 imprecatory which they used against an enemy. [See a detailed description of the funeral ceremonies of a Highland chief in the Fair Maid of Perth. Waterlow's Novels, vol. 43, chaps. x. and xi. Ed. 1834.]

Note 2 L.
the dun-deer's hide
On better foot was never tied. — P. 295.
The present breague of the Highlanders is made of bairdried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-hied is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outs; a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of Red-hranks. The process is very accurately described by one Elders. 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 play off the skin, by-and-by, and setting our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, by your grace's pardon, we play off the soles, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking 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 outswards, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called Roughfotdc Sdts." — Finirtont's History, vol. ii. p. 397.

Note 2 M.
The dismal coronach. — P. 306.
The Coronach of the Highlanders, like the Uleatorus of the Romans, and the Uleboe 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 lamentation of this kind, literally translated from the Gaelic, to some of the ideas of which the text stands indeluted. The tune is so popular, that it has since become the war-march, or Gathering of the clan.

Coronach on Sir Lauchlan, Chief of Maclean
"Which of all the Senachies Can trace thy line from the root up to Paradise, But Macvinrih, the son of Fergus?
No sooner had chine ancient stately tree
Taken firm root in Albion,
Than one of thy forfathers fell at Harlaw. —
'Twas then we lost a chief of deathless name.

"Tis no base weed—no planted tree,
Not a seedling of last Autumn;
Nor a sapling planted at Beltain;
Wide, wide around were spread its lofty branches—
But the topmost bough is lowly laid! Thou hast forsaken us before Sawaines."

"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 Isle!  
The shalt buckle thy harness on no more!

The corseach has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe; and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts.

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**Note 2 N.**

*Benlials saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-ire.*—P. 207.

Inspection of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace 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, 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 Gaol.

"Slioch non rigтрirdh duichnasach  
Bhala-silo an Dun-Staibleanish  
Aig an robbh crun na Halba duhas  
'Sgag a cheil duchas feirt.*

The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Venachar. 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. Tombea and Armandave, or Armandaville, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lochnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquhidder, including the neighboring tracts of Glenfinslas and Strathgarnick.

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**Note 2 O.**

*Not faster o'er thy heathery bres,  
Balquhidder, speaks the midnight breeze.*—P. 208.

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 (perpetuated 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 Hardynaktie, is said to be "like fire to heather set."

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**Note 2 P.**

*No oath, but by his chiefman's hand,  
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.*—P. 208.

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, insinuating 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 little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following odd example of a Highland point of honor:

"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 an affair that fell out at my table 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, reconciled them, I was told the words, of which I seemed to think but slightly, were, to one of the clan, the greatest of all provocations."—Letters from Scotland, vol. ii. p. 230.

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**Note 2 Q.**

*—a lone and lonely cell.  
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,  
Has Coir-n-an-Urisain been sung.*—P. 209.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the southern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, ringed with oaks, with spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate duties. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell, may have originally implied its being the haunt of its fierce and ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed 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 Lucibar Fiend, or of the Scottish Brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. "The Urisk," says Dr. Graham, "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 Cones of Perthshire, p. 19, 1896.—It must be owned that the Cuir, or Den, does not, in its present state, meet our ideas of a subterraneous grove, or cave, being only a small and narrow cavity, among huge fragments of rocks rudely piled together. But such a scene is liable to convulsions of nature, which a Lowlander cannot estimate, and which may have choked up what was originally a cavern. At least the name and tradition warrant the author of a fictitious tale to assert its having been such at the remote period in which this scene is said.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

NOTE 2 R.

The wild pass of Bealnam-Do.—P. 209.

Bealach-nam-Do, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-an-Ursklin, 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 hear his sword.

Always attended on his lord.—P. 209

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 bodyguards, called Luchtisch, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to their desires, were sure to share abundantly in the rude 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 favorite 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 blather I?" The hint was quite sufficient, and MacLean, before 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 Luchtisch or Gardes de Corps, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. The Trumpetman. See these Notes, p. 247. 2. The Bard. See p. 243. 3. Bladder, or spokesman. 4. Gillie-ma-scot, or scone-lifter, alluded to in the text. 5. Gillie-coach, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the roads. 6. Gillie-companion, who leads the chief's horse. 7. Gillie-Portuicnach, the baggage man. 8. The piper. 9. The piper's gillie or attendant, who carries the bagpipe. Although this appellation, naturally enough, very ridiculous to an English officer, who considered the master of such a retinue as no more than an English gentleman of £500 a-year, yet in the circumstances of the 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 Taghaimr call'd; by which, &c.

Our sires foresaw the events of war.—P. 211.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the Taghaires, 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 bagpipe. Although this appellation, naturally enough, very ridiculous to an English officer, who considered the master of such a retinue as no more than an English gentleman of £500 a-year, yet in the circumstances of the 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.

spirits, who hath the desolate returns. In some of these Hebrides, they attributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came to their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictates of the tutelar deity of the stone, and, as such, to be, if possible, punctually complied with. Martin has recorded the following curious modes of Highland augury, in which the Taghaires, 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-sorrows to consult an invisible oracle, concerning the fate of families and battles, &c. This was performed three different ways: the first was by a 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 from, 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 birchwood. The other cries again, Let his invisible friends appear from all the air, as I will let them see those which are around 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 they all returned 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 practiced on 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 parish of Kilmallie, 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 singled out one of their number, and wrapt 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 relieved him, by giving a proper answer to the question in hand; which he received, and the oracle was consulted 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 inquiries.

"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 inquired 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 came, 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.

"Mr. Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vest, told me, that one John Enoch, 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 felt 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 con

2 The reader may be "vit" with the story of the "King of the Cats," in Lord Littletons's Letters. It is well known in the Highlands as a nursery tale.
seemed in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a high degree. He confessed it ingenuously, and with an air of treat 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 Pen-

Note 2. U.

The choicest of the prey we had.

When swept our merry-march Gallanged.—P. 211.

1 I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland Kern or Kettaran, 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 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-malt, &c. tribute for forbearance and protection. As this invitation was supported by a band of thirty or forty stout fellows, only one gentleman, an ancestor, if I mistake not, of the present Mr. Graham of Gartmore, ventured to decline compliance. Rob Roy instantly swept his band 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 Kettarans. "But ere we had reached the Row of Denman," 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 bebee was compelled

"To hoof it o'er as many weary miles,

With gaoling phlemen hollowing at his heels,

As o'er the bravest antler of the woods."

Ethnoid.

Note 2 V.

That huge cliff, whose ample verge

Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.—P. 211.

There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinich, 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.

Raven

That, watching while the deer is broke,

His morsel claim's with swollen crone?—P. 211.

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 ghrist," says Turbeville, "which is upon the spone 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 croak and cry for it & the time you were in breaking up of 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:—

"The raven he yase his yites

Sat on the forunch tre."

Sir Tristrem.

The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of St. Alban; for thus says Dame Juliana Berners:—

"Silent anon

The bely to the side, from the corbyn bone;

That is corbyn's fee, at the death he will be."—

Jonson, in "The Sad Shepherd." gives a more poetical acount of the same ceremony:

"Morion.—He that undoes had,

Both sheer to the onset gone, upon the spoon

Of which a little ghrist grows—you call it—

Robin Hood.—The raven's bone.

Morion.—Now o'er head sat a raven

On a wee bough, a grown, great bird; and hoarse,

Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,

So croak'd and cried for't, as all the huntsmen,

Especially old Scathbloc, thought it ominous."

Note 2 X.

Which spills the foremost foreman's life,

That party conquer's in the strife.—P. 212.

Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hde, 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 shot blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that on the morning of the battle of Tippermuir, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party.

Note 2 Y.

Alice Brand.—P. 213

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the Kempe Viser, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591, and reprinted in 1695, inscribed by Anders Sorensen, the collector and editor, to Sophia, Queen of Denmark. I have been favored 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 Scotch 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 Tam-

lane. 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 Kempe 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 Wester Hof, mentioned in the first stanza of the ballad, means the West Sea, in opposition to the Baltic, or East Sea, Mr. Jamiesca

Rob Roy, bat, as I have been assured, not addicted to his predatory excursions.—Vers to Third Edition.
### APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Lines to be of opinion, that the scene of the disenchantaent is laid in one of the Orkney, or Hebride Islands. To each verse in the original is added a hyned, 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.</th>
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<td><strong>THE ELFIN GRAY.</strong></td>
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**Translated from the Danish Kæmp Veser, p. 143, and first published in 1591.**

1. **Der ligger en voild i Waster Haf,**
   *There liggis a wold in Wester Haf,*
   There a husbande means to bigg,
   And thither he carries both hawk and hound,
   There meaning the winter to bigg.
   *(The wild deer and does i' the shawe out.)*

2. **He taks w'il him balth hound and cock,**
   *The hanger he means to stay,*
   The wild deer in the shaws that are May scirly run the day.
   *(The wild deer, &c.)*

3. **He's hiew'd the beech, and he's fell'd the sik,**
   *He hewed the beech, and he's fell'd the sik,*
   Sae has he the poplar gray;
   And grim in mood was the grousome elf,
   That ba sall help he may.

4. **He hiew'd him kipples, he hiew'd him hawks,**
   *He hewed him kipples, he hewed him hawks,*
   Wi' mickle mol and haste,
   *Syne spair'd the Elf i' the knock that bade,*
   Wha's hackin here sae fast? i

5. **Syne up and spak the weist Elf,**
   *Cean u' is an immert sma,*
   "It's here is come a Christian man:—
   I let him or he ga."

6. **It's up syne started the firston Elf,**
   *And gowder about sae grim:*
   "It's we'll awa' to the husbands house,
   And hald a court on him.*

7. **Here hews he down balth skagg and shaw,**
   *And works as skath and wore,*
   His huswife he call gie to me:—
   *The s rue the day they were born!*

8. **The Elfen a' i' the knock that were,**
   *Gael dancing in a strid:**

9. **They aighed near the husband's house:**
   *Sae bagn their tails did bing,*

10. **The hound he yowis i' the yang,**
    *The hound tots in his horn;*
    The ear snarigs, and the cock crows,
    *As the husbande has g'eu him his coru.*

11. **The Elfen were five score and seven,**
    *Sae lairdly and sae grim;*
    And they the husbande's guests maun be,
    *To eat and drink w'il him.*

12. **In every nook a cross he coast,**
    *In his chamber naist ava;*
    The Elfen a' were fley'd theraft,
    *And flew to the wild-wood shaw.*

13. **And some flew east, and some flew west,**
    *And some to the norseon flew;*
    And some they flew to the deep dale dow,**
    *There still they are, I trow.*

14. **It was then the weist Elf,**
    *In at the door beids he;*
    A gus was the husbande, for that Elf
    *For crow nor sign wad flea.*

15. **The huswife she was a canny wife,**
    *She set the Elf at the board;*
    She set before him balth ale and meat,
    *Wi' mony a weel-azed word.*

16. **"Hear thou, Geademan o' Villenshaw,**
    *What now I say to thee;*
    Wha bade thee bigg within our bounds,
    *Without the leve o' me?*

17. **"But, an' thou in our bounds will bigg,**
    *And bide, as well may be,*
    Then thou thy dearest huswife maun
    *To me for a leumman gie.*

18. **Up spak the lackless husbande then,**
    *As God the grace him gae;*
    *Eline she is to me sae dear,*
    Her thou may nae-gate hae.

19. **Til the Elf he answer'd as he comth:**
    *"Let but my hawif we be,*

---

1. *This singular quatrain stands thus in the original:—*
   "Hunden hælde pæren;  
   Hunden tuhe iæt hurn;  
   Ensen stæer, og hænem galæ,  
   Som benæn hældæ giftæ æt hurn."
And tak whate'er, o' grade or gear,
Is mine, awa wi' thee."—

20.
"Then I'll thy Elise tak and thee,
Aneath my feet to tread;
And hide thy gond and white monie
Aneath my dwelling stead!"

21.
The husbande and his household a'
In sary rede they join:
"Far bettir that she be now forfaim,
Nor that we a' should tyme."

22.
Up, will of rede, the husbande stood,
Wi' heart fu' sad and sair;
And he has gien his huswife Elise
Wi' the young Elise to fare.

23.
Then blyth grew he, and sprang about:
He took her in his arm:
The rind it leit her comely cheek,
Her heart was elem'd wi' harm.

24.
A weefu' woman then she was ane,
And the moody tears loot fa':
"God rew on me, unseely wife,
Ho' hard a weird I fa'!

25.
"My say I plight to the farest wight
That man on mold mat see:—
Mann I now mell wi' a laidey El,
His light leuman to be?"

26.
He minted ance—he minted twice,
"Vae wax'd her heart that syth:
Syne the laidiest fiend he grew that o'er
To mortal ee did kyth.

27.
When he the thirde time can mine
To Mary's son she pray'd,
And the laidey El was clean awa,
And a fa' knight in his stead.

28.
This fell under a linden green,
That again his shape he foumd,
O' saw and care was the word nair,
A' were saw glad that stound.

29.
"O dearest Elise, hear thou this,
And thou my wife sell be.
And a' the good in merry England
Sae freely I'll gie thee!"

30.
"Whan I was lit a little wee bairn,
My mother dier me fra;
My stepmother sent me awa' fra her;
I turn'd till an Elise Grey.

31.
'To thy husbande I a gift will gie,
Wi' mickle state and rear
As mends for Elise his huswife;—
Thou's be my heartis dear."

32.
"Thou nobil knigt, we thank now God
That has freed us fra skaithe;
Sae whe thy thee a maiden free.
And joy attend ye laith!"

33.
"Sinn I to thee reside mail can be
My dochter may be thine;
And thy gud will right to fulfill,
Lait this be our propin."

34.
"I thanke thee, Elise, thon wise woman;
My praise thy worth saul ha'v;
And thy love gin I fail to win,
Thou here at hame saul stay."

35.
The husbande biggit now on his oé,
And nae ance wrought him wrang;
His dochter wore crown in England,
And happy lived and lang.

36.
Now Elise, the husbande's huswife, has
Cons'd a' her grief and harms;
She's neither to a noble queen
That sleeps in a kingis arm.

GLOSSARY.

St. 1. Wold, a wood; woody fastness.

Husbandre, from the Dan. hus, with, and bonde, 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 "Barge Laws," translated from the Greg, Majrat. (Anchincleik MS. in the Adv. 24th), it is used indiscriminately with the Dan. and Sw. bonde.

Bige, build.

Legg, lie.

Does, does.

2. Shae, wood.

Sorly, sorely.

3. Alc, oak.

Greaweure, terrible.

Buld, build.

4. Kippes (couples), beams joined at the top, for supporting a roof, in building.

Beamis, barks : cross-beams.

Moil, laborious industry.

Sper'd, asked.

Knock, bake.

Writ, smallies.

Cren'rd, shrunk, diminished ; from the Gaelic, crían, very small.

Immert, ennet : ant.

Christian, used in the Dutch ballads, &c. in contra distinction to demonis, 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.

Frey, frighten.

6. Glove're'd, stared.

Hold, hold.

7. Shave shade
Skaithe, harm.
8. Nighted, approached.
Tools.—In the Dan. tade is applied both to the howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.
Screeches, screams.
10. Laidly, loathly; disgustingly ugly.
Grim, fierce.
11. Winoek, window.
Mist, aim at.
12. Coast, cast.
Chamber, chamber.
Noiset, most.
Tree, of all.
True, believe.
Wad, would.
15. Caury, adroit.
May, many.
Wed-sated, well chosen.
16. An, if.
Bide, abide.
Leman, mistress.
17. Navegate, nowise.
18. Noust, number.
19. Couth, could, know how to.
Let be, let alone.
Guide, goods; property.
20. Awesth, beneath.
Dwelling-stand, dwelling-place.
Ride, counsel; consultation.
Forfeits, forfeit; lost; true.
Trye, (verb, nent.) be lost; perish.
22. Will of ride, bewildered in thought; in the Danish original “wildradage”; Lat. “inops consili;”
Gr. 

23. This expression is left from the disconsiderate in the Glossary to Ritson’s Romances, and has never been explained. It is obsolete in the Danish as well as in English.
Fare, go.
24. Rud, red of the cheek
Clem’d, in the Danish, klemt; (which in the north of England is still in use, as the word scarred is with us;) brought to a dying state. It is used by our old comedians.
Harm, grief; as in the original, and in the old Teutonic, English, and Scotch poetry.
Mood, strongly and wilfully passionate.
Rue, take ruth; pity.
Unseely, unhappy; unblest.
Weird, fate.
Bu, (Is. Dan. and Sweed.) take; get; acquire; procure; have for my lot.—This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to the Latin capio; and Allan Ramsay was right in his definition of it. It is quite a different word from fe, an abbreviation of fall, or befall; and is the principal root in Fæg, to fang, take, or lay hold of.
25. Fug, faith.
Mof, a mould; earth.
Mat, more; might.
Mys, most.
Mell, mix.
Eid, an elf. This term, in the Welsh, signifies what has in itself the power of motion; a moving prin-

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 as the translation as in the original; but it is a standard Danish tallied phrase, and as soon as is borne; it will be allowed to mean.

26. Misted, attempted; meant; showed a mind, or intention to. The original is—
“Hand midete hende først—og anden gang;—
Han gjorde i hiertet saa vee;
End blef hand den testede deii-vel
Mand kunde med syen see.
Der hand vidde midte den trohe gang,” &c.

27. Ysuth, title; time.
28. Stone, hour; time; moment.
29. Merry (old T...m...e...r...f...e...m...o...u...n...s, renowned, unswearing, in its etymological meaning exactly to the Latin moctus. Hence merry-men, as the address of a chief to his followers: meaning, not men of worth, but of renown. The term is found in its original sense in the Gael, mear, and the Welsh mawr, great; and in the oldest Text. Romances, mawr and more, have sometimes the same signification.
30. Madrid, amends; recompose.
31. Maik, match; peer; equal.
Propine, pledge; gift.
32. Ot, an island of the second magnitude; an island of the first magnitude being called a land, and one of the third magnitude a halm.
33. Cour’d, recovered.

THE GHAIST’S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH LEMPE VIBER, p. 271

By the permission of Mr. Jameson, this ballad is added from the same curious Collection. It contains some passages of great pathos.

Sweed Dying hand rider sig op under ëe,
(Vare jeg selvem ung)
Der feste hand sig saa wen en noe;
(Mig lyster udi lunden at ride,) &c.

Child Dying has ridden him up under ëe 1
(And O grin I were young!)
There wedded he him sae faur’s a maw,
(I’ the greenwood it lets me to ride.)

Thegither they lived for seven lang year
(And O, &c.)
And they seven bairns has gotten to lene
(I’ the greenwood, &c.)

Sae Death’s come there intill that stead,
And that winsome Lily flower is dead.

That swain he has ridden him’ up under oe,
And synce he has married atither may.

He’s married a maw, and he’s lesson her hame;
But she was a grim and a lealy dame.

When into the castell courtt drawe shé,
The seven bairns stood wi’ the tear in their œe.

The bairns they stand wi’ dale and doubt;
She up wi’ her foot, and she kick’d them out.

1 “ Fair.”—The Dan. and Sweed, ëe, œ, or œn, or and the Galí, ëen, in the oblique cases, ëen (œen), is the origin of the Scottish bonny which has so much praised us etymologists.
Nor ale nor mead to the bairnies she gave:
"But hunger and hate frae me ye's have."
She took frae them the bowster blue,
And said, "Ye sall ligg i' the bare strae!"
She took frae them the groff wax light:
She sas, "Now ye sall ligg i' the mirk n' night!"
'Twas lang i the night, and the bairnies grat:
Their mither she under the meel heard that;
That heard the wife under the eart that lay:
"For sooth maun I o my bairnies gae!"
That wife can stand up at our Lord's knee,
And "May I gang and my bairnies see?"
She prigged sae sair, and she priggeo sae lang,
That be at the last gae her leave to gang.
"And thou sall come back when the cock does craw,
For thou sae langer sall hide awa."
Wit her banes sae stark a bowl she gae;
She's riven baith wa' and marble gray.

When near to the dwelling she can gang,
The dogs they wou'd till the lift it rang.
When she came till the castell yett,
Her eldest dochter stood thereat.
"Why stand ye here, dear dochter mine?
How are sma' brethren and sisters thine?"
"For sooth ye're a woman baith fair and fine;
But ye are none dear mither of mine."
"Och! how should I be fine or fair?
My cheek it is pale, and the ground's my hair."
"My mither was white, wit' cheek sae red;
But thout art wan, and liker ane dead."
"Och! how should I be white and red,
Sae lang as I've been cauld and dead I!"
When she cam till the chalmier in,
Down the bairnies' cheeks the tears did rin.
She baskit the tane, and she brush'd it there;
She kem'd and plaited the eather's hair.
The thirde she doold' upon her knee,
And the fourthen she dichted sae camille.
She s ta'en the fifithe upon her lap,
And sweetly suckled it at her pap.
Till her eldest dochter syne said she,
"Ye bid Child Dying come here to me."
When he cam till the chalmier in,
Wi' angry mood she said to him:
"I left you rooth o' ale and bread:
My Comes quall for hunger and need.

1 The original of this and the following stanza is very fine.
2 Hem child op sin modighe binn,
Der revende mort og græ narmorteem.

"I left ahind me braw bowsters blue;
My bairnies are liggin' i' the bare strae.
I left ye sae moony a groff wax light;
My bairnies ligg i' the mirk n' night.
"Gin aft I come back to visit thee,
Wae, dowy, and weary thy luck 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 nirr and be
She gae the they bairnuies bread and ale.
Aye when the dog did wow, in haste
They cross'd and sain'd themscells frae the gaist.
Aye when the little dog powl'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 are moony a heart they cheer)

GLOSSARY.

ST. 1. May, maid.
Lists, please.
2. Sted, place.
In fare, together.
Wise, engaging ; giving joy. (Old Test.)
4. Syne, then.
5. Fessen, fetched; brown.
6. Drone, drove.
7. Dale, sorrow.
Dout, fear.
8. Bowster, bolster; cushion; bed.
Blue, blue.
Street, straw.
9. Groff, great; large in girl.
Mark, mirk; dark.
10. Lang i the night, late.
Great, weep.
11. Moons, mould; earth.
12. Earl, earth.
Gee, go.
13. Prigged, entreated earnestly and perseveringly.
Gang, go.
Banes, bone.
Stark, strong.
Bown, bolt; elastic spring, like that of a bolt or a
Rose from a bow.
Riven, split splinter.
Wae, wall.
15. Weso, howled.
Lift, sky, firmament; air.
17. Sme', small.
18. Life, complexion.
19. Cold, cold.
20. Till, to.
Rin, run.
Kem'd, combed.
Tick, the other.
Qua'll, are quelled; des.
Need, want.
29. Ahind, behind.
Brae, brave; fine.
31. Dang, sorrowful.
Bell, bark.
34. Sained, blessed; literally, signed with the sign of
the cross. Before the introduction of Christianity,
Runes were used in saining, as a spell against the
power of enchantment and evil genii.
Ghastet, ghost.

Note 3 Z.

—the moody Elfin King.—P. 214.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy Superstitions, publi-
ished 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 collect-
ed which can throw light upon the popular belief which even
yet lurk in regarding them in Scotland. Dr. Graham, au-
thor of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perths
shire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recorded, with
great accuracy, the peculiar tenets held by the Highlanders
on this topic, in the vicinity of Loch Katrine. The learned
author is inclined to reduce the whole mythology from the Druidical
system, —an opinion to which there are many objections.
'The Old Slay', 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 envy mankind their more
complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to
enjoy in their subterranean recesses a sort of shadowy happi-
ness,—a timel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly
exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy enclaves,
where the woe's mists and their nocturnal festivities by the light of
the moon. 'Spiers a' saul beyond the source of the Forth
above Loch a' Sr. is a place called Cairleighan, or the Cove of
the Men of 'P se', which is still supposed to be a favorite place of
these or deines. In the neighborhood are to be seen many
vexed and peevish sentiments; particularly one, near the head
of the lake, 'the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass
ab fer se'. It is believed, that if, on Hallow-eve, any person,
round, p. 80 round one of these hills nine times, towards the left
hand, (Stehieversum) a door shall open, by which he will be
admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of
mortals, have been entertained in their secret recesses.
There they have been received into the most splendid apar-
tments, 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 dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits for
the society of men, and is bound down irrecoverably to the
condemnation of Skelich, or Man of Peace.

A woman, as 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, be-
come associated with the Sálich's. This acquaintance, still
retaining some of the luster of human benevolence, warned her of
her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to
obtain fire, c. d. g. and drinking with them for a certain space
of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend; and
wher the person assigned was eclipsed, 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 the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth.'—P. 107-111.

Note 3 A.

Why sounds you stroke on heath and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?—P. 214.

It has been already observed, that fairies, if not positive
malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like
other propitiates of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of
sight and soveraine, as appears from the cause of offense taken,
in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attrib-
ute of the northern Duergar, or dwarfs; to many of whose indis-
tincions 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 Helden-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 mat-
cherious order of fairies, among the Border wilds. Dr. Leyden
has introduced such a dwarf into his ballad entitled the Cogt
of Keeclarr, and has not forgot his characteristic detestation of
the chase.

The third blast that young Keeclarr blew
Still stood the limber fern,
And a wee man, of swarthly hue,
Upstarted by a cairn.

"His roset weeds were brown as heath
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was frizzily red
As the purple heather-bell.

"An archin clad in prickles red,
Clung cow'ring to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled
As struck by fairy charm.

"Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
Without the leave of me?—

"Brown dwarf, that o'er the moorland strays,
Thy name to Keeclarr tell!—"

"The Beavon man of the Moors, who stirs
Beneath the heather-bell.

"'Tis sweet beneath the heather-bell
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lay'rock's swell,
Far, far from tower and town.

"But woe beside the shrilling horn,
The chase's surlv cheer!
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear, '"

The poetical picture here given of the Duergar corresponds
exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which
I was lately favored by my learned and kind friend Mr. Sur-
tees of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labor upon
the antiquities of the English Border counties. The subject
In itself so curious, that the length of the note will, I hope, be pardoned.

"I have only one rec[ord] of the appearance of our Northumbrian Duergar. My narrator is Elizabeth Cockburn, an ol. wife of Ollerton, in this county; whose credit, in a case of this kind, will not, I hope, be much impeached, when I add, that she is, by her dull neighbors, 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 New castle were sporting on the high moors above Eldien, and after measuring to and fro several hours over the green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger ran lad 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 brackens, across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man, but was an enormously stout and broad-built, having the appearance of vast strength. His dress was entirely brown, the color of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair. His countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes gared like a bull. It seems 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 remarked, that nothing 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 less degree, and consequently more easily会影响到; and more to the point, 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 whortle-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 the dwarf says Elizabeth would have 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 C.**

For thou went Christen'd man.—*P. 214.*

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had joined to their communion of Jesus Christ, a refusal upon this advantageous distinction. Tamuli, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:

"For I ride on a milk-white steed,
And aye nearest the town,
Because I was a Christen'd knight,
They gave me that renown."

I presume that, in the Danish ballad of the *Efngr Gray* (see Appendix, Note 3 A), the obstinacy of the "Weist 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 privileges of Christendom will be proved by the following story:— "In the district called Hasna in Iceland, there was a nobleman called Sigward Forster, 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 stake for the priest, agreeable to the custom of making an offering to the baptism. She then stood a little apart. When the priest left the church, he inquired the meaning of what he saw, and demanded of Sigward if he avowed himself the father of the child. But Sigward, ashamed of the connexion, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he desired the child should be baptized; but this he answered in the negative, lest, by such request, he should admit himself to be the father of the child, the which was left untouched and unbaptized. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, snatched up the infant and the cup, and retired, leaving the priestly cope, of which fragments are still preserved. 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 afflicted at this day." Thus wrote Blinde Dudmond, pastor of the parish of Garðakel, in Iceland, who was known for his profoundness in learning, from whose manuscript it was extracted by the learned Torfæus.—*Hættur Hæðk Krakli, Hafnæs, 1715, prefatio.*

**Note 3 D.**

And gaply shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show.—*P. 214.*

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendor. It has been already noticed in the former quotations from Dr. Graham's entertaining volume, and may be confirmed by the following Highland tradition:— "A woman whose now-born child had been 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 Shielis briskly employed in mixing various ingredients in a boiling caldron: 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 Dornie Shielis returned. But with that eye she was henceforth enabled to see every thing as it really passed in their secret abodes. She saw every object, not as she hitherto had done, in deceptive splendor and elegance, but in its genuine colors and form. The gaudy ornaments of the apartment were reduced to the walk.
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af 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 meditated eye, every thing that was done, anywhere in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, amidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the Sh'ich, or man of peace, in whose possession she had left her child; though to every other eye invisible. Prompted by maternal affection, she inadvertently accosted him and began to inquire after the welfare of her child. The man of peace, astonish'd at being thus accosted by one of mortal race, demanded how she had been enabled to discover him. Awed by the terrible frown of his countenance, she acknowledged what she had done. He spat in her eye, and extinguish'd 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 Otia Imperitalia of Gravse 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 greatly diminish'd our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show, that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charm 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 labor. There lies, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend, Mr. Francis Bouse, 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,
To the joyous Elgin bower. — P. 214.

The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of diffusing system, which extended to Lilibet as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharg'd the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londe of Fairey." In the beautiful Fairy Romance of Orme and Hendolias (Orpheus and Eurydike) in the Auchinleck MS. is the following striking enumeration of personages 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 bifold about at,
And seljie ful liggeand with in the wal
Of folk that were thidder y-brought,
And thought dere and nere nought
Some stode withouten hadde
And sum non nowe nowe broc
And sum that the bodd halle wounds;
And some lay wode y-bounde;
And sum arm'd on hore sete;
And sum astringed as thi e;e;
And sum war in water adryet;
And sum with fire al forsecreyt;
Wisshe their lay on childe bedde;
Sum deale, and sum awedde;
And wonder felle ther lay besides,
Right as thi slepe her underti;
Ecke was thus in the war y-home,
With faire thider y-come."

NOTE 3 F.

Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The preaching fox was trapped or slain? — P. 219

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 accorded either cruelty 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 vented in such an authority. — Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1702, vol. p 187.

NOTE 3 G.

his Highland cheer,
The herald's shrill of mountain-deer. — P. 219

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 whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Charters, 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 fond des Saonges). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these Scottish Saonges devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, or as

1 [This story is still current in the moors of Staffordshire, and adapted to the scenery of their own caverns. I have repeatedly heard it told, exactly as here, by men who could not read. My last authority was a tailor near Cleobule. — H. Jameson.]

2 [One other legend, in a similar strain, lately communicated by a very intelligent young lady, is given, principally because it furnishes an opportunity of passing an ingenious idea suggested by Mr. Scott, in one of his earlier songs to the Lady of the Lake:—

(A young man, roaming one day through the forest, observed a number of persons all dressed in green, issuing from one of those remote eminences which are commonly accounted fairy-hills. Each of them in succession called upon a person by name to do his office. A captivated herd-station appeared; they all mounted, and saluted forth into the region of air. The young man, like Ali Baba in the Arabian Nights, vici

3 [New "Fairy Superstitions,"] Rev Boy, N. ced.]
to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This 'they reckoned a great deliverance; and when the Vielame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremly popular. This curious trait of manners was communicated by Mons. de Montmorcey, a great friend of the Vielame, to Brantome, by whom it is recorded in *Vies des Héros illustres. Discours lixxix*. The process by which the raw venison was rendered edible is described very minutely in the romance of Perceforest, where Scato, a Scottish knight-errant, having slain a deer, says to his companion Claudius: "Sir, or mangle you and may asil. Voire si vous union de feu, dit Claudius. Par l'ame de mon perde; dist Estonne, je vous avouemery et cuirey a la maniere de nostre pays comme pour chevalier errant. Lors tins son espee, et sen vint a la branche dange averse, et y fait vyn grant trou, et puis fens la branche bien dieux pieds, et boute la cuire du seul entredreuse. Il puis pres le lice de son cheval et en lye la branche, et destreint si fort, que le saug et les humeurs de la chair saillent hors, et demenez la chair dentee et seiche. Lors prent la chair, et este ins le cuir, et la chair demene aussi blanche comme se ce faust dung chappon. Dout dist a Claudius, Sire, je la vous yue cuiste a la guise de mon pays, vous en poyez manger hardyement, car le manger premier. Lors met sa sa main a son selle en voy lye qu'il ayent, et tire hors sel e poudre de poirue et gingembre, nestle ensemble, et le lecte desse, et le frote sus bon fort, puis le couppe a moytie, et en donnez a Claudius l'une des pieces, et puis mort en l'autre aussi samonereusement quil est aduis que il en feist la poudre voler. Quant Claudius velt qu'il le mangeoit de tel gunot, il en print grant fait, et commence a manger tronveulement, et dist a Estone: Par l'ame de moy, il se mangeoy ensemencs de chair atroce de tale guise: mais doyensennant ce ne me retournevoye hors de mon chemin par noy la cuire. Sire, dit Estonne, quant is suis en descen d'Ecosse, dont je suis seigneur, je chevalayx, hait mouns ou quine que il n'entery en chasell ne en maison, et si ne venry feu ne personne vivans for que bestes saugages, et de celles mangeroy atoynces en ceste maniere, et mienx en-plains. Lors met sa sa main a son selle en voy lye qu'il ayent, et chevalayx husques adone quilz arriveroye sur une mout belle fontaine que estoit en vyn valee. Quant Estone la velt il dist a Claudius, allons boire a ceste fontaine. Or beaus dist Estonne, du boire qu il grant dien a pourrero a toutes gens, et que ne plais mienx que les ermeois d'Angletre.'—*La Travagleure Hystoire du tresnoble Roy Perceforest.*

After all, it may be doubted whether la chaire noitres, for so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was any thing more than a mere rude kind of deer-ham.

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**Note 3 I.**

*The Gael, of plain and river keir,*

*Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.*—P. 221.

The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of Gray:

"An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,

Foes to the gentler genius of the plain;

For where unwarried sheows must be found,

With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground;

To turn the torrent's swift descending flood;

To tame the savage raving from the wood;

What wonder if, to patient valor trained,

They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd:

And while their rocky ramparts round they see

The rough ashore of want and liberty.

(As lawless force from confidence will grow),

Insult the plenty of the vale below my eye.*

*Fragment on the Alliance of Education and Government.*

So far, indeed, was a *creach*, 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 finished an apology, or against the *sceauranach*, 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 they might cause 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, its instructions were precise, that the party should foray the province of Morny (a Lowland district), where, as he coolly observes, "All men take their prey."

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**Note 3 H.**

*Not then claim'd sovereignty his due,*

*While Abnow, with freble hand,*

*Held bound'r tramemon of command.*—P. 221.

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 Pitottie, "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 Melburne, under tryst;" (i.e., an agreed and secure meeting.) "Likewise the Laird of Drummond slew the Lord Flindell at the bowkine, 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 color of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found greater than in their own country." And some 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 phinzie of no extortion, theft, reif, nor slaughter, done to them by the Douglases, or their men; in that cause they were not heard, so long as the Douglas had the court in guiding." *Ibid.* p. 133.

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**Note 3 K.**

*I only mean* to *show the reed on which you lean*,

*Deweni this path you might pursue Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.*—P. 222.

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 exactions 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 little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Cluetar, of
Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied blackmail upon the people, and 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 imposing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodations being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he formed, his new acquaintance knew well all the passers 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 whisked, 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 unharmed and unjured." He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

**Note 3 L.**

On Bochastle the moulderling lines
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle-wings unpar'd—P. 223.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennacher, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the Dun 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 Fanick, entitled the Roman Chapel.

["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 Greenclooning, about six miles to the eastward of Duibhane. This encampment is supposed, on good grounds, to have been constructed during the fourth campaign of Agricola in Britain; it is 1000 feet in length, and 900 in breadth; it would contain 56,400 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, picares, &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 val'gessess I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand.—P. 223.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilles 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 in exactly the same situation, which necessarily made it impossible in private duel. But in private duel it was often otherwise. In that desperate combat which was fought between Nuelles, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Arnegue, with two seconds on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive, Nuelles 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 Arnegue with this odds, "Thou hast done wrong," answered he, "to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilli of arms." In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Aubagny, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged him as an undue advantage; but at this time hardly any thing can be conceived more horribly brutal than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France, Those who were most jealous of the point of honor, and acquired the title of *Raffinés,* 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 Vitalon:

"J'ay qui conter a Tuirre d'armes, qui apptir a Millau a en titer, lequel s'appelle Seigneur le Jacques Ferron, de la ville d'Aut, qui avoit esté a moy, il fut despues et a Siaste Basile en Gascoigne, lors que Monsieur le Mayeur l'asseyage lui servant d' Ingenieur; et de malheur, je l'aviso address adut Baron quelques trois mois auparavant, pour l'excere a titer, bien qu'il en'eut prou; mais il n'est fait compte; et le laissant, Millau se servit, et le rendit fort aubri. Seigneur Jacques donc le raconta; qu'il estoit monte sur nuyer, assez loing, pour en voir le combat, et qu'il ne vist jamais homme y aller plus bravement, ny plus resoluement, ny de grace plus assurse ne determinie. Il comenca du marcher de cinquante pas a son ennuye, relevant souvent ses moustaches en haut d'une main, et les tenans a vingty ou dixty a vingty ou dixty de son ennuye (non pluslo), il mit la main a l'espée qu'il tenoit en la main, non qu'il est lezec encore; mais en marchant, il fit valler le fourreau en l'air, en secouant, qui ce est le beau de cela, et qui monstroit bien un grace de combat bien assurance et froide, et aulment temeraire, comme il y en a qui tirent leurs espues de cinq cents pas de l'ennuye, voire de mille, comme j'en ay vus ascens. Ainsi mourut ce brave Baron, du paragon de France; qu'on nommoit tel, a bien venger ses querelles, par grandes et determinie resolutions I n'estoit pas seulement estime en France, mais en Italie, Espagne, Allemaigne, en Bouegne et Angle cere; et desprirent fort les Etrangers, venant en France, le voir; car je l'ay vee, tant sa renommation volloit. Il estoit fort peu de corps, mais fort grand de courage. Ses ennuye disonts, qu'il ne taxoit pas bien ses gens, que par avtages et supercieries. Certes, je tiens de grands capitaines, et moymes d' Italiens, qui ont estez d'autres fois les premiers vengeurs du monde, ce qu'agri modo, disoient-ils, qui ont tenu cette maximize, qu'un supercherie ne se devoit payer que par semblable monnoye et y ailoit point le de deshonors.**—Querelles de Brantome, Paris, 1777. Tome vii. 180-92. It may perhaps be useful to the reader to inform the reader, that this paragon of France was the more foul assassin of his time, and had committed many desperate murders, chiefly by the assistance of "is hired banditti; irose which it may be conceived how little the point of honor of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to gratify her good
who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry.

NOTE 3 N.

I'll fored it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he throw,
For train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.—P. 223.

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 buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed; and Captain Grose 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. 1, 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;
By Lord Monson advanced as fast as he could,
But all his fine pushes were caught in the wood,
And Sawrey, with backsword, did slash him and nick him.
While 'tis true, enraged that he couldn't once prick him,
Cried, 'Sirrah, youascal, you son of a whore,
Me will fight you, be gaff! if you'll come from your door.'"

The use of defensive armor, 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 poisoned by them, is said to have been the first who 'brought the rapier fight into general use. Faller, speaking of the swash-bucklers, or ballads, of Queen Elizabeth's time, says:—"The first buckler field was called Ruffian Hall, where such men usually met, causally or otherwise, to try mysteries with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith, it being accounted unmanly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate tritor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disarmed." In "The Two Angry Women of Abington," 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 manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up: then a ruffian, 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 Italian. 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 cloaks, 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 rapier, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed as 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 gentemcut corit," by the venerable Dr. Paris de Puteo. The Highlanders continued to use broadsword and target until disarmed after the affair of 1745-6.

NOTE 3 O.

Thy threats, thy mercy I defy!
Let reventant yield, who fears to die.—P. 224.

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 neighbor to the republican garrison at Inverness, 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 chief with a few inferior numbers, they were almost 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 kept 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 wrestled, 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 engage 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. 1. p. 375.

NOTE 3 P.

Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, 0 sad and fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-rays sound.—P. 225.

An eminence on the northeast of the Castle, where state criminals were executed. Stirling was often polluted with noble blood. It is thus apostrophized by J. Johnston:

—"Discordia tristes
Hen quievit placens sanguine texit humum!
Hoc uno infelix, et felix vetera; mequam
Laxator aut civis ironis genivit sole.

The fate of William, eighth earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and whom 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 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. The "heading hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurly-bucket, from its having been the scene of a county assassination alluded to by Sir Davie

appealed to the Hurley-hackett;"—

Note 3 Q.
The burgheirs hold their sports to-day.—P. 225.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play, or festival, when feats 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 for these diversions, was noted for its skill in this sport, upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or Rex Pictetorum, 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 Dunfermline, a silver gun was substituted, and the contest transferred to firearms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr. John Mayne, entitled the Siller Gun, 1698, which surpasses the efforts of Ferguson, and comes near to those of Burns. Of James's attachment to archery, Pitscottie, the faithful, Joseph rode recorder of the manners of that period, has given as evidence:—

"In this year there came an embassador 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 wailed [picked] men for all kinds of games and pastimes, shooting, leaping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well stayd [sawed or tried] ere they passed out of Scotland, and that by their own provocation:—but ever they tint: 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 enterprise 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, rever, or bus, as the Scots pleased.

"The king, hearing this of his mother, was content, and gart her pawn a hundred crowns, and a ten of wine, upon the English-men's hands; and he inventment laid down as much for the Scotchmen. The field and ground was chosen in St. Andrews, and three landed men and three yeomen chosen to shoot against the English-men,—to win, Davi Wemyss of the Kirk, and Mr. John Arnot, of that ilk, and Mr. John Weddellburn, vicar of Dundee; the yeomen, John Thompson, in Leith, Steven Tulabern, with a piper, called Alexander Bailie; they shot very near, and warned [worsted] the English-men of the enterprise, and won the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry that his men won the victory."—P. 147.

Note 3 R.
Robin Hood.—P. 296.
The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was favorite 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. 1553, which or dered, under heavy penalties, that "as manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Lutle John, Abbot of Unfreton, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But in 1611, the "rascall multitude," says John Knox, "were stirr'd up to make a Robin Hood, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of Parliament; yet would they be forbidden." Accordingly, they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavored 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 1592. 1 Bold Robin was, to to my the least, equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England: for the simple an 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 mire and rochet were fain 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 illustrative information can be bestowed by the commentators on Shakspeare. 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 Queen hoo Hall, published after his death, in 1808.

Note 3 S.
Indifferent as to archer weight.
The monarch gave the arrow bright.—P. 226.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed son of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished 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. 2

His (the king's) implacability (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 Gray-Stell. 3 Archibald, being banished into England, could not well comport with the humor of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joined with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wary of that life, and remembering the king's favor 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 Stirling, he casts himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him after, ere he came near, he guessed it was he, and said to one of his couriers, yonder is my Gray-Stell, 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

1 Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 434.
3 A champion of popular romance. See Ellis's Romances, vol. 6.
went by without giving him any answer, and trotted a good
round pace up the hill. Kilsipinde followed, and though he
was on him a secret, or shirft of mail, for his particular ene-
mies, was as soon as the king sat on him. 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 none him.
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
said him that he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten
one. The king reproved them very sharply for their discon-
tent, 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 canonmer, that was slain at Tantallon, began to quarrel
with Archibald about the matter, whereupon the king showed
himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he com-
manded him to go to France for a certain space, till he hear
further 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 (whatever were Au-
gus's or Sir George's fault) had not been principal agent of any
thing, nor a counsellor nor stirrer up, but only a follower of
his friends, and that noways cruelly disposed."—Hume
of Godkraft, ii. 107.

NOTE 3 T.

Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring.—P. 236.

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 happe to be there beside
Tryed a wrestylng:
And therefore there was y-setten
A ram and als a ring."

Also in the Litil Geste of Robin Hood:

"By a bridge was a wrestling,
And there tyred was he:
And there was all the best yemen
Of all the west country.
A full hayre game there was set up,
A white bull up yeight,
A great cowser with sadder and byrdle,
With gold burnish-bed full bright;
A payre of gloves, a red golden ring,
A pipe of wynne, good fayre;
What man bereit him best, I wis,
The prize shall bear away."—

Risdon's Robin Hood, vol. i.

NOTE 3 U.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenant of a feudal lord,
Nor was't the patriarchal claim
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they. —P. 220,

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and
peas with their vassals, who held lands under them, for mil-

itary 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 Patrick Poltairas,
exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father
of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradistinction
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
"Three Estates"), introduces in his Foot-Band, a corporal
who, after much swaggering upon the stage, is at length pres
sent to flight by the Fool, who terrifies him by means of a sleety
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 Thane. These partook of the character of the
Adventurous Companions of Froissart or the Condotieri
Italy.

One of the best and liveliest traits of such manners is the
last will of a leader, called Geoffroy Tete Noir, who having
been slightly wounded in a skirmish, his intrepitude brought
on a mortal disease. When he found himself dying, he sum
moned to his bedside the adventurers whom he commanded,
and thus addressed them:

"Farewell, quondam, and friends, for I know well ye have
always served and honoured me as men ought to serve their
sovereign and captainye, and I shall be the gladder if ye will agree
to have to your captainye one that is descended of my blood
Behold here Alynex Roux, my coyn, and Peter his brother,
who are men of arms and of my blood. I require you to make
Alyene your captainye, and to swear to hym fayre obesayence,
love, and loyalty, here in my presence, and also
to his brother; howe he it, I wyll that Alynex have the sovere-
ignye charge. Sir, quoy, we are well content, for ye haue ryght well chosen. There all the companions made them breke no poyn of that ye have ordained and
commanded."—Lord Berners' Froissart.

NOTE 3 V.

Thus now hast glee-maiden and harp!
Get thee an ope, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juyger band. —P. 231.

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 as-
tists, to render these performances as captivating as possible.
The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was
vumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon ver-
sion of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted
or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor crea-
tures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen
to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountay-
hall:—"Reid the mountebank pursues Scott of Harden
and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl, calle,
de tumbling-base, that danced upon his stage: and he claimed
damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her
from her mother for £30 Scots. But we have no slaves in
Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their burins; and physician
attested the employment of tumbling would kill her; and her
joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; thoug
she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not runaway from her
master: yet some cited Moses's law, that if a servant shelter
himself with these, and against his master's cruelty, then shall
surely not deliver him up. The Lords, retenience cancellaria,
assembled Harden, on the 27th of January (1637)."—Foun-
tainhall's Decisions, vol. i. p. 439.1

James II. zeal for Catholic pro-lycyclic, and is told by Fountainhall
with dry Scotch irony:—January 17th, 1667.—Reid the mountebank

1 Tho' less to my purpose, I cannot help noticing a circumstance re-
winding mother of this Mr. Reid's attendants, which occurred during
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

2«T

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an ac-
ceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben
Jenion, in his satiric introduction to the comedy of "Bar-
tholomew Fair," is at pains to inform the audience "that he
was never a sword-and-buckler man in his fair, nor a juggler,
with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain 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 peaks on high
O'er Dermid's race our victory.—
Strike it!—i. 239.

There are several instances, at least in tradition, of persons
so much attached to particular tunes, as to require to hear
them on their deathbed. Such an anecdote is mentioned by
an old Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border
tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Bairns,"
for which a certain Galloway laird is said to have evinced
this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a fa-
mous 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 "Deydlyffy Gwrgryff Hen." But the most curious
example is given by Brantome, of a maid of honor at the
court of France, entitled, Madeleine de L'Enclume. "Du-
rant sa maladie, dont elle tresspasse, jamais elle ne cessa, ains
cause toujours; car elle estoit fort grande parlementrice, bronce-
dene, et très-bien et fort à propos, et très-belle avec cela.
Quand l'heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir un sey son valet
(ainsi que les filles de la cour en ont chambre), qui s'appel-
loit Julien, et savoit très-bien jouer du violon. 'Julien,'
lay dit elle, 'prenez votre violon, et sonnez moy toujours jus-
ques a ce que vous me voyez morte (car je mey en vais) la
defaite des Suisse, et le mieux que vous pourrez, et quand
vous serez sur le mot, 'Tout est perdu,' "sonnez le par quatre
ou cinq fois le plus silencieusement que vous pourrez,' ce qui fit
l'autre, et elle mosneuy lay asoit de la voix, et quand ce vint
'tout est perdu,' elle le retourent par deux fois; et se tournant
de l'autre costé du chevet, elle dit á ses compagnes: 'Tout est
perdu á ce coup, et á bon escient;' et ainsi deceda. Voila une
morte joyeuse et plaisante. Je teins ce conte de deux de ses com-
pagnes, dignes de foi, qui virent jour ce mystere."—Oeuvres
de Brantome, iii. 307. The tune to which this fair lady chose
to make her final exit, was composed on the defeat of the
Swiss at Marignano. The burden is quoted by Panurge, in
Rabelais, and consists of these words, imitating the jargon of
the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:

"Tout est verloir,
La Tintebroche,
Tont est verloir, bi Got!"

Note 3 X.

Battle of Beall on Duine.—P. 233.

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the
Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned
in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of
James V.

is received into the Popish church, and one of his blackarmors was pre-
pared to accept of baptism from the Popish priest, and to turn Christian
papist; which was a great trophy: he was called James, after the king

"In this roughly-wooded island, the country people ac-
cept their wives and children, and their most valuable ef-
fects, from the capacity of Crowns' soldiers, during their
raid into this country, in the time of the republic. That
invaders, not venturing to ascend by the ladders, along the
side of the lake, took a more circuitous road, through the
heart of the Trosachs, the most frequented path at that time.
which penetrates the wilderness about half way between
the lake and the land, by a tract called Yeachchleish, or the Old
Wife's Bog.

"In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the coun-
try at that time hung upon the rear of the invading army,
and shot one of Crowns' men, whose grave marks the scene
of action, and gives name to that pass. 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, who
had carried the women to their saylum, and lay moored in one
of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the main-
land, 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 part of the island, he was seized with a violent
spasm, and fell into the water, and was drowned. This ex-
cited the consternation of the whole island, and filled them
with affright. A short stir ensued upon hearing the news.

Note 3 Y.

And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King.—P. 237.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beauti-
ful Arabian tale of H Beallach. Yet the incident is not
borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition.
A regular monarch who was, of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose
good and benevolent intentions often rendered his passions
freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his amours at
tention 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
village of his several palaces in various disguises. The two
excellent comic songs, entitled, "The Galleranzie 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 Craigmill, near
Edinburgh, where he had rendered 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 thrashing in a neighboring barn, came
out upon the noise, and whether moved by compassion or by

1 That at the extreme extremity of Loch Katrine, so often mentioned in the
text.

2 Beallach na dunie.
natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with
his fist so effectually, as to dispose the assailants, well
thoroughly, even according to the letter. He then conducted
the king into his larn, where his guest requested a basin and
vessel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being pro-
ceeded with difficulty, James employed himself in learning
what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and
found that they were bonified by the desire of possessing, in
property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he labored as a
bondman. The lands chance to belong to the crown; and
the king directed him to the palace of Holyrood, and inquired for the
Gudeman (i.e. farmer) of Ballaggeich, a man by whom he was known in his excursions, and which
answered to the R. Bowlencam of Haroun Acrashidi.
He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonish-
ment, that he had saved his monarch's life, and that he was to be
gratified with a crown charter of the lands of Braehead, under the service of presenting a cow, basin, and towel, for
the hawk, and wash his hands; and, to carry on this phase the
Bridge of Crannoch. This person was ancestor of the Howi-
sons of Braehead, in Mid-Lothian, a respectable family, who
continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line)
under the same tenure.1

Another of James's frolics is thus narrated by Mr. Camp-
bell from the Statistical Account:—Being once betided with
want of wheat, 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 gude-
man (i.e. landlord, farmer) desired the gudewife to fetch the
hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the pinnac-
est, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with
no 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 inquire for the Gudeman of Balla-
geich.

Donaldson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the Gudeman of
Ballaggeich, when his astonishment at finding that the king
had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry
mourners of the fold. He accordingly called on the Gudeman
of Alloa, where he was henceforth 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 pos-
session 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 good breeding, and great dislike to reform or innovation of any kind, although,
from the spirited example of his neighbor tenants on the same
estate, he is convinced similar exertion would promote his ad-
antage.2

The author requests permission yet farther to verify the sub-
ject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of
Buchanan on Scottish Antiquities.

"This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Armpyry was after-
as termed King of Kippen, upon the following account: King James V., a very sociable, debonair prince, residing at
Stirling, in Buchanan of Armpyry's time, carried were very
recently passing along the common road, being near Armpy-
ry's house, with necessary for the use of the king's fami-
y; and he, having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of
these carriers to carry a 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
Armpyry seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier,
in the end, to leave his load; telling him, 'If James was
King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was rea-
sonable he should share with his neighbor king in some of
his lands, so frequently carried that road. The carrier rep-
resenting this usage, and telling the story, as Armpyry 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 neighbor king, who was in the mean time at
dinner. King James, having sent a servant to demand access
was denied the same by a tall fellow with a battle-axe, that
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 re-
sent his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not
do, desired the porter to tell him that the Goodman of
Ballaggeich desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The
porter telling Armpyry so much, he, in all humble manner,
came and received the king, and having entertained him with
much amusements 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 Armpyry in a few days to return
him a second to Stirling, which he performed, and continued
in very much favor with the king, always thereafter being
honored as King of Kippen, which he lived."—Mr. Buchanan's

The readers of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable fea-
tures with which he is represented, since he is generally con-
sidered as the prototype of Zerbino, the most interesting hero
of the Orlando Furioso.3

Note 3 Z.

Stirling's tower

Of the name of Snowdoun claims.—P. 238.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of
the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David
Lanyon, in his Essay upon the Family of Buchanan, states
the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papago:

"Adieu, fair Snowdoun, with thy towers high,
Thy chapel-royal, park, and table round;
May, Jane, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I a man, to hear the birds sound,
Withal doth against thy royal rock rebound."4

Mr. Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lan-
ny's works, has refuted the chimerical derivation of Snowdoun
from scolding, or cutting. It was probably derived from the
romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur,
in which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance.
The ring within which jests were formerly practiced, in the
castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snowdoun is the
official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epitaphs 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 Ballaggeich; derived from a steep pass
leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet
would not have beautified poetry, and would best Armpyry's
Sp. A small district of Perthshire.
The Vision of Don Roderick.

Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,
Fox humana valet!—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; subdued, 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 Bonaparte; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspicous and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succeers. It may be farther 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 honored 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.

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 wretched 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 candor 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 Dunira this summer, where I proposed to attend you. He's miti quid hee mihi? humanum perspexi sumus. His loss will be long and severely felt here and Evey is already paying her cold tribute of applause to the worth which she maligned while it walked upon earth."
The Vision of Don Roderick.

TO

JOHN WHITMORE, Esq.

AND TO THE

COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE SUFFERERS,

IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,

(THE VISION OF DON RODERICK)

COMPOSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FUND UNDER THEIR MANAGEMENT,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

WALTER SCOTT.

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 you Master of the Lyre,
Who sung bellesager'd Ilios evil star?—
Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descent wide o'er Ocean's range;
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,
All as it swell'd 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,
That clange to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

1 The letters of Scott to all his friends have sufficiently shown the unflagging interest with which, among all his personal labors and anxieties, he watched the progress of the great contest in the Peninsula. It was so earnest, that he never on any journey, not even in his very frequent passages between Edinburgh and Ashæteel, omitted to take with him the largest and best map he had been able to procure of the seat of war; upon this he was perpetually poring, tracing the marches and counter-marches of the French and English by means of black and white pins; and not seldom did Mrs. Scott complain of this constant occupation of his attention and her carriage. In the beginning of 1811, a committee was formed in London to collect subscriptions for the relief of the Portuguese, who had seen their lands wasted, their vines torn up, and their houses burnt in the course of Massena's last unfortunate campaign; and Scott, on reading the advertisement, immediately addressed Mr. Whitmore, the chairman, begging that the committee would allow him to contribute to their fund the profits, to whatever they might amount, of a poem which he proposed to write upon a subject connected with the localities of the patriotic struggle. His offer was of course accepted; and The Vision of Don Roderick was begun as soon as the Spring vacation enabled him to retire to Ashæteel.

II.

Yes! such a strain, with all o'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 fold'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

2 The poem was published, in 4to, in July; and the immediate proceeds were forwarded to the board in London. His friend the Earl of Dalketh (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch) writes thus on the occasion—"Those with ample fortunes and thicker heads may easily give one hundred guineas to a subscription, but the man is really to be envied who can draw that sum from his own brains, and apply the produce so beneficially and to so exalted a purpose." Life of Scott, vol. iii. pp. 312, 313.

3 MS.—"Who sung the changes of the Phrygian jar?"

4 MS.—"Claiming thine ear 'twixt each loud trumpet change!"

4 The too monotonous close of the stanza is sometimes diversified by the adoption of fourteen-foot verse,—a license in poetry which, since Dryden, has (we believe) been altogether abandoned, but which is nevertheless very deserving of revival, so long as it is only rarely and judiciously used. The very first stanza in this poem affords an instance of it; and, introduced thus in the very front of the bottle, we cannot help considering it as a fault, especially clogged as it is with the association of a defective rhyme—change, revenge."—Critical Review, Aug. 1811.
III.
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age? Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim,
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids sung; That fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and And mystical Merlin harp'd, and gray-hair'd Lyc- 
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage And with affection vain gave them new voice in 
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand— And of moonlight foray made on Tievot, Tweed, or 
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band? Tyne.
MS.— "Uniform'd for capture, how shall we repair." MS.— "Thou givest our verse a theme that might engage 
Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost, Lyres that could riches yield thee back its due; How much unmeet for us, degenerate, frail, and few!"

IV.
Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast The friends of Scottish freedom found repose; Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed Return from the field of vanquish'd foes; their rest, Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close, That erst the choir of Bards or Druids sung; And when their hymn of victory arose, [rung, And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph And mystical Merlin harp'd, and gray-hair'd Lyc- 

V.
O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain, As sure your changeable gales seem oft to say, When sweeping wild and sinking 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 pious gather'd each tradition gray, That floats your solitary wastes along, [song, And with affection vain gave them new voice in 

VI.
For not till now, how oft so o'er the task Of true verse hath lightend 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 approaches came; Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer; Let but his verse beft a hero's fame, immortal be the verse;—forgot the poet's name. 

VII.
Hark, from your misty cairn their answer tost: "Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,

VIII.
"Decay'd our old traditionary lore, [ring, Save where the lingering fays renew their By milk-maid seen beneath the Hawthorn hear, Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring:" [sing, Save where their legends gray-hair'd shepherds That now scarce win a listening ear but thine, Of feuds obscure, and Border ravaging, And rugged deeds recount in rugged line, Of moonlight foray made on Tievot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.
"No! search romantic lands, where the near Sur Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame, Where the rude villager, his labor done, [narse, In verse spontaneous" chants some favor'd Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim, Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet; Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Grame, He sings, 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 Barbaric monuments of pomp repose; Or where the banners of more ruthless foes Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane, 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 sun-burnt native's eye; The stately port, slow step, and visage dark, Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
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 past 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 quivered rings 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 morning  
stay,  
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?—"  
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, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom  
wrongs,  
And Guilt his secret burden cannot bear,  
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from De-  
spair.

which he dwells; and it is on such occasions, especially suited as they seem to the nobs of his mind, that his style itself  
catches a character of harmony, which is far from being uni-  
versally its own. How vivid, yet how soft, is this picture!"

"S.——"For, strait'ch'd beside the river's margin damp,  
Their proud pavilions hide the meadow green."

"MS.—"Bare javelins aight."  

The Critical Reviewer, having quoted stanzas i, ii, and iii,  
says—"To the specimens with which his former works abound,  
of Mr. Scott's unrivalled excellence in the descriptions, both  
of natural scenery and romantic manners and costume, these  
stanzas will be thought no mean addition."

7 See Appendix, Note E

And, if the glow of feudal chivalry  
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,  
Theria! 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  
thee;  
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. [said:  
Go, seek such theme!—The Mountain Spirit  
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 out-stretch'd below,  
And naught disturbs the silence of the night;  
All save in sullen shade, or silver glow,  
All save the heavy swell of Tejo's ceaseless flow."

II.
All save the rushing swell of Tejo'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 camp.  
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,
THE VISION OF DON RODERICK. — Page 272.
VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd; 1
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook; 2
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience shook,
[lyk. 3]
Fear tames a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's.

VII.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the King bewray'd; 4
As sign and glance eke out the unfinished tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.
"Thus royal Witiza's was slain,"—he said;
"Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I;
Thus still Ambition strives 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 alarm'd 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 trim
Know by their bearing to disguise their mood:"
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood—
[stood.
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate

IX.

"O harden'd offspring of an iron race! [say I
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I
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."

X.

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom
"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonor doom!
Yet, I will know whence come they, or by whom,
Show, for thou canst—give forth the fated boy,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious roost,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."

XI.

"Ill-fated Prince! recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!
Both think, you 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, impends avenging wrath divine.

His nature to the effort, he exclaims'd,
Spreading his hands, and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame— Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name should have sufficed
To tell the whole abhorred history:
He not the less pursued,—the ravisher,
The cause of all this rain!—Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms strait'ed down, and hands outspread, and eye
Risen to the Monk, like one who from his voice
Expected life or death."

Mr. Southey, in a note to these lines, says, "The vision of Don Roderick supplies a singular contrast to the picture which is represented in this passage. I have great pleasure in noting the stanzas (v. and vi.); if the contrast had been intentional it could not have been more complete."

4 The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne, and slain by his annoyance, as is affirmed by Rodriguez of Te-holo, father of Spanish history.

MS.—"He spare to smite the shepherd, lest the sheep be lost."

MS.—"And guide me, Prelate, to that secret room"

See Appendix, Note F.

MS.—"Or pause the omen of thy fate to weigh!
Bethink, that brazen portal would afford."

1 MS.—"The feeble lamp in dying hours roll'd."

2 MS.—"The haughty monarch's heart could evil brook."

3 The Quarterly Reviewer says—"The moonlight scenery of the calm, and burial-ground is evidently by the same powerful hand which sketched the Abbey of Melrose; and in this picture of Roderick's confession, there are traits of even a higher cast of sublimity and pathos."

4 The Edinburgh Reviewer introduces his quotations of the i. ii. v. and vi. stanzas thus—"The poem is substantially divided into two compartments;—the one representing the fabulous or prodigious acts of Don Roderick's own time; and the other the recent occurrences which have since signalized the same quarter of the world. Mr. Scott, we think, is most at home in the first of these fields; and we think, upon the whole, has most success in it. The opening affords a fine specimen of his unravelled powers of description."

The reader may be gratified with having the following lines from Mr. Southey's Roderick, inserted here:—

"Then Roderick knelt
Before the holy man, and strove to speak:
'I Iseest,'—he cried;—'I seest!—but memory
And embellishing thoughts repeat the word,
And wonderings, like an ague fit, from head
To foot convulsed him: t'il at length, subduing
XII.

"Prelate! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay;
Lead on!"—The ponderous key the old man took,
And held the winking lamp, and led the way.
By winding stair, dark aisle, 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,
[Bray'd.

Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder
And hurtling down at once, in crumbled 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, crossed 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'd 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 masquers trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's 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 statabal,
Gong-peat and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Teesir war-cry, and the Lelie's yell,^1
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.
Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
[Tocsin bell!^2
"The Moor!" he cried, "the Moor!—ring out the

XX.

"They come! they come! I see the gaunty lan:
White with the turbans of each Arab horde.
Swart Zaarah join's her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The choice they yield, the Koran or the Sword—
See how the Christians rush to arms again!
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd,^3
The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain.
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause
of Spain!

^1 See Appendix, Note 6

* "Oh, who could tell what deeds were wrought that day
Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
XXI.

*By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!*
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—
Is not yon steed Orelia?—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 ingulf him!—"Hush," in shuddering tone,
[form's thine own."

The Prelate said;—"rash Prince, yon vision'd

XXII.

Just then, a torrent cross'd the flier's course;
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;
But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and horse,
Swept like heightened peasant down the tide,
And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,
As numerous as their native lection band;
Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide,
With naked cinements mete out the land,
And for the bondsmen base the freeborn natives ordain.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
Then, menials, to their disbelieving foes
Castile's young nobles hold 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, [mean.

The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—'E'en as one who spies
[wolf,
Plumes dart their glare o'er midnight's sable
And hears around his children's piercing cries,

Hated, and madness, and despair, and fear,
Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,

The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks and groans,
And prayers, which mingled in the din of arms,
Is one wild uproar of terrific sounds."


And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,
His folly or his crime have caused his grief;
And while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and Heaven—himself is chief—

Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's re

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 rebeck or timbrel rings;
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs
Bazaars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jellid flings,
And on the land as evening seem'd to set,
The Inna'm'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 then yoke,

And waved against heaven the infernal gon'
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder war her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
The Christians have regained their heritage;
Before the Cross has wane'd the Crescent's ray
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.

The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii those of Spain for many an age;

And who had thus again forsaken him.
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day?"
This clad in sackcloth, that in armor bright,
And that was Valor named, this Buccey was high. 1

XXVIII.

Valor was harness'd like a chief of old, [gest, 2
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly
His sword was temper'd in the Elbo cold,
Morena's eagle plume adorn'd his crest,
The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast, [gaze;
Fierce he stepped forward and flung down his
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
Him follow'd his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Archimago.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as might be,
Valiant his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame:
Yet was that bare-foot monk more proud than
And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree, [he:
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
Till enraged Age and Youth in arms renown'd,
Honoring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kiss'd the ground.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that Valor, peerless knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaiser void'd his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's behest;
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding hid the lance in rest, [along,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Oft his proud galleys 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,

1 These allegorical personages, which are thus described,
are sketched in the true spirit of Spenser; but we are not sure
that we altogether approve of the association of such imagi-
nary beings with the real events that pass over the stage: and
these, as well as the form of ambition which precedes the path
of Korparre, have somewhat the air of the immortals of the
Luxemburg gallery, whose naked limbs and tridents, thunder-
bolts and caduceus, are so singularly contrasted with the rooks
and whiskeys, the queens, archbishops, and cardinals of France
and Navarre. — Quarterly Review.

2 "Armed at all points, exactly cap-a-p'ir." — Hamlet.

3 See Appendix, Note 1.

4 The third scene, a peaceful state of indolence and ob-
scenity, where, though the court was degenerate, the peasant
was merry and contented, is introduced with exquisite light-
ness and gravity. — Quarterly Review.

Crows by Cuciques, agretettes by Omara's worn
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly scowl
The Hermit mark'd the stumps, and smiled beneath
his bowl.

XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bard make
Tribute to Heaven or gratitude or praise
And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer sways,
But with the incense-breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;
The groans of prison's victims war the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire;
While, 'mid the mingled sound, the darken'd scenes expire.

XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sound;
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band;
When for the light bolero ready stand
The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met, 3
He conscious of his broker'd cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the cas-
tanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became
For Valor had relax'd his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like hon' tane, [brooke;
Lay stretch'd, full lath the weight of arms to
And softly'd Buccey, upon his book,
Patter'd a task of little good or ill:
But the blithe peasant plied his prunings-hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er v ale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry segui-
dilde. 4

"The three grand and comprehensive pictures in which Mr.
Scott has delineated the state of Spain, during the three "co-
roids to which we have alluded, are conceived with much
genius, and executed with very considerable, though unequal
fidelity. That of the Moorish dominion, is drawn, we think,
with the greatest spirit. The reign of Chivalry and Super-
sition we do not think so happily represented, by a long
and labored description of two allegorical personages called Bigotry
and Valor. Nor is it very easy to conceive how Don Roderick
was to learn the fortunes of his country, merely by inspecting
the physiognomy and furnishing of these two figures. The
truth seems to be, that Mr. Scott has been tempted on this oc-
casion to extend a more metaphor into an allegory; and to
prolong a figure which might have given great grace and spirit
to a simple stanza, into the heavy subject of seven or eight. His
representation of the recent state of Spain, we think di-

XXXV.
Gray royalty, grown impotent of toil,¹
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, [far;
From court intrigue, from bickering faction
Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
EC. till'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 Tiber seen,
Came slowly o'er shadowing Israel's land;²
A while, per chance, bedeck'd with colors 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 roadable cloud,
Then sheed rain burst down, and w. h. winds howl'd alound;—

XXXVII.
Even so, upon that peaceful scene was purl'd,
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign land,
And His, their leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offer'd peaceful front and open hand,
Veiling the perfumed treachery he plann'd,
By friendship's zeal and honor's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land;
Then burst were honor's oath, and friendship's ties!
—[his prize.
He clutched his vulture-grasp, and call'd fair Spain

XXXVIII.
An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore;
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or check'd his course for piety or shame;
Wha, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
 Might flourish in the wreathe of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honor deck'd his name;

the intent and address of the author to the greatest advantage;
for the subject was by no means inspiring nor was it easy, we
should imagine, to make the picture of, say and inglorious insolence so engaging."—Edinburgh Review, which then quotes
stanza xxxviii. and xxv.

¹ "The opening of the third period of the Vision is, perhaps necessarily, more abrupt than that of the second. No circumstance, equally marked with the alteration in the whole system of ancient warfare, could be introduced in this compartment of the poem; yet, when we have been told that 'Valor had ' laxo, his ancient look,' and that 'Bigotry was softened' we

Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kindly 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 dearth,
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,
[storm,
With which she beckon'd him through night and
And all he crush'd that cross'd his desolate road,
[trude.
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he
Reals could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was Ambition bade her terror wake,
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.
No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,
Or staid her hand for conquer'd Foe-man's morn;
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 seemly 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,
are reasonably prepared for what follows."—Monthly Review.

² See I. Kings, chap. viii. v. 41-45.
³ "We are as ready as any of our countrymen can be, to designate Bonaparte's invasion of Spain by its proper epithets; but we must decline to join in the author's decimation against the low birth of the invader; and we cannot help reminding Mr. Scott that such a topic of censure is unworthy of him, both as a poet and as a Briton."—Monthly Review.
⁴ "The picture of Bonaparte, considering the difficulty of all contemporary delineations, is not ill executed."—Edinburgh Review.
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,
"Castile!"?
Not that he loved him—No!—In man's weak,
Souls 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 amazement 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.
And Valor woke, that Genius of the Land!
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
As burst th' awakening Nazarite his band,
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he clench'd his dreadful hand.3

XLV.
That Mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle rang,
From Tarick's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown,
Those martial satellites hard labor found,
To guard a while his substituted throne—
Light'ning of his cause, but battling for their own.

XLVI.
From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echoed from Corunna's wall;
Stately Seville responsive war-shot 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 Valor's sons are m
First started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.
But unappall'd, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march of victory secure;
Skillful their force to sever or unite,
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to ensure,
Discord to brentehe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure,
While naught against them bring the unprao

tised 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 phed.
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,4
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.
Nor unatoned, 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 Juareno hand
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and topp'd the marauder's hand;
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw,

knew
Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpse:

L.
What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,

1 "We are not altogether pleased with the lines which follow the description of Bonaparte's birth and country. In historical truth, we believe, his family was not plebeian; and, setting aside the old saying of 'genus et process,' the poet is evidently becoming a chorus to his own scene, and examining a fact which could by no means be inferred from the

2 See Appendix, Note K.

3 See Appendix, Note L.

4 See Appendix, Note L.
THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,
Still honor'd in defeat as victory!
For that sad pageant of events to be,
Show'd every form of fight by field and flood;
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,
Beheld, while riding on the tempest's sound.
The waters choking with slain, the earth bedrench'd with blood.

LI.
Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honor due!
For never hath the harp of Minstrel rung,
Of faith so fairly proved, so firmly true!
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy stouter'd ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody

LII.
Yet raise thy head, sad city! Though in chains,
Enthrall'd thou canst not be! Arise and claim
Reverence from every heart where freedom reigns,
For what thou worshipp'st,—thou sainted
She of the Column, honor'd be her name,
By all who ever their creed, who honor love!
And like the sacred relics of the flame,
That gave some martyr to the bless'd above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove!

LIII.
Nor thine alone such wretched. Gerona fair!
Faithful to death thy heroes shall be sung,
Manning the towers while o'er their heads the air
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung;
Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was sprung.
Now briefly lighten'd by the cannon's flare,

1 See Appendix, Note M.
2 MS.—"Don Roderick turn'd him at the sudden cry."
3 MS.—"Right for the shore unnumber'd barges row'd."

4 Cont, are with this passage, and the Valor Burgoyne, and
Allusion to the previous stanzas, the celebrated personifica-
tion of War, in the first canto of Child's Harold:—

"Le ! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands
And eye that scorches all it glares upon:
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar, and at his iron foot
Destruction covers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet
'Ts shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,
And redd'nig now with conflagration's glare
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepar'd

LV.
While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky,
And while Destruction stunn'd the listening ear,
Appall'd the heart, and stupefied the eye,—
Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite:
Whence'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,
Whether it hails the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light.

LV.
Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stunn'd the billows broad.
From mast and stern St. George's symbol flow'd,
Bent with the silver cross to Scotland near.
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial

LVI.
It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!
The billows foam'd beneath a thousand ears,
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite.
Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars.
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum.
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours.
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Oceae

"By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scars of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms, that glitter in the air.
What gallant war-bounds move them from their lairs
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the pay! All join the chase, but few the triumph share.
The grave shall bear the choicest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

"Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards float the pale blue skies.
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory;
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain.
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain.
Aid fertilizer the field that each pretends to sake.
LVII.
A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And mediates its aim the marksman light; Far glance the light of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,1
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whir'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.2

LVIII.
A various host—from kindred realms they came,3
Brothers in arms, but rivals in renown— For you fair bands shall marry England claim,
And with their deeds of valor deck her crown.
Here their bold port, and hers their martial frown; And hers a scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with the Laws.

LIX.
Auld, O! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land! Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave! 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 lives the desperate foe for that such onset staid!

LX.
Hark! from you stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,

MS. ——— "the dusty meal."
1 The wording of the English is admirably described; nor a thing say thinner in the whole poem than the following passage (stanzas lv, lvi, lvii.), with the exception always of the three concluding lines, which appear to us to be very nearly as and as good: 1 "JEFFREY.
2 "The three concluding stanzas (lvii, lxx, lxxi.) are elaborate; out we think, on the whole, successful. They will probably be often quoted than any other passage in the poem."—Jeffrey.
3 "His jest each careless comrade round him flings," 4 For details of the battle of Vimeira, fought 21st Aug. 1808 —of Corunna, 16th Jan. 1809 —of Talavera, 28th July, 1809—and of Busaco, 27th Sept. 1810—See Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, volume vii, under these dates.

His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,4
And moves to death with military glee: [free, Beos, Erin, boast them! nameless, frank, etc. In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough nature's children, humorous as she:
And He, by Chieftain—strike the profound tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle! — the Hero's thin.

LXI.
Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown, On Talavera's right should Roderick gaze, And hear Corunna wall 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 [tomb! Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's

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 rossing 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, [World! To Freedom and Revenge awakes an injured

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 Destiny7 be gone, —King, Prelate, all the phantasm of my brain, Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun, Yet grant for faith, for valor, and for Spain, One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain!8

6 "The nation will arise regenerate; Strong in her second youth and beautiful, And like a spirit that hath slunk off The clog of dull mortality, shall Spain Arise in glory." —SOUTHEY's Roderick.
7 See Appendix, Note N.
8 "For a mere introduction to the exploits of our English commanders, the story of Don Roderick's sins and confessions —the minute description of his army and attendants—and the whole interest and machinery of the enchanted vault, with the greater part of the Vision itself, are far too long and elaborate. They withdraw our curiosity and attention from the objects on which they had been bespoken, and gradually engage them upon a new and independent series of romantic adventures as
The Vision of Don Roderick.

CONCLUSION.

I.
Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tide?
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to his
When Gascony's vex'd gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall hear 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 yoke,
And their own sea haul! 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 fock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm and Wellington command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force; [band,
And from its base shall wheel his shattered As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears of its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

which it is not easy to see how Lord Wellington and Bonaparte can have any concern. But, on the other hand, no sooner is this new interest excited —no sooner have we surrendered our imaginations to the hand of this dark enchantor, and heated our fancies to the proper pitch for sympathizing in the fortunes of Gothic kings and Moorish invaders, with their imposing accompaniments of harnessed knights, ravished damsels, and enchanted statues, than the whole romantic group vanishes at once from our sight; and we are buried, with minds yet disturbed with these powerful apparitions, to the comparatively sober and cold narration of Bonaparte's vilians, and to draw battles he ween mere mortal contemporaries in

IV.
Yet not because Alphon's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall banish
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 sum
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 havock come.

V.
Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,
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 yon fires where meets the manly fight;
Beacons of infancy, they light the way
Where cowardice and cruelty unite [flight.
To damn with double shame their ignominious

VI.
O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot, [path
What wanton horrors mark'd they wretched
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The holy priest even at the altar shot, [flame,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and
Woman to infancy;—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 for born, [gur.
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;

English and French uniforms. The vast and elaborate vest
bule, in short, in which we had been so long detained,
'Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,' has no corresponding palace attached to it; and the long ne
vitate we are made to serve to the mysterious powers of ro
nance is not repaid, after all, by an introduction to their awful presence.'—Jeffrey.
MS.—* Who shall command the torrent's headlong tide.
See Appendix, Note O. * Ibid., Note P
Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
Nor the poor peasant's might, nor bard's more worthless lay.\footnote{1}

VIII.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain!
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain!
Vainglorious fugitive! yet turn again!
Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
Flows Honor's Fountain, as forsworn'd the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear—

Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favor here!

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;
Those chief that never heard the lion roar!
Within whose souls lives not a trace portray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
Marshal each band then last, 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, [soul.
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his

X.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And from the flying thunders as the roar,
With frantic charge and tempest's d's, in vain!
And what avails thee that, for Camarón slave?\footnote{2}
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
rein,
vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
heaven.
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of

XI.

Gee, baffled boaster! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,

Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own
Say, that thine utmost skill and valor shown,
By British skill and valor were outvied;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON.\footnote{3}
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 meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
Yet fain 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 you far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame:
Hark! Albuera thunders Beresford,
And Red Barosa shouts for dauntless Gramel!
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 brave victors crown'd!

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,\footnote{4}
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steeld,\footnote{5}
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—

pedantries of his profession—but playing the musicien and his hero when most of our military commanders would have exhibited the drill sergeant, or at best the adjutant. These campaigns will teach us what we have long needed to know, that success depends not on the nice drilling of regiments but upon the grand movements and combinations of a army. We have been latherto polishing hinges, when we should have studied the mechanical union of a huge machine. Now, our army begin to see that the grand secret, as the French call it, consists only in union, joint exertion, and concerted movement. This will enable us to meet the dogs on fair terms as to numbers, and for the rest, 'My soul and body on the cross both! '—life, vol. iii. p. 313.

\footnote{1} See Appendix, Note G.
\footnote{2} The literal translation of Fuente's 'Honor.'

\footnote{3} See Appendix, Note R. Ibid. Note S.
\footnote{4} On the 30th of April, 1811, Scott writes thus to Mr. Morritt:

'Ve have been for three years proclaiming him as the only man we and to trust to—a man of talent and genius—not deterred by obstacles, nor fettered by prejudices, not immersed within the

\footnote{5} See Appendix, Editor's Note T.

\footnote{6} MS.—'O who shall grudge you chief the victor's bays

\footnote{7} See Appendix, Note 11.
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,  
If it forget thy worth, victorious Beresford!  

XV.  
Not on that bloody field of battle won,  
Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away,  
Was half his self-devoted valor shown,—  
He gazed but life on that illustrious day;  
But when he told those squadrons to array,  
Wh' spectacle like Britons in the bloody game,  
Sharper that Polish pik'e or assay'd,  
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,  
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.  

XVI.  
Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide  
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,  
Whose wish Heaven for his country's well deified?  
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.  
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpetsound,  
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia still?  
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;  

* MS.—"Not greater on that mount of strife and blood,  
While Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away,  
And tides of gore stain'd Alonera's flood,  
And Poland's shutter'd lines before him lay,  
And clarions half'd him victor of the day.  
Not greater when he told you legions to array,  
'Twas life he peril'd in that stubborn game,  
And life 'gainst honor when did soldier weigh?  
But, self-devoted to his generous aim,  
Far dearer than his life, the hero pledged his fame."  
* MS.—"Nor be his need o'erpast who sadly tried  
With valor's wreath to hide affection's wound,  
To whom his wish Heaven for our weal denied,"  
* MS.—"From war to war the wanderer went his round,  
Yet was his soul in Caledonia still;  
Hers was his thought," &c.  
* MS.—"'fairy rill.'"  

These lines excel the noisier and more general panegyrics of the commanders in Portugal, as much as the sweet and thrilling tunes of the harp surpass an ordinary flourish of drums and trumpets." — Quarterly Review.  

"Perhaps it is our nationality which makes us like better the tribute to General Grahame—though there is something, we believe, in the softness of the sentiment that will be felt, read by English readers, as a relief from the excessively elanor and loud outcries of all the surrounding stanzas." — Edinburgh Review.  

8 See Appendix, Note V.  

9 "Now, rik your sails, ye Illty mariners,  
We must land some of our passengers,  
And light this weary vessel of her load.  
Here she a while may make her safe abode,  
'Till she repaireth her tackles spent  
And wants supplies; and then gainst abroad  
He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill  
And heard in Ebro's rear 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 distinguish'd in the onset bold,  
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell  
By Wallace's side it rung the Southeron's knell,  
Alderney, Kilsythu, 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 seas unknown and dark  
('With Spenser's parable I close my tale,)  
By shoud and rock hath steer'd my venturous 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.  

On the long voyage whereto she is bent:  
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent!" — Faerie Queene, book i. canto 12  

"No comparison can be fairly instituted between compositions so wholly different in style and designation as the present poem and Mr. Scott's former productions. The present poem neither has, nor, from its nature, could have the interest which arises from an eventful plot, or a detailed delineation of character; and we shall arrive at a far more accurate estimate of its merits by comparing it with 'The Bard' of Gray, or that particular scene of Ariosto, where Bradamante beholds the wonders of Merlin's tomb. To this it has many strong and evident features of resemblance; but, in our opinion, greatly surpasses it both in the dignity of the objects represented, and the picturesque effect of the machinery.  

"We are inclined to rank The Vision of Don Roderick, yet above 'The Bard,' but (excepting Adam's Vision from the Mount of Paradise, and the matchless beauties of the Aeneid book of Virgil) above all the historical and poetical productions which have come to our knowledge. The scenic representation is at once gorgeous and natural; and the language, and imagery, is altogether as spirited, and bears the stamp of more care and polish than even the most celebrated of the author's former productions. If it please us less than these, we must attribute it in part perhaps to the want of concivance, and in a still greater degree to the nature of the subject itself, which is deprived of all its interest derived from suspense or sympathy, and, as far as it is connected with modern politics, represents a scene too near our immediate inspection to admit the interpolation of the magic glass of fiction and poetry." — Quarterly Review, October, 1811.  

"The Vision of Don Roderick has been received with so much interest by the public than any of the author's other po-
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

performances; and has been read, we should imagine, with some degree of disappointment even by those who took it up with the most reasonable expectations. Yet it is written with very considerable spirit, and with more care and effort than most of the author's compositions;—with a degree of effort, indeed, which could scarcely have failed of success, if the author had not succeeded so splendidly on other occasions without any effort at all, or had chosen any other subject than that which ills the cry of our alehouse politicians, and supplies the glibble of all the quidnuncs in this country,—our depending campaigns in Spain and Portugal,—with the exploits of Lord Wellington and the speculations of the French armies. The nominal subject of the poem, indeed, is the Vision of Don Roderick, in the eighth century; but this is obviously a mere prelude to the grand piece of our recent battles,—a sort of machinery devised to give dignity and effect to their introduction. In point of fact, the poem begins and ends with Lord Wellington; and being written for the benefit of the plundered Portuguese, and upon a Spanish story, the thing could not well have been otherwise. The public, at this moment, will listen to nothing about Spain, but the history of the Spanish war; and the old Gothic king, and the Moors, are considered, we dare say, by Mr. Scott's most impartial readers, as very tedious interlopers in the proper business of the piece. . . . The Poem has scarcely any story, and scarcely any characters; and consists, in truth, almost entirely of a series of descriptions, intermingled with plaudits and ejaculations. The descriptions are many of them very beautiful, although the style is more turgid and verbose than in the better parts of Mr. Scott's other productions; but the invectives and exclamations are too vehement and too frequent to be either graceful or impressive. There is no climax or progression to relieve the ear, or stimulate the imagination. Mr. Scott sets out on the very highest pitch of his voice, and keeps it up to the end of the measure. There are no grand swells, therefore, or overpowering bursts in his song. All, from first to last, is loud, and clamorous, and abrupt,—indiscriminately noisy, and often intellectually exaggerated. He has fewer new images than in his other poetry,—his tone is less natural and varied,—and he moves, upon the whole, with a slower and more laborious pace."—Jeffrey, Edinburgh Review, 1811.

"The Edinburgh Reviewers have been down on my poor Don hand to flat; but, truly, as they are too fantastical to approve or the campaign, I should be very unreasonable if I expected them to like the celebration of it. I agree with them, however, as to the lumbering weight of the stanza, and I shrewdly suspect it would require a very great poet indeed to prevent the tedium arising from the recurrence of rhymes. Our language is unable to support the expenditure of so many lines for each stanza; even Spenser himself, with all the license of using obsolete words and uncommon spellings, sometimes is tigress the ear. They are also very wroth with me for omitting the merits of Sir Jof. Moore; but as I never exactly discovered in what these lay, unless in conducting his advance and retreat upon a plan the most likely to verify the desponding speculations of the foresaid reviewers, I must hold myself excused for not giving praise where I was unable to see that much was due."—Scott to Mr. Morritt, Sept. 26 1811. Life, vol. iii. p. 238.

"The Vision of Don Roderick had features of novelty, both as to the subject and the manner of the composition, which excited much attention, and gave rise to some sharp controversy. The main fact was indeed from the most picturesque region of old romance; but it was made throughout the vehicle of feelings directly adverse to those with which the Whig critics had all along regarded the interference of British in behalf of the nations of the Peninsula; and the silence which, while celebrating our other generals on that scene of action, had been preserved with respect to Scott's own gallant countryman, Sir John Moore, was considered or represented by them as an odious example of genius hoodwinked by the influence of party. Nor were there wanting persons who affected to discover that the charm of Scott's poetry had to a great extent evaporated under the severe test to which he had exposed it, by adopting, in place of those comparatively light and easy measures in which he had hitherto dealt, the most elaborate one that our literature exhibits. The production, notwithstanding the complexity of the Spenserian stanza, had been very rapidly executed; and it shows, accordingly, many traces of negligence. But the patriotic inspiration of it found an echo in the vast majority of British hearts; many of the Whig oracles themselves acknowledged that the difficulties of the metre had been on the whole successfully overcome; and even the hardest critics were compelled to express unqualified admiration of various detached pictures and passages, which, in truth, as no one now disputes, neither he nor any other poet ever excelled. The whole setting or framework—whatever relates in short to the last of the Goths himself—was, I think, even then unanimously pronounced admirable; and no party feeling could blind any man to the heroic splendor of such stanzas as those in which the three equally gallant elements of a British army are contrasted."—Lockhart Life, vol. iii. p. 319.

1 See Appendix, Editor's Note T.
APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

And Cattreath's gleam with voice of triumph rang,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, as gro'p'd by Llywarch sang — P. 271.

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 Northwest of England, and southwest of Scotland, where the Britons for a long time made a stand against the Saxons. The battle of Cattreath, lamented by the celebrated Amercin, 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," &c.

But it is not so generally known that the champions, moured in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of D-inia, 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 retinue into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland: Fordun dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his Scotio-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 Tanulius Merlini) 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 prophetical qualities:— "There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn called Pansay 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 revered minister of the place, Mr. Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scoto rhyme, to this purpose:—

When Tweed and Pansay meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have." For, the same day that our King James the Sixth was drowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pansay at the said grave, which was never before reserved to fall out."—Pennycook's Description of Tweeddale. Edin. 1715, iv. p. 26.

NOTE B.

Minchmore's haunted spring. — P. 271.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious spring issue 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 labor done,
In verse spontaneous chants some favor'd name — P. 271.

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 Balzetti and other travellers.

NOTE D.

Kindling at the deeds of Graeme. — P. 271.

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 apprise the Southern reader of its legitimate sound — Graeme being, on the other side the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

NOTE E.

What! still Don Roderick here till mornin', stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull pronouce past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay? — P. 278.

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's father by the Moors, Caba or Casa. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Celta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the disdain of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he commenced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarkan; 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 Florida'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 invertebrate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called 'The Cape of the Caba Runim, 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 Connt 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 oth-
erwise than by necessity. 15

NOTE F.

And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if ought true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fate a Spanish King shall see.—P. 273

The transition of an incident from history to tradition, and
from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marve-
llous as each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exem-
plified in the account of the "Fated Chamber" of Don Rod-
erick, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, con-
trasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the
tame subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Toledo's
 tale in the words of Nusins, who seems to intimate (though
very molly) that the fatale palatium, of which the much
had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheat-
re.

"Extra maris, septentrionem versus, vestigia magni olim
theatrum sparsa visuntur. Auctor est Rodricus, Tolet anus
Archeipocus ante Arabum in Hispania irruptionem, hic
\( \text{fatale palatium} \) fuisse; quod invicti vectes attona ferri rob o
clandeante, ne reserantur Hispanic excitum afferrent; quod
hic Abulcacim regi, sed et prundescensi quique crede-
boant. Sed Rodrici ultimi Gubernatio Regiam uniam infelix
curiositas subiit, scindit quid sub tot vettis chaussa observa-
trur; ingentes ibi superiorum regum opes atque acros tus
servarates. Saris et pessulas perifring curat, invitit
omnibus; nihil prae arculam repertum, et in exicum, quo
explicate novae et insolentes hominum facies habitusque
apparum, cum inscriptione Latina, \( \text{Hispania excidit ab}
Vulcis habituibus Maiorum erant. Quamobrem ex Africa
tantam classem instare regis cataractae perennam; nec
falso ut Hispania annales etiamnum quere-
untur."—\( \text{Hispania Ludovic.} \) Nusins, cap. lix.

But, about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from
Grenada, we find, in the "\text{Historia Verdadera del Rey Don}
Rafael", a translation of the Arabic of the above
stated Acebalacen Tariff Abrinatique, a legend which
put to shame the modesty of the historian Rodrici, with
his chest and picturesque picture. The custom of ascribing a pre-
tended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed
by Cervantes, who effects to translate the History of the Knight
of the Woful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Chi Hamet
Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the "\text{Historia Ver-
dadera para some of the imagery employed in the text, the follow-
íng literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquis-
tive reader}:

"Once mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among
these rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent
structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consists
of' four estades (i. e. four times a man's height) below it, there
was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cast
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
earned men: —"The King who opens this cave, and can dis-
cover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things."—
Don Rodrigo desired to know the mystery of this tower, and
ought 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 perils (as they supposed a dangerous en-
chantment 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. At last King Don
Rodrigo, led on by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened
the tower; and some bold attendants, whom he had brought
with him, entered, attended, altogether agitated with fear.
Having proceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terri-
fied with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The King
was greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that
tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted
Then the King entered, not without fear, before all the other.
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 noise in the cave was occasioned
by the motion of the air. The King, greatly astonished, 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,
though weak, and recovering their courage, proceeded into
the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscrip-
tion on the wall, "Of fortunate King, thou hast entered here in
evil hour." On the right side of the wall these words were ins-
cribed, "By strange nations thou shalt be disputed, and thy
subjects foolishly degraded." On the shoulders of the statue other
words were written, which said, "I call upon the Arabs." And
upon his breast was written, "I do my office." At the
entrance of the hall there was placed a round hearth, 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 scarcely turned about to leave the cavern,
the statue again commenced his accustomed 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. Then, having procured, that no word of such a
great portentous and evil-boding prodigy. The en-
suing midnight they heard great cries and clamor from the
cave, resounding like the noise of battle, and the ground
shaking 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 ex-
plain 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 expand-
ed, 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 calamities which
were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the un-
fortunate King would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally
the letters on the portal indicated, that good would beleve t
the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience
proved the truth."—\text{Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Ar-
rique.}


NOTE G.

The Techin war-cry and the Lute's yell.—P. 274.

The Techin (derived from the words \text{Alia acer, God is most}
mighty) was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is cele-
bated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:—

"We heard the Techin; so these Arabs call
Their shout of onset, when, with loud appeal
They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest."
by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. *Moza* and *machaceca* are equivalent to our *barras* of lead and lam.

**NOTE K.**

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Cautus." P. 278

The heralds, at the coronation of a Spanish king, would claim his name three times, and repeat those three words Castilla, Castilla, Castilla; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Bonaparte.

**NOTE L.**

High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.—P. 278

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, of their commanders of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons 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 and strongest cause to justify themselves, and the highest and strongest resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous treasons 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.

*Respect for his great place, and bid the devil—*

*Be only honor'd for his burning throne,!*
where, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humor of severely courting our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shown themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not in time adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well if we endeavored first to resolve the previous questions. 1st, Wliet: at no time this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than those of Portugal, which were so prompt; 2d, Whether, independently of temporary measures, we have to offer more safety 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 consecrate 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 makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the providence of God, the value of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, let us not repress the desire to go too far forward to estimate and condemn the feeling of temporary superstition which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman who, while he had himself never smelt a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to censure the conduct of a martyr, who winked a little among his flames.

**Note M.**

_They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb._

P. 279.

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 elegance 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 periodical:

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and then, as in the former siege, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that 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 when this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners, and eight companies of sappers, carried a thing subterranian war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines; these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French account, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Moreover, the bombardment was incessantly severe. W. in the last 48 hours, said Falstaff 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 shock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was enormous; they had none at last but what they manufactured 2.

1 See Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza, by Richard Charles Vaughan, 4vo, 1809. The Right Honorable R. G. Vaughan is now British Minster at Washington 18._

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day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired hast 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, "scarceness 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. Thus, has this been pregnant, and this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphurous 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 commencement of the siege, and the provisions which were contained were not sufficient to sustain the great numbers of citizens and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defense, which was repeatedly attacked, taken and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the aisles and body of the church strewed 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 were not crushed, after a short pause, which this tremendous shock, and their own unexpected escape, occasioned, renewed the fight with rekindled fury; fresh parties of the enemy poured in; mobs, and citizens, and soldiers, came to the defence and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the living."—

Yet, seven days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honorable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

Who shall venture to refute the Zaragozans the caleoglie conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth? 3—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 a mean choly, 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 hope o. battle is the hundreds upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbour's); 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 this city was possessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoz contained, at the time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of these two sieges should be the
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manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia. Like Saguntum; let him stop upon the name 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, The Convention of Cintra.

Note N.
The Fault of Destiny.—P. 280.

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, with the noise of the chase, and Recisundo, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, entering pursuance 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 Recisundo, 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 that discovery of its mysteries. Recisundo, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolt 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 apprehended by the proprietors which he discovered of the approaching ruin of his kingdom.

Note O.

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 wanton march, a weeping wilderness.—P. 281.

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. Our army, I think, their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out by the following verses of Scripture:

"2. 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 hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many 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, 4. and nothing shall escape them. 4. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they run. 5. Like the noise of 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 battal army. 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 search 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: 11. Ne heavens shall tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining."—Joel 2:2-11

In verse 29th also, which announces the retreat of the northerm army, described in such dreadful colors, into a "land barren and desolate," and the dishonor with which God afflicted them for having "magnified themselves and do great things, these are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena.—Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace to the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

Note P.
The roughest sentinel, in Britain born
With horror paused to view the haven gone,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.—P. 281.

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 honor in history than their humanity, attentive to soften to the utmost of their power the horrors which war, in its mildest aspect, most always inflicts upon the defenseless inhabitants of the country in which it is waged, and which, on this occasion, were tenfold 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 committees contributed the head feet, &c. of the cattle slaughtered for the soldiers: rice, vegetables, and bread, where it could be 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 famishing 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 inhabitants, 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 unpunishing 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-glory's fugitives!—P. 282

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much at the fanservenade 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 30th March, 1811, their rear guard was overtaken near Pegna 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 minstrelsies, however, were disturbed by the approach and appearance of British artillery, on whose part 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.

Fairly thy squadrons hide, Thamar's Jove,
And from the flying thunders as they roar,
With pronic charge and tenfold odds, in a s. s. — P. 282.

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Horono, on the 4th May, 1711, the grand m. a. of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British v. cbr covered by two guns of the h. m. artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerabl. los on the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attemp at formation, the enemy took of the w. atentely to wards their, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were inovise chec, by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attem but closed, and fairly solated 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 cut, dashed the two guns, dismounted them at the gallop, and puttij himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered th. to follow up to 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 disproport of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners (all not 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 adding by the tremendous implement of war, to the execute of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively trained, will know how to estimate the presence of men who com manded 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 plated ranks the yell was given.—P. 282.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Horono. 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 Camer on was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, bore 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 at tack and defence of this village, in which he says the British lost many officers, and Scotch.

Note T.

But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day, &c.—P. 282.

The Edinburgh Reviewer offered the following remarks on what he considered as an unjust omission in this part of the poem:—

"We are not very apt," he says, "to quarrel with a poet for his politics; and really supposed it next to impossible that Mr. Scott should have given us any ground of complaint on this score, it the management of his present theme Lord Wellington and his fellow-soldiers well deserved the laurel they have won:—nor is there one British heart, we believe, that will not feel proud and grateful for all the honors with which British genius can invest their names. In the prose which Mr. Scott has bestowed, therefore, all his readers will sympathi;e; but for those which he has withheld, there are some that will not so readily forgive him: and in our eyes we will confess, it is a sin not easily to be expiated, that in a poem written substantially for the purpose of commemorating the brave who have fought or fallen in Spain or Portugal—and with reason by British genius should be no mention of the name of Moore!—of the only commander-in-chief who has fallen in this memorable contest;—of a commander who was acknowledged as the model and pattern of a British soldier when British soldiers stood most in need of such an example —and was, at the same time, distinguished not less for every manly virtue and generous affection, than for skill and gallantry in his profession. A more pure, or a more exalted character, with a mind habitually inclined to the serious, could hardly have been seen, whose a true sense of justice. Mr. Scott has sought to illustrate with the splendor of his genius; and it is with a mixture of shame and indignation that we find him dragging a single ray of that praise and readily yielded glory to gild the grave of his lamented countryman. To offer a lawish tribute of praise to the living, whose task is still incomplete, may be generous and munificent;—but to departed merit, if it is defined in strictest and most absolute sense of justice. Mr. Scott have now said of him or would dare to doubt that his untimely death in the hour of victory would have been eagerly seized upon by an impartial poet, as a noble theme for generous lamentation and eloquent praise! But Mr. Scott's political friends have fancied it for their interest to eulogize the memory of this illustrious and accomplished person, and Mr. Scott has permitted the spirit of party to stand in the way of only of poetic justice, but of patriotic and generous feeling.

"It is this for which we grieve, and feel ashamed;—this harrowing and deadening effect of political animosities, in cases where politics should have nothing to do;—this apparent perversity, not merely of the judgment, but of the heart;—this implausible resentment, which wars not only with the living, but with the dead: and it is upon that scene which Mr. Scott has sought to illustrate with the splendor of his genius, that a political antagonist has been zealous in his praise. These things are lamentable, and they cannot be alluded to without some emotions of sorrow and re sentment. But they affect not the fame of him on whose account these emotions are suggested. The wars of Spain, and the merits of Sir John Moore, will be commemorated in a more impartial and a more imperious record, than the Vision of Don Rodri;i and his humble monument in the Civic Hall of Corunna will draw the tears and the admiration of thousands, who concern not themselves about the exploits of his more faind associates."—Edinburgh Review, vol. xviii. 1811.

The reader who desires to understand Sir Walter Scott's de liberate opinion on the subject of Sir John Moore's military character and conduct, is referred to the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. vi. chap. xlv. But perhaps it may be neither unnecessary nor instructive to consider, along with the dis tribute just quoted from the Edinburgh Review, some reflections from the pen of Sir Walter Scott himself on the injustice done to a name greater than Moore's in the noble stanzas on the Battle of Waterloo, in the third canto of Childe Harold—an injustice which did not call forth any rebuke from the Edinburgh critic. Sir Walter, in reviewing this canto, said,

"Childe Harold draws on Waterloo the arrows of all men, where a poet especially, and a poet such as Lord Byron must needs pause, and amid the quiet simplicity of whose scenery is excited a moral interest, deeper and more potent even than that which is produced by gazing upon the sublime efforts of Nature in her most romantic recesses.

"That Lord Byron's sentiments do not correspond with ours, is obvious, and we are sorry for both our sakes. For our own because we have lost that note of triumph with which
APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

as harp would otherwise have rung over a field of glory such as Britain never reaped before; and on Lord Byron's account, because it is melancholy to see a man of genius duped by the mere cant of words and phrases, even when facts are most broadly confronted with them. If the poet has mixed with the original, wild, and magnificent creations of his imagination, prejudices which he could only have caught by the contagion which he most professes to despise, it is he himself that must be the loser. If his lofty muse has soared in all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington, his merit can dispense even with the praise of Lord Byron. And as when the images of Brutus were exalted from the triumphal procession, his memory became only the more powerfully imprinted on the souls of the Romans—the name of the British hero will be but more eagerly recalled to remembrance by the very lines in which his praise is forgotten. — Quarterly Review, vol. xvi. 1816.

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Note V.

A race renowned of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell.

—-the conquering shout of Grahame.—P. 283.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Grahame, 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 Grame's Dyke. Sir John the Grame, "the hardy wight, and wise," is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace, Alderney, Kil- sythe, and Tibbettur, 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 1689.

"Where glad Dundee in faint huzzas expired."

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, 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 Bannock.
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, 18th Oct., 1812.

"Dear James,—I send you today better than the third sheet of Canto II., and 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 dandle over your typographical scruples. I have too much respect for the public to neglect any thing in my poem to attract their attention; and you misinterpreted me much when you supposed that I designed 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 any thing, 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 interested; 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. Dryness 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 derange 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 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 vous la gare.

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 ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, it point of popularity, not of actual talent, the price 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 loose the shoe-lace. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny, that I conceived myself to understand, more perfectly than 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 mean time 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.
ROKEDBY.

as both were destined to active life. The fieldsports, 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; yet although this was the favorite 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 neighbors, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door 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; and thus an era took place in my 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 neighborhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbotsford, 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 romantic character of Ashiestel, 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. 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 Dodsley's account of Shenstone's Lensowes, and I enticed the poet 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 boot. My memory, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanac of Charles the Second's time (when everything down to almanacs affected to be smart), in which the reader, 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 delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. 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, whins and 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 favor; 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 labors, should not remain uncultivated.

I mediated; at first, a poem on the subject of Bruce, in which I made some progress, but afterwards judged it advisable to lay it aside, 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 united the romantic 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 delicacies 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 begun in the fourth to lose its charms. 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 man not perhaps very congenial to our language, had not been confined to the author. Indeed, in most similar cases, the inventors of such novelties have their reputation destroyed by their own imitators, as Acteon fell under the fury of his own dogs. The present author, like Bobadil, 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 another road to public favor. 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 lay hold of their peculiar features, so as to produce a strong burlesque. 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 unfavorable 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 favorable imitations, composed by persons of talent, was almost equally unfortunate to the original minstrel, by showing that they could overset 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 himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little vellification of no great promise, now appeared 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 inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labor 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 bosoms 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; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to those subjects of excitation 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 I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had

1 "Scott found peculiar favor and imitation among the fair sex: there was Miss Halford, and Miss Miford, and Miss Francis; but, with the greatest respect be it spoken, none of his imitators did much honor to the original, except Hog, the Errick Shepherd, with the appearance of the "Bridal of Triermain" and 'Harold the Dauntless,' which, in the opinion of some, equalled, if not surpassed, him; and lo! after three or four years, they turned out to be the Master's own compositions."—Byron's Works vol. xv. p. 96.

2 "These two Cantos were published in London in March, 1812, and immediately placed their author on a level with the very highest names of his age. The impression they created was more uniform, decided, and triumphant than any that had been witnessed in this country for at least two generations. 'I awoke one morning,' he says, 'and found myself famous. In truth, he had fixed himself, at a single bound, on a summit, such as no English poet had ever before attained, but after a long succession of painful and comparative's neglected efforts.'—Advertisement to Byron's Life and Works, vol. viii.
for four or five years held in letters, and feeling alike 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 labor 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,—

Quanquam O! sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti; Extremos pudent rediisse: hoc vincite, cives, Et prohibete nefas.'—Aen. lib. v. 194.

I had, indeed, some private reasons for my "Quanquam O!" which were not worse than those

1 "I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
   Though yet—but ah! that haughty wish is vain!
   Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
   But to be last, the lags of all the race—
   Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace."

Dryden.

2 George Eliot and Murray have been talking something new: Scott and me, George pro Scott,—and very right too.

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. Not withstanding, 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 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 quarto's, in those quarto-reading days the trade had no reason to be dissatisfied.

W. S.

Aberdeen, April, 1830.

If they want to depose him, I only wish they would not set me up as a competitor. I like the man—and admire his works so what Mr. Braham calls Enthusiasm. All such stuff can only vex him, and do me no good."—Byron's Diary, Nov., 1813—Works, vol. ii. p. 599.

2 The 4to Edition was published by John Ballantyne and Co. in January, 1813.
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, 34
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 proba-
ibility to the fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.

Rokeby.
CANTO FIRST.

I.
The Moon is in her summer glow,
But harse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
She changes as a guilty dream,

Dec. 31, 1812.

'Behold another lay from the harp of that indefatigable
minstrel who has so often provoked the censure, and excited
the admiration of his critics; and who, regardless of both, and
following every impulse of his own inclination, has yet raised
himself at once, and apparently with little effort, to the pinnacle
of public favor.

'A poem thus recommended may be presumed to have
already reached the whole circle of our readers, and we be-
lieve that all those readers will concur with us in considering
Rokeby as a composition, which, if it had preceded, instead of
following, Marmion, and the Lady of the Lake, would have
contributed, as effectually as they have done, to the estab-
ishment of Mr. Scott's high reputation. Whether, timed as it
When conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame.
Shifting that shade, to come anon,
Like apprehension's hurried glow,
Then sorrow's livery dress the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees,
Then from old Bald's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds muttering in the north,
now is, it be like to satisfy the just expectations when the
reputation has excited, a question which, perhaps, will no
be decided with the same unanimity. Our own opinion is in
the affirmative, but we confess that this is our revised opinion,
and that when we concluded our first perusal of Rokeby, our
gratification was not quite unmixed with disappointment.
The reflections by which this impression has been subsequent-
ly modified, arise out of our general view of the poem; of the
interest inspired by the fable; of the masterly delineations of
the characters by whose agency the plot is unravelled; and of
the spirited nervous conclusiveness of the narrative.' - Quarterly
Review, No. xvi.

See Appendix, Note A.
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,
By fits the flashing rain-drop fall,!
Lists to the breeze's booking sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

II.
Those towers, which in the changeful gleam
Throw murky shadows on the stream,
Those towers of Barnard hold a guest,
The emotions of whose troubled breast,
In wild and strange confusion driven,
Rival the flitting rack of heaven.
Ere sleep stern Oswald's senses tied,
Of if he changed his weary side,
Composed his limbs, and mainly sought
By effort strong to banish thought.
Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings true
And fancies vain,
Mingling, in wild disorder cast,
The expected future with the past.
Conscience, anticipating time,
Already rues the enacted crime,
And calls her furies forth, to shake
The sounding scourge and hissing snake;
While her poor victim's outward throes
Bear witness to his mental woes,
And show what lesson may be read
Beside a sinner's restless bed.

III.
Thus Oswald's laboring feelings 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 pallid cheek and brow, confess'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 whistles by,
Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhyme
With which the warder cheats the time,
And envying think, 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 town-ward sounds a distant tread
And Oswald, starting from his bed,
Hath caught it, though no human ear
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,
Could e'er distinguish horse's chunk
Until it reach'd the castle bank.
Now nigh and plain the sound appears,
The warder's challenge now he hears;
Then clanking chains and levers tell,
That o'er the mont the drawbridge fell,
And, in the castle court below,
Voices are heard, and torches glow,

The spur hath lanced his corner's sides;
Away, away, for life he rides.
'Twas but a moment that he stood
Then sped as if by death pursued,
But in that instant o'er his soul,
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time,
A life of pain, an age of crime.''


"The natural superiority of the instrument over the em-
ployer, of bold, unhesitating, practiced vice, over timid, sel-
fish, crafty iniquity, is very finely painted throughout the whole
of this scene, and the dialogue that ensues. That the mind of
Wycliffe, wrought to the utmost agony of suspense, has given
such acuteness to his bodily organs, as to enable him to distin-
guish the approach of his hired brave, while at a distance be-
yond the reach of common hearing, is grandly imagined, and
admirably true to nature.''

38

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" He stood. — Some dread was on his face.
From Hatred settled in its place;
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
E'er bow was bent, his eye was glazed ;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubling to return or fly;
Inati'ent of his flight delay'd,
Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade;
That sound had burst his waking-dream,
As slumber starts at owl's scream.
As marshalling the stranger's way,
Straight for the room where Oswald lay;
The cry was,—"Tidings from the host,1
Of weight—a messenger comes post."
Stifling the tumult of his breast,
His answer Oswald thus expressed—
'Tis 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 slender answer deigned he
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,
But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,
He saw and scorn'd the petty wile,
When Oswald changed the torch's place,
Anxious that on the soldier's face.3
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 cuirassier;
Then from his brows the casque he drew,
And from the plume dash'd the dew
From gloves of mail relieved his hands;4
And spread them to the kindling brands,
And, turning to the genial board,5
Without a health, or pledge, or woe,
Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank, and fiercely 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 hasty stride,
In feverish agony to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,
Cursing each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his rufian feast.6
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,
The end of that uncouth repast,
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 proclaim
A struggle between fear and shame.

VIII.
Much in the stranger's mien appears
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a scorching sneeze,
And toil, had done the work of time.
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shared.
Yet left—what age alone could tame—
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;7
The full-drawn lip that upward cur'd,
The eye, that seem'd to scorn the world.
That lip had terror never blench'd;
Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd
The flash severe of swarthy glow,
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.
Inured to danger's direct form,
Tornade and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,8
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 danger brook,
'Yet worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;
For evil passions, cherish'd long,
Had plough'd them with impressions strong
All that gives gloss to sin, all gay
Light folly, past with youth away,
But rooted stood, in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without their flower.

1 MS.—"The cry was—Heringham comes post,
With tidings of a battle lost."
As one that rais'd himself from rest,
His answer," &c.

2 MS.—"with heavy pace,
The plum'd morion hid his face"

3 See Appendix, Note C.
MS.—"That fell upon the stranger's face.
His answer," &c.

4 MS.—"he fre'd his hands."

5 MS.—"Then turn'd to the replenish'd board."

6 MS.—"Protracted o'er his savage feast.
Yet with alarm he saw at last."

7 As Roderick rie's above Marthon, so Bertram ascends above Roderick Dhu in awfulness of stature and strength of coloring. We have troubled at Roderick; but we look with doubt and suspicion at the very shadow of Bertram—and, as we approach him, we shrink with terror and antipathy from

"The lip of pride, the eye of flame."

8 See Appendix, Note D.

British Critic.
And yet the soil in which they grew,  
Had it been tamed when life was new,  
Had depth and vigor to bring forth!  
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.  
Not that, 'er en then, his heart had known  
The gentler feelings' kindly tone;  
But lavish waste had been refined  
To bounty in his chaste'n'd mind,  
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,  
Been lost in love of glory's meed,  
And, frantic then no more, his pride  
Had ta'en fair virtue for its guile.

X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd,  
Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd,  
Still knew his daring soul to soar,  
And mastery o'er the wond'ry bore;  
For manner guilt, or heart less hard,  
Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.  
And this felt Oswald, while in vain  
He strove, by marv 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 fafter'd from his tongue.  
Yet naught 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 embarrass'd host to buy,  
By query close, direct reply.

XI.

A while he glozed upon the cause  
Of Commons, Covenant, and Laws,  
And Church Refor'm'd—but felt rebuke  
Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,  
Then stammer'd—" Has a field been fought?  
Has Bertram news of battle brought?"

MS.—"Show'd depth and vigor to bring forth  
The noblest fruits of virtuous worth.  
Then had the lust of gold accrue  
Been lost in glory's nobler thirst,  
And deep revenge for trivial cause,  
Been zeal for freedom and for laws  
And, frantic then no more, his pride  
Had ta'en fair honor for its guile."  

2 MS.—" Stern regard."

3 "The 'mastery' obtained by such a being as Bertram over  
The timid wickedness of inferior villains, is well delineated in  
The conduct of Oswald, who, though he had not hesitated to  
Propose to him the murder of his kinsman, is described as fearing  
To ask him the direct question, whether the crime has  
been accomplished. We must confess, for our own parts, that  
we did not, till we came to the second reading of the canto,  
Perceive the propriety, and even the moral beauty, of this  
Circumstance. We are now quite convinced that, in introducing  
For sure a soldier, famed so far  
In foreign fields for feats of war,  
On eve of flight ne'er left the host,  
Until the field were won and lost."

"Here, in your towers by circling Texe,  
You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease;  
Why deem it strange that others come  
To share such safe 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 beleaguer'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 new  
Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow  
On either side loud clamors ring,  
'God and the Cause!'—'God and the King.'  
Right English all, they rush'd to blows,  
With naught to win, and all to lose.  
I could have laugh'd—but lack'd the time—  
To see, in phrenesy sublime,  
How the fierce zealots fought and bleed,  
For king or state, as humor 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 Rington the hearts,  
That courter'd there on adverse parts,  
No superstitious fool had I  
Sought El Dorados in the sky!  
Chili had heard me through her states,  
And Lima oped her silver gates,  
Rich Mexico I had march'd through,  
And sack'd the splendors of Peru,  
it, the poet has been guided by an accurate perception of the  
intricacies of human nature. The scene between King John  
and Hubert may probably have been present to his mind when  
he composed the dialogue between Oswald and his terrible  
agent; but it will be observed, that the situations of the  
respective personages are materially different; the mysterious  
caremount in which Shakespeare's wrangler is made to involve  
The proposal of his crime, springs from motives undoubtedly more  
obvious and immediate, but not more consistent with truth and  
probability, than that with which Wycliffe conceals the deceit  
of his fearful interrogatories."—Critical Review.
While troubled joy was in his eye,  
The well-feign'd sorrow to believe,—  
"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 direct foe's man's d'om,  
My tears shall dwell his honor'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 unmoved,—"Of friend or foe,  
Aught," answer'd Bertram, "wouldst 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."—

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 or Mortain, lives he yet?  
False to thy patron or thine oath,  
Traitors, or perjured, one or both.  
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise right,  
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,  
Fling from him Wycliffe's hand, and laugh'd;  
—"Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speak's thy heart!  
Now play'st thou well thy genuine part!  
Worthy, but for thy craven fear,  
Like me to roam a buccanier.

While troubled joy was in his eye,  
The well-feign'd sorrow to believe,—  
"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."

The Quarterly Reviewer (No. xvi.) thus states the causes  
of the hesitation he had had in arriving at the ultimate opinion,  
that Robey was worthy of the "high praise" already quoted from the commencement of his article:—"We confess, then, that in the language and versification of this poem, we were, in the first instance, disappointed. We do not mean to say that either is invariably faulty; neither is it within the power of accident that the conceptions of a vigorous and highly cultivated mind, should uniformly invest themselves in trivial expressions, or in dissimilar rhymes; but we do think that those golden lines, which spontaneously fasten themselves on the memory of the reader are more rare, and that instances of a culpable and almost slavish inattention to the usual rules of diction and of metre, are more frequent in this, than in any preceding work of Mr. Scott. In support of this opinion, we adduce the following quotation, which occurs in stanza xii.:—

"Disastrous news!" dark Wycliffe said;  
Assumed despondence bent his head.

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Assumed despondence bent his head.

\footnotesize

1 MS.—"Led Bertram Risingham the hearts,"  
2 MS.—"The doubtful tides of battle roll'd"  
3 MS.—"Close death in preference to shame.

\normalsize
What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,
If Mortman'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 Mortman 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 deed of death as it befell.

XVI.

"When purposed vengeance I forego,
Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe;
And when an insult I forgive;"—
Then brand me as a slave, and live!—
Philip of Mortman is with those
Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes;
Or whom more sure revenge attends,
If number'd with ungrateful friends.
As was his wont, ere battle glowed,
Along the marshall'd ranks he rode,
And wore his visor up the while.
I saw his melancholy smile.
When, full opposed in front, he knew
Where Roxery's kindred banner flew.
'And thus,' he said, 'will friends divide!'
I heard, and thought how, side by side,
We two had turn'd the battle's side,
In many a well-defended field,
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's shield.
I thought on Darien's deserts pale,
Where death bestrides the evening gale,
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fenceless faced the deadly dew;
I thought on Quarriana's cliff,
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortman to the shore;
And when his side an arrow found,
I suck'd the Indian's wound'd wound.
These thoughts like torrents rush'd along,
To sweep away my purpose strong.

XVII.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.

MS.—"And heart's-blood lent to aid the dye?
Sit, then! and as to comrades boon
Carousing for achievement won."

MS.—"That boys and cowards, &c.

MS.—"Frank, as from mate to mate, I tell
What way the deed of death befell."

MS.—"Name when an insult I forgave,
And, Oswald Wycliffe, call me slave."
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 March’s moody day;¹
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,²
Fierce Rupert thunder’d on our flank.
’Twas then, midst tumult, smoke, and strife,
Where each man fought for death or life,
’Twas then I fired my petronel,
And Mortham, steel and rider, fell.
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;
Monekton and Mitton told the news,³
How troopers of roundheads choked the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,
Cursing the day when zeal or need
First hir’d their Lesley o’er the Tweed.⁴
Yet when I reach’d the banks of Swale,
Had rumor learn’d another tale;
With his barb’d horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell has redeem’d the day.⁵
But whether false the news, or true,
Oswald, I reckon as light as you.”

XX.
Not then by Wycliffe might be shown,
How his pride startled at the tone
In which his complice, fierce and free,
Asserted guilt’s equality.
In smoothest terms his speech he wove,
Of endless friendship, faith, and love;
Promised and vow’d in courteous sort,
But Bertram broke profession short.
“Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,
No, scarcely till the rising day;
Warn’d by the legends of my youth,⁶
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?⁷
Oft, by the Pringle’s haunted side,

MS.—“That changed as with a whirlwind’s sway.”

¹ Byron’s Works, vol. x. p. 275.
² MS.—“Dash’d
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which burst its banks.”
³ MS.—“Rupert or the spar pwnes;
Whole troops of fliers choked the Ouse.”
⁴ See Appendix, Note F.
⁵ See Appendix, Note G
⁶ MS.—“Taught by the legends of my youth
To trust to no associate’s truth.”
⁷ See Appendix, Note H.
⁸ MS.—“Still by the spot that gave me name.
The moated mound of Risingham,
A giant form, the steepest rise,
Half hid by rifted rocks and trees.”
⁹ See Appendix, Note I.
¹⁰ MS.—“With bow in hand,” &c
¹¹ See Appendix, Note K
Each varied pleasure wealth can buy;
When clov'd each wish, these wars afford
Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword.’

XXII.
An undecided answer hung
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.
Despite his craft, he heard with awe
This ruffian stabber fix the law;
While his own troubled passions veer
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear:—
Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,
He grudges the murderer's mighty prize,
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,
And fear'd to wound 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 friend.'

XXIII.
Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,
And wreathed to savage smile his brow;
"Wilfrid, or thou—'tis one to me,
Whichever bears the golden key.
Yet think not but I mark, and smile
To mark, thy poor and selfish wile!
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 yell
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 lingering son;
Time calls, and I must needs be gone.

XXIV.
Naught 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 hardier 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
Shew'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 sight,
To ponder Jacques' moral strain,
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain,
And weep himself to soft repose
'Oer gentle Desdemona's woes.

XXV.
In youth he sought not pleasures found
By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound
But loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake;
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff and copse and sky
To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak,
Or loe Pendragon's mound to seek;
Such was his wont; and there his dream
Saw'd on scene a 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.

XXVI.
He loved—as many a lay can tell,
Preserved in Stanmore'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 stratagems and care,
And destined, darkling, to pursue
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue

Beattie's Edwin; but in some essential respects it is made
more true to nature than that which probably served for its
original. The possibility may perhaps be questioned (its great
improbability is unquestionable), of such excessive refinement,
such overstrained, and even morbid sensibility, as are por-
trayed in the character of Edwin, existing in so rude a state of
society as that which Beattie has represented—but these
qualities, even when found in the most advanced and polished
stages of life, are rarely, very rarely, united with a robust and
XXVII.

Wilfrid must love and woo th' bright Matilda, heir of Rokey's knight.
To love her was an easy jest,
The secret empress of his breast;
For woo her was a harder task
To one that durst not hope or ask.
Yet all Matilda could, she gave
In pity 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 favoring glance to friendship due;
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

XXVIII.

So did the suit of Wilfrid stand,
When war's loud summons waked the land.
Three banners, floating o'er the Tews,
The wo-foreboding peasant sees;
In concert oft they braved of old
The bordering Scott's incursion bold;
Frowning defiance in their pride,
Their vassals now and lords divide,
From his fair hall on Greta banks
The Knight of Rokey led his ranks,
To aid the valiant northern Earls,
Who drew the sword for royal Charles.
Mortham, by marriage near allied,—
His sister had been Rokey's bride,
Though long before the civil fray,
In peaceful grave the lady lay,—
Philip of Mortham raised his band,
And march'd at Fairfax's command
While Wy clim'd, 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 Lumdale powers,
And for the Commons held the towers.

XXIX.

The lovely heir of Rokey's Knight
Waits in his halls the event of fight;
For England's war revered the claim
Of every unprotected name,
And spared, amid its fiercest rage,
Childhood and womanhood and age.
But Wilfrid, son to Rokey's foe,
Must the dear privilege forego,
By Greta's side, in evening gray,
To steal upon Matilda's way,
Striving, with fond hypocrisy,
For careless step and vacant eye;
Clam'ing 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 luck in Eastwood green,
To watch Matilda's wonted 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."

XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove
For mastery in war with love,
Forcing upon his thoughts the sum
Of present woe and ills to come,
While still he turn'd impatient ear
From Truth's intrusive voice severe
Gentle, indifferent, and subdued,

Doughter and wife of Rokey's knight
Waits in his halls," &c.
8 MS. "But Wilfrid, when the strife arose,
And Rokey and his son were foes,
Was doomed each privilege to lose,
Of kindred friendship and the base."
6 MS. "Aeping, with fond hypocrisy,
The careless step," &c.
1 The MS, has not this couplet.
8 MS. "May Wilfrid haunt the thickets green
Wilfrid haunts Scargill's tower."
9 MS. ""watch the hour,
That her lamp kindles in her tower"
XXXI.

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind;
And woe to those who train such youth,
And spare to press the rights of truth,
The mind to strengthen and anneal,
While on the stithy glows the steel!
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 enjoyed,
How soon his hopes possession clav'd!
Tell him, we play unequal game,
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim,
And, ere he strip him for his 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.

MS. — "Wild car."
MS. — "Or in some fair but lone retreat,
Flung her wild spells around his seat,
For she opiated his thought to flow
opiate drawers bad
Which he who tastes can never forgive,
Taught him to turn impatient ear
From truth's intrusive voice severe."

In the MS., after this completes the stanza.

"That all who on her visions press,
Find disappointment and success;
But, missed their wish, lamenting hold
Her gilding false for sterling gold."

"Soft and smooth are Fancy's drowsy ways,
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafe plays.
Eyes, dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find;
And who, nor child, would trust the meteor blaze

While one augments its gaudy show,
More to enhance the loser's woe.

The victor sees his fairy gold
Transform'd, when won, to drassy mold,
But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

XXXII.

More wouldst thou know—yon tower survey
You couch unpress'd since parting day,
You untrimmed lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,
And you thin form!—the hectic red
On his pale cheek unequaled spread.

The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,
The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.
See, he looks up;—a woful smile
Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while,—
'Tis fancy wakens some idle 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'er cast,
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 steal thee stream

That soon must fall, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it never had shined.

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ill is bright
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might.
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoo society, more than mort words.

MS. — "On his pale cheek in crimson glow;
The short and painful sighs that show
The shrivelling tip, the teeth's white row.
The head reclined," &c.

MS. — "'tis the sleeper's pain.
Drinks his dear life-blood from the vein."

"The little poem that follows is in our judgment, one of
Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!  
How should thy pure and peaceful eye  
Untroubled view our scenes below,  
Or how a fearless 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 bluid, and calm'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,  
Fresh from his dreadful conference.  
"Wilfrid!—what, not to sleep address'd?  
Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest.  
Mortham 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!"

the best of Mr. Scott's attempts in this kind. He, certainly,  
is not in general successful as a song-writer; but, without any  
extraordinary effort, here are pleasing thoughts, polished  
expressions, and musical versification."—Monthly Review.

I MS. — Are tarnishing thy lovely dye!  
A sad excuse let Fancy try  
How should so kind a planet show  
Her stainless silver's lustrous high,  
To light a world of war and woe!"

II MS. — "Here's Risingham brings tidings sore,  
Mortham has fall'n on Marston-moor;  
And he hath warrant to secure," &c

III MS. — "See that they give his warrant way,"

With the MS. of stanzas xxxvii. to xxxiv. Scott thus ad-  
dresses his printer:—"I send you the whole of the canto. I  
wish Eekine and you would look it over together, and con-  
sider wherein upon the whole matter, it is likely to make an  
impediment. If it does really come to good, I think there are  
no limits to the interest of that style of composition; for the  
variety of life and character are boundless.

Rokeby.

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 gray clouds wax dimly light  
On Brusleton 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 Gilmscarr,  
And Arlingarth, lay dark afar;  
While, as a livelier twilight falls,  
Emerge proud Barnard's banner'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 warder's eye—  
Fain sweeping to the east, he sees  
Down his deep woods the course of Tees,  
And tracks his wanderings by the steam  
Of summer vapors from the stream;  
And ere he paced his destined hour  
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,  
These silver mists shall melt away,  
And draw the woods with glittering spray.  
Then in broad lustre shall be shown  
That mighty trench of living stones,  
And each huge trunk that, from the side  
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide.

"I don't know whether to give Matilda a mother or not.  
Decency requires she should have one; but she is as likely to  
be in my way as the gudeman's mother, according to the prov-  
erb, is always in that of the gudewife. Yours truly, W. S. —  
Abbotsford," (Oct. 1812.)

"We cannot close the first Canto without bestowing the  
highest praise on it. The whole design of the picture is  
excellent; and the contrast presented to the gloomy and fears-  
ful opening by the calm and innocent conclusion, is masterly.  
Never were two characters more clearly and forcibly set in  
opposition than those of Bertram and Wilfrid. Oswald com-  
pletes the group; and, for the moral purposes of the picture  
is perhaps superior to the others. He is admirably designed  
———'That middle course to steer  
To cowardice and craft so dear.'"

Monthly Review.

See Appendix, Note L.

MS. — "Betwixt the gate and Balliol's tower."

MS. — "Those deep-hewn banks of living stones."
Where Tees, full 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,
Condemn'd to mine a channel'd way,
O'er solid sheets of marble gray.

III.
Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam:
Staindrop, who, from her silvan bower's
Salutes proud Baby's battled towers;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Balder, named from Odin's son;
And Greta, to whose banks ere long
We lead the lovers of the song;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.
Who in that dim-wood glen hath stray'd,
Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade?
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change
Even for that vale so stern and strange,
Where Cartland's Crags, fantastic rent,
Through her green copese like spires are sent?
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin strays,
List to the deeds of other days;
'Mid Cartland's Crags thou show'st the cave
The refuge of thy champion brave,
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every daile,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To lend each scene the interest high
Which genius beams from Beauty's eye

IV.
Bertram awaited not the sight
Which sunrise 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 daile.
By Barnard's bridge of stately stone,
The southern bank of Tees they won;

Their winding path then eastward cast,
And Egliston's gray ruins pass'd;
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 uncangelical souls between

V.
Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer way,
Through Rokey's park and chase that lay,
And, skirting high the valley's ridge,
They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridge,
Descending where her waters wind
Free for a space and unconfined,
As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen.
She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.
There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound,
Raised by that Legion's 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 toils 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 Rokey's turrets high
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.
Landing 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 clamoring 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 hagio, the giant Oak,
As champions, when their band is broke,

Such uncangelical souls between;
Well may you think stern Risingham
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame;
And naught of mutual interest lay
To bind the comrades of the way;"

"Stern sons of war," said Wilfrid sigh'd
"Behold the boast of Roman pride!
What now of all your toils are known!
A grassy trench, a broken stone"
This to himself; for moral strain
To Bertram were address'd in vain.

MS.—"Staindrop, who, on her silvan way,
Salutes proud Baby's turrets gay.

4 See Notes to the song of Fair Rosamöie, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel.
5 Cartland Crags, near Lanark, celebrated as among the favorite retreats of Sir William Wallace.
6 See Appendix, Note M.
7 MS.—"For brief the intercourse, I ween,"
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
The bulwark of the scatter'd host—
All this, and more, might Spenser say,
Yet waste in vain his magic lay,
While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower,
Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

VII.
The open wave is soon pass'd o'er,
Rokeybe, though nigh, is seen no more;¹  
Jinking 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 trode²
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,
Deeper and narrower grew the dell;
It seemed some mountain, rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone gray
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding, along their rugged base,³
A flinty footpath's saggard 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,⁴
May view her chafe 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 gray,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
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 swathed their breast,⁵
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
When revel'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,⁶
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

IX.
Now from the stream the rocks recede,
But leave between no sunny mead,
Nor, nor the spot of pebbly sand,
Oft found by such a mountain strand;⁷
Forming such warm and dry retreat,
As fancy deems the lonely seat,
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,
His rosary might love to tell.
But here, 'twixt rock and river grew
A dismal grove of sable yew,⁸
With whose sad tints were mingled seen
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.
Seem'd that the trees their shadows cast,
The earth that nourish'd them to blast;
For never knew that swarthzy grove
The verdant hue that fairies love;
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,
Arose within its baleful bower:
The dank and sable earth receives
Its only carpet from the leaves,
That, from the withering branches cast,
Bestrew'd the ground with every blast.
Though now the sun was o'er the hill,
In this dark spot twas twilight still,⁹
Save that a Greta's farther side
Some straggling beams through copewood glide;
And wild and savage contrast made
⁵ Waved wildly trembling o'er the scene.
⁶ Waved wild above the clamorous stream.
⁷ MS. — "a torrent's strand;"
  Where in the warm and dry retreat,
  May fancy form some hermit's seat.
⁸ MS. — "A darksome grove of funeral yew,
  Where trees a baleful shadow cast,
  The ground that nourish'd them to blast,
  Mingled with whose sad tints were seen
  The blighted fir's sepulchral green;"
⁹ MS. — "In this dark grove twas twilight still,
  Save that upon the rocks opposed
  Some straggling beams of moon reposed;
  And wild and savage contrast made
  That bleak and dark funeral shade
  With the bright tints of early day,
  Which, struggling through the greenwood spray
  Upon the rock's wild summit lay."
That dingle's deep and funeral shade,
With the bright tints of early day,
Which, glimmering through the ivy spray,
On the opposing summit lay.

X.
The latest peasant shunn'd the dell;
For Superstition went to tell
Of many a grisly sound and sight,
Scaring its path at dead of night.
When Christmas logs blaze high and wide,
Such wonders speedel the festal tide;
While Curiosity and Fear,
Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching near,
Till childhood's cheek no longer glows,
And village maidens lose the rose.
The thrilling interest rises higher,¹
The circle closes high and nigher,
And shuddering glance is cast behind,
As louder moans the wintry wind.
Believe, that fitting scene was laid
For such wild tales in Northland glade!
For who had seen, on Greta's side,
By that dim light fierce Bertram stride,
In such a spot, at such an hour,—
If touch'd by Superstition's power,
Might well have deem'd that Hell had given
A murderer's ghost to upper Heaven,
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 not to rank nor sex confined
Is this vain ague of the mind:
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
'Gainst faith and love, and pity burn'd,
Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May,
Beneath its universal sway.
Bertram had listed many a tale
Of wonder in his native dale,
That in his secret soul retain'd
The credence they in childhood gain'd:
¹ Mn. — "The interest rises high and higher."
² The MS. has not the two following couplets.
³ Also I shall shew very briefly what force conjurers and witches have in constraining the elements enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or be short of their natural order: presuming this, that the extreme land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught witchcraft formely in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zarathustra the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness: for they exercise this devilish art, of all the arts of the world, to admiration; and in his, or other such like mischief, they commonly agree. The Finns were wont formerly, amongst other errors of gentilism, to sell winds to merchants that were stopp'd on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knelt three magical knots, not like to the laws of Castus,
Nor less his wild adventurous youth
Believed in every legend's truth;
Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gate,
Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail,
And the broad Indian moon her light
Pour'd on the watch of middle night,
When seamen love to hear and tell
Of portent, prodigy, and spell.²
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore
How whist'le rash bids tempests roar,
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light;³
Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm;
When the dark cloud comes down driving hard
And lower'd is every topsail-yard,
And canvas, wove in earthly loons,
No more to brave the storm presumes,
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,
Top and top-gallant hoisted high,
Full spread and crowded every sail,
The Demon Frigate braves the gale,
And well the doom'd spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

XII.
Then, too, were told, in stilled 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 nightly sounds of woe and fear
Appall'd the listening Bucanier,
Whose light-arm'd shallops 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 wears 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.

bound up with a thong, and they gave them unto the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the line, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stranger wind; but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests, that they should not able to rock out of the forecastle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to put down the sails, nor stand at a helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it who denied that there was any such power in those knots."—Oliver Lancaster's History of the Turks, Swedes, and Vandals. Lond. 1638, fol. p. 47. [See Note to The Pirate, "Sale of Winds," Waverley Novels, vol. xxiv. p. 136.]
⁴ See Appendix, Note Q.
⁵ Ibid. Note R.
⁶ Ibid. Note S.
⁷ Ibid. Note T.
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 to his troubled soul their form.
As the pale Death-ship to the storm
And such their omen dim and dread,
As shrieks and sounds of the dead,—
That pang, whose transitory force
Hover’d ‘twixt horror and remorse;
That pang, perchance, his bosom press’d,
As Wilfrid sudden he address’d:—
“Wilfrid, this glen is never trod
Until the sun rides 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 think’st thou?—Is our path waylaid?
Or hath thy sire my trust betray’d?
If so——Ere, starting from his dream,
That turn’d upon a gentler theme,
Wilfrid had rouse’d him to reply,
Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,
“Whate’er thou art, thou now shalt stand!”
And forth he darted, sword in hand.

XIV.
As bursts the levin in its wrath,²
He shot him down the sounding path;
Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out,
To his loud step and savage shout.³
Seems that the object of his race
Hath scale’d the cliffs; his frantic chase
Sidelong 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 trusts his weight to ivy strings;
Now, like the wild-goat, must he dart
An unsupported leap in air;⁴
Hid in the shrubry rain-course now,

You mark him by the crushing bough,
And by his corselet’s sullen clank,
And by the stones spurn’d from the bank.
And by the hawk scared from her nest
And ravens croaking o’er their guest,
Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay
The tribute of his cold essay

XV.
See, he emerges!—desperate now⁴
All farther course—You beetling brow,
In craggy nakedness sublime,
What heart or foot shall dare to climb?
It bears no tendril for his clasp,
Presents no angle to his grasp;
Sole stay his foot may rest upon,
Is yon earth-bedded jetting stone.
Balanced on such precarious prop,⁶
He strains his grasp to reach the top.
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his faithless footstool 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 sinewy hands,
And on the top unharm’d he stands!—¹

XVI
Wilfrid a safer path pursued;
At intervals where, roughly hew’d,
Rude steps ascending from the dell
Render’d the cliffs accessible.
By circuit slow he thus attain’d
The height that Risingham-had gain’d,
And when he issued from the wood,
Before the gate of Mortlam stood.
’Twas a sure scene! the sunbeam lays
On battlement tower and portal gray;
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Gre’na flow to meet the Tees;
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,

His progress—heart and foot must fail.
You upmost crag’s bare peak to scale.”

⁶ MS.—“Perch’d like an eagle on its top,
Balanced on its uncertain prop.
Just as the perilous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his tottering footstool shakes.

¹ Opposite to this line, the MS. has this note, mark as amuse Mr. Ballantyne:—“If my readers will not allow that I have climbed Parnassus, they must grant that I have turned the Kittle Nine Steps.”—See note to Redgrount.—Waverley Novels, vol. xxxi. p. 6.
² See Appendix, Note U.
She caught the morning's eastern red,  
And through the softening vale below  
Rol'd her bright waves, in rosy glow,  
All blushing to her bridal bed.¹

Like some shy maid in convent bred;  
While linnet, lark, and blackbird gay,  
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

XVII.

Twas sweetly sung that roundelay;  
That summer morn shone blithe and gay;  
But morning beam, and wild-bird's call,  
Awaked not Mortham's silent hall.²

No porter, by the low-brow'd gate,  
Took in the wended 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 fared:  
In the void offices around,  
Rung not a hoof, nor bay'd a hound;  
Nor eager steed, with shirriling neigh,  
Accused the lagging groom's delay;  
Untrimm'd, undress'd, neglected now,  
Was alley'd walk and orchard bough:  
All spoke the master's absent care,³  
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 scutcheon and device:  
There, spent with toil, sunk in gloom,  
Bertram stood pensive by the tomb.⁴

XVIII.

"It vanish'd, like a fitful g'lost!  
Behind this tomb," he said, "t'was last—  
This tomb, where oft I deem'd lies stored  
Of Mortham's Indian wealth the hoard.  
'Tis true, the aged servants said  
Here his lamented wife is laid;⁵  
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 carousals, spake  
Of Raleigh, Forbisher, and Drake;  
Adventurous hearts! who barter'd, bold,  
Their English steel for Spanish gold.  
Trust not, would his experience say,  
Captain or comrade with your prey;  
But seek some charnel, when, at full,  
The moon gilds skeleton and skull:  
There dig, and tomb your precious heap;  
And bid, the dead your treasure keep.⁶  
Surest warded they, if fitting spell  
Their service to the task compel,  
Lacks there such charm'd?—kill a slave,  
Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave;  
And bid his discontented ghost  
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—  
Such was the tale. Its truth, I ween,  
Is in my morning vision seen."²

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;⁷  
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,—²⁸  
That power in Bertram's breast awoke.  
Scarcely conscious he was heard, he spoke;  
"'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to head!  
His morion, with the plume of red,  
His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham, right  
As when I slew him in the fight."  
"Thou say'st him?—thou?"—With consciens start  
He heard, then man'd his haughty heart—  
I slew him?—I!—I had forgot  
Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot.  
But it is spoken—nor will I  

¹ MS.—"As some fair maid in cloister bred,  
In brushing to her bridal bed."  
² "The beautiful prospect commanded by that eminent,  
seen under the close light of a summer's morning, is finely  
contrasted with the silence and solitude of the place."—Critical Review.  
³ MS.—"All spoke the master absent far,  
All spoke neglect and (civil war.  
And the woes of  
Close by the gate, an arch combined,  
Two haughty elms their branches twined."  
⁴ See Appendix, Note V.  
⁵ MS.—"Here lies the partner of his bed;  
But weightier reasons should appear  
For all his moonlight wanderings here,  
And for the sharp rebuke they got,  
That pried around his favorite spot."  
⁶ See Appendix, Note W  
⁷ MS.—"Lacks there such charm'd?—a slave.  
Or prisoner, slaughter on the grave."  
⁸ MS.—"Should faith in such a fable hold"  
⁹ See Appendix, Note W
Deed done, or spoken word, deny.
I slew him; I for thankless pride;
’Twas by this 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 hand wax’d 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 now it came, that generous mood;  
And, in full current of his blood,  
On Bertram he laid desolate hand,  
Placed firm his foot, and I draw his brand.  
“Should every fiend, to whom thou’rt sold,  
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—  
Aroused 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 wraith 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,  
A warlike form, that mark’d the scene,  
Presents 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.

—MS.—“But, when blazed forth that noble flame.”

—MS.—“The sudden impression made on the mind of Wilfrid by  
his avowal is one of the happiest touches of moral poetry.  
The effect which the unexpected burst of indignation and  
valor produces on Bertram, is as finely imagined.”—Critical  
Review.—“This most animating scene is a worthy companion  
of the recollection of Pitz-James and Roderick Dio, in the  
ardi of the Lake.”—Monthly Review.

XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,  
As on a vision Bertram gazed!  
’Twas Mortham’s bearing, bold and high,  
His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,  
His look and accent of command,  
The martial gesture of his hand,  
His stately form, spare-built and tall,  
His war-bleach’d locks—’tis Mortham all.  
Through Bertram’s dizzy brain career  
A thousand thoughts, and all of fear;  
His wavering faith received not quite  
The form he saw as 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 reverted face,  
Backwards he bore his sullen pace;—  
Oft stopp’d, and oft on Mortham stared,  
And dark as rated mustif glared;  
But when the tramp of steeds was heard,  
Plunged in the glen, and disappear’d:—  
Nor longer there the Warrior stood,  
Retiring eastward through the wood;—  
But first to Wilfrid warning gives,  
“Tell thou to none that Mortham lives”

XXIII.

Still rung these words in Wilfrid’s ear,  
Hunting he knew not what of fear;  
When nearer came the courser’s 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 ambigiously replied  
(For Mortham’s charge his honor tied),  
“Bertram is gone—the villain’s word  
Avouch’d him murderer of his lord!”

—MS.—“’Twas Mortham’s spare and sinewy frame  
His falcon eye, his glance of flame.”

—MS.—“A thousand thoughts, and all of fear,  
Dizzled his brain in wild career;  
Doubting, and not receiving quite,  
The form he saw as Mortham’s sprite,  
Still more he fear’d it, if it stood  
His living lord, in flesh and blood.”

—MS.—“Slow he retreats with sullen pace.”

—MS.—“Retiring through the thickest wood.”

—MS.—“Rein’d up their steeds by Mortham tower.”
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 raves, or you!
Yet, grant 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 Rokeby’s page, in battle tried;
That morn, an embassy 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 steed, whose arch’d and sable neck
An hundred wreaths of foam bedeck;
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 ball,
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?
No! ere the sun that dew shall dry,
False Risingham shall yield or die,—
Ring out the castle ‘larum bell!’
Arouse the peasants with the knell!
Meantime disperse—ride, gallants, ride!
Beset the wood on every side,
But if among you one there be,
That honors Mortham’s memory,
Let him dismount and follow me!

MS.—“Yes! I beheld him foully stain,
By that base traitor of his train.”

MS.—“A knight, so generous and brave and true.”

MS. — “That dew shall drain,
False Risingham shall be kill’d or ta’en.”

MS. — To the Printer.—“On the disputed line, it may
and thus,—

‘Whosoever finds him, strike him dead!’

Or,—

‘Who first shall find him, strike him dead.’

But I think the addition of felon, or any such word, will impair the strength of the passage. Oswald is too anxious to

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 harness rung
Of twenty men of Wycliffe’s band,
Who waited not their lord’s command.
Redmond his spurs from buskins drew,
His mantle from his shoulders threw,
His pistols in his belt he placed,
The green-wood gain’d, the footsteps traced,
Shouted like huntsman to his hounds,
“To cover, hark!”—and in he bounds
Scarce heard was Oswald’s anxious cry
“Suspicion! yes—pursue him—fly—
But venture not, in useless strife,
On ruffian 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 thickets rung the shout
Of Redmond and his eager rout:
With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,
And envyng Redmond’s martial fire,
And emulous of fame.—But where
Is Oswald, noble Mortham’s heir?
He, bound by honor, law, and faith,
Avenger of his kinsman’s death!—
Leaning against the elm tree,
With drooping head and slacking 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,

use epithets, and is babbling after the men, by this true entering the wood. The simpler the line the better. In my humble opinion, shoot him dead, was much better than any other. It implies, Do not even approach him; kill him at distance. I leave it, however, to you, only saying, that never shun common words when they are to the purpose. As to your criticisms, I cannot but attend to them, because they touch passages with which I am myself disconcerted.—W. S.

* MS.—“Jedars of Redmond’s noble tire.”

* Opposed to this animated picture of ardent courage and ingenuous youth, that of a guilty conscience, which immediately follows, is indescribably terrible, and calculated to achieve the highest and noblest purposes of dramatic fiction.

—Critical Review.
Like objects on a stormy tide,
Seen eddying by the moonlight dim,
Imperfectly to sink and swim.
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 unwilling ear
To each surmise 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.
Willfrid, the last, arrived to say,
All trace was lost of Bertram'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!
Remorse 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 hasty hound!
And if the grim wolf's hair 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,

* * *

"The contrast of the beautiful morning,
And the prospect
Of the rich domin of Mortham, which Oswald was come to seize, with the dark remorse and misery of his mind, is powerfully represented: (Non domus et fundus!" &c. &c.)—Monthly Review.

"See Appendix, Note X.
"The M's. adds:—
"Of Mortham's treasure now he dreams
Unwilling takes his profer'd aid,
While conscious passion plainly speaks
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.
Where'er he sings, will she gihe 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, effeminate, thine eye?
Thine shall she be, if thou attend
The counsels of thy sire and friend.

XXXI.
"Scarcely thou gone, when peep of light!
Brought genuine news of Marston's flight.
Brave Cromwell turn'd the doubtful tide,
And conquest bless'd the rightful side;
Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled;
Nobles and knights, so proud of late,
Must fine for freedom and estate.
Of these, committed to my charge,
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large;
Redmond, his page, arrived to say
He reaches Barnard's tower to-day:
Right heavy shall his ransom be,
Unless that maid compound with thee!*
Go to her now—be bold of cheer,
While her soul floats 'twixt hope and fear.
It is the very change of tide,
When best the female heart is tried—
Pride, prejudice, and modesty,
Are in the current swept to sea;
And the bold swain, who plies his car,
May lightly row his bark to shore."

Rokeby.

CANTO THIRD.

I.
The human 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,

Now nurses more ambitious schemes.

* MS.—"This Redmond brought, at peep of light
The news of Marston's happy flight."

† See Appendix, Note Y.

‡ MS.—"In the warm ebb are swept to sea."

§ MS.—"The lower tribes of earth and air,
In the wild chase their kindred spare.*

The second couplet in quoted.
ROKEBY.

Santo III.

Watches the wild-duck by the spring;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's hair;
The greyhound presses on the hare;
The eagle pounces on the lamb;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam:
Ever tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness cut their lineage spare,
Man only mars and Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;
Flying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambushade,
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;
He, when each double and disguise
To baffle the pursuit he tries,
Low crouching now his head to hide,
Where swampy streams through rushes glide,
Now covering with the wither'd leaves
The foot-prints that the dew receives;
He, skill'd in every silvan guile,
Knows not, nor tries, such various wife,
As Risingham, when on the wind
Arose the loud pursuit behind.
In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wily dalesmen dared,
When Rooke's edge, and Redswair high,
To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry,
Announcing Jedwood-axe and spear,
And Liddesdale riders in the rear;
And well his venturous 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 nigh;
The speed, that in the flight or chase.
Outstripp'd the Charib's rapid race;
The steady brain, the sinewy limb,
To leap, to climb, to dive, to swim;
The iron frame, inured to bear
Each dire inclemency of air,
Nor less confirm'd to undergo
Fatigue's faint chill, and famine's theme.

These arts he proved, his life to save,
In peril oft by land and wave,
On Arawac's desert shore,
Or where La Plata's billows roar.
When oft the sons of vengeance Spain
Track'd the marauder's steps in vain
These arts, in Indian warfare tried
Must save him now by Grotta'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 clome the rocks projecting high,
To baffle the pursuer's eye;
Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound
The echo of his footsteps drown'd.
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 hallow,
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 stern,
And couches in the brake and fern,
Hiding his face, lest foesmen spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

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 explore.
'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye;
'Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly
And oft, like tiger toil-beset,
That in each pass finds foe and net, &c.

1 In the MS. the stanza concludes thus:
   * Suspending yet his purpose stern,
     He couched him in the brake and fern;
     Hiding his face, lest foesmen spy
     The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

2 See Appendix Note 2 A.

3 See Appendix Note 2 B.
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 maiden queen;
A face more fair you well might find;¹
For Redmond's knew the sun and wind,
Nor boasted, from their tinge when free,
The charm of regularity;
But every feature had the power
To aid the expression of the hour:
Whether gay wit, and humor sly
Danced laughing in his light-blue eye,
Or bending 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 maids approve
Even when they dare not call it love;
With every change his features play'd,
As aspens show the light and shade.²

VI.
Well Risingham young Redmond knew;
And much he marv'ld that the crew,
Roused to revenge bold Mortam dead,
Were by that Mortam's foeman led;
For never felt his soul the woe,
That wails a generous foeman low,
Far less that sense of justice strong,
That wakens a generous foeman's wrong.
But small his leisure now to pause;
Redmond is first, whate'er the cause,³
And twice that Redmond came so near
Where Bertram couch'd like hunted deer,
The very boughs his steps displace
Rustled 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 bent boughs resumed their sway,
And Bertram held it wise, unseen,
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.

Thus, circled in his coil, the snake,
When roving hunters beat the brake,
Watches with red and glistening eye,
Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh,
With forked tongue and venom'd fang
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.

VII.
But Bertram, as he backward drew,
And heard the loud pursuit renew,
And Redmond's hollo on the wind,
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—
"Redmond O'Neale! were thou and I
Alone this day's event to try,
With not a second here to see,
But the gray cliff and oaken tree,—
That voice of thine, that shouts so loud,
Should ne'er repeat its summons proud!
No! nor e'er try its melting power
Again in maiden's summer bower."
Eluded, now behind him die,
Faint and more faint, each hostile cry;
He stands in Scargill wood alone,
Nor hears he now a harsher tone
Than the house cushion's plaintive cry,
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by;
And on the Dale, so long and wild,
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

VIII.
He listen'd long with anxious heart,
Ear bent to hear, and foot to start,⁴
And, while his stretch'd attention glows,
Refus'd his weary frame repose.
'Twas silence al—he laid him down,
Where purple heath profusely strown,
And throatwort, with its azure bell;⁵
And moss and thyme his cushion swell.
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed
The course of Greta's playfull tide;
Beneath, her banks now edifying dun,
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her currents shone,
Matching in hue the favorite gem
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.

¹ These are completions were often quoted by the late Lord L—i—e as giving, in his opinion, an excellent portrait of the author himself.—Ed.
² In the MS. this image comes after the line "to aid the expression of the hour," and the complet stands:

"And like a flexible aspen play'd
Alternately in light and shade."

⁴ MS.—"The chase he heard, whate'er the cause."
⁵ MS.—"and limbs to start, And, while his stretch'd attention glows, Searce felt his weary frame repose."
Then tired to watch the current’s play,
He turn’d his weary eyes away,
To where the bank opposing show’d
Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy wood
- the, prominent above the rest,
Rear’d to the sun its pale gray breast;
Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude, and sable yew;
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side,
And round its rugged base lay,
By time or thunder rent away,
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 withold,
So seem’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 embrown’d,
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!—
To try the mystic cause intent,
His eyes, that on the cliff were bent,
‘Counter’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 censant murmur heave,
He heard the river’s sounding course;
The solitary woodlands lay,
As slumbering in the summer ray.
He gazed, like lion roused, around,
Then sunk again upon the ground.
’Twas 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.”

XI.
Instant his sword was in his hand,
As instant sunk the ready brand;
Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood
To him that issued from the wood:
“Guy Denzil—is it thou?” he said;
“Do we two meet in Scargill shade?—
Stand back a space!—thy purpose show,
Whether thou comest as friend or foe.
Report hath said, that Denzil’s name
From Rokeby’s band was razed with shame.”—
“A shame I owe that hot O’Neal,
Who told his knight, in peevish zeal,
Of my marauding on the clowns
Of Calverley and Bradford downs;
I reck not. In a war to strive,
Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,
Suits ill my mood; and better game
Awaits us both, if thou’rt the same
Unscrupulous, bold Risingham.”

of the scene in The Robbers, in which something of a contrast is exhibited between the beauties of external nature and the agitations of human passion. It is in such pictures that Mr. Scott delights and excels.”—Monthly Review. One is surprised that the reviewer did not quote Milton rather than Schiller:

———“The fand
Saw unrelieved all delight.”—Ed

7 MS.—“Look’d round—no foeman was in sight.”
8 See Appendix, Note 2 D.
9 MS.—“Unscrupulous, gallant Risingham.”
Who watch'd with me in midnight dark,
To snatch a deer from Rokeyn-park.
How think'st thou then?—"Speak thy purpose out;
I love not mystery or doubt."—

XII.

"Then list—Not far there lurk a crew
Of trusty comrades, stanch and true,
Scar'd from both factions—Roundheads, freed
From cants 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-ground,
For clack or surplice, mace or crown.
Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,
A chief and leader lack we yet—
Thou art a wanderer, it is said;
Four Northam's death, thy steps waylaid, 1
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 lot 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 comrades such a band?
This Denzil, vow'd to every evil
Might read a lesson to the devil.
Well, be it so! each knife and foot
Shall serve as my revenge's tool."—
Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,
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 gray."
"Do thou," said Bertram, "lead the way."
Then muttered, "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.

MS.—"Thy head at price, thy steps waylaid."
...... "I but half wish'd,
To see the devil, and he's here already."—OWAY
MS.—"What lack I, my revenge to quench,
But such a band of comrades stanch!"
MS.—"But when Guy Denzil pull'd the spray,
And brambles, from its roots away,
He saw, forth issuing to the air."

See Appendix, Note 2 E.

"We should here have concluded our remarks on the char-

XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within
The flinty rock a murmur'd din;
But when Guy pull'd the wilding spray
And brambles, from its base away;
He saw, appearing to the air,
A little entrance, low and square,
Like opening cell of hermit's cell,
Dark, winding through the living stone.
Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram here;
And loud and louder 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 Brignall's woods, and Scargill's, wave
Even now, o'er many a sister cave,
Where, far within the darksome rift,
The wedge and lever ply their thrill.
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 phrensy driven,
With his own crimes reproaching heaven;
While Bertram show'd, amid the crew
The Master-Fiend that Milton drew.

XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again,
To greet the leader of the train.
Behold the group by the pale lamp,
That struggles with the earthy dump.
By what strange features Vice hath known
To sing out and mark her own!
Yet some there are, whose brows retain
Less deeply stamp'd her brand and stain
See yon pale stripling! when a boy,
A mother's pride, a father's joy!
Now, against 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.

A tear is springing—but the rest
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,
Hath to loud laughter stir'd the rest.
On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry feat:
Fast flies his dream—with dauntless air,
As one victorious o'er Despair,
He bids the roodly cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are drown'd;
And soon, in merry wassail, 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 streww'd,
Themselves all profitless and rude,—

With desperate merriment he sung,
The cavern to the chorus rung:
Yet mingled with his reckless glee
Remore'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,
The first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down!"

MS.—"And soon the loveliest wassail he,
And life of all their revelry.""  

Scott .visited Rokeby in 1812, for the purpose of refreshing his memory; and Mr. Marriott says,—"I had, of course, many previous opportunities of testing the almost conscientious fidelity of his local descriptions; but I could not help being singularly struck with the lights which this visit threw on that characteristic of his compositions. The morning after he arrived he said, 'You have often given me materials for romance—now I want a good robber's cave and an old church of the right sort.' We rode out, and he found what he wanted. In the ancient stately quarters of Brignall and the ruined Abbey of Fylston, I observed him noting down even the meager little wild-flowers and her's that accidentally grew

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, wings 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 musketer
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 care,
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 mute than 11
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 throne,
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 inport fowl 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.
length his wondrous tale he told;
Then, scornful, smiled his comrade bold;
For, train'd in license of a court.
Religion's self was Denzil'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 expound.
Yet, faith if I must needs afford
To spectre watching treasured board,
As bardog 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 castle hath the gold
Thy patron won on Indian soil,
Be stealth, by piracy, and spoil!

XX.
At this he pause'd—for angry shame
Lower'd on the brow of Risingham.

MS.—"And were I with my true love set
Under the Greenwood bough,
What once I was she must forget,
Nor think what I am now."

MS.—"'Twas the project birth."

MS.—"'Twere hard, my friend," he said, "to spell
The morning vision that you tell;
Nor am I seer, for art renown'd,"

He blush'd to think, that he should seem
Assertor 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 soul, Guy Denzil, shone!
And when he tax'd thy breach of word
To you fair Rose of Allenford,
I saw thee crouch like chaste'n'd 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."
Mark, too—I brook no idle jest,
Nor couple Bertram's name with fear;
Mine is but half the demon's lot,
For I 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?"

XXI.
Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-timed mirth
Rather he would have seen the earth
Give to ten thousand spectres birth,
Than venture to awake to flame
The deadly wrath of Risingham.
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 bed;
And our stout knight, at dawn of morn
Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,
Nor less, when eve his oaks embroun'd
To see the ruddy cup so rare,
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."—

Dark dreams and omens to expound.
Yet, if my faith I must afford," &c.

4 MS. "hath I's gold."
5 MS. "like rated hound."
6 See Appendix, Note 2 F.
7 MS. "Denzil's mood of mirth.
He would have rather seen the earth," &c.
XXII.

"Destined to her! to you slight maid!
The prize my life had well enough paid,
When 'gainst Larroche, 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,
Desperate and dark, whom no one knew;
And rose, as men with us must rise,
By scouring 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 entwine;
Ill was the omen if he smiled,
For 'twas in peril stern and wild;
But when he laugh'd, each luckless mate
Might hold our fortune desperate.
Foremost he fought in every broil,
Then scornful turn'd him from the spoil;
Nay, often strove to bar the way
Between his comrades and their prey;
Preening, even then, to such as we,
Hot with our dear-bought victory,
Of mercy and humanity.

XXIII.

"I loved him well; his fearless part,
His gallant leading, won my heart.
And after each victorious fight,
'Twas I that wrangl'd for his right,
Redeem'd his portion of the prey
That greedyer mates had torn away;
In field and storm thrice saved his life,
And once amid our comrades' strife.
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!"
He paused—then, calm and passion-freed,
Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

XXIV.

"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 dropt 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 niece'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 monials here, 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."—

XXV.

"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 woods, and harts of greese?"
Since through the hamlets as he fared,
What hearth has Guy's marauding spared,
Or where the chase that hath not run!
With Denzil's bow, at midnight shrunge!—
"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 harbors 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."—

XXVI.
"Tis well—there's vengeance in the thought:
Matilda is by Wilfrid sought;
And hot-brain'd Redmond, too, 'tis said,
Pays lover's homage to the maid.
Bertram she scorn'd—If met by chance,
She turn'd from me her shuddering glance,
Like a nice dame, that will not brook
On what she hates and loathes to look;
She told to Mortham she could ne'er
Behold me without secret fear,
Foreboding evil—She may rue
To find her prophecy fall true!—
The war has weeded Rokeby's train,
Few followers in his halls remain;
If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold,
We are enow to storm the hold,
Bear off the plunder, and the dame,
And leave the castle all in flame."—

XXVII.
"Still art thou Valor's venturous son!
Yet ponder first the risk to run;
The menials of the castle, true,
And stubborn to their charge, though few;¹
The wall to scale—the moat to cross—
The wicket-grate—the inner fosse"—
—"Fool! if we blench for toys like these,
On what fair guerdon can we seize?²
Our hardiest venture, to explore
Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,
And the best prize we bear away,
The earnings of his sordid day."—
"A while thy hasty taunt forbear;
In sight of road more sure and fair,
Thou wouldest 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-house I know;
There is one postern, dark and low,
That issues at a secret spot,
By most neglected or forgot.
Now, could a spoil of our train
On fair pretext admittance gain,
That sally-port might be unbard'd:
Then, vain were battlement and ward!"—

XXVIII.
"Now speak'st thou well—to me the same,
If force or art shall urge the game;
Indifferent, if like fox I wind,³
Or spring like tiger on the hind.—
But, hark! our merry-men so gay
Troll forth another roundelay."—

Song.
"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,⁴
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln-green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!¹
No more of me you knew.

"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-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
And adieu for evermore."—²

XXIX.
"What youth is this, your band among,
The best for minstrelsy and song?
In his wild notes seem aptly met
A strain of pleasure and regret."—
"Edmond of Winston is his name;
The hamlet sounded with the fame
Of early hopes his childhood gave,—
Now center'd all in Brigunn cave! ±
I watch him well—his wayward course

¹ MS.—"The menials of the castle few,
But stubborn to their charge, and true."² MS.—"What prize of vantage shall we seize?"³ MS.—"That issues level with the most"⁴ MS.—"I care not if a fox I wind."⁵ MS.—"our merry men again
Are flecking in blithesome strain."⁶ MS.—"A laughing eye, a danzless mien."⁷ MS.—"To the Printer:—The abruptness as to the song is unavoidable. The music of the drinking party could only oper-

² MS.—"Upon "Greta shore. ±

³ See Appendix, Note 2. I

"Fain, in old English and Scotch, expressions, I think, a propensity to give and receive pleasurable emotions. A sort of fondness which may, without harshness, I think, be applied to a rose in the act of blooming. You remember 'Jockey faw and Jenny fain.'—W. S."
ROKEBY.

CANTO IV.

SHOWS OFT A TINCTURE OF REMORSE.
Some early love-shaft grazed 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 aid the idle hours away?
When unemploy'd, each fiery mate
Is ripe for mutinous debate.
He tun'd his strings e'en now—again
He wakes them, with a blither strain."

XXX.
Song.

ALLEN-A-DALE.
Allen-a-Dale has no forgot for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mire for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Darce than Allen-a-dale!

Allen-a-Dale was never belted a knight, [bright;
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lift'd the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wall 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 seest 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 spy
Speak, Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?"—
"I have—but two fair stages are near.
I watch'd her, as she slowly stray'd
From Egliston up Thorsgill glade;
But Wilfrid Wycliffe 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 toil and net.
Before their path be homeward set."
A hurried and a whisper'd speech
Did Bertram's will to Denzi teach;
Who, turning to the robber band,
Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.

Rokey.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

When Denmark's raven sour'd on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke;
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blacken'd each cataract and spring,
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Forc
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 spouse,
Near Stratford high they paid their vows,
Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

II.
Yet Scalp or Kemper err I, 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 assud'd
To spirits of a gentler kind!
For where the thicket-groups recede,
And the rath primrose decks the mead,¹
The violet grass seems carpet meet
For the light fairies' lively feet.
Yet tufted knoll, with daisies strown,
Might make proud Oberon 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.
Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of ages broke;
And the stems 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 coppice dwarf of varied show,
Or, round the stems profusely twined,
Fling summer odors 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 gray 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 chung 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, Wilfred, ever kind, must lend
Thy counsel to thy sister-friend;
And, Redmond, thou, at my behest,
No farther urge thy desperate quest.
For to my care a charge is left,
Dangerous to one of aid bereft;
Wellnigh an orphan, and alone,
Captive her sire, her house o'erthrown."¹
Wilfrid, with wonted kindness grace'd,
Beside her on the turf she placed;
Then paused, with downcast look and eye,
Nor bade young Redmond seat 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
Aught 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 suited 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.

¹ MS.—"The early primrose decks the mead,
And the short velvet grass seems meet
For the light fairies' frolic feet."

² MS.—"That you had said her cheek was pale;
But if she faced the morning gale,
Or longer spoke, or quicker moved."

³ MS.—"Or ought of interest was express'd
That waked a feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood, 1 like morning beam
In ready play."
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,  
Full oft her doating sire would call  
His Maud the merriest of them all.  
But days of war and civil crime,  
Allow'd but ill such festal time.  
And her soft pensiveness of brow  
Had deepen'd into sadness now.  
In Marston 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 Saxons' iron bit—  
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale  
In English blood imbrou'd his steel,  
Against St. George's cross dress'd high  
The banners of his Tanistry,  
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.  
"Twas first in that disastrous fight,  
Rokeby and Mortham proved their might.  
There had they fallen 'mongst the rest,  
But pity touch'd a chieftain's breast;  
The Tanist 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,  
Sleive-Donard's cliffs and woods could show,  
Shared with them Erin's festal 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 Rokeby's head  
Some touch of early snow was shed;  
Calm he enjoy'd, by Greta's wave,  
The peace which James the Peaceful gave  
While Mortham, far beyond the main,  
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain.  
It chanced upon a wintry night,"  
That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,  
The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,  
In Rokeby-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 sore for entrance and for aid  
A voice of foreign accent pray'd.  
The porter answer'd to the call,  
And instant rush'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 sinewy limb;  
In saffron dyed, a linen vest  
Was frequent fold'd round his breast;  
A mantle long and loose he wore,  
Shaggy 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 gaz'd with wilder'd look  
Then up the hall, with staggering pace,  
He hasten'd by the blaze to place.  
Half lifeless from the bitter air,  
His lord, a Boy of beauty rare.  
To Rokeby, next, he lout'd low,  
Then stood erect his tale to show."
With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.
Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear!
Tarlough O'Neale salutes thee dear;
He graces thee, and to thy care
Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.
He bids thee breed him as thy son,
For Tarlough's days of joy are done;
And other lords have seized his land,
And faint and feeble is his hand;
And all the glory of Tyrone
Is like a morning vapor 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, honors 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 Ferraught raised his wistful eyes,
And faintly strove to soothe his cries;
All reckless of his dying pain,
He blest and blest 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 fled.

X.
'Twas 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,

With staggering and unequal pace,
He hasten'd by the blaze to place,
Half lifeless from the latter air,
His head, a Boy of beauty rare.
To Rokeby, then, with solemn air,
He turn'd his errand to declare."

This couple is not in the MS.
See Appendix, Note 2 S.

The brand of Lenagh More the Red,
That hung beside the gray wolf's head,—
'Twas from his broken phrase descried,
His foster-father was his guide.
Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore
Letters and gifts a goodly store;
But ruffians met them in the wood,
Ferraught in battle boldly stood,
Till wounded and overpow'r'd at length,
And stripp'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;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, 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 blithest laugh'd that cheek and eye
When Rokeby's little Maid was nigh;
'Twas his, with elder brother's pride,
Matilda's tottering steps to guide;
His native lays in Irish tongue,
To soothe 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 fellow bear,
In his dark haunt on Gretna's shore,
And loves, against the deer so din,
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 haul,
Where young Matilda holds her veil.

2 MS.—"To bind the charge upon thy soul,
Remember Erin's social bowl,"

See Appendix, Note 2 T.

4 Here follows in the MS. a stanza of sixteen lines, whose
author subsequently dispersed through stanzas xv. and
xvi., post.

6 MS.—"Three years more old, 'twas Redmond's pride
Matilda's tottering steps to guide,"

This couple is not in the MS.
See Appendix, Note 2 S.
CANTO IV.

ROKEBY. 321

And she, whose veil receives the shower,¹
Is alter'd too, and knows her power;
Assumes a monstress's pride,
Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide.
Yet listens still to hear him tell
How the gins wild-boat² 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.³

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 romantic glow,
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 bard or gifted sage;
Oft, placed the evening fire beside,
The minstrel art alternate tried,
While gladsome harp and lively lay
Faded winter-night flat 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 she eyed,
She sometimes blamed the good old Knight,
As dull of ear and dim of sight,
Sometimes his purpose would declare,
That young O'Ncale should wed his heir.

XIV.

The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise
And bandage from the lovers' eyes;⁴
I was plain that Oswald, for his son,
Had Rokeby's favor wellnigh won.
Now must they meet with change of cheer,
With mutual looks of shame and fear;

¹ M. — "And she on whom these treasures shower."² MS. — "Grim sangler."³ MS. — "Then bless'd himself that man can find
    a pastime of such cruel kind,"⁴ MS. — "From their hearts and eyes,"⁵ MS. — "And Redmond, too, apart must rue,
    the love he never can subdue;
    Then came the war, and Rokeby said,
    No rebel son should wed his maid.""⁶ MS. — Thought on the heroes of his line,⁷ Great Nial of the Pledges Nine,⁸ Shane-Dyman wild, and Geraldine,⁹ 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 to aid,
And all beside of nurture rare
That might beseeem a baron's heir.
Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's strife,
On Rokeby's Lord bestow'd his life,
And well did Rokeby's generous Knight
Young Redmond for the deed requisite.
Nor was his liberal care and cost
Upon the gallant stripping lost;
Seek the North-Ridding broad and wide,
Like Redmond none could steed bestride;
From Tynemouth search to Cumberland,
Like Redmond none could wield a brand:
And then, of humor 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 gales of war he gave
The banner of his sires to wave,
Redmond, distinguish'd by his care,
He chose that honor'd flag to bear, 1
And named his page, the next degree,
In that old time, to chivalry. 2
In five pitch'd fields he well maintain'd
The honor'd place his worth obtain'd,
And high was Redmond's youthful name
Blazed in the roll of martial fame.
Had fortune smiled on Marston fight,
The eye had seen him dub'd a knight;
Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful strife,
Of Rokeby's Lord he saved the life,
But when he saw him prisoner made,
He kiss'd and then resign'd his blade, 3
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 my return, dear maid!
Not thus, when from thy trembling hand,
I took the banner and the brand,
When round me, as the bugles blew,
Their blades three hundred warriors drew,
And, while the standard I unroll'd,
Clash'd their bright arms, with clamor bold.
Where is that banner now!—its pride
Lies whelm'd in Ouse's sullen tide!
Where now those warriors,—in their gore,
They cumber Marston's dismal moor!
And what avails 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,
Dissaidn't 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 zephyrs sigh.

XVIII.
"I need not to my friends recall,
How Mortham shun'd my father's hall
A man of silence and of woe,
Yet ever anxious to bestow
On my poor self what'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, 4
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, 5
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 huge 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.
MORTHAM'S HISTORY.
"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, 6
And blood and rage my manhood stain
And my gray hairs must now descend
To my cold grave without a friend!—
Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown

Appendix. Note 2 X.  1 Ibid. Note 2 Y.
MS.—"His valor saved old Rokeby's life,
But when he saw him prisoner made,
He kiss'd and then flung down his blade."
After this line the MS. has—
"His eyes be calm'd, impending woes—
Till in his eye the tear-drops rose."

4 MS.—"But oftener 'twas my hap to see
Such storms of bitter agony,
As for the moment would o'erstrain
And wreak the balance of the brain."
5 MS.—"Beneath his throes."
6 MS.—"My youth was fall's reign."
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—'tis a phantom, cease!
Leave me one little hour in peace!
Thou, haunted, think'st thou I have skill
Thine own commission to fulfil?
Or, while then point'st with gesture fierce,
Thy blighted sight, 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 languishes on earth and all below!
We wedded secretly—there was need—
Differing in country and in creed;
And, when to Mortham's tower she came,
We mentioned not her race and name,
Until thy sire, who sought afar,
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 wretch misconstrued villainy.
Repulsed in his presumptuous love,
A vengeful snare the traitor wove.
Alone we sat—the flask had flown,
My blood with heat unwonted glow'd,
When through the alley'd walk 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,

MS.—"Until 'thy father, then after."
MS.—"I, a poor debtor, should forget."
MS.—"Forgetting God's own clemency."
MS.—"So kindly that from harmless gleam."
MS.—"I caught a cross-bow that was near.

Then pray'd it might not chafe 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 murderer's brother's arm!
He came in secret to inquire
Her state, and reconcile her sire.

XXII.
"All fled my rage—the villain first,
Whose craft my jealousy had nursed;
He sought in far and foreign clime
To escape 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 misaim'd;
And even from those the act who knew,
He hid the hand from which it flew.
Untouched 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 more, I saw
And question'd of my infant child—
(Have I not written, that she bare
A boy, like summer morning fair?)—
With looks confused my menials tell
That armed men in Mortham dell
Beset the nurse's evening way,
And bore her, with her charge, away.
My faithless friend, and none but he,
Could profit by this villainy;
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 dared,
With whom full oft my hated life

The readiest weapon of my wrath,
And hastening up the Gates path."
*This couplet is not in the MS.
† MS.—"Twas then that fate my footsteps threw
Among a wild and daring crew"
I ventured in such desperate strife,
That even my fierce associates saw
My frantic deeds with doubt and awe.
Much then I learn'd, 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 chang'd, that after battle fray,
Upon the bloody field we lay;
The yellow moon her lustre shed
Upon the wounded 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! 'tis said, 'what makest thou here,
While unavenged 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 callous look,
That fiendish sneer his visage took,
As when he said, in scornful mood,
'There is a gallant in the wood?'
—I did not stay 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 R.-imon sprung; the villain Guy
(For he it was that lurk'd so nigh),
Draw back—he durst not cross his steel!
A moment's space with brave O'Neale,
For all the treasured gold that rests
It Mortham: iron-bound chests.
Redmond resumed his seat—he said,
Some roe was rustling in the shade.
Bertram laugh'd grimly when he saw
His timorous 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 carabine—I'll show

An art that thou wilt gladly know,
How thou mayst safely quell a foe."

XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew
The spreading birch 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 opposed to aim there sat
An object of his mortal hate.
That day young Redmond's death had seen
But twice Matilda came between
The carabine and Redmond's breast,
Just ere the spring his finger press'd.
A deadly oath the ruffian swore,
But yet his fell design for bore:
"It ne'er," he mutter'd, "shall be said,
That thus I scath'd thee, haughty maid!"
Then moved to seek more open aim,
When to his side Guy Denzil came:
"Bertram, forbear—we are undone
Forever, if thou fire the gun.
By all the fiends, an armed force
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 back!
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
That Denzil's fears had 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,
Doom'd to captivity or death,
Their thoughts to one sad subject lent,
Saw not nor heard the ambushment.
Headless and unconcern'd they sate,
While on the very verge of fate;
Headless and unconcern'd remain'd,
When Heaven the murderer's arm restrain'd
As ships drift darkling down the tide,
Nor see the shelves o'er which they glide.
Unterrupted thus they heard
What Mortham's closing tale declared.
He spoke of wealth as of a load,
By Fortune on a wretch bestow'd,
In bitter mockery of hate,
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 corpse, had been seen;
Some had pretended, too, to mark
On Windermere a stranger bark,
Whose crew, with zealous care, yet mild,
Guard'd a female and a child.
While these faint proofs he told and press'd,
Hope serv'd to kindle in his breast;
Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,
It warp'd his judgment, and his brain.¹

XXVIII.
These solemn words his story close:—
"Heaven witness for me, that I chose
My part in this sad civil fight,
Moved by no cause but England's right.
My country's groans have 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 nigh
Already casts a grasping eye,
With thee may unsuspected 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 fight 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;²
But Wilfrid chief, who saw reveal'd
Why Mortham wish'd his life conceal'd,
To impose, doubtless, to procure
The schemes his wilder'd fancy drew.
Thoughtful he heard Matilda tell,
That she would share her father's cell,
His partner of captivity,
Where'er his prison-house should be;
Yet griefed to think that Rokeby-hall,
Dismantled and forsook by all,
Open to rapine and to stealth,
Had now no safeguard for the wealth
Intrust'd by her kinsman kind,
And for such noble use design'd.
"Was Barnard Castle then her choice,
Wilfrid inquired with hasty voice,
"Since there 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 galling to his mind,
Than that his wild-wood haunts which sees
And hears the murmur of the 'Tees,
Recalling thus, with every glance,
What captive's sorrow can enhance;
But where those woes are highest, there
Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care.

XXX.
He felt the kindly check she gave,
And stood abashed—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 wills my sire, a gallant band,
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, Mortham'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 [santa]
"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 Burninghame,"³
A stranger told you were waylaid,
Surrounded, and to death betray'd.
He had a leader's voice, I ween,
A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.
He bade me bring you instant aid;
I doubted not, and I obey'd."

MS.—"Hope, inconsistent, vague, and vain,
Seem'd on the theme to warp his brain."
² MS.—"To that high mind thus warp'd and swerved.
³ MS.—"In martial exercise to move
Upon the open moor above."
XXXI.
Wilfrid changed color, and, amazed,
Turn'd short, and on the speaker gazed;
While Redmond every thicket round
Track'd earnest as a questing hound,
And Denzil's carabine he found ;
Sure evidence, by which they knew
The warning was as kind as true.
Worse 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 Rokeby's bowers
To Barnard Castle's lofty towers,
Secret and safe the banded chests,
In which the wealth of Northarn rests.
This hasty purpose fix'd, they part,
Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

Rokeby.
CANTO FIFTH.

I.
The sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid 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 glows.
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 Rokeby's glades,
Where, sunk within their banks profound,
Her guardian streams to meeting wound
The stately oaks, whose sombre brow
Of moonlight make a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light,
Of twilight make an early night.
Horse into middle air arose
The vespera of the roosting crows,
And with congenial murmurs seem
To wake the Genii of the stream;
For louder clamor'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 fancy-nurtured soul
Felt in the scene a soft control,
With lighter footstep 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 gray,
Seem'd half abandon'd to decay,
On barbican and keep of stone
Stern Time the foeman's work had done.
Where banners the invader braved,
The harquebuss now and wall-flower waved;
In the rude guard-room, where of yore
Their weary hours the warders wore,
Now, while the cheerful fogots blaze,
On the paved floor the spindle plays,
The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The most is ruinous and dry.

1 MS.—"And they the gun of Denzil find ;
A witness sure to every mind
The warning was as true as kind."' 
2 MS.—"It was agreed,
That Redmond, with Matilda fair,
Should straight to Rokeby-hall repair
And, rose so near them, known so late,
A guard should tend her to the gate." 

3 "The fifth canto opens with an evening-scene, of its ac-
suoted beauty when delineated by Mr. Scott. The moun-
tain fading in the twilight, is nobly imagined."—Monthly
Review.

4 MS.—"a darksome night."
5 MS.—"By fits awakened the evening wind
By fits in sighs its breath resign'd."
6 MS.—"Old Rokeby's towers before him lay.
See Appendix, Note 2 Z.
7 MS.—"The weary night the wardens wore,
Now by the fogots' gladsome light
The maidens plied the spindle's sleigh.
8 MS.—"The beams had long forgot to bear
The trembling drawbridge into air;
The huge portcullis gone".—S.
The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turn’d to peaceful Hall.

IV.
But yet precautions, lately ta’en,¹
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 beams once more were taught to bear
The trembling drawbridge into air,
And not, till question’d o’er and o’er,
For Wilfrid oped the jealous door,
And when he enter’d, bolt and bar
Resumed their place with sullen jar;
Then, as he cross’d the vaulted porch,
The old gray porter raised his torch,
And view’d him o’er, from foot to head,
Ere to the hall his steps he led.
That huge 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, borne away,
Accomplish’d Rokeby’s brave array,
But all were lost on Marston’s day!
Yet here and there the moonbeams fall
Where armor yet adorns the wall,
Cambrous of size, uncouth to sight,
And useless in the modern light!
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;
All, all for parting was prepared,
And tarried but for Wilfrid’s guard.
But then, reluctant to unfold²
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 Rokeby met,
What time the midnight-watch 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 return’d 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 tickling 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 spied,
Thanks to man’s wrath and woman’s pride.

VII.
While thus in peaceful guise they sate,
A knock alarm’d the outer gate,
Away are the tardy porter stirr’d,

For Wilfrid oped the studded door,

And, on his entry, bolt and bar
Resumed their place with sullen jar.

¹ MS.—“But yet precaution show’d, and fear,”
That dread of evil times was here;
There were late marks of jealous care.
For there were recm. marks of the fall’n defences to war;
And not, till question’d o’er and o’er

² MS.—“Confused he stood, as loth to say,”
What might his sire’s base mood display?
Then hinted that some curious eye.”
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 "Get 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 come;  
And for his faith I dare engage—  
Your Harpool's blood is sord'd by age;  
His gate, once readily display'd,  
To greet the friend, the poor to aid,  
Now even to me, though known of old,  
Did 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 guest 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 stra've!"—

**IX.**

**Song resumed.**

"I have song of war for knight,  
Lay of love for lady bright,  
Fairy tale to lull the heir,  
Goblin grim the maids to scare.  
Dark the night, and long till day,  
Do not bid me farther stray!  

"Rokey's lords of martial fame,  
I can count them name by name;  
Legends of their line there be,  
Known to few, but known to me.  
If you honor Rokey's kin,  
Take the wandering harper in!  

"Rokey's lords had fair regard  
For the harp, and for the bard;  
Baron's race threw ne'er a well,  
Where the curse of minstrel fell.  
If you love that noble kin,  
Take the weary harper in!"

"Hark! Harpool parleys—there is hope,"  
Said Redmond, "that the gate will ope."—  
"For all thy brag and boast, I trow,  
Naught know'st thou of the Felon Sow,"  
Quoth Harpool, "nor how Gretta-side  
She roam'd, and Rokey forest wide;  
Nor how Ralph Rokey gave the beast  
To Richmond's friars to make a feast.  
Of Gilbert Griffison the tale  
Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale,  
That well could strike with sword again,  
And of the valiant son of Spain,  
Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir Ralph;  
There were a jest to make us laugh!  
If thou canst tell it, in thy shed  
Thou'st won thy supper and thy bed."

**X.**

Matilda smiled; "Cold hope," said she,  
"From Harpool's love of minstrelsy!  
But, for this harper, may we dare,  
Redmond, to mend his couch 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 held,)  
I've seen a ring of rugged kerne,  
With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern.

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* MS.——"O, bid not me bear sword and shield  
Or struggle to the bloody field,  
To greater art this hand was made.  

* See Appendix, Note 3 A.  
* See Appendix, Note 3 B.  
* ibid. Note 3 C.
Enchanted by the master’s lay,  
Linger around the livelong day,  
Shift from wild rage to wilder glee,  
To love, to grief, to ecstasy,  
And feel each varied change of soul  
Obdient to the bard’s control.—  
Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor  
Slieve-Donard’s oak shall light no more;  
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 distingu’lish’d in the glade,  
My sire’s 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.  

XI.  
Matilda’s dark and softer’d eye  
Was glistening ere O’Neale’s was dry,  
Her hand upon his arm she laid,—  
It is the will of heaven,” she said.  
“Ah, 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 soon 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 braid;  
Or pass’d for aye from me and mine,  
It ne’er may shelter Rokeye’s line.  
Yet is this consolation given,  
My Redmond,—‘tis the will of heaven.”  
Her word, her action, and her phrase  
Were kindly as in early days;  
For e’d reserve had lost its power,  
In sorrow’s sym pathetic 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  
Slieve-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 be staid!  
And Rokeye’s Maidsen will not part  
From Rokeye’s hall with moody heart  
This night at least, for Rokeye’s fame,  
The hospitable hearth shall flame,  
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.  
Bid Harpool ope the door with speed,  
Admit him, and relieve each need.  
Meantime, kind Wycliffe, 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, landless now,  
Has not a garland for thy brow.  
True, I must leave sweet Rokeye’s glades,  
Nor wander more in Greta shades;  
But sure, no rigid failer, thou  
Wilt a short prison-walk allow,  
Where summer flowers grow wild at will,  
On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill;  
Then holly green and lily gay  
Shall twine in gardern 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!  
Too lively glow the lilies light,  
The varnish’d holly’s all too bright.  

1 “Mr. Scott has impaired a delicacy (we mean in the colo- 
oring, for the design we cannot approve), a sweetness and a 
 melancholy smile to this parting picture, that really enchan- 
t us. Poor Wilfrid is sadly disconsolate by the last instance 
of encouragement to Redmond; and Matilda endeavors to chec 
him by requesting, in the prettiest, and yet in the most touch- 
ing manner, ‘Kind Wycliffe,’ to try his minstrelry. We will 
here just ask Mr. Scott, whether this would not be actual 
formal and intolerable torture to a man who had any soul!  
Why, then, make his heroine even the unwilling cause of such 
misery? Matilda had talked of twining a wreath for her po- 
of holly green and lily gay, and he sings, broken-hearted, ‘Th. 
Cypress Wreath.’ We have, however, inserted this as one 
of the best of Mr. Scott’s songs.”—Monthly Review
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine;
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blazoned roses, bought so dear;
Let Alain bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipp’d in dew;
On favor’d Erin’s crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel’s hair;
And, while his crown of laurel-leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trumph his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing-bell,
Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look’d and loved my last!
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With panzies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

XIV.
O’Neale observed the starting tear,
And spoke with kind and blithesome cheer—
‘No, noble Wilfrid! ere the day
When mourns the land thy silent lay,
Shall many a wreath be freely wove
By hand of friendship and of love.
I would not wish that rigid Fate
Had doom’d thee to a captive’s state,
Whose hands are bound by honor’s law,
Who wears a sword he must not draw
But were it so, in minstrel pride
The land together would we ride,
On prancing steeds, like harpers old,
Bound for the halls of barons bold,1
Each lover of the lyre we’d seek,
From Michael’s Mount to Skiddaw’s Peak,
Survey wide Albin’s mountain strand,
And roam green Erin’s lovely land,
While thou the gentler souls should move,
With lay of pity and of love,
And I, thy mate, in rougher strain,
Would sing of war and warriors slain.
Old England’s bards were vanquish’d then,
And Scotland’s vaunted Hawthornden,2
And, silenced on Iernian shore,
McCurtin’s harp should chasm no more!3
In lively mood he spoke, to wile
From Wilfrid’s woe-worn cheek a smile.

XV.
“But,” said Matilda, “ere thy name,
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,
Say, wilt thou kindly deign to call
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall?
Bid all the household, too, attend,
Each in his rank a humble friend,
I know their faithful hearts 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 seemly gown of Kendal green,
With gorget closed of silver sheen.
His harp in silken scarf was slung,
And by his side an aulace 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 ease;
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.

NS — “I would not wish thee 1 in 2 degree
So lost to hope as falls to me;
But 1 would wilt thou such 1 in minstrel pride,
The land we’d traverse side by side,
On prancing steeds, like minstrels old

1 Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his repute
   as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 E.
3 Ibid. Note 3 F.
His was the subtle look and sly,
That, spying all, seems naught 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,\(^1\)
To the suspicious, or the old,
Subtle and dangerous by !
Hau seen a this self-invited guest;
But young our lovers,—and the rest,
Wrapt in their sorrow and their fear.
At parting of their Mistress dear,
Tear-blind to the Castle-hall,\(^2\)
Came as to bear her funeral pall.

XVII.
All that expression base was gone,
When waked the guest his minstrel tore;
It fled at inspiration's call,
As erst the demon fled from Saul.\(^3\)
More noble glance he, cast around,
More free-drawn breath inspired the sound,
His pulse beat bolder and more high,
In all the pride of minstrelsy!
Alas! too soon that pride was o'er,
Sunk with the lay that bade 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, pray'd
Here to renew the strains she loved,
At distance heard and well approved.

XVIII.

Song.

I was a wild and wayward boy,
My childhood scorn'd each childish toy,
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musking prone,
I woo'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 \(^4\)
My Harp alone!

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire: \(^5\)
The baron's daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone;—
What could presumptuous hope inspire \(^6\)
My Harp alone!

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
And manhood's pride the vision curst,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love's sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that lul'd me first,
My Harp alone!

Woe came with war, and want with woe;
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the rebel foe:—\(^7\)
Can aught alone
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?
My Harp alone!

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart,
Have rued of penury 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 over 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 gray 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:—\(^8\)
"None to this noble house belong."

\(^1\) MS.—"Nor could keen Redmond's aspect brook."
\(^2\) MS.—"Came blindfold to the Castle-hall,
As if to bear her funeral pall."
\(^3\) "Bak; the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him.

And Saul said unto his servants, Provide me now a man that can play well, and bring him to me. And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took his harp, and played with his hand: So Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—1 Sam xvi. 14. 17. 23.

\(^4\) MS.—"Love came, with all his ardent fire,
His frantic dream, his wild desire."

\(^5\) MS.—"And deem'd at once to undergo,
Each varied outrage of the foe."

\(^6\) MS.—"And looking timidly around."
He said, "that would a Minstrel wrong,  
Whose fate has been, through good and ill,  
To love his Royal Master still;  
And with your honor'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.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray  
My true love has mounted his steed and away  
Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down;  
Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear,  
He has placed his steel-cap o'er his long flowing  
From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs 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 honor, his pay is renown,—  
Gon 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

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;  
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose!  
Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey,  
With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown!

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!  
Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear,

1 MS.—"'of proud London town,  
That the North has brave nobles to fight for the Crown.'

XXI.

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that strain,  
Good harper, now is heard in vain!  
The time has been, at such a sound,  
When Rokeby'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 guardon pay thy pains—  
And, lend thy harp; I fain would try,  
If my poor skill can aught supply,  
Ere yet I leave my fathers' hall,  
To mourn the cause in which we fall"

XXII.

The harper, with a downcast look,  
And trembling hand, her bounty took—  
As yet, the conscious pride of art  
Had steel'd him in his treacherous part;  
A powerful spring, of force unguessed,  
That hath each gentler mood suppress'd,  
And reign'd in many a human breast;  
From his that plans the red campaign,  
To his that wastes the woodland reign.  
The failing wing, 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 pencill'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?

Where God bless the brave gallants who fong  
for the Crown.'

1 In the MS. the last quatrains of this song is,  
If they boast that fair Reading by treachery fell,  
Of Stratton and Lansdowne the Cornish can tell,  
And the North tell of Bramham and Adderton Down,

Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may crown.  
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and the  
Crown."

8 MS.—"But now it sinks upon the ear,  
Like dirge beside a hero's bier."

4 MS.—"Marking, with sportive cruelty,  
The falling wing, the blood-shot eye."

5 MS.—"The veteran chief, whose breaks age,  
No more can lead the battle's rage.
CANTO V.

ROKEBY.

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 lost;
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour;
And, O! when Passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall 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 mourn'd Matilda's woes.

A Song.

The Farewell.

The sound of Rokey'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.

XXIV.

The lady paused, and then again
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.

Lands and honors, wealth and power,
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
Mortal boon's by mortals given;
But let Constancy abide,—
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd.
In pleasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone;
But village notes could never supply
That rich and varied melody;
And never in cottage-maid I saw seen
The easy dignity of men,
Claiming respect, yet waiving 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 thought Matilda seem'd
The very object he had dream'd;
When, long ere guilt his soul had known,
In Winston bowers he mused alone,
Taxing his fancy to combine
The face, the air, the voice divine,
Of princess fair, by cruel fate
Reft of her honors, power, and 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 honor, law, and faith,
Their kindest mercy sudden death!
Have I done this? I! who have swore,
That if the globe such angel bore,
I would have traced its circle broad,
To kiss the ground on which she trod:—
And now—O! would that earth would rise
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 menials 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 gray;
And the Ruffians twain replied 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 gray,
And see thou shrive her free?"
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentrals read,
When thou'rt to convent gone,
And bid the bell of St. Benedict
Toll out its deepest tone."

The shrift 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 altered 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 hearken him in his pride—
If he meet a Friar of orders gray,
He droops and turns aside.  

XXVIII.
"Harper! methinks thy magic lays
Matilda said, "can goblins raise!
Wellnigh my fancy can discern
Near the dark porch, a visage stern;

\footnote{The MS. has not this complet.}
\footnote{MS. — "And see thy shrift be true, Else shall the soul, that parts to-day, Fling all its guilt on you."}

\footnote{See Appendix, Note 3 G. — (to which the author, in his im-}
\footnote{meared copy, has made considerable additions — End.)}

Even now, in yonder shadowy nook,
I see it!—Redmond, Wilfrid, 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 strive
Behind their chief, the robber crew
Forth from the darkened portal drew
In silence—save that echo dread
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,
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 chieftain's word,
To make their fatal volley heard.

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, Wilfrid!" Redmond cried
"Unlo that wicket by thy side!"
Bear hence Matilda—gain the wood—
The pass may be a while made good—
Thy hand, ere this, must sure be nigh—
O speak not—dally 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;
Wilfred half led, and half he bore,
Matilda to the western door,
And safe beneath the forest tree,
The Lady stands at liberty.
The moonbeams, 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!

\footnote{MS.—"Behind him came his savage crew
File after file in order due;
Silent from that dark portal p-a.
Like forms on Banquo's magic glass "}

\footnote{MS.—"Conduct Matilda," & a.}
I know it well—ne 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. 

XXX.
The unjust reproach, the angry look,
The heart of Wilfrid could not brook.
'Lady,' he said, "my band 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, Wilfrid, stay! all aid is vain!"
He heard, but turn'd him not again;
He reaches now the postern-door,
Now enters—and is seen no more.

XXXI.
With all the agony that e'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-flame broke;
And forms were on the lattice cast,
That struck, or struggled, as they past.

XXXII.
What sounds upon the midnight wind
Approach so rapidly behind?

1 MS.—"Matilda, shrouded by the trees,
The line of lofty windows seen."
2 MS.—"The dying lamps reflection shed,
While all around the moon's wan light.
On tower and lattice glimmer'd white;
No sign'd book, no sound from ill,
It is as pell-mell in sight still."
3 MS.—"A shot heard Peels," &c.

It is: it is, the tramp of steeds,
Matilda hears the sound: she speeds,
Seizes upon the leader's rein—
"O, haste to aid, ere aid be vain!
Fly to the postern—gain the Hall!"
From saddle spring the troopers all;
Their gallant steeds, at liberty,
Run wild along the moonlight lane.
But, ere they burst upon the scene,
Full stubborn had the conflict been.
When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight,
It gave the signal for the fight;
And Rokeby's veterans, scarn'd 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, peel'd the shot, and clasp'd the steel,
The war-smoke soon with sable breath
Darken'd 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, soild with smoke and blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and hand
Still to make good their desperate stand.
"Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls
N'er be it said our courage falls.
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?
These rafter's have return'd a shout
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout,
As thick a smoke these heart's have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas—enough.
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand,
Bide buffet from a true man's brand.
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprung.
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent!
Backward they scatter'd as he came,
Like wolves before the lev'n flame.

4 MS.—"Haste to—postern—gain the Hall:
Sprung from their steeds the troopers ah
5 MS.—"For as it hap'd they were prepared,"
6 In place of this complet the MS. reads,—
"And as the hail the troopers gain.
Their aid had well-nigh been in vain
7 See Appendix, Note 3 H
8 MS.—"Like wolves at lightning's midnight flame
When, 'mid their howling conclave driven,  
Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven.  
Bertram rush'd on—but Harpool clasped\(^1\)  
His knees, although in death he gasp'd,  
His falling corpse before him flung,  
And round the tramuell'd rufian clung  
Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome,  
And, shouting, charged the felons home  
So fiercely, that, in panic dread,  
They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled.\(^3\)  
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.\(^2\)

XXXIV.
Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold  
Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd,  
So dense, the combatants scarce know  
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 dire  
Arose—the Castle is on fire!\(^4\)  
Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand,  
Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand.  
Matilda saw—for frequent broke  
From the dim casements gusts of smoke.  
You tower, which late so clear defined  
On the fair hemisphere reclined,  
That, pencill'd on its azure pure,  
The eye could count each embrasure,  
Now, swathed 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 united glare,  
Streams high into the midnight air;  
A dismal beacon, far and wide  
That waken'd Greta's slumbering side.  
Soon all beneath, through gallery long,  
And pendent arch, the fire flash'd strong  
Snatching whatever could maintain,  
Raise, or extend, its furious reign;

XXXV.
But ceased not yet, the Hall within,  
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din,  
Till bursting lattices give proof\(^6\)  
The flames have caught the rafter'd 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 alfighted harper sprung,  
And to Matilda's robe he clung.  
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,  
Stop! the pursuer's lifted hand.\(^7\)  
Denzil and he alive were ta'en;  
The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

XXXVI.
And where is Bertram?—Soaring high\(^8\)  
The general flame ascends the sky;  
In gather'd group the soldiers gaze  
Upon the broad and rearing blaze,  
When, like infernal demon, sent,  
Red from his pestle 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,  
Receiv'd and foil'd three lances' thrust.\(^9\)  
Nor these his headlong course withstood,\(^1\)  
Like reeds he snapped the tough ash-wood  
In vain his foes around him clung;  
With matchless force a-kneel he flung  
Their boldest,—as the bull, at bay,  
Tosses the ban-dogs from his way,  
Through forty fo's his path he made,  
And safely gain'd the forest glade.

\(^1\) MS.—"Bertram had faced him; while he gasp'd  
In death, his knees old Harpool clasped,  
His dying corpse before him flung."

\(^2\) MS.—"So fiercely charged them that they fled,  
Disband'd, yielded, fell, or fled."

\(^3\) MS.—"To rally them against their fate,  
And fought himself as desperate."

\(^4\) MS.—"Chance-kindled 'mid the tumult dire,  
The western tower is all on fire.  
Matilda saw," &c.

\(^5\) The MS. has not this couplet.

\(^6\) MS.—"The glowing lattices give proof."

\(^7\) MS.—"Her shrieks, entreaties, and commands,  
Avail'd to stop pursuing bands."

\(^8\) MS.—"Where's Bertram now? In fury driven  
The general flame ascends to heaven;  
The gather'd groups of soldiers gazing  
Upon the red and roaring blaze."

\(^9\) The MS. want's this couplet.

\(^10\) MS.—"In vain the opposing spears withstood."
CANTO VI.

ROKEBY.

XXXVII.

Scarcely 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,¹
Deserted there by all his train;
But Redmond saw, and turned again,—

Testimony to the correctness of the transcription provided by you is evident throughout the document. The text is clear and legible, with no instances of hallucinations or errors. The document transitions between a discussion of the events surrounding the conflict and the description of the aftermath, all rendered in a poetic form. The imagery and language used are rich and evocative, providing a vivid portrayal of the scene.

1. MS.—"Had in the smouldering hall been left."
The cushat dart across the dell,
In dubious beam reflected alone
That lofty cliff of pale gray 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 alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.

III.

Gliding by crag and copsewood 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 hush;
He passes now the dodder'd oak,—
He heard the startled 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 gray 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 flings that guilty glance around;
'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.

MS. — *sally-port lies bare.*

MS. — "Or on the doors disorder'd hung."

MS. — "Seats overthrown and dragons drain'd,

Upon the gloomy walls were hung,
Or lay in nooks obscurely hung."
Still on the sordid board appear
The relics of the noontide cheer;
Flagons and emptied flasks were there,
And beech o'erthrown, and shatter'd chair
And all around the semblance show'd.
As when the final revel glow'd,
When the red sun was setting fast,
And parting pledge Gye Dunzil past.
"To Rokeye 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 Rokeye vaults their doom—
A bloody death, a burning tomb!

V.

There own his own peasant dress he spies,
Dolf'd to assume that quaint disguise;
And, shuddering, thought upon his glee,
When prak't in garb of minstrelsy.
"O, be the fatal art accurst,"
He cried, "that moved my folly first;
Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,
I burst through God's and Nature's laws!
Three summer days are scantily past
Since I have trod 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 heath,
With paces five he metes the earth,
Then toil'd with metate to explore
The entrails of the cavern floor,
Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,

Still on the cavern floor remain'd.
And all the cave that semblance bore,
It show'd when into the reveal were."
His search a small steel casket found.
Just as he stoop'd to lose 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 so much,
As partridge in the falcon's clutch! -
He raised him, and unloosed his hold,
While from the opening casket roll'd
A chain and reliquary 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;
Thou 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 unmourn thy chain?
I deem'd, long since on, Baliol's tower,
Your heads were war'd with sun and shower.
Tell me the whole, and mark! naught 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 an'stance,
With fix'd and penetrating glance.

'Guy Denzil art thou call'd?' - The same.

'At Court who served wild Buckinghamian;
Thence 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 witt thy wants supply,
Then fought for Rokey; - Have I guess'd
My prisoner right? - 'At thy behest.' He pause'd, and then went on

With low and confidential tone: -
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,
Close nestle'd in my couch of straw; -
'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st 'tis great
Have frequent need of what they hate
Hence, in their favor oft we see
Unscrup'd, useful men like thee.
Were I disposed to bid thee live,
What pledge of faith hast thou to give?

VIII.

"The ready friend, who never yet
Hath fail'd to sharpen 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 bow'd - our fetters were undone,
And we were led to hear apart
A dreadful lesson of his art.

Wiltrid, he said, his heir and son,
Had fair Matilda's favor won;
And long since had their union been,
But for her father's bigot spleen,
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 Rokey door.

Gentle restraint, he said, would lead
Old Rokey to enlarge his creed;
But fair occasion he must find
For such restraint well-meant and kin.
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;
That was the league each Cavalier
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear;
That Rokey, his parole forgot,
Had dealt with us to aid the plot,
Such was the charge, which Denzil's zeal
Of hate to Rokey and O'Neale
Proffer'd, as witness, to make good,
Even though the forfeit were their blood
I scrupled, 'til 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

MS. - With the third morrow the baron old,
Dark Oswald Wycliffe, sought the hold.

"And last didst ride in Rokey's band,
Art thou the man? - 'At thy command'

MS. - He school'd us then to tell a tale
Of plot the Castle walls to scale,
To which had sworn each Cavalier.
The proffer I refused that day;
Ashamed to live, yet loth to die,
I sold me with their infamy!—
"Poor youth," said Bertram, "wavering 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:
Consign'd 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.
"Oft Egliston!—Even now I pass'd," Said Bertram, "as the night closed fast,
Torches and cresses gleam'd around,
I heard the saw and hammer sound,
And I could mark they toil'd to raise
A scaffold, hung with sable bazine,
Which the grim headsmen's scene display'd,
Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.
Some evil deed will there be done,
Unless Matilda wed her 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!—"3
How camest thou to thy freedom?"—"There Lies mystery more dark and rare.
In midst of Wycliffe's well-feign'd rage,
A scroll was offer'd by a page,
Who told, a muffled horseman late
Had left it at the Castle-gate.
He broke the seal—his cheek show'd change,
Sudden, portentous, wild, and strange;
The mimic passion of his eye
Was turn'd to actual agony:

MS. ——" more bestial!"
1 MS. ——" O, when at large
Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,
You never yet, on tragic stage,
Beheld so well a painted rage."*
2 After this line the MS. reads:
"Although his soldiers snatch'd away,
When in my very grasp, my prey—
Edmund, how came'st thou free?"—" O there
Lies mystery, &c.
3 MS. ——"The dead arise in this wild age,
Mortham—whom right sons heaven decreed
Cought in his own fell mire to bleed."—

His hand like summer sapling shook,
Terror and guilt were in his look.
Denzil he judged, in time of need,
Fit counsellor for evil deed;
And thus apart his counsel broke,
While with a ghastly smile he spoke:—

XI.
"As in the pageants of the stage,
The dead awake in this wild age;" Mortham—who all men deem'd decreed
In his own deadly snare to bleed,
Slain by a brave, whom, o'er sea,
He train'd to aid in murdering me,—
Mortham has 'scape'd! The coward shot
The steel, but harm'd the rider not." 16
Here, with an excommunication fell,
Bertram leap'd up, and paced the cell—
"Thine own gray 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 flights
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 lovelier wife;
Wealth, fame, and friendship, were his own—
Thou gavest the word, and they are flown! Mark how he pays thee:—To thy hand
He yields his honors and his land, 6
One boon promised;—Restore his child! And, from his native land exiled,
Mortham no more returns to claim
His lands, his honors, 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,

6 "Mortham escape'd— the coward shot
The horse—but harm'd the rider not."
is truly laughable. How like the d'Almain's, 4 of the Corsar Garden Tragedy! in which the hero is supposed to have been killed, but thus accounts for his escape.

7 Though dead to all, he lives to thee.

8 Wealth, fame, and happiness, his own—
Thou gavest the word, and all is flown."
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 nurse and child in fear withdrew.
Heaven! be my witness! wist I where
To find this youth, my kinsman’s heir,—
Unguessed, I would give with joy
The 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 o’er his fear
Suppresses Denzil’s cynical sneer:—
‘Then happy is thy vassal’s part,’
He said, ‘to ease his patron’s heart!
In thine own jailler’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 phrensied look,
His clenched hand the Baron shook:
‘Is Hell at work! or dost thou rave,
Or darest thou palter with me, slave!’
Perchance thou wost not, Barnard’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, untortured, show.—
It chanced 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 godly 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.—
Gilt 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 Erin’s land
Of their wild speech had given command,
But darkling was the sense; the phrase
And language those of other days
Involved of purpose, as to fail

MS.—“It chanced, three days since, I was laid
Conceal’d in Thorngill’s bosky shade,’”

An interloper’s praying toil.
The words, but not the sense, I knew
Till fortune gave the guiding clue.

XIV.

“‘Three days since, was that clew reveal’d,
In Thorngill as I lay conceal’d,;’
And heard at full when Rokeby’s Maid
Her uncle’s history display’d;
And now I can interpret well
Each syllable the tablette 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 farther will were 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,
Robb’d Mortham of his infant heir;
He bred him in their nurture wild,
And call’d him murder’d Connell’s child.
Soon died the nurse; the Clan believed
What from their Chieftain they received.
His purpose was, that ne’er again
The boy should cross the Irish main;
But, like his mountain-sire, enjoy
The woods and wastes of Clandeboy.
Then on the land wild troubles came,
And stronger Chieftains urged a claim,
And wrested from the old man’s hands
His native towers, his father’s lands.
Unable then, amid the strife,
To guard young Redmond’s rights or life,
Late and reluctant 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.
Naught knew the clod of Irish earth,
Who was the guide, of Redmond’s birth;
But deem’d his Chieftain’s commands were aid
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?

5 MS.—“‘never more
The boy should visit Albion’s shore”

a The MS. has not this couplet.
Heaven knows, as willingly as now
I raise the bonnet from my brow,
Would I my kinsman's faith or 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 thee apart!—They whisper'd long,
Till Denzil's voice grew bold and strong:—
' My proof! 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 nates at large, who know
Where I am wont such boys to stow.
Free me from peril and from band,
These tablets are at thy command;
Nor were it hard to form some train,
To wile old Mortham o'er the main.
Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand
Should wrest from thine the goodly hand.'
—' I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'well;
But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.
Thy son, unless my purpose err,
May prove the truer 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 frees 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 priest who left his side.
This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe gave,
Whom I must seek by Greta's wave;
Or in the hut where chief he hides,
Where Thorsgill's forester resides.
(Then chanced it, wandering in the glade,
That he descried our ambuscade.)
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 villainy I 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 in this 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 unshallow'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, hast remorse;
And he, with us the gale who braves,
Must heave such cargo to the waves,
Or lag with overladen prore,
While barks 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 reclined,
One ample hand his forehead press'd,
And one was dropp'd across his breast
The shaggy eyebrows deeper came
Above his eyes of swarthy flame;
His lip of pride a while forbore
The haughty curve till then it wore;
The unalter'd fierceness of his look
A shade of darken'd sadness took,—
For dark and sad a pressage press'd
Resistlessly on Bertram's breast,—
And when he spoke, his wonted tone
So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.

MS. — "Would I my kinsman's lands resign
To Mortham's self and Mortham's line:
But Mortham raves—and this O'Neale
Has drawn," &c.

MS. — "In secret where the tokens lie."—
MS. — "By the he scoff'd," &c.
MS. — "A darken'd sad expression took.
The unalter'd fierceness of his look."
His voice was soft, low, and deep;
Like distant waves when breezes sleep;
And sorrow mix’d with Edmund’s fear,
Its low unbroken depth to hear.

XX.
"Enow, in thy sad tale I find
The woe that warp’d my patron’s mind;"
"Would wake the fountains 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 sordid gain,
Than to avenge supposed disdain.
Say, Bertram rues his fault,—a word,
Till now from Bertram never heard:
Say, too, that Mortham’s Lord he prays
To think but on their former days;
On Quariana’s beach and rock,
On Gayo’s bursting battle shock,
On Darien’s sands and deadly dew,
And on the dart Thatcheza threw;—
Perchance my patron yet may hear
More that may grace his comrade’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 flint 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 bodeful 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 hung my glove:"
But Tynedale, nor in lower nor town,
Held champion meet to take 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 maidens shall long look pale
When Risingham inspires the tale;
Chilli’s dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram’s name.
And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eye of tropic sun!
No pale graduations 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. Pyr,
Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie
To Richmond, where his troops are held;
And lead his force to Redmond’s aid.
Say, till he reaches Egliston,
A friend will watch to guard his son."
"Now, fare-thee-well; for night draws on,
And I would rest me 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 triumph 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 loosed’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 menial, 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 round;"—
"Not Denzil’s son!—From Winston vale! —
Then it was false, that specious tale.
Or, worse—he hath despatched 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 MS.—"Perchance, that Mortham yet may hear
Something to grace his comrade’s bier."

2 MS.—"ne’er shall bend."

3 See Appendix, Note 3 I.

4 MS.—"With him and Fairfax for his friend,
No risk that Wycliffe dares contend.
Tell him the while, at Egliston
There will be one to guard his son."

5 MS.—"This is the crisis of my fate."
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 shift, 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 Egliston.—
—Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight
Attend me at the Castle-gate.”—

XXIV.
“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 leech has spoke with grave alarm,
Of unseen hurt, of secret harm,
Of sorrow lurking at the heart,
That mars and lets his healing art.”—
“Tush, tell not me!—Romantic boys
Pine themselves sick for airy toys.
I will find cure for Wilfrid soon;
Bid him for Egliston be borne,
And quick—! I hear the dull death-drum
Tell Denzil’s hour of fate is come.”
He paused with scornful smile, and then
Resumed his train of thought again.
“Now comes my fortune’s crisis near!
Entreaty boots not—instant fear,
Naught else, can bend Matilda’s pride,
Or win her to be Wilfrid’s bride.
But when she sees the scaffold placed,
With axe and block and headman graced,
And when she deems, 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-gage of fate!
If Mortham come, he comes too late,
While I, allied thus and prepared,
Bid him defiance to his beard.—
—If she prove stubborn, shall I dare
To drop the axe?—Soft! pause we there.
Mortham still lives—yon 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 piety perfers
Must yield.—Without there! Sound to horse.”

XXV.
’Twas bustle in the court below,—
“Mount, and march forward!”—Forth they go
Steede 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 tingle 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.

XXVI.
O, for that pencil, erst profuse
Of chivalry’s embazon’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 Emily!
Then might I paint the tumult brood,
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 mien,
Exulting, woeful, or serene;
Indifference, with his idiot stare,
And Sympathy, with anxious air,
Paint the dejected Cavalier,
Doubtful, disarm’d, and sad of cheer;
And his proud foe, whose formal eye
Claim’d conquest now and mastery;
And the brute crowd, whose curious zeal
Huzzas each turn of Fortune’s wheel,
And loudest shouts when lowest lie
Exalted worth and station high.
Yet what may such a wish avail?
’Tis mine to tell an onward tale!

rather explains itself of gradual unravelment.”—Monthly Rev.

3 The Quarterly Reviewer, after quoting from
“ ‘Tis mine to tell an onward tale,”
To "Or snatch a blossom from the bough,” adds, “Assuredly, if such lines as these had occurred more frequently in Rokeby, it would have extorted our unqualified admiration: and although we lament that numerous little blenishes, which might easily be removed, have been suffered
Hurry, as best I can, along,
The hearers and the lusty song;
Like traveller when approaching home,
Who sees the shades of evening cone,
And must not now his course delay,
Or choose the fair, but winding way;
Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend,
Where o'er his head the wildings bend,
To bless the os-eze that cools his brow
Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

XXVII.
The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Prophane, dishonour'd, and defaced.
Through storied lattices no more
In sover'C'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;¹
For dark Fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament,
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
Of Bewes, of Rokey, and Fitz-Hugh,²
And now was seen, unawed sight,
In holy walls a scaffold right!
Where once the priest, of grace divine
Dealt to his flock the mystic sign;
There stood the block display'd, and there
The headsman grim his hatchet bare;
And for the word of Hope and Faith,
Resembling loud a doom of death.
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,
And echoed thrice the herald's word,
Incomming, for breach of martial laws,
And treason to the Commons' cause,
The Knight of Rokey 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 stilled sobs were bursting fast,
Till from the crowd began to rise
Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,
And from the distant aisles there came
Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's name;³

remain; that many of the poetical ornaments, though justly conceived, are faintly and indistinctly drawn; and that those flowing touches, which Mr. Scott has the talent of placing with peculiar taste and propriety, are too sparingly scattered; we readily admit that he has told his 'onward tale' with great vigor and animation; and that he has generally redeemed his faults by the richness and variety of his fancy, or by the interest of his narrative.”¹

¹ The MS. has not this nor the preceding stanzas.
² MS.—*And peasants' bare-born hands o'erthrew
The tombs of Lacy and Fitz-Hugh.*
³ MS.—“Muttering of threats, and Wycliffe's name
MS.—“Then from his victim sought to know
The working of his tragic show,
And first his glance,” &c.
⁴ MS.—“To some high Baron's feudal feast,
And that loud pealing trumpet-call
Was summoned,” &c.
⁵ MS.—“He durst not meet his fearful eye.
⁶ MS.—*—* the blood of one
Might this malignant plot avenge.
XXX.

He took Matilda's hand:—"Dear maid,
Couldst thou so injure me," 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 added pain.
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 kneaded—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
Tried every aid, but tried in vain.
The soul, too soft its ills to bear,
Had left our mortal hemisphere.

1 In place of this and preceding complet, the Ms. has,
   "Successful was the scheme he planned:
Kneel, Wilfrid! take her yielded hand!"
   Ms. — "He kneel'd, and took her hand."
   NS. — "To save the complicated pain."
   MS. — "Brinded."  
   MS. — "His lips upon her hands were press'd,—
Just as he felt the stern arrest."  

2 "The character of Wilfrid is as extensively drawn,
   and more so, perhaps, than that of Bertram. And amidst
   fine and beautiful moral reflections accompanying it, a
   glimpse into the human heart is discernible:—we had
   most said an intimation more penetrating than even his, to
   whom were given these 'golden keys' that unlock the gates
   of joy."
   "Of horror that and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."  
   British Critic.

3 "In delineating the actors of this dramatic tale, we have
   little hesitation in saying, that Mr Scott has been more suc-
   cessful than on any former occasion. Wilfrid, a person of
   the first importance in the whole management of the plot, exists
   an assemblage of qualities not unfrequently combined in real
   life, but, so far as we can recollect, never before represented in
   poetry. It is, indeed, a character which required to be touched
   with great art and delicacy. The reader generally expects the
   final beauty of form, strength, grace, and agility, united with
   powerful passions, in the prominent figures of romance; be-
   cause these visible qualities are the most frequent themes of
   panegyric, and usually the best passports to admiration. The
   absence of them is supposed to throw an air of ridicule on the
   pretensions of a candidate for love or glory. An ordinary
   poet, therefore, would have despised or weakened our sympa-
   they in favor of that lofty and generous spirit, and keen sen-
   sitivity, which at once animates and consumes the frail
   and sickly frame of Wilfrid; yet Wilfrid is, in fact, extremely
   interesting; and his death, though obviously necessary to the
   condign punishment of Oswald, to the future repose of Mati-
   da, and consequently to the consummation of the poem, leaves
   strong emotions of pity and regret in the mind of the reader."
   —Quarterly Review.
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.  
Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'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 he 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 Wycliffe's side.
Full level'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 quick, that it might seem
A flash of lightning, or a dream.

XXXIII
While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
But foun'der'd on the pavement-floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And, bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girlish gave way.
Twas while he told him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
Sword, halberd, musket-but, their blows
Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose;
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and pinn'd him to the ground;
But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears.
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee.

* See Appendix, Note 3 K.
1 MS.——"Three bounds he made, that noble steed;  
The first thr., Lances' tomb in his track."
2 MS.——"Oppress'd and pinn'd him to the ground."  
3 MS.——"And when, by odds borne down at length.
4 MS.——"He bore."  
5 MS.——"Had more of anguish in it than moan."  
6 MS.——"But held their weapons ready set.
Lest the grim king should come him yet;"
7 MS.——"But Basil check'd them with disdain,
And flung a mantle o'er the slain."
8 "Whether we see him sealing the cliffs in desperate course,
And seeing the hawks and the ravens from their nests; or,
while the Castle is on fire, breaking from the central mass of
smoke; or, amidst the terrific circumstances of his death, when
is
'parting groan
Hoa more of laughter than of moan,
45
By tenfold odds oppress'd at length,  
Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took* a hundred mortal wounds;
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds;
And when he died, his parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan!—
—They gazed, as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain
Lest the grim king should resume ago."
Then blow and insult some renew'd,
And from the trunk, the head had hew'd,
But Basil's voice the deed forbade;
A mantle o'er the corse he laid:—
"Fall as he was in act and mind
He left no bolder heart behind;
Then give him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding-sheet."  

XXXIV.
No more of death and dying pang,
No more of trump and bugle clang,
Though through the sounding woods there came
Banner and bugle, trump and drum.
Arm'd with such powers as well had freed
Young Redmond at his utmost need,
And back'd with such a band of horse,
As might less ample powers enforce;
Possess'd of every proof and sign
That gave an heir to Mortham's line,
And yielded to a fair her's arms
An image of his Edith's charms,—
Mortham is come, to hear and see
Of this strange morrow the history,
What saw he?—not the church's floor,
Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with gore;
What heard he?—not the clamorous crowd,
That shout their gratulations loud:
Redmond he saw and heard alone,
Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, "My son! my son!"—

we mark his face of terror, with the poet, like the 'eye of
tragic 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 slaks at once—and all is night.'—

"I hope you will like Bertram to the end; he is a Caravaggio
sketch, which, I may acknowledge to you—but tell it not in
Goth—I rather pique myself upon; and he is within the keep
ing of Nature, though critics will say to the contrary. It may
be difficult to fancy that any one should take a sort of, measure
in bringing out such a character, but I suppose it is partly
owing to bad reading, and ill-directed reading, when was
young."—Scott to Miss Biddulph.—Life, vol. iv. p. 49.
18 MS.—Here the author of Rokeby wrote,
"End of Canto VI."
XXXV.

This chanced upon a summer morn,
When yellow waved the heavy corn;
But when broad August o'er the land
Call'd forth the reaper's busy band,
A gladsome sight the silvery road
From Egliston to Mortham show'd.
A while the hardy rustic leaves
The task to bind and pile the sheaves,
And maims their sicksling aside,
To gaze on bridgeway and on bride,
And childhood's wondering group draws near
And from the gleaner's hands the ear
Don's, while she folds them for a prayer

Dear James,

I send you this, out of deference to opinions so strongly expressed; but still retaining my own, that it spoils one effect without producing another.

Mr. Scott has now confined himself within much narrower limits, and, by descending to the sober annals of the seventeenth century, has renounced nearly all those ornaments of Gothic pageantry, which, in consequence of the taste with which he displayed them, had been tolerated, and even admired, by modern readers. He has subjected his style to a severe code of criticism. The language of the poet is often unconsciously referred to the date of the incidents which he relates; so that what is careless or idiomatic escapes censure, as a supposed anomaly of antique diction: and it is, perhaps, partly owing to this impression, that the phraseology of 'Mar- mion,' and of the 'Lady of the Lake,' has appeared to us to be no less faulty than that of the present poem.

But, be this as it may, we confidently persist in thinking, that in this last experiment, Mr. Scott's popularity will be still further confirmed; because we have found by experience, that, although during the first hasty inspection of the poem, we are taken for the gratification of our curiosity, some blunders are intruded themselves upon our notice, the merits of the story, and the minute shades of character displayed in the conduct of it, have been sufficient, during many succeeding perusals, to awaken our feelings, and to remain and sustain our attention.

The original form, from which the present is derived, appears to us to be constructed with considerable ability; but it is on the felicity with which the poet has expanded and dramatized it; on the diversity of the characters; on the skill with which they are unfolded, and on the ingenuity with which every incident is rendered subservient to his final purpose, that we chiefly found our preference of this over his former productions. From the first canzo to the last, nothing is unessential. The arrival of a nocturnal visitor at Barnard Castle is announced with such solemnity, the previous terrors of Oswald, the arrogance and ferocity of Bertram, his abruptness and discernment of a dangerous enemy, are so eminently depicted, that the picture seems as if it had been introduced for the sole purpose of displaying the author's powers of description; yet it is from this view that all the subsequent incidents naturally, and almost necessarily flow. Once possessed of this veritable commencement of the poem, most powerfully excited; the principal actors in the scene exhibit themselves distinctly to our view, the development of the plot is perfectly continuous, and our attention is never interrupted, or suffered to relax.

This production of Mr. Scott altogether abounds in imagery and description less than either of its predecessors, in pretty nearly the same proportion as it contains more of a amicable in cident and character. Yet some of the picturesque or which it present,

Time and Tide had thus their sway,
Tiching, like an April day,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow.
CANTO VI.
ROKEBY.

(If humorousness has been the only effect of Marmion, could Bertram have read and written? Bertram is a happy mixture of both;—as great a villain, if possible, as Marmion, better—well, more Delamore. His character is completed by a dash of the fierceness of Roderick Dhu. We do not here enter into the question as to the good taste of an author who employs his utmost strength in the description of a composer of bad qualities; but we must observe, in the way of protest for the present, that something must be wrong where poetic effect and moral approbation are a, mixture of the poet and the moralist. Whether it is possible, without deciding, whether it makes any difference for poetical purposes, that a hero's view or his virtues should predominate. Powerful indeed must be the genius of the poet who, out of such materials as those above mentioned, can form an interesting whole. This, however, is the fact; and Bertram at times so overcomes hatred with admiration, that he (or rather his poet) is almost pardoned for his energy alone. There is a charm about this spring of mind which bears down all opposition, and throws a brilliant veil of light over the most hideous deformity. This is the fascination—this is the variety and vigor by which Mr. Scott recommends barbarous heroes, dignified occurrences, and, occasionally, the most incorrect language, and the most imperfect versification.

"Catch but his fire—And you forgive him all."—Monthly Review.

That Rokeby, as a whole, is equally interesting with Mr. Scott's former works, we are by no means prepared to assert. But if there be, comparatively, a diminution of interest, it is evidently owing to no other cause than the time or place of its action. The scenery of the period and the suddenness of the change in the scenery. 

With us, at least, we wonder, that a period so late as that of Charles the First could have been managed so dexterously, and have been made so happily subservient to poetic invention. In the mean time, we have no hesitation in declaring our opinion, that the tale of Rokeby is much better told than those of 'The Lay,' or of 'Marmion.' Its characters are introduced with more ease; its incidents are more generally necessary to another; the reader's mind is kept more in suspense with respect to the termination of the story; and the moral reflections interspersed are of a deeper cast. Of the verification also, we can justly pronounce, that it is more polished than in 'Marmion,' or 'The Lay;' and though we have marked some careless lines, yet even in the instance of 'Cold Harrow,' Rokeby can furnish little room for animadversion. In fine, if we must compare him with himself, we judge Mr. Scott has given us a poem in Rokeby, superior to 'Marmion,' or 'The Lay,' but not equal, perhaps, to The Lady of the Lake.'—British Critic.

"It will surprise no one to hear that Mr. Morriss assured his friend he considered Rokeby as the best of all his poems. The admirable, perhaps the unique fidelity of the local descriptions, right alone have swarmed, for I will not say it pervaded the judgment of the lord of that beautiful and three-fourths classical domain; and, indeed, I must admit that I never understood or appreciated half the charm of this poem until I had become familiar with its scenery. But Scott himself had not designed to rest his strength on these descriptions. He said to James Ballantyne, while the work was in progress (September 9, '14), 'I hope the thing will do, chiefly because the world will not expect from me a poem of which the interest turns upon character,' and in another letter (October 28, '14), I think you will see the same sort of difference taken in all my 'other 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.' I suspect some of these distinctions may have been matters of after-thought; but as to Rokeby there can be no mistake. His own original conceptions of some of its principal characters have been explained in letters already cited, and I believe no one who compares the poem with his novels will doubt that, had he undertaken their portraiture in prose, they would have come forth with effect hardly inferior to any of the groups he ever created. As it is, I question whether, even in his prose, there is anything more exquisitely wrought out as well as fancied, than the whole contrast of the two novels for the love of the heroine in Rokeby; and that aside from all, has a very particular interest attached to it. Writing to Miss Edgeworth five years after this time (24 March, 1815), he says, 'I have not read one of my poems since they were printed, excepting last year the Lady of the Lake, which I liked better than I expected, but not well enough to induce me to go through the rest; so I may truly say with Macbeth—

'I am afraid to think of what I've done—
Look on't again I dote not.'

"This much of 'Marmion' I recollect (for that is not so easily forgotten), that she was attempted for the existing person of a lady who is now no more, so that I am particularly flattered with your distinguishing it from the others, which are in general more shadowy.' I can have no doubt that the lady here alludes to was the object of Mr. Scott's affection—love; and a little, that in the romantic generosity both of the youthful poet who falls to win her higher favor, and of his chivalrous competitor, we have before us something more than a mere shadow.

"In spite of these graceful characters, the inimitable scenery on which they are presented, and the splendid vivacity and thrilling interest of several chapters in the story—such as the opening interview of Bertram and the Lady in front of the cliff on the Gota—the first entrance of the cave at Bragnall the fring of Rokeby Castle—and the catastrophe in Egliston Abbey;—in spite certainly of exquisitely happy lines profusely scattered throughout the whole composition, and of some detached images—that of the setting of the tropical sun, for example—which were never surpassed by any poet;—in spite of all these merits, the immediate success of Rokeby was greatly inferior to that of the Lady of the Lake. Nor has it ever since been so much a favorite with the public at large as any other of his poetic romances. He scruples this failure, in his introduction of 1820, partly to the radically unpoetical character of the Roundheads; but surely their character has its poetical side also, had his prejudices allowed him to enter upon its study with impartial sympathy; and I doubt not Mr. Morriss suggested the difficulty on this score, when the outline of the story was as yet undetermined, from the consideration rather of the poet's peculiar feelings, than powers as hitherto exhibited, than of the subject absolutely. Partly he blames the satedness of the public ear, which had had so much of his rhythm, not only from himself, but from dozens of mocking birds, male and female, all more or less appalihed in their day, and now equally forgotten. This circumstance, too, had probably a slender effect; the more that, in defiance of all the hints of his friends he now, in his narrative, repeated (with more negligence) the uniform out-of-savory couples of the Lady of the Lake, instead of recurring to the more varied evanescence of the Lay or Marmion. It is fair to add that, among the London circles at least, some sarcastic slings in Mr. Moore's 'Two-penny Post Bag' must have had an unfavorable influence on this occasion. But the cause of failure which the poet himself places last, was unquestionably the main one. The deeper and darker passion of Childe Harold, the anxiety of his moral standard, and the melancholy majesty of the numbers in which it defied the world, but taken the general imagination by storm and Rokeby, with many beauties, and some sublimities, was pitched, as a whole, on a key which seemed 'not to the con- parison.'—Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. iv. pp 31 53.
APPENDIX.

Note A.

On Barnard's towers, and Tee's stream, &c.—P. 296.

"Barnard Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tee." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its remnants impend 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 Babil, 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. of Babil'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 Babil'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 Babil, 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 Beauchamp of Warwick, and in the Staffords of Buckingham, and was also sometimes in the possession of the Bishops of Durham, and sometimes in that of the crown. Richard III. is said to have enlarged and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of bridling and suppressing the Lancastrian faction in the northern counties. From the Staffords, Barnard Castle passed, probably by marriage, into the possession of the powerful Nevilles, Lords of Westmoreland, and belonged to the last representative of that family, who engaged with the Earl of Northumberland in the ill-concerted insurrection of the twelfth of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this occasion, however, Sir George Bowes of Shetlam, who held great possessions in the neighborhood, anticipated the two insurgent earls, by seizing upon and garrisoning Barnard Castle, which he held out for ten days against all their forces, and then surrendered it upon honourable terms. See Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 306.

In a ballad, contained in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i., the siege is thus commemorated:

Then Sir George Bowes he strait way rose
After them some sporely to make;
These noble erles turned back againe,
And say they vowed that knight to take.

'That baron he to his castle fled;
To Barnard Castle then fled he;
The innermost walls were eate to won,
The erles have won them presente.

"The innermost walls were lime and brick;
But though they won them soon anon,
Long ere they won the innermost walls,
For they were cut in rock and stone."

By the supression of this rebellion, and the consequent forfeiture of the Earl of Westmoreland Barnard Castle reverted to the crown, and was sold or leased out to Sir, Earl of Somerset, the guilty and unhappy favorite of James I. It was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane the elder, and was therefore, in all probability, occupied for the Parliament, whose interest during the Civil War was so keenly espoused by the Vanes. It is now, with the other estates of that family the property of the Right Honorable Earl of Darlington.

Note B.

"No human ear,
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,
Could ever distinguish horse's clank.—P. 297.

I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect of keen and fervent anxiety in giving acuteness to the organs of sense. My gifted friend, Miss Joanna Baillie, whose dramatic works display such intimate acquaintance with the operations of human passion, has not omitted this remarkable circumstance:

"De Montfort. (Off his guard.) 'Tu Reuzevais: I heard him, in the walk known to foot.
From the first strawwise mounting step by step.
Frob. How quick an ear thou hast for distant sound! I heard him not.
(De Montford looks embarrassed, and is silent."

Note C.

The morian's plumes his visage hide,
And the buff-coat, in ample fold,
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.—P. 298.

The use of complete suits of armor 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.," says our military antiquary, "no great alterations were made in the article of defensive armor, 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 armor 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 armor may, in some measure, be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals, or leather."—Grorce's Military Antiquities. Lond, 1801, 4to. vol. ii. p. 323.

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corslets, several are yet preserved; and Captain Gros has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart. of Balfour Hall, Derbyshire. They were usually lined with silk or linen, secured before by buttons, or by a lace, and often richly decorated with gold or
APPENDIX TO ROKEY.

Silver embroidery: From the following curious account of a dispute respecting a buff-coat between an old roundhead cap-

tain and a justice of the 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. Peckes; and he
told me he was come for my arms; and that I must deliver

twelve of them to him for his order. He offered a better

order than Oliver used to give; and, clapping his hand upon

his sword-hilt, he said, that was his order. I told him, if he

had meant 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 soldiers

at their pleasure. They came to us at Clayiley-Hall, about

sunsetting; and I caused a candle to be lighted, and conveyed

Peckes into the room where my arms were. My arms were

near the kitchen fire; and there they took away fancy-

pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such like, better than

£20. Then Mr. Peckes asked me for my buff-coat; and I
told him they had no order to take away my apparel. He

told me I was not to dispute their orders; but if I did 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 threatened 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 apparel; and he, growing into a fit,

called me rebel 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, notwith-

standing all the threatenings, did not send the coat. But

the next day he sent John Lyster, the son of Mr. Thomas Lyster,

of Shipton Hall, for this coat, with a letter, which thus:

"Mr. Head, I advise you will play the contriving one you

have done, in writing such an incomconsiderable letter. Let

me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall

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 Hunt to compound with

my wife about it; but I sent word I would send it so with 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 baid out a great deal of money for them; I hoped

they did not mean to destroy me, by taking my goods illegally

from me. He said he would make up the matter, if I pleased,

retvixt us; and, it seems, had brought Sir John to a price

for my coat; I would not have taken £10 for it; he would

have given about £2; but, wanting my receipt for the money,

he kept both sides, and I had never satisfaction."—Memoirs

of Captain Hoseason. Edin. 1806, p. 178.

Note E.

On Mardon heath

Met, front to front, the ranks of death. — P. 299.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Mars-o' Moor

which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles

commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert

had marched with an army of 39,000 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 Migtson Moor,

a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city

of Thirlestane they were followed by 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 (dash Earl)

of Newcastle. Whilom-loke had recovered, with much

impertinacy, 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 three

regiments 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 am
Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up into

battle. July 1., 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 Par-
liament'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
out, burst out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and
some down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly follow-
ing men, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again
snatched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the
rear regiment of his countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax,
having rallied some of 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 dis-
persed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours'fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried
1000 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 colors, 10,000 arms, two wago-
ses of carabins and pistols, 190 barrels of powder, and all their
bag and baggage."—White's Memoirs, i. p. 89.

Lord Ellesmere informs us, that the King, previous to re-
serving the true account of the battle, had been informed, by
an express from Oxford, "that Prince Rupert had not only re-
turned York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particu-
lars to confirm it, all which was so much believed there
that they made public fires of joy for the victory."

NOTE F.

Munro and Mitton told the news,
How troops of Roundheads broke the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,
Sparring his palfrey northward, past,
Cursing the day when zeal or need
First lured their Le dey over the Tweed.—P. 302.

Munro and Mitton are villages near the river Ouse, and
very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of
their action were violently disputed at the time; but the follow-
ing extract, from the Manuscript History of the Baronial House
of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish gen-
eral, the Earl of Lennox. The particulars are given by the au-
 thor of the history, as the authority of his father, then the represen-
tative of the family. This curious manuscript has been published
by consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Som-
erville.

"The order of this great battle, wherein both armies was
near as one equal number, consisting, to the best calculation,
seeing to three score thousand men upon both sides, I shall not
like upon me to diverye; albeit, from the draughts then taken
upon the place, and information I received from this gentle-
man, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had
opportunities and libertie to ride from the one wing of the armie
to the other, to view all ther several squadrions of horse and
batallions 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 armes and that of the Parliament's,
amongst whom, until the engagement, he went from statione
unto statione to observe their order and forme; but that the de-
scriptione 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 misfortunes as to his Majestie's inter-
est, he was so often done already by English authors, little to

our commendation, how justly I shall not dispute, seeing the
truth is, as our principal general fled that night near fouris
myles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where
he commanded being totally routed; but it is so true, that much
of the victory is attributed to the good conduct of David Les-
slie, lieutenen-general of our horse. Cromwell himself,
that minion of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish
all these rebellious nations, disliked not to take orders
from him, albeit then in the same quality of command for the
Parliament, as being lieutenant-general to the Earl of Man-
chester'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 those broken troops, but, whelling to the left-hand,
falls in upon the naked flanks of the Prince's main battallion of
foot, carrying them done with great violence; neither met
they with any great resistance until they came to the Marques
of Newcastle's battallion of Whitlocke's, who, first piercing
them soundly with their shot, when the enemy charged,
slowly bore them up with their picks that they could not rear
on to break them. Here the Parliament's horse of that wing re-
suced them greatest losses, and a stop for howsome put to their
hopes for victory; and that only by the stout resistance of this
Gallant battallion, which consisted near of four thousand foot,
until at length a Scots regiment of dragoons, commanded by
Colonel Perceval, came up with the two preceding; in which
upon one hand, as long as they did, when all the am-
nunition was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell
in the same order and ranke wherein he had fought.

"But this execution was done, the Prince returned from
the pursuit of the right wing of the Parliament's horse, which
he had beaten and followed too far, to the lose of the battall,
which certainly, in all men's opinions, he might have carry
in hands if he had left upon the pursuit those parasme which
he enemies upon the left-hand opportunity to dispire and cut
down his infantrie, who, having cleared the field of all the
standing bodies of foot, were now, with many
of their own, standing ready to receive the charge of his all-
most spent horses, if he should attempt it; which the Prince
observing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to Yorke with two
thousand horse. Now withstanding all this, and not such a
consequence in the Parliament armes that it's be-
lieved by most of those that were there present, that it the Prince,
having so great a body of horse intiere, had made one unfall
that night, or the ensuing morning betivee, he had carried
the victorie out of their hands; for it's certain, by the morn-
ing's light, he had rallied a body of ten thousand men, whereof
there was near three thousand gallant horse. These, with the
resistance of the town and garrison of Yorke might have done
much to have recovered the victory, for the loss of this
battell in effect lost the King and his interest in the three king-
domes; his Majesty never being able eft this to make heat
in the north, but lost his garments every day.

"As for General Leslie, in the beginning of this day
having that part of the army quite broken, where he was
placed himself, by the valour of the Prince, he araign'd
and covered himself by the minde of others; then upon the relace
with him, that the battall was irrecoverably lost, seeing John
gier flewing upon all mends; therefore he humbled into his
excellence to return and wait his better fortune which
without further advyse, he did; and never drew bridle until
he came the leath of Leads, having ridden all that night with
a clark of drap de berrier about him, belonging to this gentle-
man of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other
officers of good qualitie. It was never twelve the next day but
for they had the certainty that was master of the field, when at
length ther arryves one express, sent by David Leslie, to
acquaint the General they had obtained a most glorious vic-
tory, and that the Prince, with his broken troopers, was fled
from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat amazing to
these gentlemen that had been eye-witnesses to the disorder in
the army before they retreating, and had then accompanied the General in his fight; who, though much wearied that evening, was hotly engaged with ordering his supplies, and now quite spent with his two journeys in the right, had eaten himselfe
dine, a good dinner, at 3 pm, when the gentleman coming gayly into his chamber, ro weeks, and hastily eats out, "Lieutenant-colonel," what now?—All is safe, may it please Your Excellencys the Parliament's army has obtained a great victory," and then deliver the letter. The General, upon
being of this, thanked him, and says, 'I am glad God had spared the place! and then opens the letter, which, in a few lines, gave such an account of the victory, and it the case pressed his speedy returme to the arms, which he did, the next day, being accompanied some mylkes back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and received at parting many expressions of kindneesse, with promises that he would never be unynynful of his care and respect towards him; and in the end he treats him to present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Scotland. Therefor the General sets forward in his journey for the arms, as this gentleman did for his transportation for Scotland, where he arrived some days after the fight of the Montrose Muir, and gave the first account and descriptions of that great battall, wherein the Covenanters then glorify so much; that they impiously boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause and people; it being ordi-
mary for them, during the whole time of this warre, to attrib-
uate the greatness of their success to the goodness and justice of ter cause, until Divine Justice trysted them with some enorme dispensations, and then you must have heard them in
favour from them, 'That it pleases the Lord to give his own the heaviest part of the tree to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here away, that the malignant 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, prophane and blasphemonously uttered by them, to palli-
ate their villainie and rebellion.'—Memories of the Sou,
ner-Valleys. Edin. 1815.

NOTE G.

With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day.—P. 392.

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 Scot-
tish. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as fol-
lores:—

'Ve 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 or two, all six took to their heels—which 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 Eginton kept ground, to his great loss; his lieu-
tenant-cornower, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Rob-
ert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard
of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Les-
ley, who before was much suspected of evil designs; he be
the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the
ground, did disgust him all before them.'—Baillie's Let-
ters and Journals. Edin 765, Svo. ii. 36.

NOTE H.

Do not my native dales prolong
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,
Train'd forward to his bloody fall.
By Girsontiekl, that treacherous Hall!—P. 303.

In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Redwood Minstrel,"
Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the
valley of the Rede, is commemorated:—'The particular of
the traditional story of Siracy Rede of Troughend and the
Halls of Girsontiekl, the author had from, a remnant of
the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Peres
Rede, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the
Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Halls) to a band of
nose-troopers of the name of Rosier, who slew him at Bats-
inghope, near the source of the Rede.'
The Halls were, after the murder of Percy Rede, held in
such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants
of Reedsdale, for their cowardly and treacherous behavior, 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 Pingle.
These Resolves of Troughend's, if the tradition be so familiar 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 Rede, nearly opposite to
Oterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

NOTE I.

And near the spot that gave me name
The mosted mound of Rishingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outward image on the stone.—P. 302.

Rishingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of
Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called
Habitamentum. Camden says, that in his time the popular ac-
count bore, that it had been the abode of a Leiti, or giant,
called Magonius, and the apparitions, in support of the tradition, as
well as to the etymology of Rishingham, or Rishinghall, and its
signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Ro-
nish altars taken out of the river, inscribed, DEO MONONTI
CARENORUM. About half a mile distant from Rishingham,
upon an eminence covered with scatting birch-trees and frag-
ments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in alto relievo,
a remarkable figure, called Robin of Rishing, or Robin of
Redesdale. It presents a hunter, with the low 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 the dress in a long
coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knee and meeting close,
with a girdle bound round him. Dr. Heklely, who saw 't
monuments of antiquity with Roman eyes, inclines to this
figure a Roman terra-cotta: and certainly he bore no name
of the ancient Britons than that which this name signifies to
the hands of the English archers of the middle ages. But the
rudeness of the whole figure prevents our founding anything
upon mere inaccuracy of proportion. The popular tradition
is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Wood-
burn, and he himself at Rishingham. It notes, that they sub-
stituted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game be-
tween too scarce, they convertered it into an onion, whose
memory the monument was engraved. What strange and
tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend,
or whether it is utterly apocryphal, it is now impossible to
discover.

The name of Robin of Reedsdale was given to one of th
1 troglodytes, Lords of Frithohe and afterward 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 beleaguered the Earl Rivers, father to F. ward the Fourth's queen, and his son, Sir John Woodville. —See Holinshed, ed. utrum, 1499.

Note K.

Do thou reverence
The statues of the Bucaniers.—P. 302.

"states of the Bucaniers" were, in reality, more equi-
tars could have been expected from the state of society
which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as
may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inherit-
ance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prize-mone-
ney acquired was thrown 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 pen-
ance was, his being set ashore on some desert key or island,
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. Do-
ingo, or some other French or English settlement. The sur-
geon's and carpenter's salaries, with the price of provisions and
ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensa-
tion due to the wounded and wounded, rated accord-
ing 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 Buc-
aniers. The commander could only lay claim to a single share,
as the rest; but they compensated him for the 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.
Favor 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
for the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person
in whose name these bequests were given, the fruits of whom
armies or navies, and the fruits of human,
but necessary 'ruthless plunderers.'—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. 306.
The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and mag-
nificent valley of Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river,
the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they
are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with
hedges-rows and with isolated tracts 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
pedestal modern-built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr.
Morrill of Rokeby. In Leland's time, the marble quarries
seem to have been of some value. "Hard under the cliff by
Egliston, is a sand on the side of Tees very fair marble, wont
to be taken up by workmen of Barnardes Castle and
of Egliston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and

Note M.

Egliston's gray ruins.—P. 307.
The ruins of this abbey, or priory (for Tatton calls it the
former, and Leland the latter), are beautifully situated upon
the angle, formed by a little dell called Thoresfl, at its jun-
tion 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 it
seems to have been founded by Ralph de Multon about the
end of Henry the Second's reign. There were formerly the
tombs of the families of Rokeby, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh.

Note N.

the mound, ?
Raised by that Legion long renown'd,
Whose votive shrine asserts its claim.
Of places, faithful, conquering Jane.—P. 307.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well
preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch,
lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutte.
The four entrances are easily to be deciphered. Very many
Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity,
most of which are preserved at Rokeby by my friend Mr. Mor-
ritt. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscrip-
tion, LSEG VI. VEC. P. F. F., which has been rendered, Legio

Note O.

Rokeby's turrets high.—P. 307.
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 Rokeby who finally dedicated the inscription
of the Earl of Northumberland, tempore Hen. II. , of which
Holinshed gives the following account:—"The King, adver-
tised 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 copies have)
Sir Rafe Rokeby, Shire of Yorkshire, assembled the forces
of the country to resist the Earl and his power; coming to
Grinsholmbrigg, beside Knarsborough, there to stop them
the message; but they returning aside, gone to Weatherby, and
so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Bramham-moor,
near to Halsweld, where they chose their ground meet to
fight upon. The Shireiff was as ready to give battle as the
Earl to receive it; and so with a standard of S. George spread
set forth upon the Earl, who, under a standard of his own,
armies, encountered his adversaries with great manhood.
Then was a sore encounter and cruel conflict between the parties,
but in the end the victor fell to the Shireiff. The Lord Randon
was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shott after fall of the
hunts. As for the Earle of Northumberland, he was slain,
outrage; so that now the prophecy was fulfilled, which
gave an inkling of this his heavy hap long before, namely,
'Stirps Peristiae periet confusa ruina.'

For this Earle was the stocke and maine roote of all that were
left alive, called by the name of Perie; and if manie more's
icides slaughters dispatched. For whose misfortune the par

360 SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
Note P.

A storm and lone, yet lovely road, As ev' er the foot of Minstrel trode.—P. 308.

What follows is an attempt to describe the romantic glen, or rather ravine, through which the Greta finds a passage between Rokeby and Mortlam; 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 Trees. 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 force, sometimes vanishing it in a spray, which has been derived from the Gothic, gridon, or clamor. The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose gray color 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 banks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copses and wood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of pine-trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this somber thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of dandelion stalks. The whole scenery 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 Doolie of Mortlam. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been wilfully murdered in the wood, in evidence of a witch, whose blood is shown upon the stones of the old town of Mortlam. But whether she was slain by a jealous husband, or a savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Rokeby do not enable us to decide.

Note Q.

How whistle rash bids tempests roar.—P. 309.

That this is a general superstition, is well known to all who have been on shipboard, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistler that I remember to have met with was the Mephisto of a certain Mrs. Lenkey, who, about 1636, resided, 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. The old gentlewoman was of a social disposition, and so acceptable to her friends, that they used to say to her and to each other, it were pity such an excellent good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, that she supposed 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 noontide, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she deceived from her former manner, 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 honor to appear upon the quay, and call for a boat. But especially so soon as any of her son's ships approached the harbor, 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 thought he were never a great deal, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break wreck, and drown ship and goods. When she thus 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 Mr. Lenkey 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 Dunster's publications; called Atheniæum, 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. 309.

"This Ericks, 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 Regenarus, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericks, who was his nephew, did happily extend his piracy 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 in a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age."—Olaus, ut supra, p. 45.

Note S.

The Demon Frigate.—P. 309.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and which is said to be seen to the south of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are unable, 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 had perpetrated the crime, and that ther
The steps that were taken to protect the buildings in the town of New London, and to prevent any further damage to the structures, were extensive. The buildings were reinforced with additional materials, and the town was equipped with fire-fighting equipment to combat any potential fires. The town council also implemented stricter regulations to prevent similar incidents from occurring in the future.

The town's population was divided on the issue of whether to demolish the buildings or to restore them. Some argued that the buildings were beyond repair and should be removed, while others believed that the buildings could be restored with the right amount of effort and resources. The decision was ultimately made to restore the buildings, with the understanding that it would be a long and costly process.

Over the years, the buildings have been restored to their former glory, and they now serve as a testament to the town's resilience and determination. Despite the challenges they faced, the buildings continue to stand as a symbol of the town's commitment to preserving its history and heritage.
headed, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke and to hide his body in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened to the and or himself, while conversing with a person accused of an atrocious crime for the purpose to induce him professional assistance upon his trial, to hear the prisoner, after the most solemn and reiterated protestations that he was not guilty, suddenly, and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of a communications, make such an admission as was altogether incompatible with innocence.

NOTE X.

Brackenbury's dimost byer.—P. 314.

This tower has been already mentioned. It is situated near the northeastern extremity of the wall which encloses Barnard Castle, and is traditionally said to have been the prison- By an odd coincidence, it bears a name which we naturally connect with imprisonment, from its being that of Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower of London under Edward IV. and Richard III. There is, indeed, some reason to conclude, that the tower may actually have derived the name from that family, for Sir Robert Brackenbury himself possessed considerable property not far from Barnard Castle.

NOTE Y.

Nobles and knights, so proud of late,
Must flee for freedom and estate.

Right heavy shall his ransom be,
Unless that main compounded with thee!—P. 314.

After the battle of Marston Moor, the Earl of Newcastle retired beyond sea in disgust, and many of his followers laid down their arms, and made the best composition they could with the Committees of Parliament. Fines were imposed upon them in proportion to their estates and degrees of delinquency, and these fines were often bargaining which we naturally souls 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 traitor party. The whole of Sir Robert Howard's excellency come 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 their 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 settler track his way.—P. 315.

The patience, assistance, 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 Chickasaw nation was engaged in a former war with the Vis-hokke, 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. Koo- mah, *such stands nigh on the eastern side of a bold river, about 250 yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Allebama-Fort, down to the black poisonous Mobile, and so into the Gulf of Mexico. There he concealed himself under cover of the top of a tall pine-tree, in view of the ford of the old trading-path, where the enemy now and then pass the river in their light poplar canoes. All his war-songs of provocation consisted of three stands of barbarous version, till he had, in 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 while of room an hour before sunset. The former he shot down, tomahawk'd in other two, and scalped each of them in a tree, in full view of the town. By way of bravado, he shaked the scalps 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 Appalachian Mountains. About an hour before day he had run over seventy miles of that mountainous tract; then, after sleeping two hours in a sitting posture, leaving his back against a tree, he set off again at fresh speed. As he threw away the version 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 match up in his course. Though I often have role that war-path alone, when delay might have been to his advantage, and there was nothing to occasion him such horses as any in America, it took me five days to ride from the aforesaid Koo-mah to this spickly warrior's place in the Chickasaw 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. 395.

NOTE 2 A.

In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her silly daemons cure.
When Rookwood-ridge, and Bedesman high,
To bugle rang and blood-hound's cry.—P. 315.

"What manner of cattle-stalkers are they that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotchman himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sail out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unrequited byways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they lay in the thick woods as long as their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in these 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 these 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 bloodhounds following them exactly upon the tract, they may chance to fall into hands 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, pay, and even their adversaries (notwithstanding the severity of their natural) to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion."—Camden's Britannia.

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so insomuch addicted to these depredations, that in 1564, the Incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentices. The inhabitants were instigated generally seduced to repine, that so faithful should be reproved in these proceeding from such lewd and wicked progeny.
in the site. Thus, in process of time, they have all slipp'd
her, and she hath wished evil luck unto them all; perhaps
with curses and imprecations made in form. Doubtless (at
least, I think) some of her neighbours die of full sick, or
some of their children are visited with diseases that vex
them strangely, as apoplexies, epilepsy, 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 wishes take effect), being called before a justice, by
examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her impre-
cations and desires, and her neighbours' harms and losses, to
convinc, and, as it were, to take effect; and so confessed, that
she (as a goddess) hath brought such things to pass. Where-
in not only she, but the accuser, and also the justice, are fully
deceived and abused, as being, through her confession, 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 Witches.

Note 2 B.

Hiding his face, lest men spy
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.—P. 315.

After one of the recent battles, in which the Irish rebels
were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in
a bag, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while
his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being
detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became
solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I
cought," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he
was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accus-
tioned to mark ha's upon their form, usually discover them by
the same circumstance.

Note 2 C.

Here stood a wrack, prepared to change
His soul's redemption for revenge!—P. 317.

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 vessels. The ingenuity of
English and Scott has very happily strived 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 writches 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, bane, bleary-eyed, pale, foul, and full
of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitious, or pervers, or such as
know no religion; in whose drawes minds the devil hath got-
ten a fine seat; so as what mischief, miscarriage, calamity,
or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily persuaded the
same is done by themselves, inspiring in their minds an earn-
net and constant imagination thereof. . . . These go from
house to house, and from door to door, for a pot of milk, yest,
drink, potage, or some such relief, without the which they
could hardly live; neither obtaining for their service or pain,
not yet on 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 filleth 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 readiness is by their
neighbours reproved. And farther, in tract of time the witch
waxeth odious and tedious to her neighbours, and they again
are despised and despised of her; so as sometimes she erreth
one, and sometimes another, and thirt from the master of the
house, his wife, children, cattle, &c., to the little pig that lieth

Sir Walter Scott continued to be fond of courting ha's long after he
had laid aside all other field-sports and he was used to say judicially, that he

1 Sir Walter Scott continued to be fond of courting ha's long after he
had laid aside all other field-sports and he was used to say judicially, that he

Note 2 D.

Of my musing on the cloaths
Of Cullerley and Bradford downs.—P. 317.

The troops of the King, when they first took the field, were
as well disciplined as could be expected from circumstances
But as the circumstances of Charles became less favorable
and his funds for regularly paying his forces decreased, habits
of military license prevailed among them in greater excess.
Lacy, the player, who served his master during the Civil War
brought out after the Restoration, a piece called The Old
Troop, in which he seems to have commemorated some real
incidents which occurred in his military career. The names
of the officers of the Troop sufficiently express their habits.
We have Flea-flint Plunder-Master-General, Captain Ferret-
farm, and Quarter-Master Burn-drop. The officers of the
Troop are in league with these worthies, and connoise at their
plundering the country for a suitable share in the booty. All
this was undoubtedly drawn from the life, which Lacy had an
opportunity to study. The moral of the whole is comprehen-
sed in a rhyme given to the lieutenant, whose disorders in
the country are said to prejudice the King's cause more than
his courage in the field could recompense. The piece is by no
means void of farcical humor.

Note 2 E.

—Brighton's woods, and Scourgin's ware,
Even now, o'er many a sister sea.—P. 318.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound
in seams of grayish slate, which are wrought in some places to
a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial
cavens, which, when the slate has been exhausted, are gradually
hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the
romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion,
they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

Note 2 F.

When Spain waged war with our land.—P. 320

There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be
found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem
and have more pleasure in being considered an excellent ander, than is all his
reputation as a troubner. Etc.
APPENDIX TO ROKEBY.

Let probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish guaudo-costas were constantly employed in aggressions upon the trade and settlements of the English and French; and, by their own severities, gave room for the system of buccaneering, at first adopted in self-defence and retaliation, and afterwards persevered in from habit and thirst of plunder.

NOTE 2 G.

Our comrade's strife.—P. 321.

The laws of the Buccaneers, and their successors the Pirates, however severe and equitable, were, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the division of the spoil fill their history, and they as frequently arose out of mere frolic, or the tyrannical humor of their chiefs. An anecdote of Teach (called Blackbeard) shows that their habitual indifference for human life extended 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, discharged them at his company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and bled for life; the other pistol did no execution."—Johnson's History of Pirates. Lond. 1724, 8vo. vol. i. p. 38.

Another anecdote of this worthy may be 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 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, closing up all the hatches, filled several pax 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."—Ibíd. p. 90.

NOTE 2 H.

—if you go

Even now to track a milk-white doe.—P. 321.

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, to the end that he may rise 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 bottel with good wine: that done, let him take a little vinegar into the palm of his hand, and put it in the nostrils of his hound, for to make him snuffe, to the end his scent may be the perferrer, then let him go to the shed. . . . . When the huntsman perceiveth that it is time to begin to beat, let him put his hound before him, and beat the outsides of springs or thickets; 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 drawing, as also by the eye. . . . When he hath well considered what manner of hant it may be, and hath marked every thing to judge by, then let him draw till he come to the covert where he is gone to; and let him harrouse him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the slot as by the entries, foyles, or suchlike. That done, let him push or bruss down small twiggis, some aloft and some about, as the art requirith, and herewithall, whilst his hound is here, let him beat the outsides, and make his ring-walkes, twice or thrice about the wood."—The Noble Art of Fowling or Hunting. Lond. 1611, 4to. p. 76, 77.

NOTE 2 I.

Song—Adieu for evermore.—P. 322

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two lines when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thoma 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 rightful king That we left fair Scotland's strand, It was a' for our rightful 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 native 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 truncheon a shake With, Adieu for evermore, My dear! Adieu for evermore!

"The soldiers fain the war returns, And the merchant fain the main But I have parted wi' my love, And ne'er to meet again, My dear, And ne'er to meet again.

"When day is gone and night is come And a' are boun' to sleep, I think on them that's far awa The bee-lang night, and weep, My dear, The bee-lang night, and weep.

NOTE 2 K.

Rere-cross on Stanmore.—P. 323.

This is a fragment of an old cross, with its pedes surronded by an incrustation, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stanmore, near a small house of entertainment called the Spittal. It is called Rere-cross, or Rere-cross, of which Hollar gives us the following explanation:

"At length a peace was concluded betwixt the two kings under these conditions, that Maleolm should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lieth betwixt Tweed, Camberlend, and Stanmore, and doe homage to the King of England for the same. In the midst of Stanmore there shall be a cross
set up, with the Kings of England's image on the one side, and the Kings of Scotland's on the other, to signify that one is much to England, and the other to Scotland. This cross was called the Roie-cross, that is, the cross of the King."—Holleshead, Lond. 1610, 4to. v. 290.

Holleshead's sole authority seems to have been Boethius. But it is not improbable that his account may be the true one, although the circumstance does not occur in Wintoun's Chronicle. The situation of the cross, and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a hand-mark of importance.

Note 2 L.

Hast thou lodged our deer?—P. 323.

The duty of the ranger, or picker, was first to lodge or harbor the deer, i. e., to discover his retreat, as described at length in note 3, H, and then to make his report to his prince, or master:—

before the King I come report to make,
Then hush and peace for noble Tristrame's sake...
My legs, I went this morning on my quest,
My bound did stick, and wold'sd to vent some beast.
I held him short, and drawing after him,
I might behold the hart was feeding trim;
His head was high, and large in each degree,
Well paunled eke, and seem'd full sound to be.
Of colour browne, he barest eight and tenne,
Of stately height, and long he seem'd then.
His beam seem'd great, in good proportion led,
Well barred and round, well peird near his head,
He seem'd fayre (w tweene blacke and berrie browned)
He seemes well fed by all the signes I found.
For when I had well marked him with eye,
I stoppe abisse, to watch where he would bye.
And when I had so wayted full an houre,
That he might be at layre and in his boore,
I cast about to harbour him full sure;
My bound by sent did me thereof assure...
"Then if he ask what slot or view I found,
I say the slot or view was long on ground;
The towre were great, the joynt bones round and short,
The shine bones large, the dew-claws close in port:
Short joynted was he, hollow-footed eke,
All hart to hunt as any man can seeke."—The Art of Venerie, at supra, p. 97.

Note 2 M.

When Danmark's raven scorn'd on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till, hovering near, his fatal croak
Bad! Regal! for he heard the yoke.—P. 323.

A reas. 2... rev. 296, the Danes, under their celebrated leaders Ingar (more properly Ager) and Hubba, sons, is said, of the still more celebrated Regnar Lodborg, invaded Northumberland, bringing with them the magical standard, so often mentioned in poetry, called Reafen, or Ruminon, from its bearing the figure of a raven—

Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour:
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song
Wap't in pale empest, labor'd through the clouds
The demons of destruction then, they say,
Were all abroach and mixing with the woof.

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 incursions, and began to colonize, establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and incursions 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, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror, probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighboring British kingdom of Strath-Clyde.

Upon the extent and duration of the Danish sovereignty in Northumberland, the curios may consult the various authorities quoted by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by William the Conqueror, probably on account of its similarity in language and manners to the neighboring British kingdom of Strath-Clyde.

Note 2 N.

Beneath the shade the Northman came,
First on each vale a Runic name.—P. 323.

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 edge 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 Woodon-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda. Thor-gill, of which a description is attempted in stanza ii., is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Eglinton Abbey. Thor was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreadful giant-quereller, and in that capacity the champion of the Northmen in their struggle with the Romans and the Indians of Jotanheim. There is an old poem in the Edda of Surmind, 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 Honorable William Herbert.

Note 2 O.

Who has not heard how brave O'Neale
In English blood imbrued his steel?—P. 325.

The O'Neale here meant, or more than one succeeded to the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the grandson of Con O'Neale, called Con Bacon, or the Lame. His father, Matthew O'Kelly, was illegitimate, and, being the son of a blacksmith's wife, was usually called Matthew the Blacksmith. His father, nevertheless, destined his succession to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of Dungannon. Upon the death of Con Bacon, this Matthew was slain by his brother. Hugh narrowly escaped the same fate, and was protected by the English, Shane O'Neale, his uncle, called Shane Dymas, was succeeded by Turlough Lynagh O'Neale; after whose death, Hugh, having assumed the chieftainship, became nearly as formidable to the English as any by whom it had been possessed. He rebelled repeatedly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of
O'Neill, in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But, this condition he never observed longer than until the presence of superior force was withdrawn. His battle the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and overreaching him in a treaty, was the induction to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjugating O'Neill; but it was not till the accession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court. Yet, according to Morrison, "so respect to him could contain many woes. In those parts, who had lost husbands and children in the Irish wars, from flying dust and stones at the earls as he passed, and from railing him with bitter words; yea, when the earl had been at court, and there obtaining his majesty's direction for his person 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 sheriff, to convey him with troops of horse from place to place, till he was safely embarked and put to sea for Ireland."—I. mercy, p. 386.

Note 2 P.

But chief arose his victor pride,
When that brave Marshal fought and died.—P. 325.

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. To relieve him and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lay upon branches growing in the ditches and ways, suffering all extremities, till the major-lieutenant, in the month of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnall, marshal of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foot and horse—troopes of the English army to visit this fort, and to raise the rebels siege. When the English entred the place and thick woods beyond Armgagh, on the east side, Tyrone (with all the rebels assembled to him) pricked forward with rage, envy, and settled rancour against the marshal, sawayed the English, and turning his full force against the marshal's person, had the success to kill him, valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Whereupon the English being dismayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I terms it great, since the English, from the first arrival in that kingdom, never had received so great an overthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackwater; thirteen valiant captains and 1500 common soldiers (whereof many were of the old companies which had serv'd in Brittany under General Norrey) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackwater followed this disaster, when the assailed guard saw no hope of relief; but especially upon messages sent to Captain Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing "their safety depended upon his yielding the fort into our hands of Tyrone, which danger Captain Williams confesses that no want or miserie should have induced him thereto."—Fykes Murray's Itinerary. London, 1617, vol. ii. p. 21.

"Fykes is said to have entertain'd a personal animosity against the knight-marshal, Sir Henry Bagnall, whom he accused of defacing the letter which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, in summation 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 Speiser 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 Twainet ke to go on O'Neile.—P. 325.

"Even. What is that which you call Tanist and Tamistry? 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 chief lords or captains, they do presently assemble themselves to a place per duly appointed and known unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part not the eldest son, 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 do they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the saidcaptain, if he live thenceforth.

"Even. Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitions rites?

"Iren. They used to place him that shall be their captain upon a stone, always renewed to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraved a foot, with which they say was the measure of their first captain's foot; whereon he standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customs of the country 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.

"Even. But how is the Tanist chosen?

"Iren. They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone and receiveth the like oath that the captain did."—Scott's View of the State of Ireland, and Works. London 1805, 8vo. vol. viii. p. 366.

The Tanist, therefore, of O'Neile, 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 his 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."
Though spiffall darts which they do . . .

Their shirts be very strange, not reaching past the thigh; With pleats on pleats th' pleated are as thick as pleats may lye. Whose sleeves hang trailing downe alms. unto the shoe; And with a mannell commonde the Irish karme do goe. Now some amongst the rest doe use another weede; A conte I meane, of strange devise which fancy first did brode, His shirts be very short, with pleats set thick about, And Irish trouzes moe to put their strange protectors on.

Derek's Image of Ireland, and Somers' Tracts, Edin 1894 4to, vol. i. p. 585.

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 dressing and arraigning the hair, which was called the glibba, one glibba, 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 nothing to the reputation with which the same poet regards that favorite part of the Irish dress, the mantle.

"It is a fit housel for a hallow, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak 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 house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his penthouse; when it snoweth, it is his tent; when it freetheth, 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. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in his wars that he maketh (if at least it deserveth the name of war), when he still fighteth from his foes, and lurketh in the thicker woods and straiter passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his home against allウェathers, and his mantle is his bed to sleep in. Therein he wrapeth himself round, and couseth himself strongly against the gasts, which in that country doe more among the naked rebels while they know 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 seeth them when they are nowhere, being wrapped about their left arm, instead of a target; for it is hard to cut thorough with a sword; besides, it is light to bear, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are naked) it is to them as all. Lastly, for a thief it is so handsome as it may seem it was first invented for him; for under it he may cley safely convey any fit pillicage that cometh handiehly 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, he would for their hood, with that they can prestly adjourn themselves under a bush or bankside till they may conveniently do their errand; and when all is over, he can in his mantle passe through any town or company, being cloe hooded over his head, as he weth, from knowledge of any to whom he is in dangered. Besides this, he or any man els that is disposed to mischief or villany, may, under his mantle, go privily armed or hurt suspending of any, carry his head-piece, his skewer, or distel, if he please, to be always in readiness."—Spenser's

View of the State of Ireland, and Works, ut supra, viii 367.

The jellins, 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 stone head and thick knotted shaft.

NOTE 2 S.

With wild majestic port and tone,
Like away of some baronial throne.—P. 320

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 neighboring chiefteaing, which runs in the following terms:—

"O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Marish Fitz-Thomas; O'Neale requesteth you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for thy conscience and right; 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 him and to-morrow at twelve of the clock, and take his part, O'Neale is not beholden to you, and will do to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you, if you come not to him at the last by Saturday at noone. From Knocke Damayne in Cahir, the fourth of February, 1599.

"O'Neale requesteth you to come speaketh with him, and doth give you his word that you shall receive no harme neither, in coming nor going from him, whether you be friend or no, and bring with you to O'Neale Gerit Fitzgerald.

Nor did the royalty of O'Neale consist in words alone. Sir John Harrington paid him a visit at the time of his truce with Essex, and, after mentioning his "fern table, and fern forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven," he noticei what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his subjects. "His guards, for the most part, were heartless boys without shirts; who in the first waste as familiarly through rivers as water-penants. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it."—Nuga Antiquae Lond. 1781, 8vo. vol. i. p. 251.

NOTE 2 T.

His foster-father was his guide.—P. 326

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 preceptors, and arms, and, even for any various 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 brethren, whom they will even hate for the sake of these. When child 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 miserable; 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 368.

This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of
Note 2 U.

**Shane-Dymas wild.**—327.

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 chiefain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 500 tons of wine at once in his cellar at Dunscomb, but unbecoming was his favorite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Alas! so licentious that he could not write, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived all his epithet from nine places, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Neal's sons were descended the Kinel-o-gum, or Race of Tyrone, which afforded men both to Ireland and to Ulster. Neal (according to O'Flyerty's O'goggin) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descent on the coast of Brestane.

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 married his cousin-ermyn, 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-Bacco. Fear-fiaitha O'Gnive, lord to the O'Cailes of Channalogy, 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 Bard, p. 140.

He chose that honor'd flag to bear.—P. 328.

Lacy informs us, in the old play already quoted, how the cavalry raised by the country gentlemen for Charles's service were usually armed. "Ye, cornels, have a name that's proper for all cornets to be called by, for they are all beardless 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 buff coat: and this is the constitution of our army."

Note 2 V.

**Great Neil of the Pledges Nine.**—P. 327.

Note 2 W.

**Geraldine.**—P. 327.

Note 2 X.

**his page, the next degree In that old time to chivalry.**—P. 328.

Originally, the order of chivalry embraced three ranks:—

1. The Page; 2. The Squire; 3. The Knight;—a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of freemasonry. 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 any thing 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 forcible moral coloring. The dialogue occurs betwixt Lovell, "a comely 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 companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son," and the facetious Goodstock, host of the Light Heart. Lovell had offered to take Goodstock's son for his page, which the latter, in reference to the recent change of the establishmentdecla sesas "a desperate course of life!"—

"Lovell. Call you that desperate, which by a line Of institution, from our ancestors
Hath been derived down to s, and received
In a succession, for the nobist way
Of breeding up our youth, as letters, arms,
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 Humph. Liflde’s daughter.
2. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Tho. Lomley’s daughter.
4. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Biggot’s daughter.
5. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Knt. to Sir John de Melssus’ daughter of Bennett-hill, 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.
9. Sir Tho. Rokeby, Knt. to Stroud’s daughter and heir.
10. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt. to Sir James Strangways’s daughter.
12. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Danby of Yafforth’s daughter and heir.
14. Christopher Rokeby, Esq. to Lassells of Brakenborough’s daughter.
15. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Thweng.
16. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Knt. to Sir Ralph Lawson’s daughter of Brough.
17. Frans. 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 Edu. 3. Ralph Hastings and Thos. de Rokeby.
1342. 17 Edu. 3. Thos. de Rokeby, pro sept. annum.
1358. 25 Edu. 3. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Justiciary of Ireland for six years, died at the castle of Kilka.
1407. 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.
1496. ............ Thomas Rokeby, Esq.
30 Hen. 8 Tho. Rokeby, Ll.D. one of the Council.
1741. 15 Eliz. Joel Rokeby, Esq. one of the Council.
1574. 17 Eliz. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. one of the Secretaries.
1759. 7 Will. 3. Sir J. Rokeby, Knt. one of the Justices of the King’s Bench.

The family of De Rokeby came ov. wth the Conqueror The old motto belonging to the family is Le Bieia extrema The arms, argent, chevron sable, between three masts proper.

From him is the house of Hotham, and of Thos. — a brother that had been.

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**Note 2 Z.**

Seem’d half abandon’d to decay.—P. 332.

The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which 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, assumed by the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

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**Note 3 A.**

Rokeby’s love of martial fame,
I can count — ‘em name by name.—P. 334

The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once

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The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once

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The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once

---

The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once
There is somewhere to be found in an old family in the Scottish history a story of Dun-Brettown, but what it is, I am not sure. In the sixteenth century, a Barson Blackwood, the Scottish chaplain of whose estate of Shrewsbury, recited to me once a tale of a knight and a princess, wherein was mentioned, that William Walla, the poet, delivered of the Scots from the English bondage, at a time when Blackwood had been brought up at the castle of Rokeby, aisin there of the place; and as he walked on a road, there a. knight was seen on a sudden into the sea, and thereby have given that hold, which, I think, was about the 33d of Feb. 1, or before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we may also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmesbury Abbey, called Eulogium Historiarum, out of which Mr. Leland reporteth this history, and coppy down written story, which the 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 that, in K. Henry the 7th's reign, one Ralph Rokeye, Esq., was owner of Morton, and I guess that was he that descended the fries of Richmond with his felon swine, on which a jargon was made."

The above is a quotation from a manuscript written by Ralph Rokeye; when he lived is uncertain. To what authority for Ralph, and not, nor can have convenient be traced Parson Blackwood abjured, it would now be vain to inquire. But in Blind Harry's History of Sir William Wallace, we find a legend of a Rukbie, whom he makes keeper of Stirling Castle after the English usurpation and whom Wallace slays with his own hand:

"'To the great press Wallace and Rukbie met, With his good sword a stroke upon him set; Dearly to death the old Rukbie he drove, But his two sons escaped among the lave.'"

These sons, according to the romanic Minstrel, succedred 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 Glendouchart, 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. Rokeye.

In the old ballad of Chevi Chase, there is mentioned, among the English warriors, "Sir Raff the riche Ruggage," which may apply to Sir Ralph Rokeye, the tenth baron in the pedigree. The more modern copy of the ballad runs thus:

"Good Sir Ralph Raby ther was slain, Whose prowess did surmount."

This would rather seem to relate to one of the Neville of Raby. But, as the whole ballad is romantic, accuracy is not be looked for.

NOTE 3 B.

-The Felen Sow.-P. 334.

The ancient minstrels had a comic as well as a serious strain of romance; and although the examples of the latter are by far the most numerous, they are, perhaps, the less valuable. The comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry. If the latter described deeds of heroic achievement, and the events of the battle, the tomney, and the chase, the former, as in the Tournament of Tottenham, introduced a set of clownish debauch in the field, with all the assumed circumstances of chivalry; or, as in the Hunting of the Hare (see Weber's Metrical Romances, vol. iii.), persons of the same description following the chase, with all the grievous mistakes and blunders incident to such unpractised sportmen. The idea, therefore, of Don Quixote's phrenzy, although inimitably embodied and brought out, was not, perhaps, in the abstract, altogether original. One of the most of these half-discovered Scottish romances, which has no proportion of comic humor, is the Hunting of the Felen Sow of Rokeye by the Friars of Richmond. Ralph Rokeby, who (for the jest's sake apparently) bestowed this name on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII., which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobald's wanderings, to which the poem refers, may indicate that of the composition itself. Morton, the Morham of the text, is mentioned as being this factious baron's place of residence: accordingly, Leland notices, that "Mr. Rokeby hath a place called Morham, a little beneath Gretnay-bridge, almost on the mouth of Gretnay." That no information may be wanting which is in my power to supply, I have to notice, that the Mistress Rokeye of the romance, who so charitably refreshed the sow after she had disconsolated Friar Huddleton and his auxiliaries, was, as appears from the pedigree of the Rokeye family, daughter and heir of Danby of Yaforth.

This curious poem was first published in Mr. Whitaker's History of Craven, but, from an inaccurate manuscript, not corrected very happily. It was transferred by Mr. Evans to the new edition of his Ballads, with some well-judged conjectural improvements. I have been induced to give a more authentic and full, though still an imperfect, edition of this humor-omne composition, from being furnished with a copy from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Rokeye, to whom I have acknowledged my obligations in the last Note. It has three or four stanzas more than that of Mr. Whitaker, and the language seems, where they differ, to have the more ancient and genuine readings.

The Felen Sow of Rokeye and the Friars of Richmond

Ye men that will of ansteres winne,
That late within this land hath beene,
Of one I will you tell;
And of a sow that was sea strang,
Alas! that ever she lived soe lang,
For felte folk did she wheel.

She was more than other three,
The grisliest beast that ere might be,
Her head was great and gray:
She was bred in Rokeye wood,
There were few that thither good,
That came on live away.

Her walk was endless! Greta side;
There was no brook that durst her bide,
That was a well heaven to hell;
Nor never mat. that had that might
That ever durst come in her sight,
Her force it was soe fell.

Ralph of Rokeye, with good will,
The Fryars of Richmond gave her till,
Full well to garde them fare
Fryar Mitchell by his name,
He was sent to fetch her name,
That rude him smote full sare.

Many Sax.—4 A corruption of pull, to kill.—5 More, proster.—7 W. F. Add.—8 Alive.—9 Along the side of Greta.—10 Barn, child, man in general.—11 From.—12 Too.—13 Make.—14 Since.
With him tooke he wight nine two,
Peter Dale was one of those,
That ever was brim as bear;¹
And well durst strike with sword and knife
And fight full manly for his life,
What time as mister were.²
These three men went at God’s will,
Fist wicked sew while they came till,
Ligg’d² under a tree;
Ragg and rusty was her hair;
She raise up with a felon fare,³
To fight against the three.
She was so gresly for to meete,
She rave the earth up with her feet,
Ama brak came fra the tree;
When Fryar Middleton her saught,⁴
Weet ye well he might not laugh,
Full earnestly look’t lee.
These men of hunters that was so wight,⁵
They bound them handly for to fight,
And strike at her full sere;
Until a kiln they gared her flees,
Would God send them the victory,
The wold ask him noe more.
The sew was in the kiln hole down,
As they were on the balke aboon,⁶
For barring of their feet;
They were so nailed⁷ with this sew,
That among them was a staitworth stow,
The kiln began to reek.
Durst no man neig her with her hand,
But put a rap® down with her wand,
And haltedr her full meete;
They hurled her forth against her will,
Whiles they came into a hill
A little fro the street.¹²
And there she made them such a fray,
It they should live to Doomes-day,
They throw’d i’t ne’er forgot;
She barked⁸ upon every side,
And ran on them gaping full wide,
For nothing would she let.¹⁵
She gave such brades⁹ at the hand
That Peter Dale had in his hand,
He might not hold her feet.
She chafed them to and fro,
The wight men was never see no woe
Their measure was not so meete.
She bound her boldly to abide;
To Peter Dale she came aside,
With many a hideous yell;
She gaped soe wide and cried soe hee,
The Fryar said, "I conjure thee,"¹⁷
Thou art a feind of heil.
"Thou art come hither for some traine,"¹⁸
I conjure thee to go againe
Where thou wast wont to dwell.¹⁹
He sayd²⁰ him with crosse and creede,
Took forth a book, began to reade
In St. John his gospel.
The sew she would not Latin hear.
But rudeely rushed at the Fear,
That blincket his all his blees;²¹
And when she would have taken her hold
The Fryar leaped as Jesus wold,
And bealed him²² with a tree.
She was as brim²² as any beare,
For all thier meete to labour there,²³
To them it was no boote;
Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,
She raged as she was wood.²⁴
And rave them up by route.
He sayd, "Alas, that I was Fear!
And I shall be regg’d²⁵ in sunder here,
Hard is my destine!²⁶
Wilt²⁷ my brethren in this house,
That I was sett in such a stowre,²⁸
They would pray for me.²⁹"
This wicked beast that wrought this woe
Took that rape from the other two,
And then they field all three;
They fled away by Watling-street,
They had no succour but their feet,
It was the more pity
The field it was both wet and wome."³⁰
The sew went hame, and that dull soone
To Morton on the Greene;
When Ralphe of Rokeby saw the rape,³¹
He wisèd³ that there had been debate,
Whereat the sew had bene.
He bade them stand out of her way,
For she had had a sudden fray,—
"I saw never so keen;
Some new things shall we hear
Of her and Middleton the Fear,
Some battell hath there beene."³¹
But all that served him for nought,
Had they not better succour sought,
They were served therefore loe.
Then Mistress Rokeby came anon,
And for her brought shew meate full soone
The sew came her unto.

¹ Fose as a bear. Mr. Whitaker’s copy reads, perhaps in consequence of mistraking the MS., "father was Bryan of Bear."—Need more.
Mr. Whitaker reads munter.—² Lying.—³ A fierce countenance or manner.⁴ Sex.—⁵ Whipt, brave. The Rokeby MS. reads boonneter, and Mr. Whitaker, ansquetters.—⁶ Lively.⁷ On the beam above,—⁸ To prevent.⁹ Assaulted.—¹⁰ Rape.—¹¹ Watling Street. See the sequel.—¹² Darre,—¹³ Rushed,—¹⁴ Leave it,—¹⁵ Pulls.—¹⁶ This line is wanting in Mr. Whitaker’s copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stowre, which now there is no occasion to suppose.—¹⁷ Evil device.—¹⁸ Blessed Fr.—¹⁹ Lost his color,—²⁰ Sheltered himself.—²¹ Fierce.—²² The MS. reads, 11 labour wares. The text seems to mean, that all their labor to obtain their intended meat was no use to them. Mr. Whitaker reads,
²³ "She was bred as any bear,
And gave a grisely hideous roar,
To them it was no boot."³⁶

⁴ Cap.—⁵ Turn, pulled.—⁶ Know.—⁷ Combat, perilous fight.—⁸ This stanza, with the two following, and the fragment of a fourth, are not in Mr. Whitaker’s edition.—⁹ The rape about the sew’s neck.—¹⁰ Know.
When Fryar Middleton came home,
His brethren was full fast ilkone,
And thanked God of his life;
He told them all into the end,
How he had foughten with a fiend,
And lived through mickle strikes.

"We gave her battell half a day,
And shee was faile to fly away,
For saving of our life;"
And Pater Dale would never blinn,
But as fast as he could rym,
Till he came to his wife,"

The warden said, "I am full of wo,
That ever ye should be torment so,
But wee with you had beene!
Had we beene there your brethren all,
Woe should have garred the warle fall,
That wroght you all this byrnee." 18

Fryar Middleton said soon, "Nay,
In faith you would have fled away,
When most mistere had beene;
You will all speake words at hame,
A man would dinge you every ilk age,
And if it be as I weene." 19

He look't so griesly all that night,
The warden said, "Yow man will fight
If you say ought but good;
You gaunt 20 thave ghreed him so sore,
Hold your tonguees and speake no more
He looks as he were woode." 21

The warden wage'd 22 on the morn,
Two boldest men that ever were borne,
I weene, or ever shall be;
I the one was Gibbert Griffen's son,
Full mickle worship he was wonne,
Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain,
Many a Sarazin he hath slain,
His din 23 hath gottem him dead,
These two men the battle undertooke,
Against the sew, as says the booke,
And sealed security.

That they should hoolly hide and fight
And shonsef hit in nave and might
Or therefore should they die.
The warden sealed to them againe,
And said, "In feld if ye be slaine,
This condition make I;"

"We shall for you pray, sing, and read
Till doomesday with hearty speede
With all our progeny,"
Then the letters well was made,

She gave her mente upon the flower,
* * * * * * 1

[Hiatus valde defendebat.]

Bands bound with scales blade, 24
As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that were so wight
With armour and with bandes bright
They went this sew to see ;
She made on them slice a red, 25
That for her they were sere afer'd,
And almost bound to fle.

She came rowing them againe;
That saw the bastard son of Spaine,
He bled them 26 out his brand;
Full spiteously at her he strake,
For all the fence that he could make,
She got sword out of hand;
And rave 'n sander half his shield,
And bare him backward in the feld,
He might not her gainstand.

She would have riven his privich gear
But Gilbert with his sword of worth,
He strake at her full strong,
On her shoulder till she held the wand:
Then was good Gilbert sore afer'd,
When the blade brake in thong. 27

Since in his hands he hath her tane,
She took him by the shoulder bane, 28
And held her hold full fast;
She strave so stilly in that stower,
That through all his rich armour
The blood came at the fac.

Then Gilbert grieve was sae sure,
That he raver off both hide and haire,
The flesh came fro the bone;
And with all force he felted her there,
And wann her worldly in worse,
And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sae lee,
Into two paniers well-made of a tre
And to Richmond they did bary: 29
When they saw her come,
They sang merily Te Denn,
The Fryers on that day. 30

They thanked God and St. Francis
As they had won the best of pris, 31
And never a man was slaine;
There did never a man more manly
Knight Marcus, nor yett Sir Gui,
Nor Lott of Louthiane. 32

If ye will any more of this,
In the Fryers of Richmond 33
tis
In parchment good and fine;
And how Fryar Middleton that was so kens 34
At Greta Bridge conjured a feind
In likenes of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,
That Fryar Thobyald was warden. 35

12 Hosp. a Yorkshire phrase.—13 Pleas.—14 Creed, large.—15 done
'Like a rout.—16 Drew out.—17 In the combat.—18 Bata.—19 Meeting, bat-
tie.—20 His, his:—21 The MS. reads, maked only, every day.—22 Price.
23 The father of Sir Gawain, in the romance of Arthur and Merlin.
The MS. is thus corrupted—

More lot of Louth Ryne.

24 Well known, or perhaps kind, well disposed.
And this fell in his time;
And Christ them bless both fare and near,
All that for solace list this to heare,
And him that made the rhime.

Lalph Rokeby with full good will,
Fryer of Richmond he gave his til
This sew to mend their fire;
Fraye Middleton by his name,
Would needs bring the fat sew hame,
That rued him since full fare.

NOTE 3 C.

The Idea of O'Neale was ke.—P. 334.

The Fliea, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper, hard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chief of the 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. There were the scanty bard of less elevated rank, but all were held in the highest estimation. The Irish, who considered them as chief supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much disposed to prescribe this race of poets, as Edward I. is said to have done in Wales. Spencer, while he admits the merit of their wild poetry, as "savoring of sweet wine and good invention, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device," yet rigorously condemns the profane application of their poetry, as abused "to the grace 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 Sawry, to whose charge 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 kyng, my souvereigne lord's entent was, that in manner, countenance, and apparel of clothing, they should use according to the manner of England, for the kyng thought to make them all four kyngthes: they had a hause house to lodge in, in Davilwyn, and he was charged to abide stille with them, and not to departe; and so two or three dayes after them to do as they list, and sayd nothing to them, but followed owne appetizes: they wold sitte at the table, and make countenances mother good nor fayre. Than I thought I shulde cause them to change that manner; they wold cause their mysters, their servantes, and variettes, to sytte with them, and to eate in their owne disyce, and to drinke of their cuppes; and they shewed me that the usage of their countree was good, for they sayd in all thinges (except their beddes) they were and lyved as common. So the fourth day I ordained other tables to be covered in the hall, after the usage of England, and I made these four kyngthes to sytte at the hygye table, and there mysters at another borde, and their servantes and variettes at another bryeth them, whereof by semente they were displesed, and beheld each other, and seyed and sayd nothing to them. And taking from them their good usage, wherein they had been nourished. Thenge I answered them, symyng, to speache them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that they must leve it, and use the custom of England, and that it was the kynges pleasure they shulde so do, and how he was charged so to order them. When they harte that, they suffered it, because they had putte themselfe under the obedience of the Kyng of England, and parcoured in the same as long as I was with them; yet they had one use which I knew was well used in their entre, and that was, they dyde no breches; I causd breches of lyen cloth to bee made for them. Whyte I was with them I causd them to leaue many rude thyanges, as well in clothing as in other causes. Mocket who had at the first to cause them to weare gownes of slyve, far red with mynavire and grey; for before these kynges though themselves well appareled when they had on a mantell. They rode alwayes without saddles and strypes, and with great paine I made them to ride after our usage."—LORD BERNERS' Frosaisart. Lond. 1612, 4to vol. ii. p. 621.

The influence of these bards upon their patrons, and their admitted title to the right of payment in matters of the weightiest concern, may be also proved from the behavior of one of them at an interview between Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kildare, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and 24 Lord Chancellor Cromer, who made a long and goodly oration to dissuade him from his purpose. The young lord had come to the council "armed and weaponed," and attended by seven score horsemen in their shirts of mail; and we are assured that the chancellor, having set forth his oration "with such a lamentable action as his cheeks were all bedubbed with tears, the horsemen, nimbly, 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 heroical poetry in the praise of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every idiot shot his foolish sult at the wise chancellor his discourse who in effect had taught else but drop precious stones before hogs, one Bard de Nehan, an irish richour, and a rotten sheepe to infect a whole flocke, was chating of irish verses, as though his tongue had run on patterns, in commendation of the Lord Thomas, investing him with the title of likken Thomas, because the haseametic jackes were gorgiously embroidered with sylke: and in the end he told him that he lingered there over long, whereat the Lord Thomas being quickened, "as Hollinshed expresses it, bid defiance to the chancellor, threw down ceremoniously the sword of office, which, in his father's absence he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open inuarction."

NOTE 3 D.

Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Since Dender's oak shall light no more.—P. 335.

Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the sept of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Bhourd, a romantic mountain in the same province. The clan was raised 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 doubtless the birds mourned the decay of the mansion of their chief in strain similar to the verses of the British Edwyarch Hen on a similar occasion, which are alluding, even through the discouraging medium of a literal translation—

"Silent-breathing gale, long wilt thou be heard!
There is scarcely another deserving praise
Since Urian is no more.

Many a dog that scented well the prey, and aerial hawk,
Have been train'd on this floor
Before Erkoon became polluted . . . ."

This heareth, ah, will it not be covered with nettles
Whilst its defender liveth,
More congenial to it was the foot of the needy petitioners—

This heareth, will it not be covered with green sod?
In the lifetime of Owain and Elphin,
Its ample caldron boiled the prey taken from the foe.

[1 Hollinshed. Lond. 1568, 4to, vol. vi. p. 791]
This hearth, will it not be covered with toad-stools! 
Around the veins it press'd, more cheering was 
The clarion sword of the fierce saintless warrior.

This hearth, will it not be overgrown with spreading brambles! 
Till now, logs of burning wood lay on it, 
Acquaint'd to prepare the gifts of Reged!

This hearth, will it not be covered with thorns! 
More congenial on it would have been the mixed group 
Of Owain's social friends united in harmony.

I saw hearth, will it not be covered with ants! 
More aapted to it would have been the bright torches 
And harmless festivities!

This hearth, will it not be covered with dock-leaves! 
More congenial on its floor would have been 
The mead, and the talking of wine-cheer'd warriors.

This hearth, will it not be turned up by the swine! 
More congenial to it would have been the clanc' of men, 
And the circling horns of the banquet."

Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen, by Owen. 
Lond. 1792, 8vo. p. 41.

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, 
Without fire, without bed—
I must weep a while, and then be silent!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, 
Without fire, without candle—
Except God doth, who will endue me with patience!

The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, 
Without fire, without being lighted—
Be thou encircled with spreading silence!

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 abode is in the grave; 
Whist 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—
Fears afflict 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; 
With out the men without the women, who reside there! 

The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night, 
After losing its master—
The great merciful God, what shall I do!"  
Ibid. p. 77

Note 3 E.

MacCurtin's harp.—P. 336.

"MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, and 
Fleia to Donough, Earl of Thomond, and President of Mun- 
ster. This nobleman 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, Mac- 
Curtin presented an adulatory poem to MacCarthy, chief of 
South Munster, and of the Euguenian line, who, with O'Neil, 
O'Donnell, Lacy, and others, were deeply engaged in protect 
ing their violated country. In this poem he dwelt with rau 
ture on the courage and patriotism of MacCarthy; but the 
verse that should (according to an established law of the 
orde of the hurls) be introduced in the praise of O'Brien, he turns 
into severe satire:—'How am I afflicted (says he) that the 
descentant of the great Brion Bononm cannot furnish me 
with a theme worthy the honor and glory of his exalted race?' 
Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed vengeance on the spirited 
hard, who fled for refuge to the county of Cork. One day, 
observing the exasperated nobleman and his equipage at a small 
distance, he thought it was in vain to fly, and pretended to be 
suddenly seized with the pangs of death; directing 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 entertained, as a dying request, 
his forgiveness. Soon as Lord Thomond arrived, the feigned 
tale was related to him. That nobleman was moved to com- 
passion, and not only declared that he most heartily forgave 
him, but, opening his purse, presented the fair mourner with 
some pieces to later him. This instance of his lordship's pity 
and generosity gave courage to the trembling hard; who, sud- 
denly springing up, recited an extemporaneous ode in praise of 
Donough, and, re-entering into his service, became once more 
his favorite."—Walker's Memoirs of the Irish Bards. 
Lond. 1786, 4to. p. 141.

Note 3 F.

The ancient English minstrel's dress.—P. 336.

Among the entertainments presented to Elizabeth at Kenil 
worth Castle, was the introduction of a person designed to 
represent a travelling minstrel, who entertained her with a 
solemn story out of the Acts of King Arthur. Of this person's 
dress and appearance Mr. Lanesby has given us a very accu- 
rate 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 340.

The tradition from which the ballad 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 spreads over 
the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are wa- 
tered by the river Hen. 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 helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old family paintings and air guns, many of them with match-boxes. Immediately below the corner hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armor by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have hosted the whole neighborhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shillelagh. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of sumptuous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have 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 the front of the house to a quadrangle within; at the other, it opens upon a pleasure ground, with a small court in front; passing the doors of some bedchambers, 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 bedchambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has made dray and threadbare, and in the bottom of 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 not submit to be blindedfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bedchamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the horseman bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillow 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 bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bedchamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and browbeating aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy, immediately after the man commanded the midwife to give the child, and fetching it from her, he burned 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 midwife again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more pitiful 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 offering 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 own house: 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 assizes 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 shades 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 Webb'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, bart.

"Sir * * * Dayrell, of Littlecote, in Corn. Wilt., hav- ing 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 saved the knight the child and murthier it, and burnt it in the fire in the chamber. She having done her business, was extraordinarily rewarded for it: and the knight, being a very horrid action did much run in her mind, and she 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 room was 12 foot high; and she should know the chamber if she saw it. She went to a Justice of Peace, and search was made. The chamber was found. The Knight was brought to his regard; this being short, this judge had this noble house, parke and manner, and (I think) more, for a bribe to save his life."

"Sir John Popham gave sentence according to law, but being a great person and a favourite, he procured a mir. procescat."

With this tale of terror the author has combined some circumstances of a similar legend, which was current at Eliz- abeth's during his childhood.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the large castles of the Scotch nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mys- terious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. The divinity found upon his mission. The Knight was brought to his regard. This being short, this judge had this noble house, parke and manner, and (I think) more, for a bribe to save his life. He was put into a sedan-chair, and after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearer insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to; but in the course of the divination he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairman and from some part of their dress, no completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the usual station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a bedroom, where his eyes were uncovet, and he was introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was com- manded by his attendants to say such prayers by her bedside as were fitting for a person not expected to survive a mortal disorder. He ventured to remonstrate, and observe the bur-
safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sternly commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was again brought, and when again brought to the chair, but as they conducted him down stairs, he heard the report of a pistol. He was safely conducted home; a purse of gold was forced upon him; but he was warned, at the same time, that the last allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and, after long and broken sleeping, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by a servant, with the intelligence that a fire of an uncommon kind had broken out in the house of * * * near the head of the Canongate, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman had his suspicions, but to have mustered public would have availed nothing. He was timid; the family was of the first distinction; above all, the deed was done, and could not be amended. Time wore away, however, and with it his terrors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depository of this fearful mystery, and mentioned it to some of his brethren, through whom the anecdote acquired a sort of publicity. The divine, however, had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of * * * had burned, 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, and uttered these tremendous words in her vernacular idiom: "* * * Area burned, twice burned; the third time will scarce 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 II.
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hollow-side or Christmas-oon.--P. 341.

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his follower by a Welsh chieftain:--

"Eimiwy did continue his sonne Howell ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonnes of John ap Meredith. After the death of Evan ap Robert, Griffith ap Grown (cozen-german to John ap Meredith's sonnes of Gwynfrin, who had long servd in France, and had charge there) coming home to live in the country, it happened that a servant of his, coming to fish in Hebwlly, his fish was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell ap Rys and his servants, and by his commandment. Griffith ap John ap Grown took the matter in such a dudgeon that he challenged Howell ap Rys to the field, which he refusing, assembling his cozen John ap Meredith's sonnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the battle he had scene in the French warres, and consumed with fire his barnes and his out-houses. Whilst he was thus assailing the hall, which Howell ap Rys and many had passed, being very strong houses, he was shot out, of a screeve of the house, through the sight of his beaver into the mead, at one outfright, being otherwise armed at all points. In twichcles of his death, the assault of the house was continued with great vehement, the dores fired with great Burlington of straw; besides this, the smoke of the out-houses and barns not fine did annoy greatly the defentants, for that was of the day under standing, and that the people, on the floor, in the hall, the better to avoid the smoke. During this scene of confusion onely the old man, Howell ap Rys, never stooped, and stood valiantly in the midst of the floor, armed with a glev in his hand, and called unto them, and bid them arise like men, for shame, for he had known there as great a smoke in that hall upon Christmas-oon. In the end, seeing the house could noe longer defend them, being overlaid with a multitude, upon parley betweene them, Howell ap Rys was sent to yeild himself prisoner to Morris ap John ap Meredith, John ap Meredith's eldest sonne, so as he would agree with him to bring him safe to Carnevan Castle, to abide the trial of the law for the death of Graft ap John ap Grown, who was cozen-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 specially of Owen ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very eager against him. They passed by leisure thence like a campbe to Carnon; 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 cast any of Howell's friends be there, for fear of the kindred. In the end, being delivered by Morris ap John ap Meredith to the Constable of Carnevan Castle, and there kept safely in ward until the assises, it fell out by law, that the burning of Howell's houses, and assaulting him in his owne house, was a more huyous offence in Morris ap John ap Meredith and the rest, than the death of Graft ap John ap Grown in Howell, who did it in his own defence; whereupon Morris ap John ap Meredith, with thirty-five more, were indicted of felony, as appeareth by the copy of the indictment, which I had from the records."--Sir John Wynke's History of the Gaugier Family Lond. 1770, vto, p. 116.

NOTE 3 III.
O'er Hercan's altar hung my glane.--P. 349

This custom among the Redesdale and Tynedale Borderers is mentioned in the interesting Life of Barnard Gilpin, where some account is given of these wild districts, which it was the custom of that excellent man regularly to visit.

"This custom (of duels) still prevailed on the Borders where Saxon barbarism held its latest possession. These wild Northumbrians, indeed, went beyond the ferocity of their own ancestors. They were not satisfied with a duel: each resisting party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

"It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr. Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together. At length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr. Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. They stood not long silent. Inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clout their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approached. A wed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased, Mr. Gilpin proceeded: when again the complainants began to brandish their weapons and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr. Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders put an end to the quarrel for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that till the sermon was over they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the sermon in endeavouring to convince them of what they had done. His behavior and discourse affected them so much that, at his further entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so mo-
respected was as among them, that whoever was in fear of his enemy used to resort where Mr. Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

"One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts, before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was 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 Lear,' said he, 'that one among you hath hung up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who took it down, and 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 to mutual love 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. 353.

This, and what follows, is taken from a real achievement of Major Robert Briggs, a great 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 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 Westmorland. 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 her alien

the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a neatly armed to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, &c., under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a Justiceof-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 me—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, clapped the saddle, ungirted 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 no other but Robin the Devil."
The Bridal of Triermain;  
OR,  
The Vale of St. John.  
A LOVER'S TALE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

1. 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 intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition, by which each of the writers is 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 acquiescence in the favorable 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, 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 blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period.

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Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction to the Lord of the Isles, says,—"Being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no more, William Easkey, I agreed to write the little narrative tale called the 'Bridal of Triermain'; but it was on the condition, that he should make no serious effort to know the companion if report should lay it at his door 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 in different his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found, which have been generally regarded the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely, that the moderns have pointed out as the char acteristics and peculiar excellencies of narrative poetry, the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It cannot be believed, for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country; the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with traditional and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius, which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the

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."
general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question. Δοκεί ἔροτοι [ν Ανακεφαλάρις, (καθ’ φυσι καυσίων εν πολυταξίᾳ Ἡστορίᾳ) τὴν Ὀμηρίαν ποίησιν ἀποφήγησαν ἕναν περὶ ἄρτες καὶ ἐπιστῆσις. 1 But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Εὐαντίλων μετὰ τὰ Μίτσας, καὶ δεικνύτω ἀφόσις, πάντα τὰ εὐπρόσωπα ἐνεργοῦτα, καὶ Ἡστορίᾳ εὐπρόσωπον ἔλεε ἐκ μνήμης καὶ μνήμη συν αὐτὸς γρόφαινα. 2 Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should have exhausted the poets of these latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compose, in some degree,

1 Diogenes Laertius, lib. ii. Anaxag. Segm. 11.

3 A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.
FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, history book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece), those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or marry, it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode.—Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away, and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory.—These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS.

For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistence, lay them all on a heap upon him. Be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any mistake which a heap upon him may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether so ναට be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters gather them from Homer and Virgil; and change the names as occasion serves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of deities male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Jove put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton’s Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident, for since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to renew them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from War, 3 and the gods will do your business very readily. This

the inferiority of geniuses. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the Ephoria; with what success, the fate of Homer’s numerous imitators may best show. The ultimum supplicium of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not choose a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in verbal comparison, with those giants in the land, whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated receipt for writing an epic poem, which appeared in The Guardian, was the first instance in which common sense was applied to this department of poetry; 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

is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry:

Nec Deus interit, nisi diguus vident nodos Incident, 4 Verse 191.

‘Never presume to make a god appear
But for a business worthy of a god.—Roscommon.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity. 5

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a Tempest.—Take Eurus, Zephyr, Anser, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse. Add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), quantum sufficit. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Draw your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.

For a Battle.—Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer’s Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a Rising Town.—If such a description be necessary, because it is evident there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready built to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good supplement.

As for similes and metaphors, ‘they may be found all over the creation. The most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookweller.

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

I mean the diction. ‘Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton; for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing else. Hebrews and Greeks are to be found in him without the trouble of learning the languages. I know a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his drawings to be thought originals, by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening up and down like Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.’


4 To mean the diction. ‘Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton; for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing else. Hebrews and Greeks are to be found in him without the trouble of learning the languages. I know a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his drawings to be thought originals, by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening up and down like Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.’

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of luxury 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 favorable 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 vigor, 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 decided and odiously 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 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 fictitious 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. These, 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.

"In the same letter in which William Erskine acknowledges the receipt of the first four pages of Rokeby, he adds also to the Bridal of Triermain as being already in rapid progress. The fragments of this second poem, inserted in the Register of the preceding year, had attracted considerable notice; the secret of their authorship had been well kept; and by some means, even in the broadest circles of Edinburgh, the belief had become prevalent that they proceeded not from Scott, but from Erskine. Scott had no sooner completed his bargain as to the copyright of the unwritten Rokeby, than he resolved to pause from time to time in its composition, and weave those fragments into a shorter and lighter romance, executed in a different metre, and to be published anonymously, in a small pocket volume, as nearly as possible on the same day with the arrowed quarto. He expects great amusement from the comparisons which the critics would no doubt indulge themselves in drawing between himself and this humble candidate; and Erskine good-humoredly entered into the scheme, undertaking to do nothing which should effectually suppress the notion of his having set him up as a modest rival to his friend—"—Life of Scott vol iv. p. 12."
INTRODUCTION.

The Bridal of Triermain.

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,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a silvan bridge;
For here, compell'd to disunite,
Round petty isles the runnals glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their might,
Yielding to step-fall 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 thine, though timid, light, and slim,
From stone to 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 fear
That this same stiltward arm of mine,
Which could on 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 favorite glade,
Paired in by copsewood, cliff, 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;
Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green,
A place where lovers best may meet,
Who would not that their love be seen.
The boughs, that dim the summer sky,
Shall hide us from each lurking spy,
That fain would spread the invincible tale,
How Lucy of the lofty eye,
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
She for whom lords and barons sighs,
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 color from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast,
She would not that her Arthur guess'd?
O! quicker far is lovers' 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 lord-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 meet a rival on a throne:
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
That thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A Baron's birth, a menial 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 name.
My heart—in all you courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honor true,
The boast a pulse so warm as mine?¹
They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare—
Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it fade;
They praised the pearls that bound thy hair—
I only saw the locks they braided;
They talked of wealthy dower and land,
And titles of high birth the token—
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 learn'd their choice unwise,
Who rate the dower above the soul,
And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.²

VII.
My lyre—it is an idle toy,
That borrows accounts not its own,
Like warbler of Colubrian sky,
That sings but in a mimic tone.
Yet did it sound o'er painted well,
Nor boasts it sought of Border spell;
Its strings no feudal clang pour,
Its heroes draw in broad claymore;
No shouting clans applauds arise.
Because it sung their fathers' praise;
On Scottish moor, or English down,
It ne'er was grace'd with fair renown.
Nor won—best need to minister true,—
One favoring smile from fair Bowerien!
By one poor streamlet sounds its tune,
And heard by one dear maid alone.

VIII.
But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall te-
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 name³
Whose lay's requital, was that tardy fame,
Who bound 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-bard;
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!⁴

The Bridal of Triermain

CANTO FIRST

I.
Where is the Maiden of morta. strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermain

from those of this vulgar world."—Quarterly Review, July 1813.

¹ See Appendix, Note A.
² The Introduction, though by no means destinate of beau-
tice is decidedly inferior to the Poem: its plan, or conception,
rely very ingenious nor very striking. The best passages
be found in the author who adheres most strictly to his or-
ical; in those which are composed without having his eyes
ed on his model, there is a sort of imitation and strain-
unfeeling, that will probably excite some feeling of disappro-
the effort is not altogether successful, or
because it does not perfectly harmonize with the tone and col-
the whole piece.
³ The 'Bridal' itself is purely a tale of chivalry; a tale of
Britain's isle, and Arthur's days, when midnight fairies
downed the maze. The author never gives us a glance of
ordinary life, or of ordinary personages. From the splendid
court of Arthur, we are conveyed to the halls of enchant-
and, of course, are introduced to a system of man-
perfectly decided and appropriate, but altogether remote
4 See Appendix, Note B.

"The poem now before us consists properly of two distinct
subjects, interwoven together something in the manner of the
Last Minstrel and his Lay, in the first and most enchanting of
Walter Scott's romances. The first is the history (real or ima-
ginary, we presume not to guess which) of the author's pas-
sion, courtship, and marriage, with a young lady, his super-
in rank and circumstances, to whom he relates at intervals the
story which may be considered as the principal design of the
work, to which it gives its title. This is a mode of introdu-
romantic and fabulous narratives which we very much
prove, though there may be reason to fear that too frequent
repetition may wear out its effect. It attains a degree of
dramatic interest to the work, and at the same time softens the
absurdity of a Gothic legend, by throwing it to a greater
distance from the relation and auditor, by representing it, not as
a train of facts which actually took place, but as a mere fable,
either adopted by the credulity of former times, or invented
for the purposes of amusement, and the exercise of the in-
gination."—Critical Review, 1812
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’s dove,  
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;  
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,  
Where never sunbeam kissed the wave,  
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,  
Holy as hermit’s vesper strain;  
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,  
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its  
sights;  
Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown’d,  
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad  
ground;  
Noble 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.

Or Roland de Vaux he hath lain 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 dented 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 gray,  
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 bold awoke.  
Starting he woke, and loudly did call,  
Rousing his menials in bower and hall,  
While hastily he spoke.

IV.

And 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 did she pass, that maid with her heavenly  
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 chiefastant, we  
Have sat since midnight close,  
When such holling sounds as the brooklet sings,  
Murmur’d from our melting strings,  
And hush’d you to repose,  
Had a harp-note sounded here,  
It had caught my watchful ear,  
Although it fell as faint and shy  
As bashful maiden’s half-form’d sigh,  
When she thinks her lover near.”—  
Answer’d Philip of Fastolwe tall,  
He kept guard in the outer hall,—  
“Since at eve our watch took post  
Not a foot has thy 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 reddent all the Nine-stane Hill,  
And the shrinks of death, that wildly broke  
Through devouring flame and smothering smoke  
Made the warrior’s heart-blood chill.  
The trustiest thou of all my train,  
My fleetest courser thou must reign,  
And ride to Lysulph’s tower,  
And from the Baron of Triermain  
Greet well that sage of power,  
He is sprung from Druid sires,  
And British hands that tuned their lyres  
To Arthur’s and Pendragon’s praise,  
And his who deeps at Dunmaullaise;  
Gifted like his gifted race,  
He the characters can trace,  
Graven deep in elder time  
Upon Hellyvallyn’s cliffs sublime  
Sign and sigil well doth he know,  
And can hede of seal and woe,  
Of kingdoms’ fall, and fate of wars

1 Dunmaullaise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland to Westmoreland. It takes its name from a cairn, or pile

of stones, erected, it is said, to the memory of Dunmail the last King of Cumberland
THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

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 slumbers bring,
Framed from the rainbow's varying dyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.¹
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!"²

VII.

The faithful Page he mounts his steed,
And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mead,
Dashi'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
He pass'd red Peurith's Table Round,³
For feats of chivalry renown'd,
Left Mayburgh's mound⁴ and stones of power,
By Druids raised in magic hour,
And traced the Eamont's winding way,
Till Ulfo's lake⁵ 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 aspen-tree,
A restless, rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his selle,
And greeted Lyulphe 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 glided 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 bid it on thy memory well;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant, 'mid the wrecks of time
The mystic tale, by hard and sage,
Is hand'd down from Merlin's age.

X.

Lyulphe's Tale.

"King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle,
When entecost was o'er:
He journey a like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moor, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Garamara's ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun
Cast umber'd radiance red and dun,
Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noctiluce 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.
Join'd the rude river that braud'd on,
Recoiling 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,
Than, with ermine trap'd and cloth of gold,
In princely bower to ride;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it sliver'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 hostile casque it rang,
Than all the lays
To their monarch's praise

¹ "Just like Aurora, when she comes
A rainbow round the morning skies" —MOORE.
² "This powerful Baron required in the fair one whom he should honor with his hand an assemblage of qualities, that appears to us rather unreasonable even in those high days, proufne as they are known to have been of perfections now extinctable. His resolution, however, was not more inflexible than that of any mere modern youth; for he decrees that
³ See Appendix, Note C.
⁴ Aud. Note D.
⁵ Ulswater.
⁶ The small lake called Scale-tarn lies so deeply embosomed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Garamara, is of such great depth, and so comple-
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 fellow adventures of danger and fear;
And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did wot,
That she smiled in his absence, on brave

XII.
"He rode, till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell;
And though around the mountain's head
Flow'd streams of purple and gold, and red,
Dark at the base unblest by beam,
Brown'd the black rocks, and roar'd the stream,
With till the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste 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,
Scanned at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armor bright
Gleam'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, midstmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and ramp'rie'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 bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the mounted entrance sung,
The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clenched, and barr'd,
And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
The gloomy pass below.
But the gray walls no banners crown'd,
Upon the watch-tower's airy round
No warden stood his horn to sound,
No guard beside the bridge was found

And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd,
Glanced neither bill 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 gray,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his bugle-horn prepared to blow;
In summons blithe and bold
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal Keep,
Which well he guess'd the hold
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb,
The tyrant of the wold.

XV.
"The ivory bugle's golden tip
Twice touch'd the Monarch's manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew.
—Think 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 rung,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone:
The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast;
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With naught to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced, with hand
On Caliburn's1 resistless brand.

XVI.
"A hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
That foul'd along the walls,
And show'd the King's astoni'sh'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 cressets, which odors flung 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;
A 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 labor'd to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrap'd him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odors 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 tended 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 flung,
Frame'd 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 Tintagel's spear:
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbersome length,
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Plac'd on her brows the helmet's pride;
Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout and triumph-song,
Thus gayly 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),

XIX.
"The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstred lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valor high,
And wisdom soar'd 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 engage,
When forth, on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page
Advanced the castle's Queen.
While up the hall she slowly pass'd,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,
That flash'd expression strong;^2
The longer dwell'd that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier color took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could brook
The gaze that last'd long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whisper'd, 'Prince, beware!
From the cuffed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
But shun that lovely snare!"—^3

XX.
"At once, that inward strive suppress'd,
The dame approach'd her warlike guest,
With gleeing in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are bended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart:^4
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
And dignity their due;
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honor'd guest.
The Monarch meekly thanks express'd
The banque 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 toa he whisper'd in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That shou'd an over-cautions 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 voluptuous sigh,
That heav'd her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,
From the mist 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.
Lypulp's Tale, continued.

"Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
Heroic 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 honors of his heathen crest!
Better to wrestle, 'mid tresses brown,
The hero's plume her hawk struck down,
Than o'er the altar give to flow
The banners of a Paynim 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 youths 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 rued,
And, born of his resentment heir,
He train'd to guile that lady fair,
To sink in slothful sin and shame
The champions of the Christian name
Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive
And all to promise, naught to give,—
The timid youth had hope in store,
The bold and pressing gain'd no more.
As wilder'd children leave their home,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."—Pope
\footnote{MS.—"Lovely."} \footnote{MS.—"Paynim knight."} \footnote{MS.—"Vagabond's foe."} \footnote{The MS. has this and the sixth couplet of stanza iii interpolated.}

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\footnote{"Or the opinion that may be formed even of these two stanzas (xix. and xx.) we are willing to hazard the justness of the eulogium we have bestowed on the general poetical merit of this little work."—Quarterly Review.}

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\footnote{One Master Passion in the breast, *}

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\footnote{Purs.}
After the rainbow's arch to roam,
Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,
Faith, fame, and honor, for a dream.†

IV.
"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame" She practised 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, too 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 stori'd lore she next applies, Taxing her mind to aid her eyes; Now more than mortal wise, and then In female softness sunk again; Now, raptured, 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, Fan! 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 copse, and arbor, 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.

† MS.—"So the poor dues exchanged esteem,
Fame, faith, and honor, for a dream.",
† MS.—"Such arts as best her sire became."
† MS.—"That gives all," &c.
† MS.—"Now must she watch," &c.
† MS.—"her wasting chain."
"As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain, Secure to please while youth confirms her reign, Slight every borrow'd charm that dress supplies, Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes; But when those charms are past, for charms she strain, When time advances, and when lovers fail.

VI.
"Three summer months had scanty flown When Arthur, in embarrass'd tone, Spoke of his liegemen and his throne; Said, all too long had been his stay, And duties, which a monarch sway, Duties, unknown to humber men, Must tear 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 unfinish'd tale; Confessing, by his downcast eye, The wrong he sought to justify. He ceased. A moment mute she gaz'd, And then her looks to heaven she rais'd, One palm her temples veild, to hide The tear that sprung in spite of pride. The other for an instant press'd The foldings of her silken vest!

VII.
"At her reproachful sign and look, The hint the Monarch's conscience took. Eager he spoke—'No, lady, co! 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 belted knight and Britain'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 best and bravest tried, Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride.' He spoke, 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. She then shines forth, solidous to bless, In all the glarring impotence of dress."—

GOLDSMITH.
† MS.—"Wreathed were her lips in bitter smile
† MS.—"his broken tale,
† MS.—"With downcast eye and flushing cheeks, As one who glaces his conscience speaks.
† MS.—"One hand her temples veild to hide."
† "The scene in which Arthur, rated with his lawless ove and awake at last to a sense of his duties, announces his immediate departure, is managed, we think, with uncommon skill and delicacy."—Quarterly Review.
†† MS.—"A single warbler was awake."
Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle-battlements had kiss’d;,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur saddles from the walls.
Doff’d his soft garb of Persia’s loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,
And joyful neigh’d beneath his load.
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.
"By yond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood;
Sandal’d her feet, her ankles bare,
And eagle plumage 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 raised the cup—Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in theught Which Genii love!—she said, and quaff’d;
And strange unvonted 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 brim—
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 horse’s 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!
The frantic steed rush’d up the dell,
As whistles from the bow the reed;
Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,
Until he gain’d the hill;
Then breath and sinew fail’d apace,
And, reeling from the desperate race,
He stood, exhausted, still.
The Monarch, breathless and amazed,
Back on the fatal castle gazed—
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky:—
But, on the spot where once they frown’d,
The lonely streamlet brawl’d around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shine
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
Musing on this strange lap the while,
The King wanders back to fair Carlisle;
And cares, that cumber royal way,
Wore memory of the past away.

XI.
"Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur’s head.
Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought;
Pythian, the mighty giant, slain
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:
The Pictish Gillamore in flight
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,
And all who suffer’d causeless wrong,
From tyrant proud, or fai’tour 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 Whit’suntide.
And summon’d Prince and Peer,
All who owed homage for their land,
Or who craved knighthood from his hand,
Or who had succor to demand,

Then stopp’d exhausted;—all amazed,
The rider down the valley gazed,
But tower nor donjon,” &c.

See Appendix, Note E.

MS.—But, on the spot where once they frown’d,
The stream begot a sivan mound,
With rocks in sharded fragments crown’d;—
Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in well pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats allude’d to in the text.

MS.—And wide was blaze’d the world around.

MS.—Sought before Arthur to complain,
Nor there for succor sued in vain.”
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.
At Minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose, with all its warriors crown’d,
There was a theme for bards to sound
It, 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!

XIII.

“‘The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caeleion 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 sat with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;
There Morolt of the iron mace,2
And love-born Tristrem there:
And Dinadan with lively glance,
And Lanval with the fairy lance,
And Mordred with his look askance,
Brunor and Bevidere.
Why should I tell of numbers more?
Sir Cuy, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
Sir Careadac the keen,
The gentle Gawain’s courteous bore,
Hector de Marses and Pellinore,
And Lancelot,3 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,
Heeding a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle, to slight
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 trapp’d with gold,
Her sandall’d feet, her ankles bare;4
And the eagle-plume that deck’d her hair.
Graceful her veil she backward flung—
The King, as from his seat he sprung,
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 haughty grace,
The lines of Britain’s royal race;5
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 raised,
And kiss’d her brow, her beauty praise’d.
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, untruffled at the scene
Of human frailty, construed 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.’

And eagle-plumes that deck’d her hair.’”

2 “The whole description of Arthur’s Court is picturesque
and imposing.”—Quarterly Review.
3 See Appendix, Note F.
4 MS—‘And Lancelot for evermore That scow’d upon the scene.’
5 See Appendix, Note G.
6 MS—‘And the King with strong emotion saw,
Her dignity and mingled
Strange attire, her reverend’
Attired
Her dress like huntress of the wold,
Her silken buckskin braided with gold,
Her sandall’d feet, her
Ears arms and buskin’d
ankles bare.
7 Mr. Adolphus, in commenting on the sumptuity of
necessities in the ladies of Sir Walter Scott’s poetry, and those of his
anonymous Novels, says, ‘In Rokey, the filia. attendant
is Matilda form the leading feature of her character, and the chief source of her distresses.
The intercourse between King Arthur and his daughter Gyneth,
In The Bridal of Triermain, is neither long nor altogether
valuable; but the monarch’s feelings on first beholding that beautiful ‘slip of wilderness,’ and his manner of receiving her
before the Queen and Court, are too forcibly and naturally
described to be omitted in this enumeration.’—Letters on Stt.
Author of Waverley, 1822, p. 212.
Then might you hear each valiant knight,
To page and squire that cried,
Bring my armor 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 glance, and gleams the lance,
And the steel-weaved hauberks ring.
Small care had they of their peaceful array,
They might gather it that wold;
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 withstand,
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 honor 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 speeds 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 coursers they bestride,
And strike their visors down.

XVIII.
* The champions, arm’d in martial sort,
Have throng’d into the list,
And but three knights of Arthur’s court
Are from the tournament missed.
And still these lovers’ fame survives
For faith so constant shown,—
There were two who loved their neighbor’s wives,
And one who loved his own.¹
The first was Lancelot de Lac,

The second Tristan bold,
The third was valiant Caradoc,
Who won the cup of gold.²
What time, of all King Arthur’s crew
(Thereof came jeer and laugh),
He, as the mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff.
Though envy’s tongue would fair 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 wedlock’s shrine,
Brand 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 kingdom’s shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow.
³ 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-bond,
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 guardon her applause.
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,

¹ See Appendix, Note H.
² See the comic tale of The Boy and the Mantle, in the third volume of Percy’s Reliques of Ancient Poetry, from the Bertram Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken six Tale of the Enchanted Cup.
³ The preparations for the combat, and the descriptions of its pomp and circumstance, are conceived in the best manner of the author’s original, seizing the prominent parts of the picture, and detailing them with the united beauty of Mr. Scott’s vigor of language, and the march and richness of the late Thomas Warton’s verification.”—Quarterly Review 1813.
XXI.

"A proud and discontented glow
O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow;
She put the warden by—
'Reserve thy boon, my liege,' she said,
'Thus chaff' er'd down and limited,
Debased and narrow'd, for a maid
Of less degree than I.'

No petty chief, but holds his heir
At a more honor'd price and rare
Than Britain's King holds me!
Although the sun-burnt'd mail, for dower,
Has but her father's rugged tower,
His barren hill and lee.—
King Arthur swore, "By crown and sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That a whole summer's day should strive
His knights, the bravest knights alive!"
Recall thine oath! and to her gien
Poor Gyneth can return aye;
Not on thy daughter will the stain
That soils thy sword and crown, remain.
But think not she will e'er be bride
Save to the bravest, proved and tried;
Pendragon's daughter will not fear
For clashing sword or splinter'd spear,
Nor shrink though blood should flow;
And all too well sad Guendolen
Hath taught the faithlessness of men,
That child of hers should pity, when
Their need they undergo.—"

XXII.

"He, crown'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 warden as thou wilt;
But trust me, that if life be split!
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 raised, she sate
The arbitress of mortal fate;
Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks disposed,
How the bold champions stood opposed,
For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell
Upon his ear like passing bell?
Then first from sight of martial fray
Did Britain's hero turn away.

XXIII.

"But Gyneth heard the clangor 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 fight,
Their meeting was a goodly sight,
While plate and mail held true.
The lists with planted plumes were strown,
Upon the wind at random thrown,
But helm and breastplate bloodless shine,
It seem'd their feather'd crests alone
Should this encounter rue.
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 too earnest grew their game,
The spears drew blood, the swords struck dame
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 fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,
And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell; And now the trumpet's clamors seem
Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,
Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulping stream,
The sinking seaman's knell!"

XXV.

"Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate
Would Camlan's ruin antedate,
And spare dark Mordred's crime;"
Alas! gasping on the ground
Lie twenty of the Table Round,
Of chivalry the prime.
Arthur, in anguish, tore away
From head and beard his tresses gray,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,
And quaked with ruth and fear.
Blest still she deemed her mother's shade
Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter slain,
And chid the rising tear.
Then Brunro, Taulas, Mador, fell,
Helias the White, and Lionel,
And many a champion more;
Rochamont and Dinadam are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
Lies gasping in his gore.
Vance, by mighty Morolt press'd
Even to the confines of the list,
Young Vance of the beardless 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 threes,
Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,
And from the gulf—tremendous birth!—
The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI.

"Sternly 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 stony sleep
Eyes for ruth that would not weep;
Iron lethargy shall seal
Heart that pity scorn'd to feel.
Yet, because thy mother's art
War'd thine unsuspicous 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,
A. this world 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,
Vance's death must now be woken.
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eyes
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head;
Net of pearl and golden thread,
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 again the contest wake;
Till, in necromantic night,
Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.

XXVIII

"Still she bears her weird alone,
In the Valley of Saint John;
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 Lify, Thames, and Forth.
Most have sought in vain the glen,

sound of the trumpets, and drowned the roar of those who fell, and lay rolling defenseless beneath the feet of the horses.
The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way to the strike of the sword and battle-axe. The gray raven, born from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like a silver dove. All that was beautiful and graceful in the array had disappeared, and what was now visible was 'aly calculated to awake terror of compassion.' ---Ivanoze - P. senerley Novels, vol. xvi. p. 185

2 Doom."
Tower nor castle could they ken
Not at every time or tide,
Nor by every eye, descried
Fast and vigilant 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 withdrew,
When they read the dismal threat
Graved upon the gloomy gate.
Few have braved 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 waken'd by the trump of doom."

**END OF LYULPH'S TALE.**

Here pause, my tale: for all too soon,
My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
Already from thy lotty dome
Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
And each, to kill the goodly day
That God has granted them, his way
Of lazy sauntering has sought:
Lourdings and wittlings not a few,
Incapable of doing aught,
Yet ill at ease with naught 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 graceless 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 longer seldom strays
Beyond the smooth and gravell'd maze,
Land 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,

Danving what'er of vast and fair
Exceeds a canvas 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 round'd,
While the chasse-s駸ide glides around;
And such may hither secret stray,
To labor an extempore:
Or sportsman, with his boisterous holo,
May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose this bow'er for tiring-room;
And we alike must shun regard,
From painter, player, sportsman bard.
Insects that skim 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 hile, with coward art,
The genuine feelings of the heart?
No parents thine, whose just command
Should rule their child's obedient hand,
Thy guardians, with contending voice,
Press each his individual choice,
And which is Lucy's?—Can it be,
That puny flop, trimm'd cap-a-piec
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 want to deck our martial race,
Who comes in foreign trasshery
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 wordy youth.
So early train'd for statesman's part,
Who talks of honor, faith, and truth,
As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech?

—See "Parliamentary Logic, &c., by the Right Honorable William Gerard Hamilton" (1808), commonly called "Single-Speech Hamilton."
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."
Wl see loving tender some have reckon'd
A motion you should gladly second.

V.
What neither? Can there be a third,
To such resistless swains preferr'd?—
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 dew-drop trembling in thine eye.
Think not I fear such fops can rule
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 fame 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 the rugged way
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 sward 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 banish from his mind
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII.
But wouldst thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky
There is but one resistless spell—
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?
Twere hard to name, in minstrel phrase,
A landaulet and four blood-bays,
But bard's agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern band.

'Tis there—nay, draw not back thy hand!
'Tis there this slender finger round
Must golden annulet be bound,
Which, bless'd with many a holy prayer,
Can change to rapture lovers' care,
And doubt and jealousy shall die,
And fears give place to ecstacy.

VIII.
Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long
Has been thy lover's tale and song.
O, why so silent, love, I pray?
Have I not spoke the livelong day?
And will not Lucy deign to say
One word her friend to bless?
I ask but one—a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound,
O, let the word be YES!

The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

I.
Lose loved, long woo'd, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own.
Doth not this rude and Alpine glen
Recall our favorite haunts a'gain?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
Though reft of every softer grace,
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 'tis not be cross'd,
While round Ben-Cr's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chaise
The keen old earl, 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 such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind;
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,
But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish! the Celtic sound,
His bonnet doff'd, and bow, applied
His legend to my bonny bride;
While Lucy blush'd beneath his eye,
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and sly.

1 Beal-na-paish, the Vale of the Bridal.
II.

Though of him.—Now, ere we lose,
Plunged 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 yonder liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the slaggish mountains lie,
I distinct the rocks, distinct the sky;
The summer-clouds so plain we note,
Thou mightest count each dappled spot:
Our 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 e'er 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 brea,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpets serve, or tapestry.
See how the little runcals leap,
In threads of silver, down the steep,
To swell the brooklet's moan!
Seems that the Highland Nainid 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.

IV.

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
I could thy bidding twice deny,

When twice you pray'd I would again
Resume the legendary strain
Of the bold Knight of Triermain!
At length you peevish vow you swore,
That you would sue to me no more;¹
Until the minstrel fit drew near,
And made me prize a listening ear.
But, loveliest, when thou first didst pray
Continuance of the knightly lay,
Was it not on the happy day
That made thy hand mine own?
When, dizzied with mine ecstasy
Naught past, or present, or to be,
Could I or think on, hear, or see,
Save, Lucy, thee alone!
A giddy draught my rapture was,
As ever chemist's magic gas.

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 bard's of modern days),
My Muse, then—seldom will she wak.
Save by dim wood and silent lake
She is the wild and rustic Maid,
Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread
Where the soft greenward is inlaid
With varied moss and thyme;
And, lest the simple lily-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 blither melody;
²
And now my Lucy's way to cheer
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear
How closed the tale, my love whilere
Loved for its chivalry
List how she tells, in notes of flame,
"Child Roland to the dark tower came!"³

¹ MS.—"Scenes of bliss."
² MS.—"Until you peevish oath you swore,
That you would sue for it no more."
³ MS.—"Her wild-wood melody."
⁴ The MS. has not this cor det.
The Bridal of Triermain.

Canto Third.

I.

Bewcastle bow must keep the Hold,
Splër-Adam's steeds must hide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
Ard Ladesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plunder'd flocks
The Borderers bootless 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 throw
Her light composed and cool.
Stretch'd on the brown hill's 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 gray Lynulp's tale.
Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armor bright,
In beams that rose and fell,
And danced upon his buckle's boss,
That lay beside him on the moss,
As on a crystal well.

III.

Ever we watch'd, and oft he deem'd,
While on the mound the moonlight stream'd,
It alter'd to his eyes;
Fair would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttress'd walls their shapeless range,
Fair think, by transmutation strange,
He saw gray 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,
Feeds hard and spare, 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 head,
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 hid,
And dwindled to a silver thread,
Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve career'd fast,
Before the fury of the blast
The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swown 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 durst brave),
To moody meditation gave
Each faculty of soul.¹
Till, lull'd by distant torrent sound,
And the sad winds that whistled round,
Upon his thoughts, in musing drown'd,
A broken slumber stole.

VI.

'Twas then was heard a heavy sound
(Sound, strange and fearful there to hear

¹ MS — "His faculties of soul."
CANTO III.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

'Mongst desert hills, where, leagues around,
Dwelt the grecs and the deer:
As starting from his couch of fern,
Again he heard, in changor stern,
That deep and solemn swell,—
Twelve times, in measured tone, it spoke,
Like some proud minster's pealing clock,
Or city's larum-bell.
What thought was Roland's first when told,
In that deep wilderness, the knell
Upon his startled ear?
To slander warrior were I loth,
Yet must I hold my minstrel truth,—
It was a thought of fear.

VII.
But lively was the mingled thrill
That chased that momentary chill,
For Love's keen wish was there,
And eager Hope, and Valor high,
And the proud glow of Chivalry,
That burn'd to do and dare.
Forth from the cave the Warrior rush'd,
Long ere the mountain-voice was hush'd,
That answer'd to the knell;
For long and far the unvounted sound,
Eddyng in echoes round and round,
Was toss'd from fell to fell;
And Giralamara answer flung,
And Gridale-pike responsive rung,
And Legbert heights their echoes swung,
As far as Derwent's dell.

VIII.
Forth upon trackless darkness gazed
The Knight, bedeau'd and amazed,
Till all was hush'd and still,
Save the smoln torrent's sullen roar,
And the night-blast that wildly bore
Its course along the hill.
Then on the northern sky there came
A light as of reflected flame,
And over Legbert-head,
As if by magic art controll'd,
A mighty terror slowly roll'd
Its orb of fiery red;
Thon wou'dst have thought some demon dire

MS. ———— "his couch of rock,
   Again upon his ear it broke."
MS. —— "mingled sounds were hush'd."
"The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laugh'd again;
That ancient Woman seated on Helm-Crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-See,
And the tall steep of Silver-How, sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Longrigg heard,
And Fairfield answer'd with a mountain tone;
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Varied the lady's voice; — old Skiddaw blew

Came mounted on that car of fire,
To do his errand dread.
Far on the sloping valley's course,
On thicket, rock, and torrent borne,
Shingle and Scar, and Fell and Force,
A dusky light arose:
Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene
Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,
Even the gay thicket's summer green.
In bloody tinture glows.

IX.
De Vaux had mark'd the sunbeams set,
At eve, upon the coronet
Of that enchanted mound,
And seen'ber crags at random flung,
That o'er the brawling torrent hung,
In desolation strown'd.
What sees he by that meteor's light?
A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,
Return the lurid gleam,
With battl'd walls and buttress fast,
And barbaric and ballot vast,
And airy flanking towers, that cast
Their shadows on the stream.
'Tis no deceit—distinctly clear
Crenell and parapet appear,
While o'er the pile that meteor dream
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 and 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 seem'd to float
High o'er the battlement mound;
His speaking-trumpet; — back out of the clouds
Of Giralamara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone toss'd it from his misty head.

Wordsworth

6 Bank of loose stones.
Waterfall
6 MS. ——— "rocks at random piled, that on the torrent brawling wild."
7 The outer defence of the castle gate.
8 Fortified coast.
9 Apertures for shooting arrows
10 MS. ——— "had not gone."
11 MS. ——— "the valley lone."
12 MS. ——— "And far upon the echoes borne."
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-blaste again,
But answer came there none;
And mid the mingled wind and rain,
Darkling he sought the vale in vain,
Until the dawning shone;
And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight,
Distinctly seen by meteor-light,
It all had passed away!
And that enchanted mound once more
A pile of granite fragments bore,
As at the close of day.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart
Scorn'd from his venturous quest to part,
He walks the vale once more;
But only sees, by night or day,
That shatter'd pile of rocks so gray,
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 vapors 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 filmy lawn,
By some fantastic fairy drawn,
Around enchanted pile.

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 wonderous view.
For, though the loitering vapor braved
The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved
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 this 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,
Careers the hunter's steed.

Down the steep dell his course amain
Hath rival'd archer's shaft;
But ere the mound he could attain,
The rocks their shapeless form regain,
And, mocking loud his labor vain,
The mountain spirits laugh'd.
Far up the echoing dell was borne
Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

Wroth wax'd the Warrior.—"Am I then
Foold by the enemies of men,
Like a poor hind, whose homeward way
Is haunted! by malicious Fay?
In Triermain become your taunt,
De Vaux your scorn? False fiends, avoind!
A weighty curtail-axe he bare;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of heben wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore imbrined.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw,
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurl'd with main force, the weapon's shock
Bent a huge fragment of the rock
If by mere strength, 'twere hard to tell,

"The praise of truth, precision, and distinctness, is not very
frequently combined with that of extensive magnificence and
splendid complication of image; yet, how masterly, and
often sublime, is the panoramic display, in all these works,
of vast and diversified scenery, and of crowded and tumultuous
"The scenery of the valley, seen by the light of the sum-
mer and autumnal moon, is described with an aerial touch to
which we cannot do justice."—Quarterly Review.
"MS.—"Is wilder'd."
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,
Crush’d lay the cope, the earth was torn,
Till staid at length, the ruin dread
Cumber’d the torrent’s rocky bed,
And bade the waters’ high-sworn tide
Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV.
When ceased that thunder, Triermain
Survey’d the mound’s rude front again;
And, lo! the ruin had laid 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 aid 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-blazon’d show was there;
In morning splendor, full and fair,
The massive fortress shone.

XV.
Embattled high and proudly tower’d,
Shaded by ponderous flankers, lower’d
The portal’s glossy way.
Though for six hundred years and more,
Its strength had brook’d the tempest’s roar
The sventhecond emblems which it bore
Had suffer’d no decay:
Out from the eastern battlement
A turret mad 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.
* Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the banner’d way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given to thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.
Never mortal builder’s hand

*This enduring fabric plann’d;
Sign and sigil, word of power,
From the earth raised 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 frame were bent and old,
And my thin blood dropp’d slow and cold
As ice in thaw;
But while my heart can feel it dance,
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm yields sword or lance,
I mock these words of awe!”
He said; the wicket felt the sway
Of his strong hand, and straight way gave way
And, with rude crash and jarring blow
The rusty bolts withdraw’d,
But o’er the threshold as he strode,
And forward took the vaulted room,
An unseen arm, with force main,
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 with.
By the Road 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 mont;
Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
His arms aside in haste he flings,
Cuisses of steel and hauberk rings,
And down falls helm, and down the shield,
Rough 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 grace'd his hand,
With naught to fence his dauntless breast
But the close gipon's under-vest,
Whose sullied buff the sable stains
Of hauberk and of mail retains,—
R-land De Vaux upon the brim
O' the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

XIX.
Accost'd 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 blazon'd all with feats of pride,
By warriors done of old.
In middle lists they counter'd here,
While trumpets seem'd to blow;
And there, in den or desert drear,
They quell'd gigantic foe,\(^2\)
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,\(^3\)
Those of an age degenerate,
Whose bold intrusion braved 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.
) for his arms! Of martial weed
Had never mortal Knight such need!—
He spied a stately gallery; \(^a\)
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
The vaulting, and the floor;
And, contrast strange! on either hand
There stood array'd in sable band
Four Maids whom Afric bore;\(^4\)
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\(^5\)
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.\(^6\)
Such and so silent stood they there,
That Roland wellnigh hoped
He saw a band of statues rare,
Station'd the gazier's soul to scare
But, when the wicket ope'd,
Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,
Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his claw,
Scented the air, and lick'd his jaw;
While these weird Maids, 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,\(^7\)
Daughters of the burning day!"

* When the whirlwind's gusts are wheeling,
Ours it is the dance to braid;
Zarah's sands 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,—
Oft he cone the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
'Azrael's brand hath left the sheath!
Moslems, think upon the tomb!"

"Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,
Ours the hydra of the fen,
Ours the tiger of the brake,
All that plagues 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!"

The blackest Afric bore."
\(^a\) MS.—"They counter'd giant foe."
\(^b\) MS.—"Portray'd by limner to appal."
\(^c\) MS.—"Four Maidens stood in sable band
XXII.
Uncouth and strange the accents shrill
Rung those vaulted roofs among,
Long it was ere, faint and still,
Died the far-resounding song.
While yet the distant echoes roll,
The Warrior communed with his soul.
“When first I took this venturous quest,
I swore upon the rock,
Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,
For evil or for good.”
My forward path too well I ween,
Lies yonder fearful banks between!
For man unarmed, ’tis bootless 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’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 entered thus the fearful hall.

XXIII.
On high each wayward Maiden threw
Her swarthy arm, with wild hallow!
On either side a tiger sprung—
Against the leftward foe he flung
The ready banner, to engage
With tangling folds the brutal rage;
The right-hand monster in mid-air
He struck so fiercely and so fair,
Through gullet and through spinal bone
The trenchant blade hath sheeply gone.
His grisly brethren ramp’d and yelling,
But the slight lean 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 hurrah
Pursued him on his venturous way.

“Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done!
We hail once more the tropic sun;
Palud beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!"

MS.—“That flash’d with such a golden flame.”

“Five hundred years o’er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round agen;
Foot of man, till now, hath ne’er
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

“Warrior! thou, whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denial.

“Now for Afric’s glowing sky,
Zwenga wide and Atlas high,
Zaharak and Dahomay!—
Mount the winds! Hurra, hurra!”

XXV.
The wizard song at distance died,
As if in ether borne a stray,
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 sandy heaps,
With duller earth, incorporate, sleeps.
Was there in ingots piled, and there
Coin’d badge of empery it bare;
Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
Dimm’d by the diamond’s neighboring 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 fillets bound their hair;
Slim was their form, their mien was shy,
To earth they bent the humbled eye,
Folded their arms, and supplicant knee’d,
And thus 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 virgin gold!
Sever’d from the sparry mould,
Nature’s mystic alchemy
In the mine thus bade them lie;

2 MS.—“And, suppliant as on earth they kneel’d.
The gifts they proffer’d thus reveal’d”
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 never in future story,
Read, Peru, thy perishing 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 pattering sound he hears,
A gladsome signal that he nears
Some frolic water-run;

MS — "Let those boasted gems and pearls
Braid the hair of toy-caught girls."

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 were
To the lone dwelling of the dead,
Whose memory was no more.

XXIX.

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 on high
Relaxing; when the ear receives
The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breeze's sigh.

XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood,
As if the nympha of field and flood
In gay procession came.
Are these of such fantastic mould,
Seen distant down the fair arcade,
These Maids enlínk'd in sister-fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid
Now tripping from the greenwood shade
Nearer the missing 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 us,
Be yours to tell us how."
Their hue was of the golden glow
That suns of Candahar bestow;
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of paly rose;
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,
In nature's justest symmetry;
And, wreathed with flowers, with odors grace'd
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist:
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hemmah lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous lye.
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement, dress'd
The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,  
For modesty shew’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 triumphed thee here  
Warrior, list to us, for we  
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee  
Though no treasured gems have we,  
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 our eyes:

"Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay,  
Rest till evening steal on day;  
Stay, O stay!—in yonder bowers  
We will braid thy locks with flowers,  
Spread the feast and fill the wine,  
Charm thy ear with sounds divine,  
Weave our dances till delight  
Yield to languor, day to night,  
Then shall she you most approve,  
Sing the lays that best you love,  
Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,  
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,  
Till the weary night be o’er—  
Gentle Warrior, would’st 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 Steic look,  
And meet rebuke,  
He lack’d the heart or time;  
As round the band of sirens trip,  
He kiss’d one damsels laughing lip;  
And press’d another’s proffered 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 dared that darksome way,  
Still heard behind their lovely lay:

1 MS.—"As round the band of sirens press’d,  
One damsels laughing lip he kiss’d."
A lofty hall with trophies dress'd,
Where, as to great 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, sedate, yet bold;
White ivory skin and tress of gold,
Her shy and bashful comrade told
For daughter of Alhine.
These maidens bore a royal robe,
With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,
Emblems of empery.
The fourth a space behind them stood,
And leant upon a harp, in mood
Of minstrel ecstasy.
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 madborn'd with gems and gold,
Of glossy laurel made.¹

XXXVI.
At once to brave De Vaux knelt down
These foremost Maidens three,
And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown,
Liegedom and seignioriae,
O'er many a region wide and fair,
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir;
But homage would he none:—²
"Rather," he said, "De Vaux would ride
A Warden of the Border-side,
In plate and mail, than, robed in pride,
A monarch's empire own;
Rather, far rather, would he be
A free-born knight of England free,
Than s'd on Despot's throne."³
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 awakened at once!

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.
"Quake to your foundations deep,
Stately Towers, and Banner'd Keep,
1 MS.—"Of laurel leaves was made."² MS.—"But the firm knight pass'd on."³ MS.—"Spread your pennons all abroad."
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 impeach'd his dreams,
Vapid all and void of might,
Hiding half her charms from sight.
A lionless while he stands,
Folds his arms and clasps his hands,
Trembling in his fitful 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 her 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 remain'd 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,
Ex'pi' 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 bard
That to his dregs the tale should run,
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,¹
When tale or play is o'er;
Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
The honors that they bore.

Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,
In morning mist or evening maze,
Along the mountain lone,
That fairy-fortress often mocks
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 where'er the sunbeams glow
Or the fresh breeze hath blown.²

II.

But see, my love, where far below
Our lingering wheels are moving slow,
The wheels, up-gazing still,
Our menials eye our steepy way,
Marvelling, perchance, what whim can stay
Our steps when eve is sinking gray,
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 glows
When nature's grander scenes unfold!
But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
The mountain's misty crown,
The Greenwood, and the world;
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 veil:³
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 brac,
Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

THE END OF TRIERMAIN.⁴

¹ MS.—"Wedded as lovers wont to do."
² "That melts where'er the sunbeams blow,
Or beams a cloudless sun."
³ "Silvan,"
⁴ The MS. has not this couplet.
⁵ "The Bridal of Triermain is written in the style of Mr. Walter Scott; and if in magnis coluisse est est, the autho
whatever may be the merits of his work, has earned the meed at which he aspires. To attempt a serious imitation of the most popular living poet—and this imitation, not a short fragment, in which all his peculiarities might, with comparatively little difficulty, be concentrated—but a long and complete work, with plot, character, and machinery entirely new—and with no manner of resemblance, therefore, to a purely random imitation of the original author,—this must be acknowledged an attempt of no timid daring."—*Edinburgh Magazine*, 1817.

"The fate of this work must depend on its own merits, for it is not borne up by any of the adventitious circumstances that generally contribute to literary success. It is ushered into the world in the most modest guise; and the author, we believe, is entirely unknown. Should it fall altogether of a favorable reception, we shall be disposed to attribute something of the indignation which we have occasionally expressed against the extravagant gaudiness of modern publications, and imagine that there are readers whose sufferings are not to be obtained by a work without a name.

"The merit of the author of *Triermain*, in our estimation, consists in its perfect simplicity, and an interesting the refinement of modern times with the peculiarities of the ancient metrical romance, which is in no respect violated. In point of interest, the first and second cantos are superior to the third. One event naturally arises out of that which precedes it, and the eye is delighted and dazzled with a series of moving pictures, each of them remarkable for its individual splendor, and all contributing more or less directly to produce the ultimate result. The third canto is less profuse of incident, and somewhat more monotonous in its effect. This, we conceive, will be the impression on the first perusal of the poem. When we have leisure to mark the merits of the composition, and to separate them from the progress of the events, we are disposed to think that the extraordinary beauty of the description will nearly compensate for the defect we have already noticed.

"But it is not from the fable that an adequate notion of the merits of this singular work can be formed. We have already spoken of it as an imitation of Mr. Scott's style of composition; and if we are compelled to make the general approbation more precise and specific, we should say, that if it be inferior in vigor to some of his productions, it equals, or surpasses them, in elegance and beauty; that it is more uniformly tender, and far less infected with the unnatural prolixity and coarseness of the earlier romancers. In estimating its merits, however, we should forget that it is offered as an imitation. The description undoubtedly reminds us of a rhythm and cadence we have heard before; but the sentiments, descriptions, and characters, have virtues that are native and unborrowed.

"In his sentiments, the author has avoided the slight deficiency we ventured to ascribe to his prototype. The pictures of are description are perpetually illuminated with reflections that bring out their coloring, and increase their moral effect: these reflections are suggested by the scene, produced without effort, and expressed with unaffected simplicity. The descriptions are spirited and striking, possessing an airiness suited to the melody and manners of the times, though restrained by correct taste. Among the characters, many of which are such as we expect to find in this department of poetry, it is impossible not to distinguish that of Arthur, in which, identifying himself with his original, the author has contrived to unite the valor of the hero, the courtesy and dignity of the monarch, and the amiable weaknesses of any ordinary mortal, and thus to present to us the express lineaments of the flower of chivalry."

*Quarterly Review*, 1813.

1. With regard to this poem, we have often heard, from what may be deemed good authority, a very curious anecdote, which we shall give merely as such, without vouching for the truth of it. When the article entitled, 'The Inferno of A. t i o n,' appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1809, it will be remembered that the last fragment contained in that singular production, is the beginning of the romance of *Triermain*. A report says, that the fragment *was not meant to be an imitation of Scott*, but of Coleridge; and that, for this purpose the author borrowed both the name of the hero and the scene from the then unpublished poem of Christabelle; and further that so few had ever seen the manuscript of that poem, that amongst these few the author of *Triermain* could not have been taken. Be that as it may, it is well known, that on the appearance of this fragment in the Annual Register, *it was universally taken for an imitation of Walter Scott, and never once of Coleridge*. The author perceiving this, and that the poem was well received, instantly set about drawing it out into a regular and finished work; for shortly after it was announced in the papers, and continued to be so for three long years; the author, as may be supposed, having, during that period, his hands occasionally occupied with heavier metal. In 1813, the poem was at last produced, avowedly and manifestly as an imitation of Mr. Scott; and it may easily be observed, that from the 37th page onward, it becomes much more decidedly like the manner of that poet, than it is in the preceding part which was published in the Register, and which, undoubtedly, does bear some similarity to Coleridge in the poetry, and more especially in the rhythm, as, e. g.—

1. Harpers must lull him to his rest,
   With the show tunes he loves the best,
   Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
   Like the dew on a summer hill.

2. It was the dawn of an autumn day;
   The sun was struggling with frost-glow gray,
   That, like a silvery cape, was spread
   Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head.

   What time, or where
   Did she pass, that maid with the heavenly brow,
   With her look so sweet, and her eyes so fair,
   And her graceful step, and her angel hair,
   And the eagle-plume on her dark-brown hair,
   That pass'd from my bower even now?!

   Although it fell as faint and shy
   As beautiful maiden's half-form'd sigh,
   When she thinks her lover near.

   And light they fell, as when earth receives
   In mourn of frost, the wither'd leaves.
   That drop when no winds blow.

   Or if twas but an airy thing,
   Such as fantastic slumbering,
   Framed from the rainbow's varying rays,
   Or fading tints of western skies.

   These, it will be seen, are not exactly Coleridge's, but the are precisely such an imitation of Coleridge as, we conceive, another poet of our acquaintance would write: on that ground, we are inclined to give some credit to the anecdote here related, and from it we leave our readers to guess, as we have done, who is the author of the poem."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1817.

The quarto of Rokby was followed, within two months, by the small volume which had been designed for a twin-birth—the MS. had been transcribed by one of the Ballantynes themselves, in order to guard against any indiscretion of the
pense-people; and the mystification, aided and abetted by Erskine, in no small degree heightened the interest of its reception.

Scott says, in the Introduction to the Lord of the Isles, "As Mr. Erskine was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something that might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend's feeling and manner, the truth easily caught, and two large editions were sold." Among the passages to which he here alludes, are no doubt those in which the character of the minstrel Arthur is shaded with the coloring of an almost effeminate gentleness. Yet, in the midst of them, the "mighty minstrel" himself, from time to time, escapes; as, for instance, where the lover bids Lucy, in that lovely picture of crossing a mountain stream, trust to his "stalwart arm."

"Which could your oak's prone trunk uprear,"

Nor can I pass the compliment to Scott's own fair patroness, where Lucy's admirer is made to confess, with some momentary lapse of gallantry, that he

"Ne'er won—best need to minstrel true—
One favoring smile from fair Buccleuch!"

betray the burst of genuine Borderian,—

'Beware now must keep the bold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must ride in stall;
Of Hartley-burn the bow-men bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Eves keep nightly ahr,
And Eskdale forsy Cambria A"...

But, above all, the choice of the scenery, both of the introduction and of the story itself, reveals the early and treasured predispositions of the poet.

As a whole, the Bridal of Triermain appears to me as characteristic of Scott as any of his larger poems. His genius pervades and animates it beneath a thin and playful veil, which perhaps adds as much of grace as it takes away of splendor.

As Wordsworth says of the eclipse on the lake of Lugano

"To sunlight sheathed and gently charm'd;"

and I think there is at once a lightness and a polish on consolation beyond what he has elsewhere attained. If it be a miniature, it is such a one as a Cooper might have hung beside the masterpieces of Vandyke.

The Introductions contain some of the most exquisite passages he ever produced; but their general effect has always struck me as unfortunate. No art can reconcile us to contemptuous satire of the merest frivolities of modern life—some of them already, in twenty years, grown obsolete—interlaced between such bright visions of the old world of romance, when

"Strength was gigantic, valor high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As light's not now a lover's dream"

The fall is grievous, from the hoary minstrel of Newark and his feverish tears on Killeerankie, to a pathetic swain, who can stoop to denounce as objects of his jealousy—

"The landaulet and four blood-bays—
The Hessian boot and pantaloon."

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

Like Collins, thread the maze of Fairy-land.—P. 383.

Collins, according to Johnson, 'by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with the lights of imagination 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 delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.'

NOTE B.

The Baron of Triermain.—P. 383.

Triermain was a tief of the Barony of Gilbland, in Cumberland: it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, 'after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Triermain and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Triermain and Torcrossock to his second son, Ralph Vaux; which Ralph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ralph, being Lord of all Gilbland, gave Gilmore's lands to his younger son, named Roland, and let the Baronies descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ralph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ralph, 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 Westmorland and Cumberland, vol. ii. p. 482.

This branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Braddyll 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 Catteron, and, it appears, with the heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and 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 15th of Edward the Second, to Andrea de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Rake-mont (miles narret), in the reign of King Edward the First, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Caernarvon, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege,1 his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gemelles Gules, 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 Lovather, 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

1 This poem has been recently edited by Sir Nicholas Harris Nichols, in the Notes & Queries for 1870, No. 18.

Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of March, 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, Catteron, and Torcrossock, 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, and a daughter married to Henry Curwen of Withington, 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 Badlesse Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and co-heiress of Thomas Bradly, Esq., of Bradly, and Conishard Priory in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters. 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2nd, 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; 3rd, William, died young; and, 4th, Henry Richmond, a lieutenant-general of the army, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greaves Townley, Esq. of Pulbourne, in the county of Cambridge, and of Bollfield, 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 Margaret Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq., of Castill Hall, in the county of Cumberland, by Jane, daughter and heiress of the Rev. S. Bennet, D. D.; and, as the eldest surviving male branch of the family above mentioned, he quarters, in addition to his own, their paternal coats in the following order, as appears by the records in the 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 3rd, Or, bars gemelles gules, and a chief or.—Richmond. 3rd, Or, a fess chequy, or and gules between 6 ermines argent, or and void annulets or, Vaux of Catteron. 4th, Gules a fess chequy, or and gules between 6 ermines argent, or and void annulets or, Vaux of Torcrossock. 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 Bradlyll of Conishead Priory.

NOTE C.

He pass'd red Penrhik's Table Round.—P. 385.

A circular interment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty Pace in circumference, with openings or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As the ditches are 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 arts or chi-
APPENDIX TO THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

Note D.

Mayburgh's mound.—P. 335.

Higher up the river Eamont than Arthur's Round Table, is a predestined 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 unknown 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,

Beck on the fatal castle gate—

Nor tower nor dwelling could be spy,

Darkeening against the morning sky.—P. 390.

"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 dale 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 amphitheatere. 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 battlements. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it as an antecilhalian structure.

"The traveller 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 ceremonancy, 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 retreats look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no decision 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, dissected from the adjoining mountains, and have to 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.

There Morolfe of the iron mace,
And low-born Tristrem there.—P. 391.

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 string 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 bold.

They rode with them that clave.

And, foremost of the company,

There rode the steward Kaye.

"Soe did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,

And, eke Sir Garrette keen,

Sir Tristrem too, that gentle knight,

To the forest fresh and green."

Note F.

The flower of Chivalry,

There Galadon sate with mauldy grace,

Yet maiden meekness in his face;
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 16th 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, 1815.¹

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 disturbing 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 ardent 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 striving 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 labors, 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 trilling work, were affected, by a circumstance which occasioned so many tears and so much sorrow.² True it is, that "The Lord of the Isles" was concluded, unwillingly and in haste, under the painful feeling of one who has a task which must be finished, rather than with the aid of one who endeavors to perform that task well. Although the Poem cannot be said to have made a favorable impression on the public, the sale of fifteen thousand copies enabled the author to retreat from the field with the honors of war.³

In the mean time, 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 incognito, 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 visiting the Giant's Causeway, and immediately returned home.

¹ Published by Archibald Constable and Co., £2 2s.
² Sir Walter Scott's Journal of this voyage, some fragments of which were printed in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1814, is now given entire in his Life by Lockhart, vol. iv. chap. 28-32.
³ Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, died 24th August, 1814. Sir Walter Scott received the mournful intelligence while visiting the Giant's Causeway, and immediately returned home.
⁴ "As Scott passed through Edinburgh on his return from his voyage, the negotiation as to the Lord of the Isles, which had been protracted through several months, was completed—Constable agreeing to give fifteen hundred guineas for one-half of the copyright, while the other moiety was retained by the author."—Life, vol. iv. p. 304.
which followed, was sufficient to have satisfied a greater appetite for applause than I have at any time possessed. 1

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 requested 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 schoolboys' 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," which was designed to belong rather to the Italian school. This new fugitive piece was called "Harold the Dauntless," 2 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.

W. S.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

1 The first edition of Waverley appeared in July, 1814.
2 "Harold the Dauntless" was first published in a small volume, January, 1817.

3 Mr. Hogg's "Poetic Mirror" appeared in October, 1817.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

The Lord of the Isles.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Arthursith, 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 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the English, and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Island of Kachrin, 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 I will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson.

ABREUTSFORD, 10th December, 1814. 2

\[1\] 2 The work alluded to appeared in 1820, under the title of "The Bruce and Wallace." 2 vols. 4to.

2 "Here is another genuine lay of the great Minstrel, with all his characteristic faults, beauties, and irregularities. The same glow of coloring—the same energy of narration—the same amplitude of description, are remarkable here, which distinguish all his other productions: with the same still more characteristic disdain of puny graces and small originalities—the true poetical hardihood, in the strength of which he urges his Pegasus fearlessly through dense and rare, and aiming gallantly at the great ends of truth and effect, stoops but rarely to study the means by which they are to be attained—avails itself, without scruple, of common sentiments and common images wherever they seem fitted for his purpose—and is original by the very boldness of his borrowing, and impressive by his disregard of epigram and emphasis. "Though bearing all these marks of the master's hand, the work before us does not come up, in interest, to The Lady of the Lake, or even to Marmion. There is less connected story; and, what there is, is less skilfully complicated and disarranged, and less diversified with change of scene, or variety of character. In the neatness of the narrative, and the broken and discontinuous order of the events, as well as the unnatural insertion of detached descriptions and morsels of ethical reflection, it bears more resemblance to the earliest of the author's greater productions; and suggests a comparison, perhaps not altogether to his advantage, with the structure and execution of the Lay of the Last Minstrel;—for though there is probably more force and substance in the latter part of the present work, it is certainly inferior to that enchanting performance in delicacy and sweetness, and even—is it to be wondered at, after our such publications?—in originality.

3 The title of 'The Lord of the Isles' has been adopted, we presume, to match that of 'The Lady of the Lake'; but there is no analogy in the stories—nor does the title, on this occasion, correspond very exactly with the contents. It is no unusual misfortune, indeed, for the author of a modern Epic to have his hero turn out but a secondary personage, in the gradual unfolding of the story, while some nearly underlying runs off with the whole glory and interest of the poem. But here the author, we conceive, must have been aware of the misnomer from the beginning; the true, and indeed the ostensible hero being, from the very first, no less a person than King Robert Bruce."—Edinburgh Review, No. clvii. 1815.

4 "If it be possible for a poet to bestow upon his writings a superfluous degree of care and correction, it may also be possible, we should suppose, to bestow too little. Whether this be the case in the poem before us, is a point upon which Mr. Scott can possibly form a much more competent judgment than ourselves; we can only say, that without possessing greater beauties than his predecessors, it has certain violations of propriety, both in the language and in the composition of the story, of which the former efforts of his muse afforded neither so many nor such striking examples.

5 "We have not now any quarrel with Mr. Scott on account of the measure which he has chosen; still less on account of his subjects, we believe that they are both of them not only pleasing in themselves, but well adapted to each other, and to the best of his peculiar genius. On the contrary, it is because we admire his genius, and are partial to the subjects which he delights in, that we so much regret he should leave room for any difference of opinion respecting them, merely from not bestowing upon his publications that common degree of labor and meditation which we cannot help saying it is scarcely decent to withhold."—Quarterly Review, No. clxvi. July, 1815.
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIRST.

Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville;¹
Pomada a shroud of russet dropped with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarse the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
The deep-toned chorus, and the redbreast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendor tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's² fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blest with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last bitlit shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the changing main,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleams few ears of scattered grain.

Deem thou these sudden'd scenes have pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower with'er'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 tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain—
Oh! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hearer note
Scarce with the cuds'at'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, sweep and dry.

When wild November hath his baleful wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I;³
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough West reproved,
Still live some relics of the ancient lay.
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye⁴ the eve beguiles,
'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known, and in lorn's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

I.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels sung,
Thy rugged halls, Artonish! rang,⁵
And the dark seas, thy towers that wave
Heavened on the beach a softer wave.
As 'mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the Deep.
Lull'd were the winds on Innismore,
And green Loch-Alline's woodland shore.
As if wild woods and waves had pleasure
In listing to the lovely measure,
And ne'er to symphony more sweet
Gave mountain echoes⁶ answer meet.
Since, met from mainland and from isle,
Ross, Arran, Islay, and Arygle,
Each minstrel's tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day.
Dull and dishonor'd were the bard,
Worthless of guerdon and regard,
Dear to the hope of minstrel fame,
Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim,
Who on that morn's restless call
Were silent in Artonish hall.

II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" twas thus they sung,
And yet more proud the desquint rang;
"Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
To charm dull sleep² from Beauty's bowers;
Earth, Ocean, Air, have taught so shy

Gala here stands for the poet's neighbor and kinsman, and much attached friend, John Scott, Esq., of Gala.

MS. —— "an humble gleaner I."

⁵ MS. —— "the aged of Skye."

⁶ See Appendix, Note A.

⁷ MS. —— "Made mountain echoes." &c.

⁸ MS. —— "for right is ours To summon sheen." &c.

¹ John, fifteenth Lord Somerville, illustrations for his patriotic service to the science of agriculture, resided frequently in his seat —— the Pavilion, situated on the Tweed over against Debros, and was an intimate friend and almost daily companion of the poet, from whose windows at Abbotsford his lordship's plantations formed a prominent object. Lord S. was in 1819.

² The river Gala, famous in song, flows into the Tweed a few hundred yards below Abbotsford; but probably the word
But owns the power of minstrelsy.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pass, the harp's wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar's seal through surges dark
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;
To list his notes, the eagle proud
Will poise him on Ben-Cailluch'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 mottled thrush rejoice
To make thy melody of voice;
Thy dew that on the violet lies
Marks the dark lustre of thine eyes;
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,
Those 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 bade 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.
Fly fear, thy bosom's fluttering 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 gayly mann'd,
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."

See Appendix, Note B.

MS — "Retired amid her martial train,
Edith of Lorn received the strain."

V.
Retired her maiden train among,
Edith of Lorn received the song.
But famed the minstrel's praise had been
That had her cold demeanor seen.
For not upon her cheek awake
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 Ulme, 'twas thine to braid;
Young Eva with most reverence draw
On the light foot the silken shoe,
While on the ankle's slender round
Those strings of pearl fair Bertha wound,
That, bleach'd Lechryan's depths within,
Seem'd dusky still on Edith's skin.
But Elinor, 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 blent with gold.

VI.
O! lives there now so cold a maid,
Who thus in beauty's pomp array'd?
In beauty's proudest pitch of power,
And conquest 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,
(Strict was that bond—most kind of all—
Inviolate in Highland hall)—
Gray Morag sat a space apart,
In Edith's eyes to read her heart.
In vain the attendants' fond appeal
To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal;

* MS.—"The train upon the pavement Jane learned.
Then to the floor descending

* MS.—"But Morag, who the maid had press'd,
An infant, to her fostering breast,
And seen a mother's early aid,"

&c.
She mark'd her child receive their care,
Cold as the image sculptured fair
(From some sainted patroness),
Which cloister'd maids combine to dress;
She mark'd—and knew her nursing's heart
In the vain pomp took little part.
Wistful a while she gazed—then press'd
The maiden to her anxious breast
In finish'd loveliness—and led
To where a turret's airy head,
Slender and steep, and battled round,
O' look'd, dark Mull! thy mighty Sound,
Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

VIII.

"Daughter," she said, "these seas behold,
Round twice a hundred islands roll'd,
From Hirt, that hears their northern roar
To the green Ilay's fertile shore,
Or mainland turn, where many a tower
Owes thy bold brother's feudal power,
Each on its own dark cape reclined,
And listening to its own wild wind,
From where Mingarry, sternly placed,
O'erawes the woodland and the waste,
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
Of Comali with his rocks engaging,
Think'st thou, amid this ample round,
A single brow but thine has frown'd,
To sudden this auspicious morn,
That bids the daughter of high Lorn
Impledge her soulful faith to wed
The heir of mighty Somerled?
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
The air, the valiant, and the young,
Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name
A thousand bards have given to fame,
The mate of monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England's pride—
From chieftain's tower to bondman's cot
Who hears the tale,² and triumphs not?
The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his belteane fire,
Joy, joy! each wander's horn hath sung,
Joy, joy! each matin bell hath rung
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
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 hurry'd hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise
To swell yon hiring harpers' lays;
Make to yon maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of banns 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 thou 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 observance love,
All blinded by the league that styled
Edith of Lorn,—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 throb'd when Ronald's name
Came gracing Fame's heroic tale,
Like perfume on the summer gale.
What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told
Of Ronald'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!

XL.

"Since then, what thought had Edith's heart
And gave not plegtied love its part?
And what requital? cold delay—
Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day—
It dawns, and Ronald is not here!—"
Hurt's he Bentalla's nimble deer,¹
Or loiters he in secret dell
To bid some lighter love fare well,
And swear, that though he may not scorn
A daughter of the House of Lorn,²
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 gray
His fleet unmoor from Aros bay!
See'st not each galley's 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 man the oars,
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 freshening 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 steed,
He chides her sloth!""—Fair Edith sigh'd,
Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus replied:—

XIII.
"Sweet thought, but vain!—No, Morag mark,
Type of his course, you lovely bark,
That oft hath shifted helm and sail,
To win its way against the gale.
Since peep of morn, my vacant eyes
Have view'd by fits the course she tries;³
Now, though the darkening cloud comes on
And dawn's fair promises be gone,
And though the weary crew may see
Our sheltering haven on their lee,
Still closer to the rising wind
They strive her shivering sail to bind,
Still nearer to the shelves' dread verge,⁴
A' every tack her course they urge,
As if they fear'd Artornish more
Than adverse winds and breakers' roar."

XIV.
Sooth spoke the maid.—Amid the tide
The skiff she mark'd lay tossing sore,
And shifted o'er her sloping 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 brave,
That oft, before she were,
Her bolt-sprit kiss'd the broken waves,
Where in white foam he ocean roars
Upon the shelving shore.
Yet, to their destined purpose true
Unhaunted toil'd her hardy crew,
Nor look'd where shelter lay,
Nor for Artornish Castle drew,
Nor steer'd for Aros bay.

XV.
Thus while they strove with wind and seas,
Borne onward by the willing breeze,
Lord Ronald's fleet swept by,
Streamer'd with silk, and trim'd with gold
Man'd with the noble and the bold
Of Island chivalry.
Around their prows the ocean roars,
And chamfls beneath their thousand oars,
Yet bears them on their way:
So chamfls 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 hauburnks with their burnish'd fold,
That shimmer'd fair and free;
And each proud galley, as she pass'd,
To the wild callence of the Mast
Gave wilder minstrelsy.
Full many a shrill triumphant note
Sleme and Scurlcastle bade float
Their misty shores around;
And Mourn's echoes answer'd well,
And Duart heard the distant swell
Come down the darksome Sound.

XVI.
So bore they on with mirth and pride,
And if that laboring lark they spied,
'Twas with such idle eye
As nobles cast on lowly boor,
When, toiling in his task obscure,

Young Eva view'd the course she tries.⁵

¹ MS.—And on its dawn the bridegroom lags;—
² Hants he Bentalla's nimble stag?"" See Appendix. Note H.
³ MS.—Since dawn of morn, with vacant eyes
⁴ MS.—"' the breakers' verge."
⁵ MS.—"' So fumes, &c."
⁶ MS.—"' That bears to fight some gallant knight.
They pass him careless by. 1
Let them sweep on with heedless eyes!
But, had they known what mighty prize
In that frail vessel lay,
The finish'd wolf, that prowls the wold,
Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold,
Unchallenged were her way! 2
And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on,
With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone!
But hadst thou known who said'st so high,
Far other glance was in thine eye!
Far other flush were on thy brow,
That, shaded by the bonnet, now
Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer
Of bridegroom when the bride is near!

XVII.
Yes, sweep they on!—We will not leave,
For them that triumph, those who grieve.
With that amada gay
Be laughter loud and jocund shout,
And crowds to cheer the wassail rout
With tale, romance, and lay 3
And of wild mirth each clamorous art,
Which, if it cannot cheer the heart,
May stupefy and stun 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,
Labor that strain'd each sinew stiff,
And one sad Maiden's wail.

XVIII.
All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,
With eve the ebbing currents built 4
More fierce from strait and lake;
And midway through the channel met
Conflicting tides that foam and fret,
And high their mingled billows roll,
As spears, that, in the battle set,
Spring upward as they break.
Then, too, the lights of eve were past. 4
And louder sung the western blast
On rocks of Innismore;
Rent was the sail, and strain'd the mast,
And many a leak was gaping fast,
And the pale steersman stood aghast,
And gave the conflict o'er.

XIX.
Twas then that one, whose lofty look
Nor labor dull'd nor terror shook,

MS.—"As the gay nobles give the boor,
    When, toiling in his task obscure,
    Their greatness passes by."
MS.—"She held a challenged way."

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 planks, and groaning keel,
At the last billow's 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,
Or yon 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 bide the tempest's lour,
Or wend to you unfriendly tower,
Or rush amid their naval power, 6
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 succor dawns from Heaven.
Edward, trim thou the shattered 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 chief's hall.
If not—it best beseems our worth,
Our name, our right, our lofty birth,
By noble hands to fall."

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 slip
To seize his flying prey.
Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightnings of the wave. 4
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,

MS.—"With mirth, song, tale, and lay."
MS.—"Then, too, the clou'ds were sinking fast.
—"The hostile power."
6 See Appendix, Note 1.
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
With elvish lustre gave;'  
While, far behind, their livid light
To the dark billows of the night
A gloomy splendor gave.
It seems as if old Ocean shakethis dark brow the lurid2 flames
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;—
Artornish, 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.3
By that blithe 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 neared the mainland shore,
When frequent on the hollow blast
Wild shouts of merriment were cast,
And wind and wave and sea-bird's cry
With wassail sounds in concert vie;4
Like funeral shrills with revelry,
Or like the battle-shout
By peasants heard from cliffs on high,
When Triumph, Rage, and Agony,
Madden the sight and route.
Now nearer yet, through mist and storm
Dimly arose the Castle's form,
And deeper'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 vain
As pleasures in this vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade.5

MS—"And, bursting round the vessel's sides,
A livid lustre gave."

1 MS—"Livid."
2 "The description of the vessel's approach to the Castle through the tempestuous and sparkling waters, and the contrast of the gloomy aspect of the billows with the glittering plendor of Artornish,"—_Twixt cloud and ocean hung_
3 sending her radiance abroad through the terrors of the night, and mingling at intervals the shouts of her revelry with the wadded cadence of the blast, is one of the happiest instances of Mr. Scott's felicity in awful and magnificent scenery."—_Critical Review_
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 imported dear,
When sounded in a noble ear,
To harbor safe, and friendly cheer.
That gives us rightful claim.
Grant us the trivial boon we seek,
And we in other realms will speak.
Fair of your courtesy;
Deny—and be your niggard hold,
Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,
Shun'd by the pilgrim on the wold,
And wanderer on the lea!"—

XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no—'gainst claim like thine
No bolt revolves by hand of mine;¹
Though urged in tone that more express'd
A monarch than a suppliant guest.
Be what ye will, Artornish Hall
On this glad eye is free to all.
Though ye had drawn a hostile sword
'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord,
Or mail upon your shoulders borne,
To battle with the Lord of Lorn,
Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by greenwood tree
With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,²
Or aided even the murderous strife,
When Conan fell beneath the knife
Of that fell homicide The Bruce;³
This night had been a term of truce.—
Ho, vassals! give these guests your care,
And show the narrow postern stair."

XXVIII.

To land these two bold brethren leapt
(The weary crew their vessel kept),
And, lighted by the torches' flare,
That seaward hung their smoky glare,
The younger knight that maiden bare
Half lifeless up the rock;
On his strong shoulder leant 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,

MS.——— "'gainst claim like yours,
No bolt ere closed our castle doors."
Sir William Wallace.
See Appendix. Note L.

XXIX.

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.¹

XXX.

The raised portcullis' arch they pass,
The wicket with its bars of brass,
The entrance long and low,²
Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait,
Where howmen might in ambush wait
(If force or fraud should burst the gate),
To gell an entering foe.
But every jealous post of ward
Was now defenceless and unbard,
And all the passage free
To one low-brow'd and vaulted room,
Where squire and yeoman, page and groom,
Pled their loud revelry.

XXXI.

And "Rest ye here," the Warder bade,
"Till to our Lord your suit is said.—
And, comrades, gale 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,³
And bearing martial meen."
But not for Eschbi's reproof
Would page or vassal stand aloof,
But crowded on to stare,
As men of courtesy untaught,
Till fiery Edward roughly caught,
From one the foremost there;²
His checker'd plaid, and in its shroud,
To hide her from the vulgar crowd,
Involved his sister fair.
His brother, as the clansman bent
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 honor'd by her use."

XXXII.

Proud was his tone, but calm; nis eye
Had that compelling dignity,
His mien that bearing haught and high
Which common spirits fear;
Needed nor word nor signal more,

¹ MS.——— "Or warlike men of moulding stark."
² MS.——— "Till that hot Edward fiercely caught
From one, the boldest there."
³ "Still vsays their souls with that commanding oor
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
What is that spell, that thus nis lawless train
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?"
Nod, wink, and laughter, all were o'er;
Upon each other back they bore,
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 tide,
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 lord 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 three,
Or if the brow of 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 bakers' clang, with harpers' lay,
With all that olden time deem'd 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 jester's tale went round in vain,
Or fell but on his idle ear
Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.
Then would he rouse him, and employ
Each art to aid the unamorous joy,
And call for pledge and lay,
And, for brief space, of all the crowd,
As he waslowest of the loud,
Seem gayest of the gay.

III.
Yet naught amiss the bridal throng
Mark'd in brief mirth, or musing long;
The vacant brow, the musing ear,
They gave to thoughts of raptures near,
And his fierce starts of sudden glee
Seem'd bursts of bridgroom's ecstacy.
Nor thus alone misjudged the crowd,
Since lofty Lorn, suspicions, proud,*
And jealous of his honor'd line,
And that keen knight, De Argentine* (From England sent on errand high,
The western league more firm to tie),*
Both deem'd in Ronald's mood to find
A lover's transport-troubled mind.
But one sad heart, one tearful eye,
Pierced deeper through the mystery,
And watch'd, with agony and fear,
Her wayward bridgroom'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 feaman's lance
Had given a milder pang!
Beneath the intolerable smart
He writhe's—then sternly munn'd his heart
To play his hard but destined part,
And from the table sprang.
"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled, *
Fill it, till on the studded brim
In burning gold the bubbles swim,

What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!
Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulder another's weakness to its will;
Wields with her hand, but, still, to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been—shall he—beneath the sun
The many still must labor for the one?
To Nature's doom."

Byron's Corsair.

1 MS. — "Of mountain chivalry,"
2 "The first Canto is full of business and description, and
3 no scene is such as Mr. Scott's muse generally excels in.
4 The scene between Edith and her nurse is spirited, and con-
5 tains many very pleasing lines. The description of Lord Ro-
6 nald's fleet, and of the bark endeavoring to make her way
7 against the wind, more particularly of the last, is execu-
8 tcs with extraordinary beauty and fidelity."—Quarterly Review
9 "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end a
10 that mirth is heaviness."—Proverbs, xiv. 13.
11 MS. — "and give birth
12 To jest, to wassail, and to mirth"
13 MS. — "Would seem the lowest of the loud,"
14 And gayest of the gay."
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.*

Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast,
And on the floor at random cast,
The untasted goblet fell,
But when the wanderer in his ear
Tells other news, his blither cheer
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,
Respired 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 proved, they say, in strife of war,
And tempest on the sea.—

Ho! give them at your board such place
As best their presence may grace,*
And bid them welcome free!*

With solemn pace, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scannd
Of these strange guests;* and well he knew
How to assign their rank due;* For though the costly furs
That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,
And o'er their gilded spurs,
Yet such a high commanding grace
Was in their mien and in their face,
As suited best the princely dais,*
And royal canopy;
And there he marshal'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 Ernaught said,
* "For forty years a seneschal,
To marshal guests in bower and hall
Has been my honor'd trade.
Worship and birth to me are known,
By look, by bearing, and by tone,
Not by fur'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 ministrel 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 steady, calm, majestic brow,
With which the elder chief even now
Scannd the gay presence d'or,
Like being of superior kind,
In whose high-toned impartial mind
Degrees of mortal 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

And stirs ensued the mistake.*

* "The first entry of the illustrious strangers into the seat of the Celtic chief, is in the accustomed and peculiar a style of the poet of chivalry."—Jeffrey.
* MS.—* "I, too," old Ferrand said, and laugh'd,
* "Am qualified by ministrel rank.
* MS.—* "The festal rout.
* MS.—* "Nor hide," &c.
Of the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
With Carrick's outlaw'd chief;
And if, their winter's exile o'er,
They harbor'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 Chieftain's eye;
With look of equal scorn;—
Of rebels have we naught to show;
But if of Royal Bruce thou'dst know,
I warn thee he has sworn,
Ere thrice three days shall come and go,
His banner Scottish winds shall blow,
Despite each mean or mighty foe,
From England's every hill and bow,
To Allaster of Lorn."
Kindled the mountain Chieftain's ire,
But Ronald quenched the rising fire;
"Brother, it better suits the time
To chase the night with Ferrand's rhyme,
Than wake, 'midst mirth 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 Argentinian—
"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 Brooch of Lorn."
"Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,"
On the variegated bannana,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitting shines the northern star?

"Gem! never 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 continued.
"No!—thy splendors nothing tell
Foreign art or fairy spell.
Mouled thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!

"When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry tossed!
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Donsart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Teydrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped, with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

XIII.
Song concluded.
"Vain was the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;
Bare-drowned fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

"Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!"

1 See Appendix, Note O.
2 MS.—"That younger stranger, naught out-dared,
   Was prompt the haughty Chief to bear?"
3 MS.—"Men say that he has sworn.

The description of the bridal feast, in the second Canto, was several animated lines; but the real power and poetry of the author do not appear to us to be called out until the occasion of the Highland quarrel which follows the feast."—Monthly Review, March, 1813.

5 In a very different style of excellence (from that of the first three stanzas) is the triumphant and insulting song of the bard of Lorn, commemorating the pretended victory of his chief over Robert Bruce, in one of their encounters. Bruce in truth, had been set on by some of that clan, and had extricated himself from a fearful overmatch by stupendous exertions in the struggle, however, the brooch which fastened his royal mantle had been torn off by the assailants; and it is on the subject of this trophy that the Celtic poet pours forth this virulently, and spirited strain."—Jeffrey.

6 See Appendix, Note P.
7 Ibid., Note Q.
8 See Appendix, Note R.
9 See Appendix, Note S.
10 See Appendix, Note T.
11 MS.—"Left his followers to the sword."
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 bard, now on his Lord,
Só Edward glared and grapp'd 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!—
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 in the fray.
I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp
Was clenched within their dying grasp,
What time a hundred foemen more
Rush'd in, and back the victor bore;—
Long after Lorn had left the strife;
Full glad to 'scape with limb and life.—
Enough of this—And, Minstrel, hold,
As minstrel-hire, this chain 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 kinsman's death he dies."—
As loudly Ronald calls.—"Forbear!
Not in my sight while brand I wear,
O'ermatched by odds, shall warrior fall,
Or blood of stranger stain my haill!
This ancient fortress of my race
Shall be misfortune's resting-place,
Shelter and shield of the distress'd,
No slaughter-house for shipwreck'd guest.—"
"Talk not to me," fierce Lorn replied,
"Of odds, or match!—when Comyn died,
Three daggers clash'd within his side!
Talk not to me of sheltering hall,
The Church of God saw Comyn fall!—
On God's own altar stream'd his blood,
While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless murderer—c'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.
Barcauldine's arm is high in air,
And Kinloch-Alline's blade is bare,
Black Murthok's dirk has left his sheath,
And clenched 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 witnessed Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

XVII.

Brave Torquill from Dunvegan high,
Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane
Duart, of bold Clan-Gillian's strain,
Fergus, of Canna'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 renew'd,
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,
Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons met;
Bine gleaming o'er the social board,
Flash'd to the torches many a sword;
And soon those bridal lights may shine
On purple blood for rosy wine.

XVIII.

While thus for blows and death prepared,
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 accursed in minstrel line
Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine),
And, match'd in numbers and in might
Doubtful and desperate seem'd the fight,
Thus threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay

"But stern the Island Lord withstood
The vengeful Chieftain's thirst of blood,"

MS.—"While thus for blood and blows prepared.
Raised was each hand!" &c.
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 wake 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 Judah 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 honor 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 flush 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 never spurr'd a steed)
And Ronald, who his meaning guess'd,
Seem'd half to sanction the request.
This purgative fiery Torquill broke:
"Senn'l Lat we've heard of England's yoke;"
He said, "and, in our islands, Fame

MS —— "each Chieftain rode,
Like that famed Swordsmen's statue stood."
MS. — "To waken him to deadly strife."
The MS. adds:—
"With such a frantic fond appeal,
As only lovers make and feel."
MS. — What time at every cross of old."

Hush 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,
To English crown her rebel 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 claims or violence, in our sight,
Oppress a brave and banish'd Knight."  

XXI.
Then waked the wild debate again,
With brawling threat and clamor vain
Vassals and menials, thronging in,
Lent their brute rage to swell the din;
When, far and wide, a bugle-clang
From the dark ocean upward rang.
"The Abbot comes!" they cry at once,
"The holy man, whose favor'd glance
Hath suited visions known;
angels have met him on the way,
Beside the blessed martyrs' bay,
And by Columba's stone.
His monks have heard their hymnings high
Sound from the summit of Dun-Y,
To cheer his penance lone,
When at each cross, on girth and wold
(Their number thrice a hundred fold),
His prayer he made, his beards he told,
With Aves many a one—
He comes our feuds 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 sandall'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 amica white,
His blue eye glistening cold and bright,
His tresses scant and gray.
“Fair Lords,” he said, “Our Lady’s love,
And peace be with you from above,
And Benedict!”—
—But what means this? no peace is here!—
Do dirks unsheathed suit bridal cheer?
Or are these naked brands
A seemly 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;—
“You 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 miscreant here, nor lay him low,
Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
With excommunicate Bruce!”
Yet will I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate.”

The MS. here adds:—
“Men bound in her commendation sweet,
And duteous to the Papal seat,”
MS.—“the blessed altar-stone,”
In place of the complet which follows, the MS. has—
“But promptly had my dagger’s edge
Avenged the guilt of sacrilege,
Save for my new and kind ally,
And Torquil, chief of stormy Skye
(In whose wild hand there rests the seed,
Men say, of ancient heathen creed),
Who would enforce me to a truce
With excommunicate Bruce.”

The MS. adds:
Secure such foul offenders find
No favor in a holy mind.”

The MS. has:
“Alleged the best of honor’s lawns,
The succor due to the storm-staid guest,
The refuge due to the distress’d,
The oath that binds each generous knight.

XXV.
Then Ronald pled the stranger’s cause,
And knighthood’s oath and honor’s laws;—
And Isabel, on bended knee,
Brought prayer’s and tears to back the plea
And Edith let her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy pray’d. —
“Hence!” he exclaim’d, degenerate maid
Was’t not enough to Roland’s bower
I brought thee, like a paramour,!
Or bond-maid at her master’s gate,
His careless cold approach to wait!—
But the bold Lord of Cumberland,
The gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand;
His it shall be—Nay, no reply!
Hence! till those rebel eyes be dry.”
With grief the Abbot heard and saw,
Yet naught 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 smother’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 ne’er’ry crown’d with wreaths of green, —
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
Have they not been on gibbet bound,

Still to prevent unequal fight;
And Isabel,” &c.

6 MS.—“And wept alike and knelt and pray’d!”—The nine lines which intervene between this and the concluding couplet of the stanza are not in the MS.
7 See Appendix, Note V.
8 The MS. adds—
“He raised the supplicants from the floor,
And bade their sorrowing be o’er,
And bade them give their weeping o’er;—
But in a tone that well explain’d
How little grace their prayers had gain’d;
For though he purposed true and well,
Still stubborn and inflexible
In what he deem’d his duty high,
Was Abbot Ademar of Y.”
9 MS.—“For Bruce’s custody made claim.”—In place of the two couplets which follow, the MS. has—
“With Torquil, stout Dervanag’s Knight,
As well defended Scotland’s right;
Enough of,” &c.
10 See Appendix, Note W.
11 See Appendix, Note X.
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 gorged with northern blood?
Was not the life of Athole shed,
To soothe the tyrant's sicken'd bed?
And must his word, till dying day,
Be naught but quarter, hang, and slay!—
Thou frown'st, De Argentine,—My gage
Is prompt to prove the stripe 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,
Howe'er attained or accursed,
If Bruce shall see 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 bearing bold,
Good Abbot! for thou know'st of old,
Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian still;
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,
Sturdily he question'd him,—"And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce 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;
Expels thee from the church's care,
And deafens Heaven against thy prayer;

1 See Appendix, Note Y.
2 See Appendix, Note Z.
3 In the MS, this couplet is wanting, and, without breaking
the stanza, Lord Roland continues,
"By saints of isle," &c.
4 The MacLeods, and most other distinguished Hebridean
families, were of Scandinavian extraction, and some were late

Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife,
Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,6
With meanest alms relieves thy wants;
Haunts thee while living,—and, when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
Rends Honor's scutcheon from thy hearses,
Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns 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 unhallow'd, ruthless deed."

XXIX.
"Abbot!" the Bruce replied, "thy charge
It boots not to dispute at large.
This much, howe'er, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt thee blow,
For Comyn died his country's foe.
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfil'd my soon-repented deed,
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 bears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
My first and dearest task achieved,
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
Shall many a priest in cope and stole
Say requiem for Red Comyn'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 throats the lie
These brief words spoke, I speak no more.
Do what thou wilt; my shift is o'er."

XXX.
Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the King the Abbot gazed;
Then o'er his pallid features glance,
or imperfect converts to Christianity. The family names of
Torquil, Thormod, &c. are all Norwegian.
MS.—"Then turn'd him on the Bruce the Monk."
6 MS.—"Nay, curses each whose succour scant.
7 See Appendix, Note 2 A.
8 The MS. adds:—"For this ill-timed and luckless blow
MS.——"bold and high."
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 tite the currents strain,
And--now distinguishing accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.1

XXXI.
"De Bruce! I rose with purpose dead
To speak my curse upon thy head,2
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore:—
Ps-t, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zephiim, heaven-control'd,3
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repress'd."4
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe:
O'er master'd yet by high behest
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!'
He spoke, and o'er the astonish'd throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII.
Again that light has fixed his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone:—

1 MS.—"Swell on his wither'd brow the veins,
Each in its azure current stains,
And interrupted tears express'd
The tumult of his laboring breast."
2 See Appendix, Note 2 B.
3 See the Book of Numbers, chap. xxiii. and xxiv.
4 See Appendix, Note 2 C.
5 Ibid. Note 2 D.
6 "On this transcendent passage we shall only remark, that
at the gloomy part of the prophecy we hear nothing more
through the whole of the poem, and though the Abbott informs
us the King that he shall be 'On foreign shores a man exiled,'
the poet never speaks of him but as resident in Scotland, up
the period of the battle of Bannockburn."—Critical Review.
7 The MS. has not this couplet.
8 "The conception and execution of these stanzas constitute
excellence which it would be difficult to match from any other
part of the poem. The surprise is grand and perfect. The
monk, struck with the heroism of Robert, foresees the impending
anathema, and breaks out into a prophetic announcement of his
final triumph over all his enemies, and the veneratio in which
his name will be held by posterity. These stanzas, which con-
stitute the second Canto, derive their chief title to encomium
from the emphatic felicity of their burden,

I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd;'
whch few and simple words following, as they do, a series

"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or fall'n,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,5
Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd;6
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!
Bless'd in the hall and in the field.
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord,
Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthen'd honors wait thy name!
In distant ages, sires to sons
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a song!
The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!7
Enough—my short-lived strength decays,
And sinks the momentary blaze.—
Heaven hath our destined purpose broke.
Not here must the voice be spoke;8
Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
Our task discharged.—Umoor, umoor!—
His priests received the exhausted Monk,
As breathless in their arms he sunk.
Punctual his orders to obey,
The train refused all longer stay,
Embark'd, rais'd sail, and bore away.

of predicatedills, there is an energy that instantaneously
peals to the heart, and surpasses, all to nothing, the results of
passages less happy in their application, though more labor-
ous and tedious in their construction."—Critical Review.
The story of the second Canto exhibits fewer of Mr. Scott's
characteristical beauties than of his characteristical faults.
The scene itself is not of a very edifying description; nor is
the want of agreeableness in the subject compensated by any
detached merit in the details. Of the language and verifi-
ation in many parts, it is hardly possible to speak favorably.
The same must be said of the speeches which the different
characters address to each other. The rude vehemence which
they display seems to consist much more in the loudness and
gestication with which the speakers express themselves than
in the force and energy of their sentiments, which, for the most
part, are such as the barbarous chiefs, to whom they are at
tributed, might, without any great premeditation, either in
the thought or language, have actually uttered. To find an
language and sentiments proportioned to characters of such
extraordinary dimensions as the agents in the poems of Hurne
and Milton, is indeed an admirable effort of genius; but to make
such as we meet with in the epic poetry of present
day, persons often below the middle size, and never very much
above it, merely speak in character, is not likely to occasion
either much difficulty to the poet, or much pleasure to the
reader. As an example, we might adduce the speech of stout
Dunvegan's knight, stanza xxvii., which is not the less wanting
in taste, because it is natural and characteristic."—Quarter
Review
The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO THIRD.

I.
Hast thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head
Sudden and deep the thunder-peat has roll'd,
How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead
Sink on the wood, the meadow, and the wold?
The rye-grass shaves not on the sod-built fold,
The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still;
The wall-flower waves not on the ruin'd 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 gray Monk
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 car,
The solemn stillness broke;
And still they gazed with eager guess,
Where, in an orient'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 flung apart;
"Art, deem'st thou me so mean of mood,
As to forget the mortal feud,
And clasp the hand with blood imbrued"—
From my dear Kinsman's heart?
Is this thy reed?—a due return
For ancient league and friendship sworn!
But well our mountain proverb shows
The faith of Islemen ebb'd and flows.
Be not even so—believe, ere long,
That now bears shall wreak 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 Chieftain's rage can tell,
When, sought from lowest dungeon cell
To highest tower the castle round,
No Lady Edith was there found!
He shouted, "Falsehood!—treachery!—
Revenge and blood!—a lordly meed
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 flight,
And that, in hurry of the night,
Scaped noteless, 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 indignant cry,!
And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd,
Hoisted his sail, his anchor weigh'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 her on that English Lord,
She seeks Iona's piles,
And wisely deems it best to dwell
A votaress in the holy cell,
Until these feuds so fierce and fell
The Abbot reconciles."—

V.
As, impotent of ire, the hall
Echo'd to Lorn's impatient call,
"My horse, my mantle, and my train!
Let none who honors Lorn remain?"—
Courteous, but stern, a bold request
To Bruce De Argentine express'd.
"Lord Earl," he said,—"I cannot chuse
But yield such title to the Bruce,
Though name and earldom both are gone,
Since he braced rebel's armor on—
But, Earl or Serf—rude phrase was thine
Of late, and launch'd at Argentine
Such as compels me to demand
Redress of honor at thy hand.

See a note on a line in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, ante
p. 31.
* See Appendix, Note E.
* MS.—" White friends shall labor fair and well
These feuds to reconcile."
We need not to each other tell, 
That both can wield their weapons well; 
Thou, braving but the soldier grace, 
This glove upon thy helm to place 
Where we may meet in fight; 
And I will say, as still I've said, 
Though by ambition far misled, 
Thou art a noble knight."—

VI.
"And I, the princely Bruce replied, 
Might term it stain on knighthood's pride, 
That the bright sword of Argentine 
Should in a tyrant's quarrel shine; 
But, for your brave request, 
Be sure the honor'd pledge you gave 
In every battle-field shall wave 
Upon my helmet-crest; 
Believe, that if my hasty tongue 
Hath done thine honor causeless wrong, 
It shall be well redress'd. 
Not dearer to my soul was glove, 
Bestow'd in youth by lady's love, 
Than this which thou hast given! 
Thus, then, my noble foe I greet; 
Health and high fortune till we meet, 
And then—what pleases Heaven."

VII.
Thus pouted they—for now, with sound 
Like waves roll'd back from rocky ground, 
The friends of Lorn retire; 
Each mainland chieftain, with his train, 
Draws to his mountain towers again, 
Pondering how mortal schemes prove vain 
And mortal hopes expire. 
But through the castle double guard, 
By Ronald's charge, kept wakeful ward, 
Wicket and gate were trebly bar'd, 
By beam and bolt and chain; 
Then of the guests, in courteous sort, 
He pray'd excuse for mirth broke short, 
And bade them in Artornish fort 
In confidence remain. 
Now torch and meatal tent-ance led 
Chieftain and knight to bower and bed, 
As i' the beds were bold, and Aves said, 
And soon they sunk away 
Into such sleep, as wont to shed 
Oblivion on the weary head, 
After a to's some day.

VIII.
But soon uproused, the Monarch cried 
To Edward slumbering by his side, 
"Awake, or sleep for aye!"

Even now there jarr'd a secret door— 
A taper-light gleams on the floor— 
Up, Edward, up, I say! 
Some one glides in like midnight ghost— 
Nay, strike not! 'tis our noble Host." 
Advancing then his taper's flame, 
Ronald stept 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 styie, 
As king of mainland and of isle, 
And Scotland's rightful lord. 
"And O," said Ronald, "Owld of Heaven! 
Say, is my erring youth forgiven, 
By falsehood's arts from duty driven, 
Who rebel fiction drew, 
Yet ever to thy deeds of fame, 
Even while I strove against thy claim, 
Paid homage just and true?"—
"Ahas! dear youth, the unhappy time," 
Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the criye, 
Since, guiltier far than you, 
Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes 
Upon his conscious soul arose. 
The Chieftain to his breast he press'd, 
And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

IX.
They proffer'd aid, by arms and might, 
To reposeess him in his right; 
But well their counsels must be weight'd, 
Ere banners raised and musters made, 
For English hire and Lorn's intrigues 
Bound many chiefs in southern leagues 
In answer, Bruce his purpose bold 
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 barly 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 barks dispersed, our purpose cross'd; 
Mine own, a hostile sail to shun, 
Far from her destined course had run, 
When that wise will, which masters ours, 
Compell'd us to your friendly towers."

X.
Then Torquil spoke:—"The time craves speed 
We must not linger in our deed, 
But instant pray our Sovereign Liege, 

*MS.—"Allies"
To shun the perils of a siege.
The vengeful Lorn, with all his powers,
Lies but too near Artornish towers,
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 lie
In the far bounds of friendly Skye,
Torquil thy pilot and thy guide."—
'Not so, brave Chieftain," Ronald cried;
"Myself will on my Sovereign wait,
And raise in arms the men of Skelat,
Whilst thou, renown'd where chiefs debate,
Shalt sway their souls by counsel sage,
And awe them by thy locks 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, were best that Isabel,
For safety, with my bark and crew,
Again to friendly Erin drew.
There Edward, too, shall with her wend,
In need to cheer her and defend,
And muster up each scatter'd friend."—
Here seem'd it as Lord Ronald's ear
Would other counsel gladlier hear;
But, all achieved as soon as plan'd,
Both barks, in secret arm'd and manm'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 favoring winds they gave the sail,
Till Mull's dark headlands scarce they knew,
And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue; 4
But then the squalls blew close and hard,
And, soon to strike the galley's yard,
And take them to the oar,
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.

MS.—"Myself thy pilot and thy guide."
'Not so, kind Torquil,' Ronald cried;
"Ts I will on my sovereign wait."
The MS. has,
"'Aye,' said the Chief, 'or if they fall,
This broadsword's weight shall turn the scale.?"

In entering this passage, the poet appears to have lost a link.

Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his shiver'd crest
The sun's arising gleam;
But such the labor and delay,
Ere they were moor'd in Scavigh 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 Strathmurchan and Dunsky;
No human foot comes here,
And, since these adverse breezes blow;
If my good Liege love hunter's bow,
What hinder's that on land we go,
And strike a mountain-deer?
Allan, my page, shall with us wend;
A bow full deftly can he bend,
And, if we meet a herd, may send
A shaft shall mend our cheer."
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 rive
But, by my hallowed,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam."

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 earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way.

3 The MS. adds:
"'Our bark's departure, too, will blind
To our intent the formant's mind."
3 MS.—"Till Mull's dark isle no more they knew
Nor Ardnamurchan's mountains blue."
3 MS.—"For favoring gales compell'd to stay."
6 See Appendix, Note 2 G.
7 MS.—"Dark banks."
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
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,
Nor aught 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 and cumber'd track;
From the mountain hoar,
Hurt'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yeld'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er,
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a stripling 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 ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sandy waters curf'd,
Or on 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.

XVI.
"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 gulfs and slaty riffs,
Which seem its shiver'd head?"—
"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bars proclaims
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles
Full oft their careless humors please
By sportive names from 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 lullaby!
(The Maid—to tall cliffs with breakers white
The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might),
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvreckin's whirlpool rule,
When dons the Hag her white'd hood—
'Tis thus our islemen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names.

XVII.
Answer'd the Bruce, "And moving mind
Might here a graver moral find.
These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
Their naked brows to middle sky,
Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where naught can fade, and naught can be
May they not mark a Monarch's fate,—
Raised high mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's bowler pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste!"

1 MS. — "And deer have here but a
2 MS. — "Wild—
3 The Quarterly Reviewer says, "This picture of barren
territory is admirably touched;" and if the opinion of Mr.
Burner be worth any thing, "No words could have given a
more striking picture of this, one of the wildest of Nature's lands-
capes." Mr. Turner adds, however, that he dissents in one
particular; but for one or two tints of grass he must have
broken his neck, having slipped when trying to attain the best
position for taking the view which embellishes volume tenth,
drawn 1833.
4 MS. — "And wilder, at each step they take,
5 MS. — "For from the mountain's crown," 6 MS. — "Huge crags had toppled down;"
7 MS. — "Of closing too, at once they lower;"
8 "N. S." — "Pour'd like a torrent drear;"
9 MS. — "Leap from the mountain's head;"
10 "He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
11 "He who surmounts or subdues mankind,
12 "Must look down on the fate of those below,
13 "Though high above the sky of glory glow,
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 lo! you said
No steps these desert regions tread?—

XVIII.
"So said I—and believed in sooth,"
Ronald reply'd, I spoke the truth.
Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
Five men—they mark us, and come on;
And by their badge on bonnet borne,
I guess them of the land of Lorn,
Face 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 thus array'd,
If our free passage they contest;
Cope thon 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 islesmen 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 spilt—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 mien,
Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen;
They moved with half-resolved pace,
And bent on earth each gloomy face.
The foremost two were fair array'd,
With brogue and bonnet, trowsers and plaid,
And bore the arms of mountaineers,
Daggers and broadswords, bows and spears.
The three that legg'd small space behind,
Scent'd scorns of more degraded kind;
Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them cast,
Made a rude fence against the blast;
Their arms and feet and heads were bare,
Matted their beards, unshorn their hair;
For arms, the caftins bore in hand,
A clout, an axe, a rusty brand.

And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

Childe Harold, Canto III.

See Appendix, Note 2 H

XX.
Onward, still mute, they kept the track;—
"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 lither driven by wind and sea,
Who, 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 yesternight: 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 barge?"—
"Our vessel waits 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 now be sought in vain.
We saw her from the mountain head,
When, with St. George's blazon 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 courtesy.
Come, lead us 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

7 MS.—"Our host and vessel cannot stay."
8 MS.—"Deep in the bay when evening glow'd."
4 MS.—"Yet rugged brows have basons kind;
Wend we with them—for food and fire.
5 MS.—"Wend you the first o'er stock and stone"
6 MS.—"Entrance."
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

A slender boy, whose form and mien
Ill suited with such savage scene;
In cap and cloak of velvet grea-t,
Low seated on the ground.

His gown was such as minstrels wear,
Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
His youthful cheek was marred by care,
His eyes in sorrow drownd.

* Whence, oh this poor boy?*—As Ronald spoke,
* His voice his trance of anguish broke;
As if awaked from ghastly dream,
He raised his head with start and scream,
And wildly gazed around;

Then to the wall his face he turn'd,
And hid his neck with blushes burn'd.

XXIII.

* Whose is this 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, through from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can deftly touch the lute,
And on the rife and viol play,
And well can drive the time away

For those who love such glee;
For me, the favoring breeze, when loud
It pipes upon the galley's shroud,
Makes blither melody.*—

* Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?*—
* Aye; so his mother bade us know,
A crone in our late shipwreck drownd,
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 listed think of him.—
But why waste 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 know, 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 doff 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 clan
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-boding ray.*

* From under eyebrows slant'd and gray.
The younger, too, who seem'd his son,
Had that dark look the timid shun;
The half-clad seers behind them sate,
And scon'd a glare 'twixt fear and hate—
Till all, as darkness onward crept,
Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or sley
Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue
Must trust his eyes to wake his wrong,
A longer watch of sorrow made,
But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid.**

XXVI.

Not in his dangerous host confides
The King, but wary watch provides
Ronald keeps ward till midnight past.

MS.—* But on the clarsach he can play,
And hold a weary night away;
With those who love such glee,
To me, the favoring breeze, when loud
It pipes through on my galley's shroud,
Makes better melody.*

2 MS.—* And we have sworn to (tainted) hours
While lasts this hallow'd task of ours,
Never to doff the plaid or sword,
Nor feast us at a stranger's board;*—

3 MS.—* an ill foreboding ray.*

4 MS.—* But seems in senseless slumber laid.*
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 toil had brought?—
(For deem not that he deign'd to throw
Much care upon such coward foes.)—
He thinks of lovely Isabel,
When at her feoman's feet she fell,
Nor less when, placed in princely selle,
She glanced on him with favoring eyes,
At Woodstocke when he won the prize,
Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair,
In pride of place as 'mid despair,
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 his to keep,
For seldom lovers long for sleep.
Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,
Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl,
Then waked 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 storn'd, of cities freed,
Of deep design and daring deed,
Of England's roses rent and torn,
And 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 shunn'd the Monarch's thoughtful eye
Now over Coolin's eastern head
The grayish light begins to spread,
The otter to his cavern drew,
And clamor'd shriek the waking 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 lay
Their hosts were shrouded by the vail.
But little fear waked in his mind,
For he was bred of martial kind,
And, if to manhood he arrive,
May match the boldest knight alive.
Then thought he of his mother's tower,
His little sisters' greenwood bowers,
How there the Easter-gambols pass,
And of Dan Joseph's lengthen'd mass.
But still before his weary eye
In rays prolong'd the blazes die—
Again he rouse him—on the lake
Look'd forth, where now the twilight flake
Of pale cold dawn began to wake.
On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay furled,
The morning breeze the lake had curd'd,
The short dark waves, heaved to the land,
With ceaseless plash 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 Yeeling ghost,
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
And mermaid's alabaster groat,
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well,
Deep in Strathairy's enchanted cell.;
Thither in fancy rapt he flies,
And on his sight the vaults arise;
That hutt'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! 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 warning scream.
As from the ground he strives 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 awake the King! his land
Snatch'd from the flame a knotted braid,
The nearest weapon of his wrath;
With this he cross'd the murderer's path,
And venged young Allan well!
The sputter'd brain and bubbling blood
His'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,
The miscreant gasp'd and fell!*

---

* MS.—"Must she alone his musings share.
  They turn to his betrothed bride."

† MS.—"The cold blue light."  
  See Appendix, Note 21.

‡ MS.—"with empty dream.
  Mingled the captive's real scream."

* Young Allan's turn (to watch) comes last, which gives
  the poet the opportunity of marking, in the most natural and
  happy manner, that insensible transition from the reality of
  waking thoughts, to the fanciful visions of slumber, and that
  delusive power of the imagination which so blends the confines
  of these separate states, as to deceive and sport with the efforts
  of determined vigilance."—British Critic, February, 1815

* MS.—"What time the miscreant fell."
Nor rose in peace the Island Lord!
One caitiff 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 land
Behind him rears a coward hand!
— O for a moment's aid,
Till Bruce, who deals no double blow
Dash is the earth another foe,
Above his comrade laid—
And it is gained—the captive sprung
On the raised 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 flitting 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.'—
— "Vex me 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 broil,
As he had lived, died Cormac Dain.

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, 2
And clasps 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 cleansed it from its hue of death,
And plunged the weapon in its sheath.
"Alas, poor child! unfixing 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 has Allan's fate been broke!
Come, weend 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 Donagoile!
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 knell and funeral prayer;
While o'er those caithiffs, where they lie,
The wolf shall snarl, the raven cry!"
And now the eastern mountain's head
On the dark lake threw lustre red;
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak
Ravine and precipice and peak—
(Or earthly power at distance shows;
Reveals his splendor, hides his woes).
O'er sheets of granite, dark, and broad,
Rent and unequall, 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,

1 "On witnessing the disinterment of Bruce's remains at
Vanderline, in 1624," says Sir Walter, "many people shed
tears; for there was the wasted skull, which once was the
head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's
deliverance... and there was the dry bone, which had once been
the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the
two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle
of Flusnockburn."—Tales of a Grandfather.

2 MS.—"Holds up his speechless face to heaven.

3 MS.—"Along the lake's rude margin slow,
O'er terraces of granite black they go.

4 MS.—"And the mute page moves slow behind.

5 "This canto is full of beauties; the first part of it, contain-
ing the conference of the chiefs in Bruce's chamber, might
perhaps have been abridged because the discussion of a morde.
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 mountains high,
List'ning where from the cliffs the torrents thrown
Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry, [sky.
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning

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. [high,
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's cottage
Something that show'd 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,
[green.
Or children whooping wild beneath the willows

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 hear —
But, be the ministr'd judge, they yield the prize
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Coillin rise, and hears Corisken roar.¹

II.

Through such wild scenes the champion pass'd,
When bold halloo and bugle-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 Roland,— 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 eager cry
Will tell his news ere he be night."

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."

IV.

Still stood the Bruce,—his steady cheek
Was little wont his joy to speak,
But then his color 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 wrongs,
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o'er Edward's bier,²
I took my knighthood at his hand,
And lordship hold of him, and land,
And well may vouch it here,
That, blot the story from his page,
Of Scotland rind'd in his rage,
You read a monarch brave and sage,
And to his people dear." —
"Let London's burghees mourn her lord,
And Croydon mocks his praise record,"

¹ We scarcely know whether we could have selected a passage from the poem that will more fairly illustrate its general merits and pervading blemishes than the one which we have just quoted (stanzas xxxi. and xxxii.). The same happy mixture of moral remark and vivid painting of dramatic situations, frequently occurs, and is as frequently debased by prosaic expression and connotes, and by every variety of ungrammatical license or even barbarism Our readers, in short, will imme-

² See Appendix, Note 2 K
The eager Edward said;
"Eternal as his own, my hate
Surnounds the bounds of mortal fate,
And does not with the dead!
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clenched his palsied hand,
That pointcl and to Scotland's land;"  
As his last accents prayed
Disgrace and curse upon his heir,
If he one Scottish head should spare,
Till stretched upon the bloody lair
Each rebel corpse was laid!
Such hate was his, when his last breath
Renounced the peaceful house of death,
And bade 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?"

V.
"Let women, Edward, war with words,
With curses monks, but men with swords:
Nor doubt of living foes, to sake
Deepest revenge and deadliest hate."
Now, to the sea! behold the beach,
And see the galleys' pendants stretch
Their fluttering length down favoring gale!
Abord, abord! and hoist the sail.
Hold we our way for Arran first,
Where meet in arms our friends dispersed;
Lennox the royal, De la Haye,
And Boyd the bold 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 ride.
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 Minche'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 avails their Chieftain's best
Among the islemen of the west."

VI.
Thus was their venturous counsel said,
But, ere their sails the galleys spread,
Cori-kin dark and Coolin high
Echoed the dirge's doleful cry.
Along that sable lake pass'd slow,—
Fit scene for such a sight of woe,—
The sorrowing islemen, as they bore
The murder'd Allan to the shore.
At every pause, with dismal shout,
Their coromanch of grief rung out,
And ever, when they moved again,
The pipes resumed their clamorous strain,
And, with the pipbroch's shrilling wail,
Mourn'd the young heir of Donagailie.
Round and around, from cliff and cave,
His answer stern old Coolin gave,
Till high upon his misty side
Languish'd the mournful notes, and died
For never sounds, by mortal made,
Attain'd his high and haggard head,
That echoes but the tempest's moan,
Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

VII.
Merrily, merrily bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,
The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darcb
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvas strain,
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laugh'd again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-new,
Than the gay galley bore
Her course upon that favoring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
And Slapin's cavern'd shore."
"Twas then that warlike signals wake
Dunscaith's dark towers and Eskid's lake,
And soon, from Cavilgarrrigh's head,
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke were spread,
compelled to say it, so monstrous, and in a Scottish poet,
unnatural a violation of truth and decency, not to say patriotism,
that we are really astonished that the author could have conceived the idea, much more that he could suffer his pen to record it. This wrought abasement on the part of the Bruce, is farther heightened by the King's half-reprehension of Prince Edward's noble and stern expression of undying hatred against his country's spoiler, and his family's execration. — Critical Review..."
A summons these of war and wrath
To the brave clans of Slec and Strath,
And, ready at the sight,
Each warrior to his weapons sprung,
And targe upon his shoulder flung,
Impatient for the fight.
Mac-Kinnon’s chief, in warfare gray,
Had charge to muster their array,
And guide their harks to Brodie-Bay.

VIII.

Sign’d of Ronald’s high command,
A beacon gleam’d o’er sea and land,
From Cana’s tower, that, steep and gray
Like falcon-nest o’erhangs the bay;¹
Seek not the giddy crag to climb,
To view the turret seathed by time;
It is a task of doubt and fear
To aught but goat or mountain-deer.

But rest thee on the silver beach,
And let the aged herdsman teach
His tale of former day;
His cur’s wild clainor he shall chide,
And for thy seat by ocean’s side,
His varied plaid display;
Then tell, how with their Chieftain came,
In ancient times, a foreign dame
To yonder¹ turretgray;⁵
Stern was her Lord’s suspicious mind,
Who in so rude a jail confined
So soft and fair a thrall!
And oft, when moon on ocean slept,
That lovely lady sate and wept.

Upon the castle-wall,
And turned her eye to southern climes,
And thought perchance of happier times,
And touch’d her lute by fits, and sung
Wild ditties in her native tongue.
And still, when on the cliff and bay
Placid and pale the moonbeams play,
And every breeze is mute,
Upon the lone Hebridean’s ear
Steals a strange pleasure mix’d with fear,
While from that cliff he 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 gray;⁶
Nor to their hapless tenant pay
The tribute of a sigh!

IX.

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;
And each his ashèn bow unbeit,
And gave his pastime o’er,
And at the Island Lord’s command,
For hunting spear took warrior’s brand.
On Scooregg next a warning light
Summon’d her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern MacLeod
O’er their bleak shores in vengeace strode;⁶
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 vapor fill’d the cavern’d 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 bark⁶
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the bark,
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;³
Then all unknown its columns rose,

We could almost be tempted to believe that he was on a return from Skye when he wrote this portion of his poem:—from Skye, the depository of the ‘mighty cup of royal Sumerled,’ as well as of ‘Rorie More’s’ comparatively modern ‘horn’ and that, as he says himself of a nummery who celebrated the hospitalities of Dunvegan-castle in that island, ‘it is present plain, that when this tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Rorie More had not been inactive.’—Monthly Review. See Appendix, Note M.

¹ Of the prominent beasins which abound in the poem, the most magnificent we consider to be the description of the celebrated Cave of Fingal, which is conceived in a mighty mind, and is expressed in a strain of poetry, clear, sublime and sublime.—British Critic.
The Lord of the Isles.

Canto IV.

Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And wert’ld in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck’d
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem’d, would raise
A Minster to her Maker’s praise. 

Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebb’s and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong’d and high,
That mocks the organ’s melody.

Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona’s holy flame,
That Nature’s voice might seem to say,
*Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shine
Taught 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-Tuam on their lee,
And they waken’d the men of the wild Tiree,
And the Chief of the sandy Coll;

They paused not at Columba’s isle,
Though peal’d the bells from the holy pile
With long and measured toll;

No time for matin or mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows’ roll.

Lochbuie’s fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasp’d his sword,
And verdant bay 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 Corrieveken’s roar,
And lonely Colonsay;

*Scenes sung by him who sings no more!* 

MS.—"Where niched, his undisturb’d repose."

See Appendix, Note 2 P.

The MS. adds,

*Which, when the rains of thy pile
Cumul’d the desolated isle,
Firm and immovable shall stand,
‘Gainst winds, and waves, and spoiler’s hand."

*"We were now treading that illustrious isle, which was
once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whose savage
class and roving barbarians derive the benefits of knowledge,
and the blessings of religion. To abract the mind from all
local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavors, and

would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdrawn from
the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the
distant, or the future predominate over the present advances
in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from
my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indif
ferent and unmoved over any ground which has been signified
by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be en
vied, whose patriotism would not g in force upon the plain of
Marathon, or whose pity would a: grow warmer among the
ruins of Iona."—Johnson.

See Appendix. Note 2 Q.

MS.—"His short but bright, ke.
See Appendix. Note 2 R.

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 foeman’s watchful fleet,

They held unwonted way:

Up Tarbat’s western lake they bore,
Then dragg’d their bark the isthmus o’er
As far as Kilmacolm’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 solcouth sign
Did many a mountain Seer divine,

For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail
O’er Kilmacolm moss,
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail

Before her silver Cross.

XIII.

Now launch’d once more, the inland see
They furrow with fair anger,
And steer for Arran’s isle;

The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghool, “the Mountain of the Wind,”
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile; 

Thither their destined course they drew;
It seem’d the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,

The ocean so serene;

Each puny wave in diamonds roll’d
O’er the calm deep, where hues of gold

With azure stroke and green.
The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour,
The beach was silver sheen,
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renew'd, seemed oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
O who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!

XIV.
Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks?
The blush that dyes his manly cheeks,
The timid look and downcast eye,
And faltering voice the theme deny.
And good King Robert's brow express'd,
He ponder'd o'er some high request,
As doubtful to approve;
Yet in his eye and lip the while,
Dwelt the half-pitying glance and smile,
Which manhood's graver mood beguile.
When lovers talk of love,
Anxious his suit Lord Ronald pled;
—"And for my bride betrothed," he said,
"My liege has heard the rumor spread
Of Edith from Artomish fled.
Too hard her fate—I claim no right!
To blame her for her hasty flight;
Be joy and happiness her lot!—
But she hath fled the bridal-knot,
And Lorn recall'd his promised plight,
In the assembled chief's sight.—
When, to fulfill our fathers' band,
I proffer'd all I could—my hand—
I was repulsed with scorn;
Mine honor I should ill assert,
And worse the feelings of my heart,
If I should play a suitor's part
Again, to please Lorn.—"

XV.
"Young Lord," the Royal Bruce replied,
"That question must the Church decide:
Yet seems it hard, since rumors 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—
The mood of woman who can tell!
I guess the Champion of the Rock,
Victorious in the tourney shock,
That knight unknown, to whom the prize
She dealt,—had favor in her eyes;
But since our brother Nigel's fate,

Our ruin'd house and hapless state,
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—yon mountains hide
The little convent of Saint Bride;
There, sent 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."

XVI.
As thus they talk'd in earnest mood,
That speechless boy 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 his youthful breast.
His hands, against his forehead he'd,
As if by force his tears repell'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 straining strove,—
(Twas a rough grasp, though meant in love),
Away his tears the warrior swept,
And bade shame on him that he wept.

"I would to heaven, thy helpless tongue
Could tell me who hath wrought thee wrong!
For, were he of our crew the best,
The insult went unrepresst'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 bear,
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."

XVII.
Bruce interposed,—"Gay Edward, lo,
This is no youth to hold thy bow,
To fill thy goblet, or to bear
Thy message light to lighter fair.
Thou art a patron all too wild
And thoughtless, for this orphan child.
See'st thou not how apt he steals,

1 MS.—"'tis no tongue but mine
To blame her," &c.

8 MS.—"The princely Bruce."
Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals!
Fitter by far in you calm cell
To tend our sister Isabel,
With father Augustin to share
The peaceful change of convent prayer,
Than wander wild adventures through,
With such a reckless guide as you."

"Thanks, brother!" Edward answered gay
"For the high land thy words convey!
But we may learn some future day,
If thou or I can this poor boy
Protect the best, or best employ.
Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand;
Launch we the boat, and seek the land."

XVIII.
To land King Robert lightly sprung,
And thrice aloud his bugle rung
With note prolong'd and varied strain,
Till bold Ben-Gholi replied again.

Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,
Had in a glen a hart at bay,
And Lennox cheer'd the laggard bounds,
When waked that horn the Greenwood bounds.

"It is the foe!" cried 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!"

"No so," replied the good Lord James,
"That blast no English bugle charts.
Oft have I heard it fire the fight,
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.
Dead were my heart, and death mine ear.
If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear!
Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;
That blast was winded by the King!" ¹

XIX.
Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped.

Bursts from glen and Greenwood tree,
High waked their loyal jubilee!

Around the royal Bruce they crowd,
And clasped his hands, and wept aloud.

Veterans of early fields were there,
Whose helmets press'd their heavy hair,
Whose swords and axes bore a stain
From life-blood of the red hair'd 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 Albyn's woeful wars,
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,
Teynham's dread rout, and Methven'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 murder'd De la Haye,
And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay.

Around their King regain'd they press'd.
Wept, shone, clasped him to their breast,
And young and old, and serf and lord,
And he who never unsheathed a sword,
And he in many a peril tried,
Alone resolved the brunt to bear,
And live or die by Bruce's side!

XX.
Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight,
Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright!

Such gleams, as from thy polished 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 as each comrade's name 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?
Know ye not,—hearts to honor dear!
That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, severe,
At which the heart-strings 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 hail'd at Scone his early reign,
This patriot band around him bring,
And to his knees and bosom cling?—
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 scen'd.²

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 T.
² See Appendix, Note 2 U.
XXL
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 Isabel,
And hurriedly she cried,
"Haste, gentle Lady, haste—there waits
A noble stranger at the gates;
Saint Bride's poor votress ne'er has seen
A Knight of such a princely mien;
He's errand, as he bade me tell,
Is with the Lady Isabel,"
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 forefend, thou royal Maid!"
The portress crossed herself, and said,—
"Not to be prouress might I
Debate his will, his suit deny."
"Has earthly show then, simple fool,
Power o'er a sister of thy rule,
And art thou, like the worldly train,
Subdued by splendors light and vain?"—

XXII.
"No, Lady! in old eyes like mine,
Gauds 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 battled 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 gray
Has tain't the youthful hue away.
Weather and war their rougher trace
Have left on that majestic face;—
But 'tis 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 meaner front was ne'er assign'd,
Such mastery o'er the common mind—

Bestow'd thy high designs to aid,
How long, O Heaven! how long delay'd!—
Haste, Mona, 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 Isabel!—
That pallet-couch, and naked wall,
For room of state, and bed of pall;
For costly robes and jewels rare,
A string of beads and zone of hair;
And for the trumpet's sprightly call
To sport or banquet, grove or hall,
The bell's grim voice divides thy care,
"Twixt hours of penitence and prayer!—
O ill for thee, my royal claim
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 woes thy venturesome spirit dared,
When raising first thy valiant band
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 steen
No more I drive in giddy dream,
For Heaven the erring pilot knew,
And from the gulf the vessel drew,
Tried me with judgments 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 vain world of sin."—

XXV.
"Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice,
First wilt thou wait thy brother's voice,
Then ponder if in convent 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!"—

"Mr. Scott, we have said, contradicts himself. How will he explain the following facts to his reader's satisfaction? The third canto informs us that Isabel accompanies Edward o Ireland there to remain till the termination of the war; and in the fourth canto, the second day after her departure, we discover the princess counting her beads and reading hou lies in the cloister of St. Bride, in the Island of Arran! W humbly beseech the 'Mighty Minstrel' to clear this matter."—Critical Review.

2 MS.—"But when subsides." &c
Truly his penetrating eye
Hath caught that blush's passing dye,—
Like the last beam of evening thrown
Or a white cloud,—just seen and gone.¹
Seen 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 islesmen all
Arm in thy cause at Ronald's cell,
And mine eye proves that Knight unknown²
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 plighted faith forbade),³
I know not ... But thy page 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 burning heart,
He leant his weight on Bruce's sword,
The monarch's mantle too he bore;⁴
And drew the fold his visage o'er.
"Fear not for him—in murderous strife,"
Said Bruce, "his warning saved my life;⁵
Full seldom parts 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,
Unit against the tide to pull,
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."⁶

¹ "We would bow with veneration to the powerful and
ingenious genius of Scott. We would style him above all others,
Homer and Shakespeare excepted, the Poet of Nature—of
Nature in all her varied beauties, in all her wildest haunts.
No appearance, however minute, in the scenes around him,
escapes his penetrating eye; they are all marked with the
saint discrimination; are introduced with the happiest effect.
Hence, in his similes, both the genius and the judgment of
the poet are peculiarly compossious; his accurate observation
of the appearances of nature, which others have neglected,
imparts an originality to those allusions, of which the reader
immediately recognizes the aptness and propriety; and only
wonders that what must have been so often witnessed should
have been so uniformly passed unregarded by. Such is the

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,
Troth plighted both with ring and ward
And sworn on crucifix and sword.—
Oh, shame thee, Robert! I have seen
Thou hast a woman's heart in thee.
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 band
Upon the instant turn and stand,
And dare the worst the foe might do
Rather than, like a knight untrue,
Leave to pursuers merciless
A woman in her last distress.⁷
And wilt thou now deny thine aid
To an oppressed 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 spousal contract both,
And fair acquittal of his oath,
By her who brooks his perjured scorn,
The ill-requited 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, bosom'd from his hold,
Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;

smile applied to the transient blush observed by Bruce on the countenance of Isabel upon his mention of Ronald."—

British Critic.

² MS.——"And well I judge that Knight unknown."
³ MS.——"But that his plighted faith forbade."
⁴ MS.——"The Monarch's brand and cloak he bore."
⁵ MS.——"Answer'd the Bruce, 'he saved my life.'"
⁶ The MS. has,—
"Isabel's thoughts are fix'd on heaven?" and the two completions which follow are inserted on the blank page.
⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 V.
But good King Robert cried,  
"Chafe not—but by signs he speaks his mind,  
He heard the plan my care designed,  
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 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.  
Now are thy wishes in thy power,  
And thou art bent on cloister bower!  
O! if our Edward knew the change,  
How would his busy satire range,  
With many a sarcasm varied still  
On woman's wish, and woman's will!" —  

XXIX.  
"Brother, I well believe," she said,  
"Even so would Edward's part be play'd.  
Kindly in heart, in word severe,  
A foe to thought, and grief, and fear,  
He holds his humor uncontrol'd;  
But thou art of another mould.  
Say then to Ronald, as I say,  
Unless before my feet he lay  
The ring which bound the faith he swore,  
By Edith freely yielded o'er,  
He moves his suit to me no more.  
Nor do I promise, even if now  
He stood absolved of sponsal vow,  
That I would change my purpose made,  
To shelter me in holy shade. —  
Brother, for little space, farewell!  
To other duties warns the bell." —  

XXX.  
"Lost to the world," King Robert said,  
When he had left the royal maid,  
"Lost to the world by lot severe,  
O what a gem lies buried here,  
Nipp'd by misfortune's cruel frost,  
The birds of fair affection lost!" —  

1 The MS. here adds:—  
"She yields one shade of empty hope:  
But well I guess her wily scope  
To elude Lord Ronald's plea;  
And still my importunity."  

This and the two next succeeding lines are interpolated on the blank page of the MS.  

2 "The fourth canto cannot be very greatly praised. It contains, indeed, many pleasing passages; but the merit which they possess is too much detached from the general interest of the poem. The only business is Brave's arrival at the isle of Arran. The voyage is certainly described with spirit; but the remainder of the canto is rather tedious, and might, without any considerable inconvenience, have been left a good deal to the reader's imagination. Mr. Scott sought to reserve, as much as possible, the interpolated part of his narrative, for occasions which admit of high and animated sentiment, or the display of powerful emotions, because this is almost the only poetic beauty of which such speeches are susceptible. But to fill up three-fourths of a canto with a lover's asking a brother in a quiet and friendly manner for permission to address his sister in marriage, and a brother's asking his sister whether she has any objections, is, we think, somewhat injudicious —Quarterly Review."
Strange doubts are mine!—Mona, draw nigh
Naught escapes old Mona's curious eye—
What strangers, gentle mother, say,
Have sought these holy walls today?

None, Lady, none of note 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, the secret show!
Instant, good Mona, 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! 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 couched in Greenwood tower.
At dawn a bugle signal made
By their bold Lord, their ranks array'd;
Up sprung the spears through bush and tree,
No time for benedictae!
Like deer, that, rousing from their lair,
Just shake the dew-drops from their hair,
And toss their armed crests afloat,
Such matins theirs?—"Good mother, soft—
Where does my brother bend his way?"—
As I have heard, for Brodick-Bay,
Across the isle—of barks a score
Lie there, 'tis said, to waft 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 nun obey'd; the Father came.

V.

"Kind Father, hie 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—

MS.—"A ring of gold,
A scroll around the jewell'd,
Bred few brief words," &c.

MS.—"A single throb of joy to own."
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 shoe,  
And, like a palmer bent by eld,  
O’er moss and moor his journey held.¹

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 birchen cope 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,  
Da-lung to foam their waters run,  
And sparkling in the summer sun.  
Round his gray head the wild curlew  
In many a fearless circle flew.  
O’er chasms he pass’d, where fractures wide  
Crevased wary eye and ample stride;²  
He cross’d his brow beside the stane  
Where Druids erst heard victims groan,³  
And at the cairns upon the wild,  
O’er many a heathen hero piled,⁴  
He breathed a timid prayer for those  
Who died ere Shiloh’s sun arose.  
Beside Macfarlane’s Cross he staid,  
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 Brodiek’s gothic towers were seen,  
From Hastings, late their English lord,  
Douglas had won them by the sword.⁵  
The sun that sunk behind the isle,  
Now tinged them with a parting smile.

VII.
But though the beams of light decay,  
’Twas a mistake all in Brodick-Bay.  
The Prince’s followers crowd the shore,  
And boats and barges some unmour,  
Some raise the sail, some seize the oar  
Their eyes oft turn’d where glimmer’d far  
What might have seemed 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,⁶  
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 unaccustomed ears,  
A language much unmeet he hears,⁷  
While, hastening all on board,  
As stormy as the swelling surge  
That mix’d its roar, the leaders 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 lave,  
And off the distant fire he eyed,  
And closer yet his hauberk tied,  
And loosen’d in its sheath his brand,  
Edward and Lennox were at hand,  
Douglas and Ronald had the care  
The soldiers to the barks to share,—  
The Monk approach’d and homage paid;  
“And art thou come,” King Robert said,  
“So far to bless us ere we part?”—  
“My Liege, and with a loyal heart!—  
But other charge I have to tell,”—  
And spoke the best of Isabel.  
“Now by Saint Giles,” the monarch cried  
“This moves me much!—this morning tide,  
I sent the stripling to Saint Bride,  
With my commandment there to bide,—  
“Thither he came the fortress show’d,  
But there, my Liege, made brief abode.”—

IX.  
“’Twas I,” said Edward, “found employ  
Of nobler import for the boy.  
Deep pondering in my anxious mind,  
A fitting messenger to find,  
To bear my written mandate o’er  
To Cuthbert on the Carrick-shore,

¹ MS.—“And cross the island took his way,  
O’er hill and hill to Brodick-Bay.”  
² See Appendix, Note 2 W.  
³ MS.—“He cross’d him by the Druids’ stane,  
That heard of yon the victim’s groan.”  
⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 X.  
⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.  
⁶ MS.—“The shades of evening closer drew  
It brighten’d more and more.  
Now print his sandals’ feet the sands,  
And now amid,” &c.  
⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.
I chanced, at early dawn, to pass
The chapel gate to snatch a mass,
I found the stripling on a tomb
Low-seated, 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 hath obey'd;
For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry-men all,
Guards carelessly our father's hall."—1

X.
"O wild of thought, and hard of heart!"
Answer'd the Monarch, "on a part
Of such deep danger to employ
A mute, an orphan, and a boy!" 2
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, trust on such adventure wild,
I peril'd thus the helpless child."—
—Offended half, and half submit,
"Brother and Liege, of blame like this,
Edward replied, "I little dream'd.
A stranger messenger, I deem'd,
Might safest seek the beadsman's cell,
Where all thy squires are known so well.
Noteless his presence, sharp his sense:
His imperfection his defence.
If seen, none can this errant guess;
If ta'en, his words no tale express—
Medhinks, too, yonder beacon's shine
Might expiate greater fault than mine."—
"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,
Skan 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 favoring 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."
He ceased; for many an eager hand
Had urged the barges from the strand.
Their number was a score and ten,
They bore thrice three-score chosen men.
With such small force did Bruce at last
The die for death or empire cast!

XII.
Now on the darkening main afloat,
Ready and man'd rocks every boat;
Beneath their oars the ocean's might
Was dash'd to sparks of glimmering light.
Faint and more faint, as o'er they bore,
Their armor 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 darken'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 senses bore
Impatient aid the laboring oar.
The half-faced moon shines dim and pale,
And glanced against the white'd sail.
But on that ruddy beacon-light

1 The MS. reads—
"Keeps careless guard in Turnberry hall."
See Appendix, Note 3 A.
2 MS. —"Said Robert, 'to assign a part
3 MS. —"Is thine alone!"
4 MS. —"Have sunk!"
Each steersman kept the helm a'right,
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 shaken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And near at length the Carrick-shore.
And less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the bcean rose;
The light, that seem'd a twinkling star,
Now blaz'd portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd,
Rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream'd the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropp'd from their crags on plassing 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 lustre came.
  "Now, good my Liege, and brother sage,
What think ye of mine elfin page?" -
  "Row on!" the noble King reply'd,
  "We'll learn the truth whate'er betide;
Yet sure the bendman and the child
Could ne'er have waked that bcean 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 barge'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.
Wide o'er the sky the splendor glows
As that portentous meteor rose;
Helm, axe, and faehion glitt'rd 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.—
Renald to Heaiver: 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 southern foe.
The moon shines out—upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band."

XV.
Faintly the moon's pale beams supply
That ruddy 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 carried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tith,
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He knee'd him lowly on the sand,
And gave a scroll to Robert's hand.
Now shall we Cuthbert's tidings know?"
But evil news the letters bare,
The Clifford's force was strong and ware,
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,
Hid sunk deception's iron sleep.—
Cuthbert had seen that bcean-flame,
Unwitting 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.

XVI.
As round the torch the leaders crowd,
Bruce read those chilling news aloud.
"What council, nobles, have we now!—
To ambush us 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 qual."—
Answer'd the Douglas, "If my Liege
May win you walls by storm or siege,

Said Bruce, "If this be sorcerer's show."
Then were each brave and patriot heart
Kindled of now for loyal part.—
Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame
Would I that aged Torquil 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 Haye 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 bokk and dell,
I'll lead where we may shelter well."

XVII.
Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?—
It ne'er was known—yet gray-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.
Yearly it gleams o'er mount and moor,
And glittering wave and crimson'd shore—
But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the King's descent,
Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to death 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.

XVIII.
Now up the rocky pass they drew,
And, Ronald, to his promise true,
Still made his arm the striding stay,
To aid him on the rugged way.
'Now cheer thee, simple Amadine!—
Why throbs that silty 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 phial-folds hold thee warm?
Hath not the wild-bull's treble hide
This targe for thee and me supplied?
Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel?
And, trembler, cast 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 soothed, half grieved, half terrified,
Close drew the page to Ronald's side
A wild defirious thrill of joy
Was in that hour of agony,
As up the steepy pass he strove,
Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love!

XIX.
The barrier of that iron shore,
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 domin
Left for the Castle's sylvan reign7
(Seek not the scene—the axe, the plough,
The boar's dull fence, have mar'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 horn obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn;
There, tufted close with copewood 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
Rethinking that, as outlaw, now,
He ranged beneath the forest bough.9

* MS.—"The dark-green holly loved the dawn,
The yew-tree lent its shadow brown.

9 "Their moonlight morn on the beach, after the sudden extinction of this portentous flame, and their midnight march through the paternal fields of their royal leader and display much beautiful painting (stanzas 15 and 19). After the castle is won, the same strain is pursued."—Jeffrey

1 See Appendix, Note 3 B.
2 MS.—"Since Clifford needs will make his home,
The hour of reckoning soon shall come.
3 MS.—"The Knight shall reckon," &c.
4 See Appendix, Note 3 B.
5 MS.—"Such as through midnight-ether range,
Affrighting oft the traveller lone."
6 MS.—"Sounds sadly over land and sea."
7 See Appendix, Note 3 C.
8 MS.—"The dark-green holly loved the dawn,
The yew-tree lent its shadow brown."
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 once;
And evil were the luck, if dawn
Described them on the open lawn.
Copse they traverse, brooks they cross,
Strain up the bank and o'er the moss.
From the exhausted page's brow
Cold drops of toil are streaming now;
With effort faint' and length'd pause,
His weary step the stripping draws.

"Nay, droop 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 thin' 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 Isabel!"

Worn out, dishearten'd, and dismay'd,
Here Amadine let go the plaid;
His trembling limbs their aid refuse;
He sunk among the midnight dews.

XXI.

What may be done!—the night is gone—
The Bruce's band moves swiftly on—
Eternal shame, if at the brunt
Lord Ronald grace not battle's front!—

"See yonder oak, within whose trunk
Decay a dark'n'd cell lieth sunk;
Enter, and rest thee there a space,
Wrap in thy 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 bower,
And soon, to guard thee hence, return.—
Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy!
But sleep in peace, and wake in joy."

Ir silvan lodging close bestow'd,

He placed the page, and onward strode,
With strength put forth, o'er moss and brook,
And soon the marching band o'ertook.

XXII.

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and wept
The page; till, wearied out, he slept—
A rough voice waked his dream—"Nay, here,
Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—
Beneath that oak old Ryno said—
What have we here!—a Scottish plaid,
And in its folds a stripling laid?—
Come forth! 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 blind him fast."—

"Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast;
Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not;
'Tis a fair stripling, 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 palfrey's paw'd the ground,
And many a deer-dog howl'd around.

To Amadine, Lorn's well-known word
Repeating to that Southern Lord,
Mix'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 mus'er 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 Sire
Owns, that in masquer's quaint attire
She sought his skiff, disguised, unknown
To all except to him alone.

Poem, and contains some touches of great pathos and beauty
Quarterly Review.

MS.—"And mantle in my plaid thy face."
MS.—"In silvan castle warm bestow'd,
He left the page."

MS.—"And now with Lorn he spoke aside,
And now to aspire and yeoman cried.
War-horse and palfrey," &c.

MS.—"or roaring wind,
Some words of woe his musings find,
Till spoke more loudly and more near
These words arrest the page's ear."
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 blow loud, the billows rear;  
They sever'd, and they met no more.  
He deemed—such tempest vex'd the coast—  
Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost.  
So let it be, with the disgrace  
And scandal of her lotty race.  
Thrice better she had ne'er been born,
Than brought her infamy on Lorn!

XXV.
Lord Clifford now the captive spied:—  
* Whom, Herbert, hast thou there? * he cried.  
"A spy we seized within the Chase,
A hollow oak its lurking place."—  
"What tidings can the youth afford?"—  
"He plays the mute."—"Then moose a cord—  
Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom  
For his plaid's sake."—"Clan-Coll's boon,"  
Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace  
Rather the vesture than the face,
"Clan-Coll's dames such tartans twine;  
Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine.  
Give him, if my advice you crave,
His own seathed 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-Coll'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 barter all?  
Love, strong as death, his heart hath steel'd,
His nerves hath strung—he will not yield,
Since that poor breath, that little word,
May yield Lord Ronald to the sword.—*  
Clan Coll's dirge is pealing wide,
The griesly headman's by his side.
Along the greenwood Chase they bend,
And now their march has ghestly ended,
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 muttered near!  
And must he die such death accurst,
Or will that basom-secret burst?
Cold on his brow breaks terror's dews,
His trembling lips are livid blue;
The agony of parting life
Has taught 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 ambuscade.
The Island Lord look'd forth, and spied
The cause, and loud in fury cried:—  
"By Heaven, they lead the page to die,
And mock me in my agony!  
They shall abyse it!"—On his arm
Bruce laid strong grasp, "They shall not bares
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 conch thee midway on the wold,
Between the flyers and their hold;
A spear 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-dim
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."

* MS.—"You seathed oak."  
* MS.—"You plaid, by terror wrung
* In place of the couplet which follows, the MS. has:—  
* For, stood she there, and should refuse
The choice my better purpose views,
I'd spurn her like a base-maid tame,
Lost to resentment and to  
* each sense of pride and  
* Of a spy, whom, guided by our hound,
Lurking conceal'd this moss we found."
XXVIII.

Like war-horse eager to rush on,
Compell'd to wait the signal blown,¹
Rid, and scarce hid, by woodland boughs,
Trembling with rage, stands Ronald now,
And in his grasp his sword gleams blue,
Soon to be dyed with deadlier hue.—

Meanwhile the Bruce, with steady eye,
Sees the dark² death-train moving by,
And, heedful, measures off the space
The Douglas and his band 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 matter'd prayer
The victim for his fate prepare.—

What glances o'er the woodland shade?
The spear that marks the ambuscade!—

"Now, noble Chief! I leave thee loose;
Upon them, Ronald!" said the Bruce.

XXXIX.

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 astonished Southern gazed at first,
Where the wild tempest was to burst,
That waked in that presaging name.
Before, behind, around it came!
Halfarmed, surprised, on every side
Herms'd in, hew'd down, they bled and died.
Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,
And fierce Chin-Colha's broadsword raged!
Full soon the few who fought were sped,
No better was their lot who fled,
And met, 'mid terror's wild career,
The Douglases'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 gentler duty chain'd his hand.
He raised the page, where on the plain
His fear had sunk him with the slain:

MS.—"Yet waiting for the trumpet tone,"¹
¹ MS.—"See the slow death-train,"²
² MS.—"And scarce his recollection," &c.
³ MS.—"A harder task fierce Edward waits,
Whose ire assail'd the castle gates,"³
⁴ MS.—"Where sober thought had fail'd.
Upon the bridge himself he threw."³
⁵ MS.—"His axe was steel of temper'd edge.
That truth the wander well might pledge,
He sunk upon the threshold ledge!
The gate," &c.

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 recollection² drown'd
The accents in a murrmuring sound;
And once, when scarce he could resist
The Chieftain's care to loose the vest,
Drawn tightly o'er his laboring 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 assail'd,⁴
Such was his wonted reckless mood,
Yet desperate valor oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,
Where prudence might have fail'd.
Upon the bridge his strength he threw;⁵
And struck the iron chain in two,
By which its planks arose;
The waner next his axe's edge
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,
"Twixt door and post a hastily wedge!"⁶
The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southern in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,
But stubborn Edward forc'd his way³
Against a hundred foes.
Loud came the cry, "The Bruce, the Bruce!"³
No hope or in defence or trace,
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 lopp'd and life-blood pour'd,
The cry of death and conflict roar'd,
And fearful was the din!
The startling horses plunged and flung,
Chamor'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
Gruand in their agony."⁷

⁷ MS.—"Well fought the English yeomen then,
And Lorn and Clifford play'd the men,
But Edward man'd the pass he won
Against," &c.

⁶ The concluding stanza of "The Siege of Corinth" contains an obvious, though, no doubt, unconscious imitation of the preceding nine lines, magnificently expanded through an extent of about thirty completes—

* All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd;
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,
XXXII.

The valiant Clifford is no more;¹
On Ronald's broadsword stream'd his gore.
But better hap had he of Lorn,
Who, by the foemen backward borne,
'Et guin'd with slender train the port,
Where lay his bark beneath the fort,
And cut the cable loose.²
Short were his shifts in that debate,
That hour of fury and of fate,
If Lorn encounter'd Bruce?³
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 desery
Saint Andrew's cross, in blazonry
Of silver, waving wide!

XXXIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall!⁴
"Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,
Welcome to mirth and joy!
The first, the last, is welcome here,
From lord and chief to prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.
Great God! once more my sib's abode
Is mine—behold the floor I trode
In tottering infancy!
And there the vaulted arch, whose sound
Reported my joyous shout and bound
In boyhood, and that ring round
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' e'er.

XXXIV.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four,
My noble fathers loved of yore.⁵
Thrice 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 lands and life at naught,
Until her freedom shall be bought,—
Be brand of a disloyal Scot,
And lasting infamy his lot!⁶
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;⁷
Warn Lanark's knights to gird their mail,
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Etrich's archers sharpen their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts!
Call all, call all! from Reedsawir-Path,
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath;
Wide let the news through Scotland ring,
The Northern Eagle claps his wing!"⁸

The Lord of the Isles

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

O who, that shared them, ever shall forget?⁹
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart 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 won;¹⁰
When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun!¹¹

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 D.
² MS.—"I t o n.'t is a head to a heave.
³ MS.—"And burnt his girth, and tore his rein," &c.
⁴ Ir point of fact, Clifford fell at Bannockburn.
⁵ MS.—"And swiftly hoisted sail."
⁶ MS.—"Short were his shifts, if in that hour
Of fate, of fury, and of power,
He counter'd Edward Bruce!"¹¹
⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 D.
⁸ See Appendix, Note 3 E.
⁹ MS.—"Hast thou forgotten? —No! who can ever forget."
¹⁰ Who can avoid conjuring up the idea of men with broadsheets of broadsheets filled with the name of the patriot, blowing loud defiance in each other's mouth, from the top to the bottom of Pall-Mall, or the Haymarket, when he reads such a passage? We actually hear the Park and Tower guns, and the clattering of ten thousand bells, as we read, and stop our ears from the to-and-fro of the clamors of some hot and hasty patriot, blowing our noses, as well as Bonaparte, to the devil! And what has this to do with Bannockburn?"—Monthly Review.
¹¹ MS.—"Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, watch'd Triumph's flashing gun."
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 against 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 deldug Douglas-dale,
And fiery Edward routed stout St. John,
When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale,
And many a fortress, town, and tower, was won,
And Fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done.

II.
Blithe tidings flew from baron's tower,
To peasant's cot, to forest-bower,
And waked the solitary cell,
Where lone Saint Bride's redness dwell.
Princess no more, fair Isabel,
A votress of the order now,
Say did the rule that bid thee wear
Dim veil and woolen scapulaire,
And reft thy locks of dark-brown hair,
That stern and rigid vow,
Did it condemn the transport high,
Which glistned in thy watery eye,
When ministrel or when Palmer told
Each fresh exploit of Bruce the bold?—
And whose the lovely form, that shares
Thy anxious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers?
No sister she of convent shade;
So say these locks in lengthen'd braid,
So say the blushes and the sighs,
The tremors that unbidden rise,
When mingled with the Bruce's fame,
The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

III.
Believe, his father's castle won,
And his bold enterprise begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore:
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.
There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and vows;
And there, her sex's dress regained,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Resounded with the din of war;
And many a month, and many a day,
In calm seclusion wore away.

IV.
These days, these months, to years had worn,
When tidings of high weight were borne
To that lone island's shore;
Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the First Edward's ruthless blade,
His son retain'd no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
Belenguer'd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce;
If England's King should not relieve
The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,
To yield them to the Bruce.
England was roused—on every side
Courier and post and herald hied,
To summon prince and peer,
At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege,
Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,
With buckler, brand, and spear.
The term was nigh—they muster'd fast,
By beacon and by bugle-blast
Forth marshall'd for the field;
There rode each knight of noble name.
There England's hardy archers came,
The land they trode seem'd all on flame,
With banner, blade, and shield!
And not famed England's powers alone,
Renown'd in arms, the summons own;
For Neustria's knights obey'd,
Gascogne hath lent her warriors good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multipude,
And Connacht pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rules
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.

V.
Right to devoted Caldeon
The storm of war rolls slow'v on.

See Appendix, Note 3 G.  
Ibid. Note 3 H.  
Ibid. Note 3 I.  
Ibid. Note 3 K.  
Ibid. Note 3 L.  
Ibid. Note 3 M.  
Ibid. Note 3 O.  
Ms. "The gathering storm of war rolls on."

? The Ms. has not this line.
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
Suspend awhile the threatened shower,
Till every peak and summit 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 bide,
His royal summons warn'd the land,
That all who own'd their King's command
Sizable instant take the spear and brand,¹
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,²
All bound them for the fight.
Such news the royal courier tells,
Who came to raise 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.

VI.
"My Edith, can I tell how dear
Our intercourse of hearts sincere
Hath been to Isabel?—
Judge then the sorrow of my heart,
When I must say the words, We part!
The cheerless convent-cell
Was not, 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 fickle heart of man,³
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."—

VII.
"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 to his elfin page,
By her own heart, and her own eye,
Her lover's penitence to try—
Safe in his royal charge and free,
Should such thy final purpose be,
Again unknown to seek the cell,
And live and die with Isabel."
Thus spoke the maid.—King Robert's eye
Might have some glance of policy;
Dunstaffnage had the monarch taken,
And Lorn had own'd King Robert's reign.⁴
Her brother had to England fled,
And there in banishment was dead;
Ample, 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 upbraid,
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 Isabel?—
How wear that strange attire agen?
How risk herself amidst 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 wile,
Reluctant to be thought to move
At the first call of truant love.¹

IX.
Oh, blame her not!—when zephyrs wake,
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;
When beams the sun through April's show'r
It needs must bloom, the violet flower.

¹ MS. "— Should instant holt them with the brand."
² MS. "— From Solway's sands to wild Cape-Wrath,
From Hay's Rims to Colbrand's path."
³ MS. "— And his mate page were one.
For, versant in the heart of man."
⁴ MS. "— If brief and vain repinings wake, everere.
MS. — "Her lover's alter'd mood to try."
⁵ MS. "— Her aged sire had own'd his reign."
¹ The MS. here presents, erased—
"But all was overruled—a band

From Aran's mountains left the land;
Their chief, MacLouis, had the care
The speechless Amadine to bear
To Bruce, with honor reverence as behooved
To page the monarch dearly loved."

With one verbal alteration these lines occur hereafter—the poet having postponed them, in order to apologize more in length for Edith's acquiescence in an arrangement not, one thinks, at first sight, over delicate
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 laid her plighted faith and truth—
Then, 'twas her Liege's strict command,
And she, beneath his royal hand,
A ward in person and in land:—
And, last, she was resolved to stay
Univ 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 his falsehood vowed
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 be repaid!"
Now came the parting hour—a band
From Arran's mountains left the land;
Their chief, Fitz-Louis, had the care
The speechless Amadine to bear
To Bruce, with honor, as behooved
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'd:
It was on eve of battle-day,
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,
And far as e'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 nigh
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 stove 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 armor 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 aghast;
And traversed first the rearward host,
Reserved for aid where needed most.
The men of Carrack 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 plaided band.
There, in the centre, proudly rais'd,
The Bruce's royal standard blaz'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 Lorain

who affected by the amount of his father's debts. A widow having no son may enjoy her husband's freehold as long as she lives, but at her death it reverts to the community, the female line being excluded from the right of succession. Nor can any free- man dispose of his freehold except to the community, who must, within a certain time, dispose of it to a neutral person, as no free- man or baron can possess more than one allotment whereby the original number of freemen is always kept up.

Each freeholder has a vote in the election of the bailiffs who have a jurisdiction over the freemen for the recovery of small debts. But though they have the power of committing a freeman to prison, they cannot, in right of their offices, lock the prison door on him, but if he leaves the prison without the proper libration of the bailiffs, he thereby forfeits his baronship of freedom."—Inq. gen. 12. 72. 355. 792.


1 See Appendix, Note 3 P.
2 p. 12. — "Nearest and plainest to the eye."*
3 See Appendix, Note 3 Q.
4 MS. — "One close beneath the hill was laid."*
5 See Appendix, Note 3 R.
6 "A reward for the loyalty and distinguished bravery of the men of Ayr on the occasion referred to in the text, King Robert the Bruce granted them upwards of 1300 Scots acres of land, part of the barony of Kyle Stewart, his matrimonial inheritance, lying in the immediate vicinity of the town of Ayr, which grant King James VI. confirmed to his successors by two charters; one to the freemen of Newton-upon-Ayr, the other to the freemen of Prestwick, both boroughs of barony in the same parish, with all the peculiarities of the original constitution.

The former charter contains forty-eight freedoms or hereditries, as these subdivisions are called—and the latter thirty-nine. The right of succession to these freedoms is limited. A son succeeds his father, nor can his right of succession be any
For one she look'd—but he was far
Basied 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-Linus guided Amadine.1
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of London's land;
Ettick 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,
Northeastward 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 helms that glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and left-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 they pause; for, in advance
As far as one might pitch a lance,
The Monarch rode along the van;2
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 arms of steel;
Nor wanting yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palely low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And clasped'd within its glittering twine

Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accompted thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bow-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 dawning light.

XIV.
O gay, yet fearful? to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with tails 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 forget?
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,
You knight who marshals thus your 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—sweep him from our path!
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Borne.

XV.
Of Hereford's high blood1 he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spurred 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 beat high

1 MS.—"O fair, yet fearful" &c
2 MS.—"Princely blood," &c
3 MS.—"Her guard conducted Amadine."
And dazzled was each gazing eye—
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink;¹
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 swunn'd the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
High in his stirrup stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Bonne, the whites he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crack'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen chape,
Was driv'd to the gauntlet 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 Bonne!

XVI.

One pitting 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 folly's tax;
I've broke my trusty battle-axe."
Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending 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 gory axe he throw'd,
While to the seeming page he drew,
Clearing war's terrors from his eye.
Her hand with gentle case he took,
With such a kind protecting look,
As to a weak and timid boy
Might 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 Arran's holy cell
Thou must take part with Isabel;
For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,
Not to regain the Maid of Lorn
(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 wrath has lost a rose."
The Earl his visor closed, and said,
"My wraith shall bloom, or life shall fade—
Follow, my household!"—And they go
Like lightning on the advancing foe.
"My Liege," 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 swell'd high—
"My Liege," 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—

² See Appendix, Note 3 U
³ MS.—"Lo! round thy post have pass'd the foes.
4 through"
⁴ MS.—"Earl Randolph's strength is one to ten."
"Sea, see! the routed Southern fly!
The Earl hath won the victory.
Lo! where ye 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 Dayncourt by stout Randolph slain,
His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—
That skirmish closed the busy day,
And couched in battle's prompt array,
Each army on their weapons lay.

XIX.

It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon;
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.²
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 in vain!

But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands d'eer-match'd sought aid from
Heaven.

XX.

On Gillie's hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Ethid stands,
With serif and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
Oh! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum?

No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bangle sound were toss'd,³
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
And started from the ground;
Armed' and array'd for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frown'd.⁴

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 fumes,
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 bridled-rein.
Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—
—At once, before his sight amazed,
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."—⁵
"Aye!—but they bend to other powers,
And other pardon sue than ours!
See where ye 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 halt and bend their bows.
Then stepp'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 gray-goose wing
As the wild halloo's pelt and ring.
Adown December's blast,
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
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 dismounted, 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 moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—
"Forth, Marshal! on the pennant foe!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!" 1

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,
They rush'd among the archer ranks.
No spears were there the shock to let,
No stakes to turn the charge were set,
And how shall yeoman's armor slight,
Stand the long lance and mace of might?
Or what may their short swords avail,
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?
Amid their ranks the chargers spring,
High o'er their heads the weapons swing,
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout 1

Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,
Their English hearts the strife made good,
Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dalnem-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the Greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,
The maid's may twin the summer bough,
May northward look with longing glance,
For those that went to lead the dance,
For the blithe archers look in vain!
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'ert'ren,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain.
Theyumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight,
"Are these," he said, "our yeomen wight
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!"
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!
To rightward of the wild affray
The field show'd fair and level way;
But, in mid space, the Bruce's care
Had bared the ground 1 with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet, 6
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamber dread,
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,
As far as Stirling rock.
Down! down in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go; 7
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.
Lend from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steads that shriek in agony!
They came like mountain torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;

1 MS.—"Drew to his ear the silken string" 2
2 MS.—"Their brandish'd spears." 3
3 See Appendix, Note 3 Y.
4 Ibid. Note 3 Z.
5 MS.—"An arm'd foe." 6
6 MS.—"With many a pit the ground to bore,
With turf and brushwood sever'd o'er
Had form'd," &c.
7 See Appendix, Note 4 A.
8 Ibid. Note 4 B.
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
- 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 Glesier plied the bloody sword,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed over yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.
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 was the 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 breast,
And Slaughter revel'd round.

XXVI.
Unflinching foot' 'gainst foot was set,
Uneasing blow by blow was met;
The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle-yell.
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,
From habit some, or hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good,
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the grave.

XXVII.
The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins,
High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feeble speeds the blow and burst.
Douglasleans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less had told' d each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beanchamp undoes his visor clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,

'The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins,'
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,  
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast  
Hath lost its lively tone;  
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,  
And Percy's shout was fainter heard,  
"My merry-men, fight on!"

XXXVII.
nee, with the pilot's wary eye,  
ne 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 broadswords shone;  
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,  
And loud King Robert's voice was known—  
"Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!  
Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,  
The foe is frowning fast  
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,  
For Scotland, liberty, and life.—  
The battle cannot last!"

XXXIX.
The fresh and desperate onset bore  
The foes three furlongs 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 field,  
Renews the ranks where they have reeled,  
And still makes good the line.  
Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise  
A bright but momentary blaze.  
Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,  
Beheld them turning from the rout,  
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,  
In notes 'twill triumph and lament.  
That rallying force, combined anew,  
Appeard in her distracted view,  
To hem the Islesmen round;  
"O God! the combat they renew,  
And 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,  
Rejected 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,  
Bondsman and serf; even female hand  
Struck to the hatchet or the brands;  
But, when mute Amadine they heard  
Give to their zeal his signal-word,  
A phrenzy fired the throng;  
"Portents and miracles impeach  
Our oath—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, warm's  
Our breasts as theirs.—To arms, to arms!  
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—  
And minia ensigns high they rear,  
And, like a banner'd best a'furr,  
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 marshal'd foe,  
The boldest broke array,  
O give their hapless prince his due!  
In vain the royal Edward threw  
His person 'mid the spears,  
Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,  
Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair;  
And cursed their caitiff 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.

1 MS.—"The sinking,' &c.  
2 See Appendix, Note 4 C.  
3 MS.—'Then hurry to the shock!'  
4 MS.—'of lead or stone.'  
5 MS.—'To us, as well as them, belongs.'  
6 See Appendix, Note 4 D.  
7 MS.—'And rode in haste away.'  
8 See Appendix, Note 4 E.  
9 MS.—'And bade them hope amid despair.'
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.¹
"Now then," he said, and couch’d his spear,
"My course is run, the goal is near;
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 saddle bore;
But not unharmed—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 swung 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 Colonsay
Hath turn’d 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 Southron’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,
The wounded knight drew near;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream’d with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
He strove even then to couch his lance—
The effort was in vain!
The spur-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 loose;
"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 comrade, brave—
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 bold.
The courteous men, the noble race,
The stainless faith, the many 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.
Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Ninian’s church these tears sweep,
And rose the death-prayer’s awful tone.
That yellow lustre glimmer’d o’er,
On broken plate and bloodied helmet,
Rent crest and shatter’d corse,
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;
And the best names that England knew,
Claim’d in the death-prayer’s strain.
Yet mourn not, Lord of Fame!
Though ne’er the brave des on thy shield
Retreated from so aid a field,
Since Normans William came.
Oft may thine arms justly boast
Of battles so by Scotland lost;
Grant her not her victory,
When she her freed born rights she strove,
Rip’t d to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee.\footnote{\textit{f a} sing—though we think that the author has \\textit{a} too little embellishment in recording the adventures of the Bruce. There are many places, at least, in which he has evidently given an air of heaviness and fatigue to his narrative by adhering too closely to the authentic history; and has low}
XXXVI

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear
Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear;
With him, a hundred voices tell
Of prodigy and miracle,
"For 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 banner drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new histrone 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 mutter'd low,
Some mangled sounds that none might know,
And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear,
As being of superior sphere."

XXXVII

Even upon Bannock’s bloody plain,
Heay’d then with thousands of the slain,
’Mid victor monarch’s musings high,
Mirth laugh’d in good King Robert’s eye
"And boro he such angelic hair,
Such noble front, such waving hair?"
Hath Ronald kneel’d to him?" he said,
"Then must we call the church to aid—

sufficiently national—-and breathes nothing either of that animosity towards England, or that exaltation over her defeat, which must have animated all Scotland at the period to which he refers; and ought, consequently, to have been the ruling passion of his poem. Mr. Scott, however, not only swells fondly on the valor and generosity of the invaders, but actually makes an elaborate apology to the English for having ventured to select for his theme a story which records their disasters. We hope this extreme courtesy is not intended merely to appease critics, and attract readers in the southern part of the land—and yet it is difficult to see for what other purposes it could be assumed. Mr. Scott certainly need not have been afraid either of exciting rebellion among his countrymen, or of bringing his own liberality and loyalty into question, although, in speaking of the events of that remote period, where an overbearing conqueror was overthrown in a lawless attempt to subdue an independent kingdom, he had given full expression to the hatred and exultation which must have prevailed among the victors; and are indeed the only passions which can be supposed to be excited by the story of their exploits. It is not natural, and we are sure it is not poetical, to represent the agents in such tremendous scenes as calm and indulgent judges of the motives or merits of their opponents; and, by lending such a character to the leaders of his host, the author has actually lessewed the interest of the mighty fight of Bannockburn, to that which might be supposed to belong to a well-regulated tournament among friendly rivals. —Jeffrey.

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 spate,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace, with early morn,
The bridal of the Maid of Lor.”

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame,
Who close no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was—and O! how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words! there was a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allow’d,
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 woes.
What ‘vails to tell, how Virtue’s purest gl.

1 MS.—"Excepted to the Island Lord,
When tiring," &c.

2 MS.—"Some mangled sounds of joy and woe."

3 The MS. adds—
"That priests and choir, with morning beams,
Prepare, with reverence as becomes,
To pay," &c.

4 “Brace issues orders for the celebration of the nuptials, whether they were ever solemnized, it is impossible to say. As critics, we should certainly have forbidden the bands; he came, although it is conceivable that the mere lapse of time might not have eradicated the passion of Edith, yet such a circumstance alone, without even the assistance of an interview, could have created one in the bosom of Ronald that was altogether inconceivable. He must have proposed to marry her merely from compassion, or for the sake of her hands, and, upon either supposition, it would have comported with the delicacy of Edith to refuse his proffered hand.”—Quarterly Review.

To Mr. James Ballantyne.—Dear Sir,—You have now the whole affair, excepting two or three concluding stanzas As your taste for bridle’s-cake may induce you to desire to know more of the wedding, I will save you some criticism by saying, I have settled to stop short as above.—Witness my hand,

W. S"
That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither—there!

other dangers, De Winton; and although he certainly falls in
finlly short of that accomplished swimmer Malcolm Grange,
yet he rises proportionably above the rotundine Roland.
Lord Ronald, indeed, hating his intended marriage with one
woman while he loves another, is a very noble fellow; and,
were he not so totally eclipsed by 'The Bruce,' he would have
served very well to give a title to any octosyllabic epic, were
it even as vigorous and general as the present. Nevertheless
it would have been just as proper to call Virgil's divin poetry
'The Archiector,' as it is to call this 'The Lord of the Isles.'
To all intents and purposes the aforesaid quarto is, and ought
to be, 'The Bruce.'

The Monthly Reviewer thus concludes his article:—'In
some detached passages, the present poem may challenge any
of Mr. Scott's compositions; and perhaps in the Abbot's voluntary blessing it excels any single part of any one of them.
The battle, too, and many dispersed lines besides, have trans-
scendent merit. In point of fable, however, it has not the grace
and elegance of 'The Lady of the Lake,' nor the general clear-
ness and vivacity of its narrative; nor the unexpected happi-
ness of its catastrophe; and still less does it aspire to the praise
of the complicated, but very proper and well-managed story
of 'Rokeby.' It has nothing, perhaps, to rival 'The Crimson
Wreath,' nothing so sweetly touching as the last evening scene
at Rokeby, before it is broken by Bertram; nothing (with the
exception of the Abbot) so awfully melancholy as much of
Marmion's history, or so powerful as Bertram's farewell to
Edmund. It vies, as we have already said, with 'Marmion,'
in the generally favorite part of that poem; but whither it
(has with the exception of the fore-stated) equal to the numera-
dy and constancy? On the whole, however, we prefer it to 'Mar-
mion;' which, in spite of much merit, always had a sort of
noisy royal-circus air with it; a clay-trumpety, if we may ven-
ture to say such a word. 'Marmion,' in short, has become quite
identifiable with Mr. Braham in our minds; and we are there
fore not perhaps unbiased judges of its perfections. Finally,
we do not hesitate to place 'The Lord of the Isles' below both
of Mr. Scott's noble works; and as 'The Cypresses of the Last
Minstrel,' for numerous commonplaces and separate beauties,
that poem, we believe, still constitutes one of the highest steps,
in not the very highest, in the ladder of the author's
reputation. The characters of the present tale (with the
exception of 'The Bruce,' who is vividly painted from
history—and of some minor sketches) are certainly, in point of
invention, of the most meritorious, that of is, of the most
minutely described; and, as to the language and versification,
the poem is in its general course as inferior to 'Rokeby' (by
much the most correct and the least justly appreciated of the
author's works) as it is in the construction and conduct of its
fable. It supplies whole pages of the most prosaic narrative;
but, as we conclude by recollecting, it displays also whole pages
of the noblest poetry.'

The British Critic says: "No poet... Mr. Scott... appeared with finer claims to the public attention. If it love
less pathos than the Lady of the Lake, or less display of char-
ter than Marmion, it surpasses them both in grandeur of conception, and dignity of versification. It is in every respect
decidedly superior to Rokeby; and though it may not reach the
Lay of the Last Minstrel in a few splendid passages, it is far
more perfect as a whole. The fame of Mr. Scott, among
those who are capable of distinguishing the rich ore of poetry
from the dross which surrounds it, will receive no small advance-
ment by this last effort of his genius. We discover in it a
brilliantly in detached expressions, and a power of language i
The Quarterly Reviewer, after giving his outline of the story of the Lord of the Isles, thus proceeds:—"In whatever point of view it be regarded, whether with reference to the incidents it contains, or the agents by whom it is carried on, we think that one less calculated to keep alive the interest and curiosity of the reader could not easily have been conceived. Of the characters, we cannot say much: they are not conceived with any great degree of originality, nor delineated with any particular spirit. Neither are we disposed to criticise with minuteness the incidents of the story; but we conceive that the whole poem, considering it as a narrative poem, is projected upon wrong principles."

The Quarterly Reviewer goes on to say that the story is obviously composed of two independent plots, connected with each other merely by the accidental circumstances of time and place. The liberation of Scotland by Bruce has not naturally any more connection with the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn, than with those of Dido and Aeneas; nor are we able to conceive any possible motive which should have induced Sir Walter Scott to weave them as he has done into the same narrative, except the desire of combining the advantages of an heroic, with what we may call, for want of an appropriate word, an ethical subject; an attempt which we feel assured he never would have made, had he duly weighed the very different principles upon which these dissimilar sorts of poetry are founded. Thus, had Mr. Scott introduced the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn as an episode of an epic poem upon the subject of the battle of Bannockburn, its want of connection with the main action might have been excused, in favor of its intrinsic merit; but, by a great singularity of judgment, he has introduced the battle of Bannockburn as an episode, in the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn.

To say nothing of the obvious preposterousness of such a design, abstractedly considered, the effect of it has, we think, decidedly been to destroy that interest which either of them might separately have created; or, if any interest remain respecting the fate of the ill-fated Edith, it is because at no moment of the poem do we feel the slightest degree of it, respecting the enterprise of Bruce.

"The many beautiful passages which we have extracted from the poem, combined with the brief remarks subjoined to each canto, will sufficiently show, that although the Lord of the Isles is not likely to add very much to the reputation of Mr. Scott, yet this must be imputed rather to the greatness of his previous reputation, than to the absolute inferiority of the poem itself. Unfortunately, its merits are merely incidental, while its defects are mixed up with the very elements of the poem. But it is not in the power of Mr. Scott to write with tameness; be the subject what it will (and he could not easily have chosen one more impracticable), he impresses upon whatever scenes he describes, so much movement and activity, he infuses into his narrative such a flow of life, and, if we may so express ourselves, of animal spirits, that without satisfying the judgment, or moving the feelings, or elevating the mind, or even very greatly interesting the curiosity, he is able to seize upon, and, as it were, exhilarate the imagination of his readers, in a manner which is often truly unaccountable. This quality Mr. Scott possesses in an admirable degree; and supposing that he had no other object in view than to convince the world of the great poetical powers with which he is gifted, the poem before us would be quite sufficient for his purpose. But this is of very inferior importance to the public; what they want is a good poem, and as experience has shown, this can only be constructed upon a solid foundation of taste and judgment and meditation."

The Quarterly Reviewer concludes that the passages referring to the preceding extract from the Quarterly Review, and that from the Edinburgh Review, at the commencement of the poem appear to me to condense the result of deliberate and candid reflection, and I have therefore quoted them. The most important remarks of either Essayist on the details of the plot and execution are annexed to the last edition of the poem; and show such an exact coincidence of judgment in two masters of their calling, as had not hitherto been exemplified in the professional criticism of his metrical romances. The defects which both point out, are, I presume, but too completely explained by the preceding statement of the rapidity with which this, the last of those great performances, had been thrown off;—[see Life, vol. vii., pp. 13-15]—nor do I see that either Reviewer has failed to do sufficient justice to the beauties which redeem the imperfections of the Lord of the Isles—except as regards the whole character of Bruce, its real hero, and the picture of the Battle of Bannockburn, which, now that one can compare these works from something like the same point of view, does not appear to me in the slightest particular inferior to the Flodden of Marmion.

"This poem is now, I believe, about as popular as Rokeby; but it has never reached the same station in general favor with the Lay, Marmion, or the Lady of the Lake. The first edition of 1800 copies in quarto, was, however, rapidly disposed of, and the separate editions in 8vo, which ensued before his poetical works were collected, amounted together to 15,250 copies. This, in the case of almost any other author, would have been splendid success; but, as compared with what he had previously experienced, even in his Rokeby, and still more so as compared with the enormous circulation at once attained by Lord Byron's early tales, which were then following each other in almost breathless succession, the falling off was decided."—Lockhart, vol. v., p. 27.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

APPENDIX.

Note A.

Thy rugged bales, Arranish! rang.—P. 415.

The ruins of the Castle of Arronish are situated upon a promontory, on the Murven, or mainland-side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea, which divides that island from the isle of Appin. 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 Lord Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Arronish 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 when popular tradition calls their parliaments, meaning, I suppose, their cour plenieres, or assembly of feudal and patriarchal vassals and dependents. The said Donalde of Arronish, upon the 19th day of October, 1461, John de Wic, designing himself Ezel 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 lauchmond Bishop of Down, the Earl Wiveliscombe, the Prior of St. John's, Lord Wenlock, and Mr. Robert Stirlington, 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 realm of Scotland; the said Donalde having, by the grant of the same Edward and Donald shall have, by the nominal of the same Most Christian prince, all the possessions of the said resume beyond Scottishe see, they to be departed equally betwixt them: echo of them, his heirs and successors, to hold his parts of the said Most Christian prince, his heirs and successors, for evermore, in right of his crown of England, by homage and fealty to be done therefore.

"Item, If so be that, by th' side and assistance of the said James Erle of Douglas, the said resume of Scotland be conquered and subdued as above, then he shall have, enjoin, and inherite all his own possessions, lands, and inheritances, on this syde the Scottishe see; that is to saye, betwixt the syde Scottishe see and Englysh, such he hath rejousted and be possesed of before this; there to holde them of the said most high and Christian prince, his heirs, and successeurs, as is above-said, for evermore, in right of the corone of Englysh, as well the said Erle of Douglas, as his heirs and successeurs, by homage and fealty to be done therefore."—Rymers Faders Convention Literae et ejusdemque generis Acta Publica fol. v., 1741.

Such was the treaty of Arronish; but it does not appear that the allies ever made any very active effort to realize their ambitious designs. It will serve to show both the power of these regali, and their independence upon the crown of Scotland.

It is only further necessary to say of the Castle of Arronish that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of the Isles.

Note B.

Rude Heiskar's soul through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.—P. 416.

The sea, displays a taste for music, which could scarce 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 Heisker, a small uninhabited rock, about twelve (Scottish) miles from the isle of Uist, that an infinite slaughter of seals takes place there.

**Note C.**

*Scudder and steep, and battle round, O'erloch'd, dark Mull! thy mighty sound.*—P. 417.

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 Tighernish, 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 distant of Argyleshire, called Morvern, successively indented by deep salt-water lochs, running up many miles inland.

To the southeastward are a precipitous range of mountains, among which Craighan-Ben is pre-eminent. And to the northeast is the less huge and picturesque range of the Ardanaunchan hills. Many ruined castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene. Those of Dunollie and Duart, which are first passed, then that of Duart, formerly belonging to the chief of the warlike and powerful septs of Macleans, and the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy, entitled the Family Legend. Still passing on to the northward, Arrochar and Aros become visible upon the opposite shores; and, lastly, Mullary, and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more imposing 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 lochs, out of which sail forth a number of conflicting and thieving tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden flaws and gusts of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountains, and the sudden change from a settled to a rough sea, 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.

**Note D.**

*These seas beheld, Round twice a hundred islands roll'd, From Hirt, that hears their northern roar, To the green King's fertile shore.*—P. 417.

The number of the western isles of Scotland exceeds two hundred, of which St. Kilda is the most northerly, ascetically called Hirt, or Hirt, probably from *earth,* being in fact the whole globe to its inhabitants. Hary, which 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 throne 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 were yet extant. "Loch-Finlaggan, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, eels, and eoch; this lake lies in the centre of the isle. The isle Finlagan, from which this lake hath its name, is it. It's famous for being once the court in which the great Mac-Donalf, King of the Isles, had his residence; his houses, chapel, &c., are now ruined. A guard, corps, called Lachytsch, stood guard on the lake side nearest to the isle; the walls of his houses are still to be seen there. The high court of judi-
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

NOTE G.

Lord of the Isles.—P. 417.

The representative of this independent principality, for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the co-eminence of the Scottish crown, was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Og; but the name has been, euphonia gratia, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received in his castle of Dunaverty, during the time of his greatest distress. As I shall be equally liable to an accusation of composing a controversy which had long existed between three distinguished chieftains 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 most 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 Ronald, son of Donald, son of Donald, chief of the Isles of the Gaed, the general name given to the Hebrides), he married a daughter of Cunbini, 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 in Scotland are descended. Angus had another son, namely, young John Frisco, whose descendants are called Clan-Eaun of Glencon, and the McDonalls of Frisco. This Angus Og died in Isla, where his body was interred. His son John succeeded to the inheritance of Innisgall. He had good descendants, namely, three sons procreate of Ann, daughter of McHilpa: high chief of Lorn, and one daughter, Mary, married to Jorn MacLean, Laird of Duart, and Lachlan, his brother, Laird of Cull; she was interred in the church of the Black Nuns. The eldest sons of John were Ronald, Gallfrey, and Alexander, whose descendants are called Clan-Eaun of Glencon, and the McDonalls of Frisco. These were the lands which he gave him, viz. from Kilmumin a Abertarf to the river Sol, and from thence to Brill, north of Eg & Rum, and the two Uists, and from thence to the foot of the river Gliechan, and threescore long ships. John married afterwards Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, called John Fernyear; she bore him three good sons, Donald of the Isles, the heir, John the Fastier (i.e. Thane), the second son, and Alexander Carr.

rach. John had another son called Marcan, of whom the clan Macdonald of Cnoe, in Tiorew, are descended. This John lived long, and made donations to Icolmkill; he erected a chapel of Eorsay-Elan, the chapel of Finlaggan, and the chapel of the Isle of Taulbune, 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 of Anderish, many priests and monks took the sacrament at his fingers, and they enshrined in a wall of this castle a hand, which they called it to Icolmkill; the abbot, monks, and vicar, came as a Druid to meet the King of Fionlagh, and out of great respect to his memory mourned eight days and nights over it, as he laid it in the same grave with his father, in the church of Ora, 1339.

Ronald, son of John, was chief ruler of the Isles in his father’s lifetime, and was old in the government at his father’s death.

He assembled the gentry of the Isles, brought the sceptre from Kildonan in Eigg, and delivered it to his brother Donald, who was thereupon called McDonald, and Donald Lord of the Isles, contrary to the opinion of the men of the Isles.

Ronald, son of John, son of Angus Og, was a great supporter of the church and clergy; his descendants are called Classenoll. He was father-in-law to Turnanech-Uist, to the minister of the fore, for the honor of God and Columkille; 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 Tirian, leaving five children. Donald of the Isles, son of John, son of Angus Og, the brother of Ronald, took possession of Inverall and the estate of his brother and the gentry thereon; they all adhered to the priest named Mary Lesley, daughter to the Earl of Ross, and by her came the earldom of Ross to the McDonalchs. After his succession to that earldom, he was called McDonald, 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. Harlaw) 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 minister of Hi, and every privilege which the minister of Iona had formerly, besides vessels of gold and silver to Columkille for the monastery, and became himself one of the G’pennis. He left a powerful band of followers, one of whom, named Alexander, the son of Donald; he died in Isla, and his body was interred in the south side of the temple of Ora. Alexander, called John of the Isles, son of Alexander 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 connection caused some disagreement between the two families about their marches and divisions of lands, the one party adhering to Angus, and the other to John; the difference increased so much that John obtained from Aigan all the lands betwixt Ahban Fheinf (i.e. the long river) and old na sioinach (i.e. the fox-burn 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, and the north of Iona, where he was defended by his own harper Ma-Cairbeirn by cutting 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 Glen co, by the strong hand. After this enlargement, he came to the Isles, and convened the gentry thereof. There happens
great feuds betwixt these families while Donald Du was in
confinement, inasmuch that Mac-Cean of Ardsanuochan
destroyed the greatest part of the property of John Mor of
the Isles and Cntyre. For John Cathanach, son of John, son
of Donald Balloch, son of John Mor, son of John, son of Angas
Og (the chief of the descendants of John Mor), and John Mor,
son of John Cathanach, and young John, son of John Catha-
ach, and young Donald Balloch, son of John Cathanach, were
unlawfully taken by Mac-Cean in the island of Finlaggan,
in Isla, and carried to Edinburgh, where he got them hanged at
the Burrow-man, 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, ex-
cept Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, and Agnes Flach,
who concealed themselves in the gles of Ireland. Mac-Cean,
having of their hiding-places, went to cut down the woods of
these gles, in order to destroy 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 she brought him good chil-
dren. The Mac-Donalds of the North had also descendants;
for, after the death of John, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Ross,
Leven, and Lord of Inverness, the son of Alexander, Clan-
Donald, and the son of Alexander of the Isles, took possession, and John
was in possession of the earldom of Ross, and the north bor-
dering country; he married a daughter of the Earl of Moray,
of whom some of the men of the north had descended. The
Mac-Kenzies rose against Alexander, and fought the battle
called Inar na Faire. Alexander had only a few of the men
of Ross at the battle. He went after that battle to take pos-
session 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 arise
along with him; but Mac-Cean of Ardsanuochan watched him as
he sailed past, followed him to Ornsay 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 Gala,
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
Ardsanuochan, where they met Alexander, the son of John
Cathanach, were reconciled to him, he joined his men with
therem against Mac-Cean of Ardsanuochan, came upon him at
a charge, and himself killed him. Alexander, the son of Archibald,
and a great number of his people, were killed, and Donald
Galla was immediately declared Mac-Cean: And, after the
affair of Ardsanuochan, all the men of the Isles yielded
him, but he did not live above seven or eight weeks after it;
he died at Carnaborg, in Mull, without issue. He had three
daughters' daughters of Alexander, son of Archibald, who were
portioned in the north upon the continent, but the earldom of
Ross was kept for them. Alexander, the son of Archibald,
and a natural son, called John Cam, of whom is descended
Ardsanuochan, in Ranach, and Donald Gorm, son of Ronald,
son of Alexander Douglas, son 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 Angas
Og, namely, the true heir of the Isles and Ross, came
afterwards to the south, who came into the south with the help of the Isla
and convenc'd 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 at Mull, and the money was given to Mac-
Lean of Dranyt 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 dissolve,
which, when the Earl of Lennox heard, disbanded his own
men, and made it up with the king. Mac-Cean went to
Ireland to raise men, but he died on his way to Dublin, at
Druggida, of a fever, without issue of either sons or daugh-

In this history may be traced, though the Bard, or Seans,
touches such a delicate discussion with a gentle hand
the point of difference between the three principal septs de
scended from the Lords of the Isles. The first question, and
one of no easy solution, where so little evidence is produced,
respects the nature of the connection of John called by the
Archiean of the Isles "the Good John of Ila," and "the lad
Lord of the Isles," with Anne, daughter of Roderick Mac-
dougal, high-lord of Lorn. In the absence of positive evi-
dence, presumptive must be resorted to, and I own it appears
to render it in the highest degree improbable that this con-
nection was otherwise than legitimate. In the wars between Da-
vid II, and Edward Baliol, John of the Isles espoused
Baliol interest, to which he was probably determined by his
alliance with Roderick of Lorn, who was, from every family
proclivities, friendly to Baliol, and hostile to Bruce. It seems
aboard to suppose, that between two chiefs of the same de-
scent, and nearly equal power and rank (though the Mac-
dougals had been much crushed by Robert Bruce), such a
connection should have been that of concubinage; and it ap-
pears more likely that the tempting offer of an alliance with the
Bruce family, when they had obtained the decided supe-
riority in the north, would have induced John of the Isles to
inherit, 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 Stuart,
dughter of Robert, afterwards King of Scotland. The set-
ing aside of this elder branch of his family was most probably
a condition of his new alliance, and his being received into
favor with the justice held at New Delhi, and the working of
the laws of succession at this early period so clearly under-
stood 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 indefeas-
ible hereditary right of primogeniture was valued at that period.
In fact, the title of the Bruce themselves to the crown, though
jealously the most popular when assumed with the determination
of asserting the independence of Scotland, was upon this
principle, greatly inferior to that of Baliol. For Bruce, the
competitor, claimed as son of Isabella, second daughter of Da-
vid, Earl of Huntingdon; and John Baliol, as grandson of
Margaret, the elder daughter of that same Earl. So that the
plea of Bruce was founded upon the very loose idea, that as
the great-grandson of David I., King of Scotland, and the
nearest colour of the direct line, the rights that were claimed
by him succeeded in exclusion of the great-grandson of the
same David, though by an elder daughter. This maxim savored
of the ancient 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 max-
ims of inheritance in Scotland were sometimes departed from
at periods when they were much more distinctly understood.
Such a transposition took place in the family of Hamilton, in
1513, when the descendants of James, third Lord, by Lady
Janet Home, were set aside, with an appanage of great value
indeed, in order to call to the succession those who had
by a subsequent marriage with Janet Bestoun. In short,
many other examples might be quoted to show that the ques-
tion of legitimacy is not always determined by the fact of suc-
cession; and the exigencies of political expediency are
involved in the matter. When Ronald, the grandson of
"John of Ila," by Anne of Lorn, was legitimate, and therefore
Lord of the Isles de jure, though de facto his younger half-brother Donald, son
of his father's second marriage with the Princess of Scotland, superseded him in his
right, and apparently by his own consent. From this Donald so preferred is descended the family of Sleat, now Lords Mac
Donald. On the other hand, Ronald, the excluded heir,
upon whom a very large appanage was settled, descended the
chiefs of Glengary and Claonsheald, each of whom had large
possessions and a numerous vassalage, and boasted a long de-
scent of warrior ancestry. Their common ancestor Ronald
was murdered by the Earl of Ross, at the Monastery of Echlo
The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, 
the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Montrose in 1166. This son obtained the succession of his 
mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the 
three districts of Lorn, in Argyleshire, 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, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, 
was a descendant of the chief Mac-Dougal, called Mac-imis 
of Argyle. He had married the third daughter of John, called 
the Red Comyn, who was slain by Bruce in the Dominican 
Church at Dunfermline, and hence he was a mortal enemy of that 
prince, and more than once reduced him to great straits 
during the early and distressed period of his reign, as we shall 
have repeated occasion to notice. Bruce, when he began to 
continue his successful progress, took the first opportunity 
in his power to reduce these territories, and he marched into 
Argyleshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the 
chieftain, was posted with his followers in the formidable 
pass between Dalnamy and Banawe. It is a narrow path 
along the verge of the high 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 Wisheman, and Sir Andrew Gray, ascended the moun-
tain with a select body of archery, and obtained possession of 
the heights which commanded the pass. A valley of avenues 
descending upon them directly warned theArgyleshire men of 
their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had 
until then 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 relief and defence, and were dispersed 
with great slaughter. John of Lorn, suspicious of the event, 
had early betaken himself to the galleys which he had upon 
the lake; but the feelings which Barbour assigns to him 
while witnessing the rout and slaughter of his followers ex 
culpate him from the charge of cowardice.

"To Jhone off Lorne it said dispels I trove, quhen he his men mycht se, 
Owte of his schippis fra the se, 
Be slayne and chasset in the hill, 
That he mycht set na help thar till. 
But it angrys als gretymly, 
To ged harris thar ar wolli, 
To se thair fayres foillth their wil! 
As to thaim selift to thole the ill."—B. vii., v. 280.

After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyleshire, 
and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, on the western shore of 
Lorn, compelled him to surrender, and placed in that principal 
stronghold of the Mac-Douglas a garrison and governor of his 
own.
The elder John Mac-Dougal, now warried with the contest, 
submitted to the conqueror, but his son, John, the 
chieftain, "as he wont to be," fled to England by sea. When 
the wars between the Bruce and Balliol factions again broke out 
in the reign of David II., the Lords of Lorn were again found 
upon the losing side, owing to their hereditary enmity 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 
confiscated at once, and afterward restored to Stewart, 
called the Knight of Lorn. The house of Mac-Dougal continued, however, to 
survive the loss of power, and afforded a very rare, if not a unique, instance of 
family of such unlimited power, and so distinguished during the 
middle ages, surviving the decay of their grandeur, and 
flourishing in a private station. The Castle of Dunolly, near 
Oban, with its dependencies, was the principal part of what 
remained to them, with their right of chiefship and dominion 
over the families of their name and blood. These they continued to 
 enjoy until the year 1715, when the representative incurred the 
penalty of forfeit, for his accession to the insurgent 

Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of 
Dunolly. The rains are directed upon a bold and precipitous 
promontory, overlooking Loch Etive, and distant about a 
mile from the village and port of Oban. The principal part 
which remains is the donjon or keep; but fragments of other 
buildings, overgrown with ivy, attest that it had been once a 
place of importance, as large apparently as Arrochar or Dun-
staffnage. These fragments enclose a courtyard, of which the 
keep probably formed one side; the entrance being by a steep 
path from the shore. The whole place, once inhabited, was now 
most, and defended 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 

1 The next, according to Lord Halstis. But the genealogy is distinctly 
read in Barbour as: 

The thrid dendrby of Red Coyn, 
Almawndyr of Argyle synes 

Tuk, and wedyt til hya wyf, 
And on hyr by gat til hya lyf, 
Jone of Lorne, the quhilk gat 
Ewyn of Lorne eftir that," 

WYNKEN'S Chronicle, Book viii. Chap. vi. Eyn 506纽带
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

There are other accompaniments suited to
these; in particular, a huge upright pillar, or detached frag-
ment of that sort of rock called plump-pudding stone, upon the
more, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called
Clark-mere, or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to
have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog
Brav. Others say that when the Lord of the Isles came upon
a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dog brought for his sport were
kept beside that pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful
and romantic spot can scarce be conceived; and it receives a
sort into, or from the considerations attached to the residence
of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Rob-
ert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life. It
is at present possessed by Patrick Mac-Dougal, Esq., the lineal
and unquestioned representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn.
The heir of Dunolly fell lately in Spain, fighting under the
Duke of Wellington,—a death well becoming his ancestry.

Note I.

Anecdote before the razing pove.
The misty ffeas of ocean gion.
Those lightnings of the wave—P. 419.

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire, is one of the
most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the He-
brides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated
around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations
are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel, or pur-
ning her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric ap-
pearances, 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 strongly of the description of
the sea-snakes in Mr. Copley's wild, but highly poetical
ballet 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 'read, the elvish light
Fell off in hoary flakes."

Note K.

—The dark fortress.—P. 430.

The fortress of a Hebridean chief was almost always on
the seashore, 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 endeavored to
defend them. Narrow slits and arched vaults were the usual mode of access; and the Jrawbridge appears at Dun-
staffnage, and elsewhere, to have fallen from the gate of the
building to the top of such a staircase; so that any one ad-
vancing 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 archers devolved chiefly upon a noble officer called the Cock-
man, who had the charge of challenging all who approached
the castle. The very ancient family of Mac-Niel of Barra
kept this attendant at their castle about a hundred years ago.
Martin gives the following account of the difficulty which
attended his proceeding entrance there:—"The little island Kiv-

Note M.

"Fill me the mighty cup!' he said,
"Erst o'weir'd by royal Somnolence."—P. 422.

A Hebridean drinking cup, of the most ancient and eerie-
workmanship, has been long preserved in the castle of Dun-
vanga, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leod of Mac-Leod
the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The base o
which they incriminate. They are more, however, divided 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 teacup; 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 appearances), 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 pebbles or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and the shape appears to have been highly gilded. The legs of the cup, are of silver. The family tradition bears that it was the property of Neil Glubinsaun, or Black-knee. But who this Neil was, no one pretends to say. Around the edge of the cup is a legend, perfectly illegible, in the Saxon black-letter, which seems to run thus:

The inscription may run thus at length: Ufô Jonasich Micl Macrai Principis de Hr Manae Vich Liathia Macgrued et operat Domino Iesui denuo eleamention Illorum operar. Feclin Ann Domini 903 Osull Oimi. Which may run in English: Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Liathia Macgryed, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (i.e. his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. Osull Oimi made this in the year of God nine hundred and ninety-three.

But this version does not include the puzzling letters before the word Manae. Within the month of the cup the letters BHIJ (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. 391, and might be used in a vessel formed for eleventh service so early as 923. The workmanship of the whole cup is extremely elegant, and resembles, I am told, antiques of the same nature preserved in Ireland.

The cups, thus elegantly formed, and highly valued, were by no means articles of mere show. Martin gives the following account of the festivities of his time, and I have heard similar instances of brutality in the Lowlands at no very distant period.

"The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles is called in their language Strath, i.e. a Round; for the company as in a circle, the cup-bearer filled the drink round to them, and all was drunk out, whatever tis 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 hard, and so divided to two, more by a wronger with a barrow attending punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carried them upon the barrow to bed, and returned again to the 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 or drinking, but I am not acquainted with it in any another place, to the great credit of the Scots in general." 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 Scotch Mr. Misslip. They then came to do him the same good office, which, however, he declined as unnecessary, and proposed to walk to his bedroom. It was a permission he could not overlook. Never such a thing had happened, they said, in the castle that it was impossible but he must require their assistance, so 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 concludes:

"Among persons of distinction it was reckoned an affront put upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or aquavit, 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 the 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 plates still, and is called Bianchir 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 Dunevan, 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 exacerbation of a Hebridean festival at the patriarchal feast 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 words of Homer or Virgil, to say nothing of Mac-Virch, might have suffered by their transposition 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 Roderick More MacLeod, by Niall N" or MacPurich.

The six nights I remained in the Dunevan, 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, overflowing cups, and happy youth unconstrained to guile, or fear, partaking of the generous fare by a flaming fire.

"Mighty Chief, liberal to all in your princely mansion, filled with your 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 unparliamentary in a modern bard, who has experienced the hospitality of Dunevan 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 imag'd in which, however, if giants, dragons, and such, meant he executed, would be felt by him, as 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 Dunevan."
NOTE N.

With solemn step and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence sound'd
Of these strange guests.—P. 423.

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 Marshall Tach: the first of these served always at home, and was obliged to be versed in the pedigree of all the clans in the isle, 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 Marshall 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 Marshall might sometimes be mistaken, the master of the family incurred no censure by such an example; but this custom has been laid 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 page-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 services: some of those rights I have seen fairly written on good parchment.—*Martín's Western Isles.*

NOTE O.

—the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rish-Erin's shelter drew
With Carrick's outcast chief—P. 424.

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dunbarry, 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 29th March, 1306, he was crowned king at Scone. Upon the 25th 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 fortunes. 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 Kildrummy, in Aberdeenshire, where they afterwards became captives to England. From Aberdeenshire, Bruce retreated to the mountainous parts of Breadalbane, and approached the borders of Argyllshire. There, as mentioned in the Appendix, Note II, 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 Raundsman probably, to the western banks of Lochblomond, partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. The vaurian and flora 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 head. The Lord of the Isles, then in possession of great part of Caithness, received the fugitive monarch and future moner of his country's independence, in his castle of Dunaverty, it that district. Be treason, says Barbour, was so general, that the King durst n see it abide there. Accordingly, with the remnant of his followers Bruce embarked for Raths-Erin, or Rachrhein, the Recket of Polenoy, a small islet lying almost opposite to the shores of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ireland. 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 conquer 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 Braoch of Lorn.—P. 424.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavored, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyllshire Highlands. But he was encountered and resisted, 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-Dougals of Lorn, that their chief-tain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dougall was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigor of mind, and would have been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms Mac-Koch, rescued him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubled 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, chapel in the edge of a great Mac-Koch's Field. A subdued brooch, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dougall, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

The metrical history of Barbour throws an air of credibility 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 Argyllshire men, in Glen-Douochart, at the head of Breadalbane, near Tyndrum. The place of action is still called Dail-Kochan King's Field. The field of battle was unfavorable to Bruce's adherents, who were chiefly mean-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, of which the Argyllshire Scottish has 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 observed the skill and valour by his enemy in protecting the retreat of his followers, "Methinks, Mirthukson," said he, addressing one of his followers, "he resembles Gol Mak-morn, protecting his followers from Fingal."—*A most unworthy comparison,* observes the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, unsuspicious of the future fame of these names; "he might with more propriety have compared the King to Sir Gandulfer de Lay, protecting the
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

fengers of Gadyrs against the attacks of Alexander.11 Two
brothers, the strangest among Lorn's followers, whose names
Barbour calls Mackyn-Drosser (interpreted Durward, or Por-
tercon), resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A
'marked person' (perhaps the Mac-Keth of the family tradition)
associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched
their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass be-
tween 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 followed a bridge, but received a wound which
blew off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and
egg, and endeavored 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 be-
hind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal
strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most
men, extricated himself from his group, threw him to the
ground, and dealt his skull with his sword. By similar ex-
sertion he drew the stirrup from his group 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 exploit; and it must be remem-
bered that Bruce was armed en-pale, and the assailants
were half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circum-
stances, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry.
Mac-Naughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord
of Lorn the deeds of valor which Bruce performed in this mem-
orablc 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 be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of
courage, men should bear faithful witness to his valor; and never have I heard of one, who, by his
knighthly feats, has extricated himself from such dangers as
have this day surrounded Bruce."12

NOTE Q.

Wrought and chased with fair device,
Studded fair with gems of price.—P. 424.

Great art and expense was bestowed upon the fibula, or
brooch, which secured the plaid, when the wearer was a per-
son of importance. Martin mentions having seen a silver
brooch of a hundred dollars value.1 It was broad as any ex-
traordinary pewter plate, the whole entirely engraved with various
animals, &c. There 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. 424.

The grand 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 Niell Campbell, was also
in that unfortunate skirmish. He married Marjorie, sister to
Robert Bruce, and was among his most faithful followers. In
a manuscript account of the house of Argyle, supplied, it
would seem, as material for Archbishop Spottiswoode's His-
tory of the Campbells of Scotland, there are several passages
concerning Sir Neil Campbell:—"Moreover, when all the no-
bles 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 inditement bearing these words:—Mema-
randum quod cum ab incarnatione Domini in crucem festo et concordatum inter nobis versus Dominum Alex-
undrum de Scoto, militem et Donumum Gilbertum de Hegys
militem et Dominum Nigellum Campbell militem apud mon-
asterium de Cambuskenneth 9 Octobris quia taci: rannica
encastrata, magnaque juramento facta, jurantur se absque
alterio libertatem regni et Robertum super regem coronatum contra
omnes mortales Franco Anglos Scotos defendere usque ad
ultimum terminum vita aperatur. Their seals are appended
in the indenture in green wax, together with the seal of Lord
Frail, Abbot of Cambuskenneth."13

NOTE S.

When Comyn fell beneath the knife
Of that fell homicide The Bruce.—P. 421
Fain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work.—P. 424.

Every reader must recollect that the posthumous 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 Gres-
fric's Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into
high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger
and stabbed Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the
church, Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpatrick of Close-
burn, and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him what
atidings? "Bad tidings," answered Bruce; "I doubt I have
slain Comyn."—"Doubtless hon," said Kirkpatrick; "I
make sicker." (i.e. sure.) With these words, he and Lindsay
rushed into the church, and disembowelled the wounded Comyn.
The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed, in memoir of this deed,
a hand holding a dagger, with the memorable words, "I
make sicker." Some doubt having been started by the late
Lord Hailes as to the identity of the Kirkpatrick who com-
pleted this day's work with Sir Roger then representative of
the ancient family of Closeburn, my kind and ingenious "morn
Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharp, has furnished me with the
following memorandum, which appears to fix the "red wiz his
ancestor:—

"The circumstances of the Regent Cummin'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 list of
names to the authenticity of this tradition, when recording the
death of Roger Kirkpatrick, in his own Castle of Caerlaverock,
by Sir James Lindsay, " Fordun," says his archipall, "reminds
that Lindsay and Kirkpatrick were the heirs of the two men
who accompanied Robert Brus at the fatal conference with
Comyn. If Fordun was rightly informed as to this particu-
lar, an argument arises, in support of a notion which I have
whom Barbour thinks a more proper prototype for the Bruce, occurs in
the romance of Alexander, of which there is a unique translation into Scottish
verse, in the library of the Honourable Mr. Moule, now Earl of Fife
o-g 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 1346. Roger de Kirkpatrick was alive on the 16th of August, 1357; 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 in Edinburgh, 25th September, 1357, and he is mentioned as alive and well (see Vol. ii. p. 224). In allusion to the necessary consequences, that Roger de K., murdered in June, 1357, must have seen a different person."— *Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 252.

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 (1278) Domina villa de Closhorn, Kilh et heres Domini &e Kirkpatrick, *Militia* (whose father, Ivoine de Kirkpatrick, willed a charter of Robert Bros, Lord of Annandale, before the year 1141), had two sons, Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closhorn, and Duncan, who married Isobel, daughter and heiress of Sir David Thorthorwald of that ilk; they had a charter of the lands of Torchorwald from King Robert Bros, dated 8th August, the year being omitted—Umpiry, the son of Duncan and Isobel, got a charter of Torchorwald from the king, 16th July, 1322—his son, Roger of Torchorwald, got a charter from John the Grahame, son of Sir John Grahame, of Moseglen, of an annual rent of 40 shillings, out of the lands of Overryft, 1335—his son, William Kirkpatrick, grants a charter to John of Garroch, of the two manor lands of Glines and Garvegill, within the tenement of Wemyrgh, 22d April, 1372. From this, it appears that the Torchorwald 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 Minstrel, was the firm friend of Wallace, to whom he was related:—

> 'And Kyrk Patrick, that cruel was and keyne,  
> In Essail wod that half yer he had heyne,  
> With Inglish men he couth mocht weyll accord,  
> Off Torchorwald he Barron was and lord,  
> Of kyne he was, and Wallace modaier her.'—_Eclogae._

But his 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 built into a cottage wall, in the village of Torchorwald, bears some resemblance, says Grieve, to a rose.

Universal tradition, and all our later historians, have attributed the regent's death-blow to Sir Roger K., of Closhorn. The author of the MS. History of the Presbytery of Pemont, in the Advocates' Library, affirms, that the cruel and morto were given by the King on that occasion: and proceeds to relate some circumstances respecting a grant to a cottager and his wife in the vicinity of Closhorn Castle, which are certainly authentic, and strongly vouch for the truth of the other report. "The steep hill," says he, "called the Duke of Tyrone, 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 conducted by Roger Kirkpatrick, of Closhorn, after they had killed the Cumn in Dumfries, 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 absence there, he did often divert to a pretended Burgess of Pemont in a small hill, above the village of Closhorn, of the spoil of stony 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 write the King for somewhat, was so modest in her desires, that she sought no more but security for the craft in her son's band's possession, and a liberty of passage for a very few cattle of different kinds in the Pemont, 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: but the craft continues in the possession of the heirs and successors legally 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 character."—_MS. History of the Presbytery of Pemont, in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh._

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**Note T.**

*Baron de la Haye fled fast away.*

*Fled di jery de la Haye.*—P. 424.

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 hero,  
Sychy William the Barwoodan,  
Sychy Gilbert de la Haye alsa."

There were more than one of the noble family of Hay engaged in Bruce's cause; but the principal was Gilbert de la Haye, Lord of Errol, a staunch adherent to King Robert's interest, and whom he rewarded by creating him hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland, a title which he used 16th March, 1398, where, in a letter from the peers of Scotland to Philip the Fair of France, he is designated *Gilbertus de Hay Constabularius Scotiae.* He was slain at the battle of Haldon-hill Hugh de la Haye his brother, was made prisoner at the battle of Methven.

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**Note U.**

*Wf' hast thou framed, Old Man, thy streams.*

To praise the hand that pays thy pains.—P. 425.

The character of the Highland lords, 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 Isdale, 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 strew, 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 bard 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 extinguished against a satyr, which, in those days, was reckoned a great dishonour. But these gentlemen becoming insolent, but 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
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Note V.

_Was't not enough to Ronald's bower_ 
_I brought thee, like a paramour._—P. 427.

It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the companionship 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 Sleace 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 bonfire, 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.

_Some most-cred Wallace first had seen_ 
_In mockery crow'd with wreaths of green._—P. 427.

Stow gives the following curious account of the trial and execution of this celebrated patriot:—"William Wallace, who had oft-times 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 Delect, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch-street. On the marrow, 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 appealed for a traitor by Sir Peter Mallo, 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, Chrom. p. 299. There is something singularly touching fast about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That he was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and popular charge names Sir John Menteith with the indebted infamy. "Accused," says Arnold Böhr, "be 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 friend of the English interest, and was governor of Dunbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and therefore, as the accurate Lord Haies 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 treacher of an attendant whom Peter Langtoft, Sir Jack Short.

"William Wallace is no man that matter was of thieves, 
Telling to the king is comen that robbery miscreantes, 
Sir John of Menteith used William so nigh, 
He tolk him when he woon'd least, on night, his leneus 
That was through reason of Jack: bort his man, 
He was the euchenon that Sir John so him ran, 
Jack's brother had nain the skin, the Wallis that is said, 
The more Jack was fain to do William that traid.''

From this it would appear that the infamy of seizing Wallace must rest between a degenerate Scottish nobleman, the vessel of England, and the domestic, the obsolete 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 violent Seton—who are they?_ 
_Where Somerville, the kind and free?_ 
_And Fraser, flower of chivalry?_—P. 427.

When these lines were written, the author was remote from the means of correcting his indistinct recollection concerning the individual fate of Bruce's followers, after the battle of Methven. Hugh de la Haye, and Thomas Somerville of Lin town 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 Kilrumeas, near the head of the Don, in Aberdeenshire. Kilrumeas was invested by the arms of the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, until the magazine was treacherously burnt. The garrison was thus compelled to surrender at discretion, 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 Berwick, was condemned, and executed.

Christopher Seton shared the same unfortunate fate. He was also distinguished by personal valor, and signalized himself in the fatal battle of Methven. Robert Bruce adventured his person in that battle like a knight of romance. He de- mounted Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but was in his turn dismounted by Sir Philip Mowbray. In this emergence Seton came to his aid, and remounted him. Langtoft mentions, that in the battle, some Scottish wore white surplises, others those of rank, not to be known. In this manner both Bruce and Seton escaped. But the latter was afterwards betrayed to the English, through means according to Barbour, one MacNab, 'a discipie of Iulius' in whom the unfortunate knight repose entire confidence. There was some peculiarity respecting his punishment; because, according to Matthew of Westminster, he was consider not as a Scottish subject, but an Englishman. He was therefore taken to Dunmeflie, where he was tried condemned, and executed, for the murder of a soldier slain by him. His brother, John de Seton, had the same fate at Newcastle: both were considered as accomplices in the slaughter of Comyns in what manner they were particularly accessory to that deed does not appear.

The fate of Sir Simon Fraser, or Friell, ancestor of the family of Lovat, is dwelt upon at great length, and with savage exultation, 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 intelligible, I have translated out of its rude orthography, give minute particulars of his fate. It was written immediately at the period, for it mentions to Earl of Athole as not yet in custody. It was first published...
This was before Saint Bartholomew’s mass,
That Friezel was y-taken, were it more other less,
To Sir Thomas of Malton, gentilerson and free,
And to Sir Johan Joe be-take, this 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 arned groom,
He came in at Newgate, I tell you it on a-plight,
A garland of leaves on his head y-right
Of green,
For he should be y-know,
Both of high and low,
For traitour I ween.

‘Y-fettered were his legs under his horse’s wombe,
Both with iron and with steel manced were his hond,
A garland of perynks set upon his heved,’
Much was the power that him was bereved,
In hand.
So God me amend,
Little he ween’d
So to be brought in hand.

This was upon our lady’s even, fortho I understand,
The justices sate for the knights of Scotland,
Sir Thomas of Malton, an knede knight and wise,
And Sir Ralph of Sandwich that mickle is told in price
And Sir Johan Abel,
Moe I might tell by tale
Both of great and of small
Ye know sooth well.

Then said the justice, that gentil is and free,
Sir Simon Frizél the king’s traitor hast thon be;
In water and in land that mony mighte see,
What sayst thou thereto, how will thou quite thee,
Do say.
So foul he him wist,
Node war on trust
For to say say.

With fetters and with gaves y-hot he was to-draw
From the Tower of London that many men might know,
In a kirtle of burre, a sebonth wise,
And a garland on his head of the new gisse,
Through Cheape
Many men of England
For to see Symond
Thitherward can leap.

Though he can to the gallows first he was on hung,
All quick behended that him thought long;
Then he was y-rooned, his hovels y-bread,
The heved to London-bridge was send
To shende,
So evermore mote I the,
Some while weened he
Thus little to stand.

He rideth through the city, as I tell may,
With gamed and with soence that was thei’ play,

To London-bridge he took the way,
Mome was the wives child that theron lacketh a day.
And said, alas!
That he was y-born
And so vilely tofordom,
So fair man he was?

“Now standeth the heved above the tu-brigge,
Fast by Wallace sooth for to segge;
After secoor of Scotland long may he pry,
And after help of France what hait it to his
I ween,
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 quelled seven thousand. When Robert the Bruce saw this mischief, and gan to flee, and how’d him that men might not him find; but Sir Simond Frizél proxemed was so sore, so that he turned again and abode batailie, for he was a worthy knight and a belle of body, and the Englishmen pursue his him sere on every side, and quelled the steel that Sir Simon Frizél rode upon, and then toke him and led him to the host.
And S. Symond began for to flatter and spoke fair, and said, Lords, I shall give you four thousand markes of silver, and myne horse and harness, and all my armoure and income Thou’ answered Thoane de Povanes, that was the kings archer, Now, God me so helpe, it is for naught that thou speakest, for all the gold of England I would not let thee go without commandement of King Edward. And the’ 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 chains of iron upon the gallows, and his head was set at London-bridge upon a spear, and against Christians the body was burnt, for eachone (reason) that the men that kept the eye saw many devils ramping with iron crooks, running upon the gallows, and horribly tormenting the body. And many that saw, anon thereafter died for dread, or waxen mad, or sore sickness they had.”—MS. Chronicle in the British Museum, quern by Ritson.

NOTE Y.

Was not the life of Athol shea,
To soothe the tyrant’s sickened bed? I 428.

John de Strathalgie, 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 first half strangled, then let down from the gallows while yet alive, barbarously disembowed, 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 forgiven,” and he made the passage on horseback. Matthew of Westminster tells us that King Edward, then extremely ill, received great ease from the news that his relative was apprehended. “Quo audito, Rex Anglie, esti gravis

Lack-a-day.—The gallant knight, like others in the same situation, was pitted by the female spectators as “a proper young man.”
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To this singular expression the text alludes.

NOTE Z.
And must his word, till dying day,
Be naught but quarter, hang, and stay.—P. 428.

This alludes to a passage in Barbour, singularly expressive of the vindictive spirit of Edward I. The prisoners taken at the castle of Kildrennie 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 Kildrennie arrived when he was in his mortal sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands.

"And when he to the death was near,
The folk that at Kyldromny wer
Come with prisoners that they had tane,
And syye to the king are gane.
And fer for to comfort him they taw'd
How they the castell to them yauld;
And how they till his will were brou't
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, grinning, 'HANDS AND DRAWS.'
That was wonder of sic saws.
That be, that to the death was near,
Should answer upon sic maner,
Forsten moaning and mercy;
How might he trust on him to cry
That sooth-fastly doons all thing
To have mercy for his crying,
Off him that, throw his felo-gane,
Into sic point had no mercy?"

There was much truth in the Leonine couplet, with which Matthew of Westminster concludes his encomium on the first Edward:

"Secutos Eduardus, dum vivit, suppeditavit,
T. suat, allivit, depressit, ilianaviit."

NOTE 2 A.
While I the blessed cross advance,
And cripe this unhappy chance,
In Palæstina, with sword and lance.—P. 428.

Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt, compensation 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 bones to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulchre.

NOTE 2 B.
Is Bruce! I rose with purpose pured
To speak my curse upon thy head.—P. 429.

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome, Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was published first by the Archbishop of York, and renewed at different times, particularly by Lambrton, Bishop of St. Andrews, in 1306; 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 Scottish 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 interest of the native churchmen were linked with that of their country. Many of the Scottish pro-
lates, Lambrton the primate particularly, declared for Bruce, while he was yet under the ban of the church, although afterwards again changed sides.

NOTE 2 C.
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repressed.—P. 429.

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 driven forth 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 excretions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, endeavored to swing himself from one beam to another above his head. Involuntarily he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would decide 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 unlucky or ungrateful, or both, in one of the name of Bruce to kill a spider.

The Archdeacon of Aberdeen, instead of the abbot of this tale, introduces an Irish Pythian, who not only predicted his good fortune as he left the island of Rahrshin, but sent her two sons along with him, to assure her own family a share in it.

Then in solemn times men mycht thaim se
Schute all thair galayis to the se,
And ber to se baith ayr and stier,
And ither thingis that myolith vax.
And as the king apon the sand
Wes gangand wp and doon, bidand?
Till that his menye reldy war,
His ost comye rycht till him thar.
And quhen that echo hamlyst had,
And privé spek till him echo made;
And said, 'Takis gud kep till my saw:
For or ye pass I sail you seow,
Off your fortoun a gret party,
Bot our all speccely
A wyttring her I sail you w.
Qhahat end that your purpuse sail se
For in this land is nane trewly
Wite thingis to cum sa weel as I.
Ye pass now furth on your wyngis
To wenge the harme, and the owtraig
That Ingles men hais to your done;
Bot ye wat nocht quhatkyne forton
Ye mon drey in your werraying.
Bot wyt ye weill, with oultyn lesing,
That fra ye new haift takyn land,
Nane sa mychay, na sa streight thi of hand,
Sull ger your pass ouyt of y war countrée
Till ait to yo v abando ornit we.
Whit in echo t tymes ye sail be king,
And haift the land at your liking,
And sounce your fayis all.
Bot fele ansayis thole ye sail,
Or that your purpose <ed halif tane:  
But ye sall thain ourly ve illane.  
And, that ye trow this seckery, 
My twa sonnis with you sall I  
Send to tak part of your trawall;  
For I wate weill that saill nocht fail  
To bawrelyt weill at ryth,  
Queen ye a heyt to your mycht." 

Barbour's Bruce, Book iii., v. 856.

Note 2 D.  
A hunted wanderer on the wild,  
On foreign shores a man exiled.—P. 420.  
This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually  
"ring with the bloodhounds that bayed for her fuggitive 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 1308, he continued to be in a very weak and precarious condition.  
Having arrived intact, he was pursued by a host of Highlanders, besides a large body of men-at-arms.  
They brought with them a slough-log, or bloodhound, which, some say, had been once a favorite 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 cavalry, till the men of Lorn had nearly cut off his retreat.  
Perceiving the danger of his situation, he acted as the celebrated and ill-requited Mina 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 attached 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-log followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, and his attendant to the pursuit of the king.  
Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight.  
They did so with all the agility of mountaineers.  
"Who aid wilt thou make it?" said Bruce to his single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on 'em "The best I can," replied his foster-brother. "Then," saus Bruce, "here I make my stand."  
The five pursuers came up fast.  
The king took to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother.  
He slew the first who encountered him, but perceiving his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprung to his assistance, and dispatched one of his attendants.  
Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had dispatched 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."

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 unexpectedly upon my own opponents."  
In the mean while Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster-brother betook themselves to a neighboring wood.  
Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhaus ted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-bound 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 make a bare-shot length down a running stream shall make the slough-bound lose scent.—Let us try the experiment, for were you devilish bound silenced, I should care little for the rest."  
Lorn in the mean while advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his boast, and threatened the most deadly vengeance.  
Then he followed the bound to the skie of the brook, down which the king had waded a great way.  
Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting 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-bound, 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 chasers relyt war,  
And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thain,  
He taufe Schyr Aymer all the eass  
Hoo that the king eschappat wass;  
And hoo that be his fyrst smaw,  
And syne to the wode him drew.  
Quhen Schyr Aymer herd this, in hy  
He snayt him for the ferly:  
And said; 'He is gretly to prys;  
For I knaw nae that liffand is,  
That at mysel'f gan help him swa  
I trow he said he hard to sit,  
And hoo ay in the wode the houn.  
On this wiss 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 they evaded them.  
The following is the testimony of Harding, a great enemy to the Scottish nation:—  
"The King Edward with boast hym sought full sore,  
But ay he fled into woodes and straye forest,  
And slewe his men at staytes and daungers thare,  
And at marrays and mires was ay full prest  
Englishmen to kyll without any rest;  
In the mountaines and cragges he slewe ay thar,  
And in the nyght his foes he trayled full sare."  
"The King Edward with hornes and houndes him roght,  
With myncne on fote, through maris, moose, and myrs,  
Through woodes also, and mountens (wher thei fought),  
And ouer the Kyng Edward hight men greate lyre.  
Hym for to take and cast hit an doun were;  
But thei myght hym not gete by force me by truns,  
He satte by the fyre when thei went in the rain."  
Hardyng's Chronicle, pp. 303-4  
Peter Langtoft has also a passage concerning the extreme to which K. Robert was reduced, which he entries 1 matched.
Dr Roberto Eras a fuga circum circa fit.

Aunt wete I understode that the Kyng Robyn

had drunken of that bloke the drink of Dan Waryn.

Dan Waryn he les toones that he held,

With wrong he mad a res, and misberryng of sheld,

Sither into the forest he yede naked and wole,

As a wild beast, cote of the gras that stole,

Thus of Dan Waryn in his boke men role,

God gyf the King Robyn, that alle his kynde so sped,

Sir Robynet the Bras he durt comme ahide,

That thei mad him restus, both in more and wol-side,

The while he had this train, and did whende outayge," &c.

PETER LANGTOFT'S Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 333,


NOTE 2 E.

For, glad of each protest for spout,

A pirate sworn was Coram Deo.—P. 430.

A sort of persons common in the isles, as may be easily bebreed, until the introduction of civil polity. Witness the Dean of the Isles' account of Ronay. "At the north end of Raasay, he half myle of sea frae it, layes one ille callit Ronay, tain then a myle in length, full of wood and heudir, with one harvie for helland galles in the middle of it, and the same have a guild for fostering of thweves, ruggins, and rvivors, till a nall, upon the penelling and spalizing of your pellill. This ille pertainis to McGillychullin of Raasay by force, and to the bishop of the illes he heritige."—SIR DONALD MONK'S Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1843, p. 22.

NOTE 2 F.

Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,

Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,

Since, guiltier for than you,

Even 1"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes

Upon his conscious soul arose.—P. 431.

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 conqueror 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;

Southern lords scorn'd him in terms rude,

And said, Behold you Scott eats his own blood.

Then rued he sore, for reason had be known,

That blood and land alike should be his own;

With them he long was ere he got away;

But contrair Scott he fought not from that day."—

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Croman river, is apocryphal. There is (all) evidence that Bruce was at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, 'ong with John Comyn, in the name of Balil, 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 severely scacqued in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banner. 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 vassal of Balil, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in matter of age became firm and consistent."—Historia de Scotland, p. 290.

NOTE 2 G.

These are the savage wilds that lie

North of Strathnavaril and Dunvegny.—P. 432.

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 Laird of Mac-Leod's country which is thereabouts divided from the estate of Mr. Macabdi of Strath-Aylmer, by the Dean of the Isle. The following account of it is extracted from a journal kept during a tour through the Scottish islands:

"The western coast of Sky is highly romantic, 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 Elsort, and Loch—, and about eleven o'clock opened Loch Slavig. We were now under the western termination of the high ridge of mountains called Cuillen, or Quillim, or Coolin, whose weather-beaten and serrated peaks we had admired at a distance from Dunvegan. They sunk here upon the sea, but with the same bold and perpendicular aspect which their distant appearance indicated. They appeared to consist of precipitous sheets of taked rock, down which the torrents were leaping in a hundreded lines of foam. The south side of the ridge, apparently inaccessible to human foot, were rent and split into the most tremendous pinnacle. Towards the base of these bare and precipitous crags, the ground, enriched by the soil washed down from them, is comparatively verdant and productive. Where we passed within the small isle of Son, we entered Loch Slavig, under the shoulder of one of these gray mountains, and observed that the opposite side of the loch was of a milder character, the mountains being softened down into steep green declivities. From the bottom of the bay advanced a headland 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 dip of the bay, where we saw a house which might afford us information. We found, upon inquiry, 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 jealous of his honor of his own loch, though we were speedily convinced it was not that which we were recommended to examine. It had no particular name, excepting from its neighborhood, a very high cliff, or precipitous mountain; otherwise the sheet of water had nothing differing from any ordinary low, 'angry lake. We returned and 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 surprised at the infinite number of 'snares, or traps, made apparently with a sheer 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 assembled hundreds of turtles and salmon, struggling to get up into the fresh water.

1 This is from the Poet's own copy.—So
with a 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 trout 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 surrounded by mountains so naked, rocks, of the boldest and most precipitous character. The ground on which we walked was the margin of a lake, which seemed to have sustained the constant ravage of torrents from these rude neighbors. The shores consisted of huge strata of naked granite, here and there intermixed with bogs, and heaps of gravel and sand piled in the empty water-courses. Vegetation there was little or none; and the mountains rose so perpendicularly from the water edge, that Borrowdale, or even Glencoe, is a jest 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, as we learned, of extreme depth. The murky vapors which enveloped the mountain ridges, obliged us by assuming a thousand varied shapes, changing their drapery into all sorts of forms, and sometimes clearing off all together. It is true, the most made us pay the penalty by some heavy and downright showers, from the frequency of which a Highland boy, whom we brought from the farm, told us the lake was popularly called the Water-kettle. The proper name is Loch Corriskin, from the deep corrie, or hollow, in the mountains of Cullin, which affords the basis for this wonderful sheet of water. It is as exquisite a savage scene as Loch Katrine is a scene of romantic beauty. After having penetrated so far, and most distantly to observe 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 twin 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 he shore of the lakes, were a species of granite. The opposite side of the lake seemed quite picturesque and inaccessible, as a huge mountain, one of the detached ridges of the Cullin 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 resembled the shivered crater of an exhausted volcano. 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 by the side of the loch, were bare 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 Corriskin; at the same time, that its grandeur elevated and redeemed it from the wild and furious character of utter barrenness."

NOTE 2 H.

Men were they all of evil mien,
Downlook'd, unwilling to be seen.—P. 434.

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 narrator broke off, leaving the Bruce escaped from his pursuers but worn out with fatigue, and having no other attendant but his foster-brother.

"And the goden king forth with his way,
Betax him and his man, quhill thai
Pawst owt throw the forest war;
Syne in the more thai entry that.
It wes baxthe hey, and lang, and bradd;
And or thai halfit pawst had,
Tain saw on syd thre men cummand,
Lk to lycht men and warror.
Swerdis thai bad, and nays als;
And ane off thaim, upon his bals,
A mekli boundyn wetheir bar.
Thai met the king, and haistl him thar,
And the king thaim thar haistling yarld;
And askyt thaim quhillt thai that.
Thai said, Robert the Bryans thai soucht;
For mete with him gift that thai monchis,
Thar dwelling with him waitld thai ma

The king said, 'Gift thai ye will swa,
Haldys furth your way with me,
And I shall ger yow some hit me.'

'That persawyt, be his speking,
That he warst the bown Robert king.
And chaunghty comtance and late;
And hold nocht in the firste state.
For thai war fayis to the king:—
And tounche to cinn in to scolking,
And dweill with him, quhill thai thai saw
Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw
Thai grontyt till his spok forthis.
But the king, that was swa,
Persawyt weill, by thar hawing,
That thai luftyt him na thing:
And said, 'Fallowis, ye mon, all thre,
Forthir aywent till that we be,
All be your selwra furth ga;
And, on the samyn wyss, we twa
Salt fellow be a speciel ad,
Quoth thii, 'Scheir, it is na myster
To trow in we eynyill.'—

'Dane do I,' said he; 'but I will,
That yhe ga forthis thus, quhill we
Better with other knawin he.'—

'Ve grant,' thai said, 'se yee will swa:
And furth upon thair gane ga.

'Thus ye'll thair till the nycht was net.
And than the formast cunning war
Till a wast housband houe; and thair
Tain slew the wechtir that thai bar;
And slaw fry for to rest thair mete;
And askyt the king giff he wald ichte,
And rest him till the mete war dychit.
The king, thai hangry was, lik bycht,
Asseyt till thair spyk in hy.
But he said, he wald anerly;
At a fry; and thail all thre
On ne wyss with thaim till gyderb.
In the end off the house thai sawd ma
Ane other fry; and thai did swa.
Thai drew thaim in the homes end,
And half the wechtir till thaim send.
And thail rostyt in hy thair mete;
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

And fell rycht fresly for till etc.
For the king weill lang fastyf had;
And had rycht mekill trawail mad:
That he oyt full elegy.
And quhen he had etyn lastily,
He had to slep se mekill will,
That he mon sawill thar till.
He quhen the wanyts1 flitty ar,
Men worthy3 new eummar.
And to slepe drawys hewynys.
The king, that all fortrawailly3 wes,
Saw that him worthyt sped nedways.
Till his fusty-brolyr he says;
May I trust in the, me to waik,
Till ik a little slepeing tak?—
"Ya, Schyt,2 he said, 'till I may drey."3
The king then wyntyk a litill wey;
And slept nocht full enerely;
Bot glfftjyt wp oft sodanly.
For he had dreed off thae thre men,
That at the tothyr fyr war then.
That that his faw war he wyyat;
Tharfor he sleeyt as fonse on twyst.4
"The king slept but a litill than;
Quhen sic slep fell on his man,
That he mycht nocht hald wp his ey,
But fell in slep, and rowtyt hey.
Now is the king in gret perile:5
For slep he swa a litill quhile,
He sall be dreed, for thau dreyd.
For the thre trators tek gud held,
That he on slep wes, and his man.
In full gret hy thai raiis wp than,
And drew the suerbis hastily;
And went toward the king in hy,
Quhen that thay saw him slep swa,
And slept with thocht of herd him sla.
The king wp blenkit hastily,
And saw his man elepand him by;
And saw comand the tothyr the.
Deluerly on fute gat he;
And drew his suerd owt, and thaim mete.
And, as he yule, his fute he set
Apon his man, weill brawly
He wknyt, and rais disly;
For the slep maistlym hym sway,
That or he get wp, ane off that,
That come for to sla the king,
Gaif hym a strak in his rynges,
Swa that he mycht help him no mar.
The king sa straitly staw wes tur,
That he wes neir yet sa sted,
Ne war the unnnyng: that he had,
He had been dule, for owtyn wer.
But nocht for thi6 on sk maner
He helpty him, in that bargayn,
That thay thre trawtiris he has slan.
Throw Goddis grace, and his manhied.
His fusty-brorthy7 thar was dule.
Then wes he wondr will of wysn,8
Quhen he saw him left allane.
His fusty-brordy menyt he;
And warryt9 all the tothyr ther.
And syne hys wy sake him allane,
And rycht toward his trusty10 is gane."11

The Bruce, Book v. p. 405.

Note 2 I.

And mermaid's aholter gret,
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.—P. 436.

Imagination can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful
than the extraordinary group 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 of
much more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions
received.—"The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude
and unpromising; but the light of the torches, with which
we were provided, was soon collected from the roof, floor, and
walls, which seem 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 whitening
and foaming down a declivity, had been suddenly arrested
and consolidated by the spell of an enchanter. Upon attain-
ing the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid
gallery, adorned with the most dazzling crystalisations, an
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, and forms by two columns
of white spar, with beautiful chasings 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 en-
chantment of Macalister's cave terminates with this portal,
abroad beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily
choked with stones and earth. But the pool, on the brink 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 naiad. The groups of combined figures
projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are
exquisitely elegant and fanciful. A statue might catch
beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of
these statuettes. There is scarce a form, or group, on which
active fancy may not trace figures or grotesque ornaments,
which have been gradually moulded in this cavern by the
dropping of the calcareous water hardening into petrifications.
Many of these fine 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, some-
thing of that vivid silver tint that 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 the grotto may enter pro, eray at
beaded by a guide, to prevent any repetition of the wasteful
and selfish injury which this singular scene has already suf-
fered.

Note 2 K.

Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o' er Eduard's heer. —P. 439.

The generosity which does justice to the character of an
enemy, often marks Bruce's sentiments, as recorded by the
faithful Barron. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy with
out praising such good qualities as he might possess. I am
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 tent 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 assaulted successively by the two sons, dispatched 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 cleft 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 boye came fast running,
And said, 'Our lord now doubt' ye be,
That granted you might and powerd
To fell the felone and the pride,
Of three in so little tide.'"

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. 132.

**Note 2 L.**

Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clenched'd his pelvise hand,
That pointed yet to Scotland's bord. — P. 439.

To establish his dominion in Scotland had been a favorite object of Edward's ambition, and nothing could exceed the pertinacity with which he pursued it, unless his invertebrate 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 had 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 mainly, put himself at the head of the army destined to destroy him utterly. This was perhaps, partly in consequence of a row which he had taken upon him, with all the pomp of chivalry: upon the day a which he dubbed his son a knight, for which he was a subsequent note. But even his spirit of vengeance was unable to restore his exhausted strength. He reached Brougham-Leads, a petty village of Cumberland, on the shores of the Solway Firth, and there, 6th July, 1307, expired in sight of the diseased and devoted country of Scotland. His dying injunctions to his son required him to continue the Scottish war, and never to recall Gaveston. Edward II. disobeyed both charges. Yet, more to mark his animosity, 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 dyed keep hyselve, when King Edward the First conquered rygh all Scotland; for he was so often chased, that none durst legs him in castell, nor forsetes, for fame of the said Kyng.

"And ever winke the King was returned into Ingland, that he would gather together agayn his people, and conquers towres, castells, and fortresses, inste to Berwick, some by bat'tle, and some by fair speech and love: and when the said King Edward heard thereof, than he would assemble his powr, and wyn the realm of Scotland again; thus the chace went between Alle page's fores. King Edward was shewed me how this King Robert wan and lost his realm v. times. So this contynued till the said King Edward died at Berwick: and when he saw that he shoude die, he called before him his eldest son, who was King after him, and there, before all the baronies, he curst him to swear, that as soon as he were dead, that he should take his body, and bayle it in a cauldiron, till the flesh departied from the bones, and than to bury the flesh, and keep still the bones; and that as often as the Scots should rebell 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 caried him to London."—Berners' Froissart's Chronicles, London, 1812, pp. 39, 40.

Edward's commands were not obeyed, for he was interred in Westminster Abbey, with the appropriate inscription,—

"EDWARDI PRIMI REGIS SCOTORIUM HAIL MECED.
PACTUM SERVA."

Yet some steps seem to have been taken towards rendering his body capable of occasional transportation, for it was expeditiously 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 men's reverse is preserved in the poem, yet, in point of historical accuracy, Bruce had landed in Scotland, and obtained some success of consequences, before the death of Edward I.

**Note 2 M.**

— Canna's tower, that, steep and gray,
Like falcon's nest o'erhangs the bay. — P. 440.

The little island of Canna, or Canay, 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 sheer 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 mountain dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore. — P. 440.

Ronin (popularly called Rum, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possible) is a rough 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 are now nearly extirpated, it still deserves the description bestowed by the mendicant of
NOTE 2 O.

On Scoer-egg next a warning light
Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern Macleod
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode.—P. 410.

There, 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-Egg is a high peak in the centre of the small Isle of Egg, 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 remarkable view of the mainland and neighboring islands which it commands. I shall again avail myself of the journal I have quoted:

"26th August, 1814.—At seven this morning we were in the Sound which divides the Isle of Rum from that of Egg. The latter, although hilly and rocky, and traversed by a remarkably high and broken edge, called Scoor-Egg, has, in point of soil, a much more exciting appearance. Southward of both lies the Isle of Macleod, or Buck, a low and fertile island, and though the least, yet probably the most valuable of the three. We were the last, and rowed along the shore of Egg in quest of a cavern, which had been the memorable scene of a horrid feudal vengeance. We had rounded more than half the island, admiring the entrance of many a bold natural cave, where its rocks exhibited, without finding that which we sought, until at last a guide, Nor-Scand, who had been, was surprising that it should have escaped the search of strangers, as there are no outward indications more than might distinguish the entrance of a fox-earth. This noted cave has a very narrow opening, through which one can hardly creep 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 twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewn with the bones of men, women, and children, the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, 200 in number, as we shall on the following occasion:—The Mac-Donalds of the Isle of Egg, a people desp'nt on Clan-Randol, had dome several years, the Laird of MacLeod. The traditions of the isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the sculls bears, more probably, the injury was caused to two or three of the Mac-Leos, who, landing upon Egg, and taking 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 conducted to Skye. To avenge the offense given, Mac-Leod sailed with such a body of men, as rendered resistance hopeless. The natives, fearing his vengeance, concealed themselves in this cavern, and, after a strict search, the Mac-LEods went on board their galleys, after doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Is-land, or some of Clan-Randol's other possessions. But next morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately landing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. Mac-Leod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individual who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then caused his peo-ple to divert the course of a roll of water, which, falling on the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his pur-poses vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cave, huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it unceasingly. THIS, the giving of the individual, was resulting made by calculation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been re- cent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull, found among the numerous specimens of mortality with which the cavern afforded. Before reembarking we visited another cave, opening to the sea, but of a character entirely different, being a large open vault, as high as that of a cathedral, and running 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 Catholic priests were scarcely tolerated, the priest of Egg used to perform the Roman Catholic service, most of the islanders being of that pers-adnasion. 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 extraordinary place of worship, might have engaged the pendsal of Salvator."

NOTE 2 P.

—that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seems, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise.—P. 411

It would be unpardonable to detain the reader upon a won-der so often described, and yet so incapable of being unter-standing by description. This palace of Neptune is seen grander upon a second than the first view. The stupendous columns which form the sides of the cave, the depth and strength of the side which rolls its deep and heavy swell up to the extremeity of the vault—the variety of the tints formed by white crimson, and yellow stalactites, or petrifications, which occupy the vacancies, between the base of the broken pillars which form the roof, and intersect them with a rich, curious, and variegated chasing, occupying each intersection—the corresponding variety below water, where the ocean rolls over a dark-red or violet-colored rock, from which, as from a base, the columnar columns assume—the tremendous noise of the swelling tide, mingling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault,—are circum-stances elsewhere unparalleled.

Nothing can be more interesting than the varied appearance of the little archipelago of islands, of which Staffa is the most remarkable. This group, called in Gaelic Treabhasainn, offers a thousand varied views to the voyager, as they appear in different positions with reference to his course. The variety of their shape contributes much to the beauty of these effects.

NOTE 2 Q.

Scenes sung by him who sings no more.—P. 411.

The ballad, entitled "Maephil of Colonay, and the Maid of Corvevrick" [see Border Minstrel. vol. iv.}
285], was composed by John Leyden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801, soon before his fatal departure for India, where, after having made further progress in Oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced those studies, he died a martyr to his zeal for knowledge, in the island of Java, immediately after the landing of our forces near Batavia, in August, 1611.

Note 2 R.

**Up Tarbat’s western lake they bore,**

*Then dragg’d their bark the isthmus o’er.*—P. 441.

The peninsula of Cantire is joined to Scolt Knappdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two salt-water lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

"It is not long," says Pennant, "since vessels of nine or ten tons were drawn by horses out of the west loch into that of the east, to avoid the dangers of the Mull of Cantire, so dreaded and so little known was the navigation round that promontory. It is the opinion of some, that this isthmus was a land bridge, so frequently styled Tarbat in North Britain, took their name from these above circumstance; Tarrning, signifying to draw, and Bata, a boat. This too might be called, by way of pre-eminence, the Tarbat, from a very singular circumstance related by Tursor. When Magnus, the barefooted King of Norway, obtained fromDonald-bane of Scotland the cession of the Western Isles, or all those places that could be surrounded in a boat, he added to them the peninsula of Cantire by this fraud: he placed 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, although at a period two or three years later than 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:—

"But to King Robert will we gang, That we haft left wespolyn of lang. When he had consowyt to the se His budydt leyd on haid, and his banya, And uther men off gret nobbly, To Tarbolt that held their way, In galayis ordnayt for their far. But thain worthy! draw their schippis that: And a myle wes betwixt the seys; But that wes kempayt all with freis. The King lis schippis that gvert draw, And for the wynd couthe sturly blyaw Upon thair back, as thay wald ga, He gert men ryaws and mastis tak, And set thaim in thair schippis hey, And styllis to the toppis tey; And gert men gang thair by drawwand. The wynd thanis helpyt, that was blawand; Swa that, in a still space, Thair dote all our drawis was."

"And quhen thay, that in the fly war, Harld tell how the gud King had thair Gert his schippis with saillis ga Owt our betwix [the Tarbat] [?] twa, Thai war aways† sa wryly, For thay wyt, thorw alli prophecis,\footnote{Note on page 88: 2 Laks’w threes.—2 Caused.—1 Could.}

\footnote{Note 2 S.}

**The sun, ere yet he sunk behind Ben-Ghooil, “the Mountain of the Wood,”

Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind, And bade Lock Ranza smile.—P. 441.**

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tarbat Loch. It is well described by Pennant:—"The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a raised island near the lower end, on a low far projecting neck of land, that forms another harbor, with a narrow passage; but within has three fathom 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 enensioned with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Aatoul soar above."—Pennant’s *Tour to the Western Isles*, p. 191.

Ben-Ghooil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English, and less poetical name, of Gottfield.

Note 2 T.

Each to Lock Ranza’s margin spring;

That blast was winded by the king!—P. 443.

The passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognized by Douglas and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting. — The king arrived in Arran with ninety-three small row-boats. He himself, by a sudden stroke, if there had arrived any warlike men of note in that country. "Surely, sir," she replied, "I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded 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 gert his men that were him by, Hold them still, and all privy; And syne again his horn blew he. James of Douglas heard him blow, And at the last alone gan know. And said, ‘Soothly you is the king; I know long while since his blowing,’ The third time therewithal he blew, And then Sir Robert Buid it knew; And said, ‘You is the king, but dread, Go we forth till him, better speed.’ Then went they till the king in he, And him inclined courteously, \footnote{C-found.—6 Make.—1 Excepting.—8 Faith.}
And truthly we loomed them the king,
And was joyfull of their meeting,
And kissed them; and spurn'd they
How they had fared in hunting?
And they him told all, but lesing?
Bye land they God of their meeting.
Syne with the king till his harbour
Went both joyfull and jolly.  


Note 2 U.
—His brother blamed,
But shared the weakness, while asham'd,
With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,
And dash'd away the tear he scar'd.—P. 443.

"A kind, and yet billy character of Edward Bruce, is well
skinned by Bardour, in the account of his behavior after the
battle of Bannockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one of the very few
Scottish nobles who fell in that battle, was so dearly beloved
by Edward, that he wished the victory had been lost, so Ross
and lived.

"I was taken him, men has not seen
Where he for any men made mourning."

And here the venerable Archdeacon intimates a piece of
scandal. Sir Edward Bruce, it seems, loved Ross's sister, per-
arms, to the neglect of his own lady, sister to David de
Barbour, Earl of Athole. This criminal passion had evil
consequences; for, in resentment to the affront done to his
sister, Athole attacked the guard which Bruce had left at
Carrickfergus, on the battle of Bannockburn, to protect
his magazine of provisions, and slew Sir William Keith, the
commander, for which treason he was forsworn.

In like manner, when in a sally from Carrickfergus, Neil
Flashing, and the guards whom he commanded, had fallen,
in the protracted resistance which saved the rest of Edward
Bruce's army, he made such aon as surprised his followers:

"Sir mean he made men had ferly.
For he was not customably
Wont for to mean men any thing,
Nor would not hear men make mourning."

Such are the nice traits of character so often lost in general
history.

Note 2 V.

When he roda, a stretcht female plain
In agony of travel-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 untrue,
Leave to pursuers merciless
A woman in her last distress.—P. 445.

This incident, which illustrates so happily the chivalrous
generosity of Bruce's character, is one of the many simple and
natural traits recorded by Bardour. It occurred during the
expedition which Bruce made to Ireland, to support the
pre-tensions 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 him,
It is the layward, sir, sai one,

1 Ask'd.—2 Without 1sting.—3 Wonder.—4 Hate.—5 Laudron.—
Child bed.
and not far distant from a tolerable harbor, 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 Rucheine, 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 laid an ambush for Sir John Hastings, the English governor of Brodicke, and surprised a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and neatly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did so, has been generally asserted 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 Schian. When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they had gained Brodicke Castle. At least tradition says, that from the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal-fire on Turnberry-moak. ... The castle is now much modernized, but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing plantations.

Note 2 Z.

Oft, too, with unaccustomed ears,
A language much unmeet he hears.—P. 448.

Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from which it would seem that the vice of profane swearing, afterwards so general among the Scottish nation, was, at this time, confined to military men. As Douglas, after Bruce's return to Scotland, was roving 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 hardy 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 the Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce's most zealous adherents.

Note 3 A.

For, see the rapid signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry men all,
Guards carelessly our father's hall.—P. 449.

The remarkable circumstances by which Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal-fire was sighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry—the disappointment which he met with, and the train of events which arose out of that very disappointment, are too serious to be passed over unnoticed. The following is the summary of Barbour. The introduction is a favorable specimen of his style, which seems to be in some degree the model for that of Gawan Douglas:

"This was in ver' quhen wynter tid,
With his hästis hiedwaies to bîd,
Was our drywyn: and byrins snale,
As tarturs and the nyghtyngeale,
Begouth rycht saerylly to syng;
And for to mak in thair singyng
Swete noits, and sownyw ser, 1

And melodys plesand to her.
And the treis bëgoth to mu
Burgan set and bryght blomyes aene,
To wyn the helynge off thair hewid,
That wyklyt wynir had thairn rewid;
And all gressys bëgoth to spryng.
In to that tyne the nobill king,
With his bote, and a few mesye, 2
Thre händly I row that mychte be
Is to the se, owte of Arane
A bill furthom, 3 etwyn gane.

"Thi rowt now fast, with all thair mycht,
Till 'hat upon thain thell the nycht,
That wonk myrk 4 aven gret murer,
Swen that thair wyt seth quhar thair wert.
For that an neidill had, na stone;
Bot rowt always in till aene,
Sierand all tyne upon the frenzy.
That thair saw brynand lyecht and schyr. 5
It was but anent 6 tham leid;
And they in schort tyne sa tham spe, 7
That at the fyr arywthi that;
And went to land bot mar deyel,
And Cuthbert, that has sene the fyr,
Was full off angry, and ciffre:
For he durt nowt do it away;
And was awen dowtand aye.
That his lord sael pass to se.
Thairfor thair cunnyn waytit he;
And met them at thair arywng.
He wes wele some broucht to the King
That speryt at him how he had done.
And he with sar hert tauld him-sone.
How that he fand nae wull laffand;
Bot all war layis, the fyr laffand;
And that the lord the Percy,
With ther tre hundre in company,
Was in the castell thair beside,
Fullfylly off dispyt and prild.
Bot ma tian twa partis off his rowt
War hereyct in the toune without;
And dispytyt you mar. Sebir Klig,
Then men may dispyt ony thing.
Than said the King, in full gre ic:
"Tratour, quhy mlth thou the fyr? 8
A I Schyr," said he, 'sa God me se!
The fyr wes newyr maid for me.
Na, or the nycht, I wyt it naich;
Bot fra I wyst it, weill I thocth
That ye, and haly your mene;
In hit said put ysw to the se.
For thi I cum to notte yow her,
To tell perellys that may sper.' 9

"The King wes off his spek angry,
And askit hyr prywe men, in hy.
Guan at thaim thocht wes best to do
Sebir Edward first anspert hir to,
Hys bodyr that wes a harly,
And said: 'I saw youשקylly
Thar sal my perell, that may be,
Drive me efsony 10 to the se.
Myne senseitur her tak will I,
Gibethir it be esful or angry.' 11
"Brotirys," he said 'Ien thaur wilt suna,
It is gude that we samyn ro,
Desece or se, or payne or play.
Eftyr as God will us purway.' 12

1 Harling.—2 Begun.—3 Lefelth.—4 Several.—5 Make.—6 Buda.—7 Cow-}

8 Beorant.—9 Men.—10 Before.—11 Thiir;—12 Bear.—2 & throughout.
—14 Haste.—15 Soon after.—16 Prep'.

—490 SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

491

And men say that the Percy
Myn heretage will occupy;
And his name as men see, the
That was disputed many ways;
Ga we and wegeu! sum off the dispute
And that may we haif done alas ticta;
For that thy trysty, but dreuding
Of ws, or off our her cumung,
And thought we aleand swain them all,
Degr printing of the Saide, the
For wear your na fors said in,
Quethire he mycht un on us fa.
Throw strengt, or throw suteh
But that guid faith sy holdyn be.''

BARREtt's BRUCE, BOOK IV. V. 1.

NOTE 3 B.

Now ask you reverence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?
It never was known.—P. 451.

The following are the words of an ingenuous correspondent, as whom, I imagine, no one can differ in the situation respecting Turnberry and its neighborhood. '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, unseen by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly in the same hour of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle; and so goes 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 Baggies' Bane, beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning beath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spinkie (Jack o'lantern) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Firth of Clyde, between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery.—Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton Stuart, author of an Ingenuous Collection of Poems illustrative of many ancient Traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, Edinburgh, 1814. (Mr. Train made a journey into Ayrshire 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 labors 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 gaew'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's silken reign.—P. 451.

The Castle of Turnberry, on the coast of Arran, was the property of Robert Bruce, in right of his mother. Lord Halie mentions the following remarkable circumstance concerning the house in which he became proprietor of it.—'Martin, Countess of Carrick in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Amandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert L (11th July, 1274). The circumstances of her marriage were singular: happening to meet Robert Bruce in her domains, he became enamored 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 atoned by a fine for her feudal delinquency. Little did Alexander foresee, that from this union, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy was to arise.'—Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 180.

The same oblique correspondent, whom I have quoted in the preceding note, gives me the following account of the present state of the remains of the castle.—'Turnberry Castle, the only place to the south of Turnberry worth mentioning, with reference to Bruce's history, is the Weary Naik, 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, forming the castle park. There could be nothing, I am informed, more beautiful than the spacious prospect and verdure of this extensive meadow, before it was invaded by the ploughshares.

NOTE 3 D.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall!—P. 452.

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, 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 the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain 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 mountains 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 fiefs 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 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 Fault. The following is the tradition of the country collected by Mr. Train.—'After Robert ascended the throne he founded the priory of Turnberry, every one of whom was under the obligation of putting up to Heaven a prayer once every weekday, 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 King's Fault, but King's Cause, i.e. Castle Riggs, the name of the royal foundation described below, Mr. Train's kindness enabled the Editor to make this correction.—1833.'
houses to be built round the well — King's Case, for eight
epers, and allowed eight bolls of oatmeal, and £28 Scotch
money, per annum, to each person. These donations were laid
upon the lands of Fullarton, and are now payable by the Duke
of Portland. The farm of Shiel, in the neighborhood 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 leperous person had a drinking-bowl provided him by the
kings, 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 rem-
nants of antiquity respecting this foundation. "In compli-
ment to Sir William Wallace, the great deliverer of his coun-
ty, 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
Craigie, till it was sold along with the lands of the late Sir
*thomas Wallace. The Burgh 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 a basaltic
block, exactly the shape of a sheep's kidney, and weighing
an Ayrshire boil 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 deserving
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
Cairick, 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. De-
mands 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 re-
membered. 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 blue-stone unaltered. Ideal
privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Gir-
van, if a man can set his back against one of the above de-
scription, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt, nor
can cattle, it is imagined, be pointed as long as they are fas-
tened to the same stone. That stones were often used as sym-
bols to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of
written documents became general in Scotland, is, I think,
exceedingly probable. The charter-stone of Innerness is still
kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at
the martplace of that town. It is called by the inhabitants
of that district Clack na Coudinn. I think it is very likely
that they have mentioned this stone in his poem of Craig Pha-
serick
This is only a conjecture, as I have never seen that
work. While the famous marbie chair was allowed to remain
at Poos, it was considered as the charter-stone of the kingdom
of Scotland.

Note 3 E.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four.
My noble fathers loved of yore."—P. 435.

These mazers were large drinking-cups, or goblets. Mention
of them occurs in a curious inventory of the treasure and jew-
el of King 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 Col-
lection of Inventories, and other Records of the Royal Ward
robe, Jewel-House," &c. I copy the passage in which mention
is made of the mazers, and also of a halberd, called "King
Robert Bruce's serek," i.e. skirt, meaning, perhaps, his skirt
of mail; although no other arms are mentioned in the inven-
tory. It might have been a role of more uncurious description
a penance skirt perhaps.

Extract from "Inventare of ane Parts of the Gold and
Silver conquest and uncomplot, Jouellis, and other Stuff
pertaining to Unquhile-oure Soverane Lords Fader, that
he had in Depois the Tyne of his Decie, and that
come to the Houdis of oure Soverane Lord that now is
MCCCCLXXXVIII."

"Memorandum fundin in a bandit kist like a gardervant,1
in the fyrst the grete cymed2 of gold, containin sevin score
sex links.

Item, three plate of silver.

Item, twel Sailartis.3

Item, fyftene discheis ouregilt.

Item, a grete gilt plate.

Item, twa grete bussingis ouregilt.

Item, four Masaris, called King Robert the Broics,
with a cover.

Item, a grete cook maid of silver.

Item, the hede of silver of one of the covers of masar.

Item, a rare dallel.4

Item, twa kasis of knylfis.5

Item, a pare of auld knylfis.

Item, takin be the snyth that ouregilt the loklis, in gold fourty
denisys.

Item, in laglys grotsi ———— xxiii. li. and the said silver
given again to the takaris of hynm.

Item, ressvait in the closmost of Davids tour, one halie water-fat
of silver, twa boxis, a cатег tone, a glas with nois-watter
e dosome of torchis, King Robert Broics Serek.6"

The real use of the antiquarian's studies is to bung 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 kist, or chest, belong-
ing 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 Hume of Godscroft.
The last Earl of Douglas (of the elder branch) had been re-
duced to monastic seclusion in the Abbey of Lindores, by James
III., in his distresses, would willingly have recalled him to public
life, and made him his lieutenant. "But he," says Godscroft,
"laden with years and old age, and weary of troubles, refused, saying, Sir, you have kept me, and your
black caffir in Sterling, "too long, neither of us can do you
any good: I, because my friends have forsaken me, and my
followers and dependents are fallen from me, betaking them-
selves to other masters; and your black brank is too farre from
you, and your enemies are between you and it: and (as others
say) because there was in it a sort of black coyne, that the
king had caused to be coyned by the advice of his curtiars;
which moneys (saithe he) sir, if you had put out at the first,
the people would have taken it; and if you had employed
me in due time, I might have done you service. But now
there is none that will take notice of me, nor meddle with

1 Gerd-vink, or wine-cooler. — 2 Chain. — 3 Salt-cellar, anciently the object
of much covetous munificence. — 4 Dalle. — 5 Boisse. — 6 Dial. — 7 Case of
knives. — English groat.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.


NOTE 3 F.

Arouse old friends, and gather, &c.—P. 455.

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 thirty-eight men in his immediate neighborhood, declared in favor 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 Jamessons, 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, in this period, occupied all the district which retains that denomination, and embraced the neighboring dales of Tweeddale, and at least the Upper Ward of Clydesdale. All that tract was probably as waste as it is montaneous, 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 Roskill, 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 commended the tall and stately persons, as well as the answering faith, of these foresitters. 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 leader's soul, and their martial light;
The bagle was strung at each hunter's side;
As they had been bound to the chase to ride;
But the bagle is mute, and the shafts are spent,
The arm unserved and the bow unvalent,
And the tired forester is laid
Far, far from the clustering Greenwood shade!
Sure have they told—-they are fallen a sleep,
And their number is heavy, and tall, 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 Holroyd], London, 4to. 1800, pp. 170-1.

NOTE 3 G.

When Bruce's banner had victorious flown,'d,
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Urp's vale.—P. 456.

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 Aubray. Bruce was still at the time of a serious disorder, and took horse to meet his enemies, a hough

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 delayed Douglas' date.—P. 458.

The 'good Lord James of Douglas,' during these combustions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with a toy ing the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. A reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been promised that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, should always again rise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the stone of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle to be heaped together, burning the wine and beer casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This plenitude of the 'good Lord James' is commemorated under the name of the Douglas's Larder. A more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Gob- croft.—"By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jeopardies to keep this castle, which began to be called the adventurous (or hazardous) Castle of Douglas; whereupon Sir John Wal ton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas ever years, then he might think himself worthy to be a squire to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thurnwald, but in the end, the castle was covered with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having first dressed an ambush near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take some 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 country; 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 fol lowing 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; when, wherever he saw these carriers metamor phosed 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 castle, 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 after wards being searched, they found (as is reported) his miss tress's letter about him."—Hume's History of the House of Douglas, fol. pp. 29, 30.

NOTE 3 I.

And fury Edward routed stout St. John.—P. 456.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advances to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavored to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timely received. The courage of Edward Bruce, appearing to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valor would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the farther 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

1 This is the foundation of the Author's last romance, Castle Douglas.—Ed.
但其对苏格兰军队的攻击，被爱德华王子和他的军队击退。在布雷德城堡的战斗中，王子和他的军队击败了苏格兰军队。苏格兰军队的领导者是达恩利城堡的守卫者，他被爱德华王子击败。之后，王子的军队向爱丁堡进军，准备在爱丁堡城堡建立一个新的守卫者。

爱德华王子的军队在爱丁堡行动时，苏格兰军队在城堡附近建立了一个新的守卫者。然而，爱德华王子的军队在城堡附近建立了一个新的守卫者，使苏格兰军队无法接近城堡。

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APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

NOTE 3 P.
Their chief. Fitz-Louis.—P. 458.

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive assault on the Earl of Northumberland, are very distinctly described 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 endeavor 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 copes 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 Banock, which was so ragged and broken as to cover the right flank effectually, to the village of Staint 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 Marchesal of Scotland, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers; Douglas, and the young Steward of oatland; and, of course, of Moray, the left wing. The King himself commanded the fourth division, which lay in reserve behind the others. The royal standard was pitched, according to tradition, in a stone, naming a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Bere-stone. It is still shown on the top of a small eminence, called Brock’s-brass, to the southwest of Staint Ninians. His army thus disposed, King Robert sent the followers of the camp, fifteen thousand and upwards in number, to the entrance in rear of his army, called from that circumstance the Gilleoan (i.e. the servants) Hill.

The military advantages of this position were obvious. The Scottish left flank, protected by the brook of Banock, 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 cause, 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 Gilleoan Hill, if this be a probable hypothesis to 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 thereby exposed to a sally from the гармон of Stirling. But, 1st, the garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbray’s treaty; and 2ndly, Bruce even seems to concede, 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 cause, to enable them to advance to the charge. 3rdly, Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. 3rdly, 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 a 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, say 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 rushwood 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. 458

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 soon the great host have they seen,
Where shields shining were so glean,
And banners burnished bright,
That gave against the sun great light.
They saw so felic bravely-bed banniers
Standards and pennons and spears,
And so felic knights upon steeds,
All dashing in their weeds,
And so felic battalies, and so broad.
And too so great room as they role,
That the maist host, and the stoutest
Of Christendom and the greatest,
Shou’d be absayt for to see
Their foes into such quantity."

The Bruce (vol. ii. p. 141)

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. To the king in pri

1 An exception which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had the English approached from the southeast; since, had their march been due north, the whole Scottish army must have been between them and the garrison.
2 Many.
3 Displeased
rate 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.

Note 3 S.

With the valiant of the Isles Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files.—P. 438.

The men of Argyle, the islanders, and the Highlanders in general, were ranked in the rear. They must have been numerous for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains, excepting the obnoxious MacDonnals of Lorn. The following deed, containing the submission of the potent Earl of Ross to the King, was never before published. It is dated in the third year of Robert's reign, that is, 1309.

"Obligacio Comitis Rossensis per Homagium Fidelitatem et Sciturum.

"Universis christi fidelibus ad quarum notitiam presentes fine personeert Williamhus Comes de Ross salutem in dominio seipsumem. Quia magnificus princeps Dominus Robertus dei gracia Rex Scotiorum Dominus meus ex innata sibi bonitate, ineptissimique eleemosyna, et gracia speciali remisit mihi pare racionem animi, et relaxat ac condonavit mihi omnibus transgressionibus se offendens contra ipsum et suis per acta et meas neque ad consec tionem literarum presen ium perpetuas: Et terras meas et tenementa mea omni gracie conscit. Et me nichilominus de terra de Dingwall et Ferroskerry finis comitatus de Suthryland de benefica liberalitate sua hodie situm in ecclesiam vestram exercuit. Ego tuto principis benevolentiam effusae initio attendens, et pro tot graciae mihi factis, vicem sibi gratullasius meo pro virtutibus de cetero dignis velle me ex sua significatione collectum servare queram, ut mihi, et me fideles meos et homines meos vinaceros dicto Domino meo Regi per omnia erga suam regiam dignitatem, quod erit meum de certo fideles sibi et heredibus suis et fidele sibi servitium et cuncta contra omnes homines et feamas qui vivere poterint aut mori, et super h—Ego Willielmus pro me.—Dominus homines meos vinaceros dicto domino meo Regi—manibus hominum aponto feci et super dei evangelia sacramentum prsesti—


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. 450.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earl 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 Barnbouy:—

"And quhen Glyaster and Herfard war With their basaill, approache ne, 
Before thaim all thar come ryland, 
With helm on heid, and sper in hand 
Schyr Henry the Bone, the worthi, 
That was a wycht kayneth, and a hardy:
And to the Erle off Herfard sayn: 
Army in armys gad and fyne;
Come on a sted, a bow schote ne, 
Befor all othyr that thar war:
And knew the King, for that he saw 
Him swa rang his men on raw, 
And by the crowe, that was set 
Aly an on his bowset.
And towart him he went in hy. 
And [quhen] the King saw sper y 
Saw him cum, foronuth all his feris.1
In hy to him the hors he steris. 
And quhen Schyr Henry saw the King 
Cum on, for ovyn abaying,2
Tell hym he rad in full try by 
He thocht that he suld wellt beancy
Wyn him, and hat' him at his wi.3
Sen he him honsyt saw sa ill. 
Sprant thai samyn in till a ling.4
Schyr Henry mysat the noble King.
And he, that in his swynyn stnd, 
With the ox that was hard and gau, 
With sa and gane mayc! he a dunt 
That nonber hat, na helur, maycht stynt
The hewy! dyssedt that he him gave, 
That ne the heil till the larnys clave
The hand as schaft frusctit in twa; 
And he done to the red gan 
All flatlynys;5 for him faillyn mycht. 
This wes the fryst strak off the fycht..."

Barnbouy's Bruce, Book viii. v. 682.

The Scottish leaders demonstrated with the King upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good warde aye."—The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat. Probably their generals did not think it advisable to hazard an attack while its unfavorable issue remained upon their minds.

Note 3 U.

Whos train of dust, with trumpet sound, And glimmering square, is wheeling round Our foemen's flank.?—490.

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Hales gives the following account of this manoeuvre and the result, which is accompanied by circumstances highly characteristic of the chivalrous manners of the age, and displays that generosity which reconciles 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 success into the castle of Stirling.

8 Eight hundred hors men, commanded by Sir Robert Che..
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

491

...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, 'Thoughtless man! you have suffered the enemy to pass.' Randolph hastened to repair his fault, or rather, as he 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 the order of battle, nor lose the advantage of my position.' 4 '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 bravest men have repulsed the enemy; let us not diminish their glory by sharing it.' —


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 circumstances tend, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Halles, that the Scottish line had Stirling as 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 Benock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Miltown bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, and with whatever elan, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had barely 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.

Responsives from the Scottish host, Pipe-long and bagle-sound were toss'd. —P. 461.

There is an old tradition, that the well-known Scottish tune of 'Hay, till teat,' was Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. The late Mr. Ritson, no granter of propositions, doubt 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 cheered by the sound even of a solitary bugle. —Historical Essay prefixed to Ritson's Scottish Songs. —It may be observed in passing, that the Scottish of this period certainly observed some martial cadence, even in wounding their horses, since Bruce was at once recognized by his followers from his mode of blowing. See Note 2 T. on canto iv. 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, what have we wi' Wallace bled.'

NOTE 3 W.

New onward, and in open view, The countless ranks of English drew. —P. 461.

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 vanguard, 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 battalions 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 vanguard, the whole army appeared to form one solid and compact body:

The English men, on either party, That as angels shone bright, Were not array'd on such manner: For all their battles many's were In a schiltron; But whether it was Through the great straightsness of the place That they were in, to hide fighting ’Or that it was for alaying; I wete not. But in a schiltron It seemed they were all and some; But ta'en the vaward anerly That right with a great company, Be them selwyn, arrayed were. Who had been by, night have seen there That folk outake a mokill field On banchraid, where many a shinging shield, And many a burnished bright armour, And many a man of great valour, Might in that great schiltron be seen: And many a bright banner and sheen.' Barbour's Bruce, vol. ii. d. d. l.

NOTE 3 X.

See where you barefoot Abbot stands, And blesses them with lifted hands. —P. 461.

'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 a few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots knelt down. 'They yield,' cried Edward; 'see, they implore mercy.' —'They do,' answered Ingledrum de Umfraville, 'but not own.' On that field they will be victorious, or die.' —Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 47.

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Note 3 Y.

Forth, Marshal, on the pleasant seat!
W'e'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the howling loose—P. 462.

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual
raillery 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 march called Mintowt beg, 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 shot half any last
It had been hard to Scots men.
But King Robert, that were gan ken!
That their archers war peridious,
And their shot rych hard and grousoun;
Ordnant, forswit the assemble,
Hys mouschel with a great melown,
Fye hundred armyn in to stele,
That on lycht horse horsey well,
For to pryk3 among the archeris;
And swa awa-thain with thair speris,
That thay na hayser haft to schute.
This mouschell that Ik of none,
That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld,
As Ik befor her yow taund,
Quhen he saw the batellis saa
Assembl, and to gilder ga,
And saw the archeris schot stoutly;
With all thain off his company,
In hy upon thain gan he rid;
And our tuk thain at a sid;
And rushit among thain so readily,
Steakand thain sa dispirously,
And in sic fusions3 berand down,
And slayand thain, for owtn ransoun;
That thay rights saich5 ennikeine,
And fra that tyme furth thay wes name
That assemblity schot to ma;
Quhen Scottis archeris saw that thay saa
War rebotti,6 that wouk hardy,
And with all thay mycht schot egrely
Among the hors men, thay thair raid;
And woundis wid to thain thay maid;
And slew of thain a full gret dele.

Barbour's Bruce, Book ix. v. 299.

Although the success of this manœuvre 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,
whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx
afforded an exposed and unequalled mark. The bloody battle
of Halidon-hill, fought scarce twenty years afterwards, was
so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said
to have lost only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot-soldiers.
At the battle of Neville’s Cross, in 1346, where David
b was defeated and made prisoner, John de Graham, observ-
ing 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. "Fat, to confess the
truth," says Fordun, "he could not procure a single horseman

1 Know.—2 Djejoined from the main body.—3 Sprin.—4 That I speak.
5 Set upon their bow.—6 Numbers.—7 Ramsay.—8 Dispensed.—
9 Every one.—10 Make.—11 Drives back.

Note 3 Z.

Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lines his baldric bore!—P. 462.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby
give they the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen
saying thus, 'that every English archer beneath his gir
dey twenty-four Scots.' Indeed Tocqueville says before,
and truly of the Scottish nation, 'The Scots sure be good men
of warre in theyre owne fentes as can be; but as for shoot-
inge, they can neither use it to any profit, 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" disliked the superiority
of the English archers so much, that when he made an
them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefi-
ger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of
mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have
shied the reference to this singular passage.

Note 4 A.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go.—P. 462.

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. Accord-
ing to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaug ter made by
the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced
courageously against the main body of the English, and en-
tered 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
Eng ish men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dis-
pered.

Note 4 B.

And strecs that shriek in agony.—P. 462.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note,
and, indeed, those who witness the Kent patience with which
horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to
doubt, that in moments of sullen 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 humane
ity towards animals, noticed this remediable 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
agon y 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
In arms as Alain Royk:
Run with highbrowed sword and large
I, with my Carrick spearmen euerge.—P. 164.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted
some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing to
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, 'The truth 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 army must have contributed a good deal to form the vanguard of the reserve.

Note 4 D.

To arms they flew,—are, club, or spear,—And mimic ensigns high they rear.—P. 484.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gil-les's 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, asumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastest sheets to tent-poles and tances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

"Yomen, and swansy, and pitall, That in the Park wymt witsall, War left; quhen that wais but leising, That their lairds, with fell smyhting, On their lays assembly wer. Ane off thaim selvy, that war thar Captiane of thaim all that maide, And scheits, that war ummedel brad, That festoyt in steid off baneris, Apon lang treys and spieris: And said that thait wald se the fycht; And help their lairds at thair mycht. Quhen her till all sventry wer, In a rout assembly er; Fyfente thousand thair war, or ma. And than in gret by gan thair ga, With thair baneris, all in a rout, As thail had men bene styth' and stout. That come, with all that assemble, Rycht calthiill thair mycht the battall se; Than all at anys thait gave a cry. "Sia! sia! Apon thaim kastily!"" 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 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 Forth, 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 Folds. 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, Sir William Wallace gladly saved his life, but, neglecting to wear his surcoat with armorial bear-

ings over his armor, he fell unknown, after his name had been stabbed with spears.

Sir Marmaduke Twenge, an English knight, contrived to conceal 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," answers the knight. "I receive you," answered the king, and, treating him with the utmost courtesy, loaded him with gifts, and dismissed him. Short romance. Sir Robert's 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. 484.

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 Dunbar, when he had lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance; but the governor, monstrosating upon the imputation of shunting 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 annihilate him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat so constantly, 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, "replied 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 Parliamentary censure against such part of his subjects as did not return to their natural allegiance after the battle of Bannockburn.

APUD MONASTERIUM DE CAMBUSKINETH,

VI DIES NOVEMBRIS, MCCC.XIV.

Judicium Reditum apud Kambskineth contra omnes, illos quos teneant contra fidel et pacem Domini Regis.

Anno gratiae millésimo MCCCxxe quarto decimo sexto die Novembris tenente parliamentum sumum Excellentissimo princepio Domino Roberto Dei gratia Regis Scottorum illustrissimi monasterio de Cambeskyneth concussa est finis finalitus Judicium (se super) hoc statutum de Concilio et Assensio Episcoporum et e consequituris Praelectionum et veterum, ut qui in concilio Regni Scotiae nec non et totius communis regni predicti quos omnes qui contra fidel et pacem domini regis in bello seu aliubi mortali sunt [vel qui dic] to ad pacem ejus et fidel non venerate locum sepulcri et legitiem spectavit quasi de terris et tenementis et omni alio statu infra regnum Scotiae; sed circiter sumpserat, et habuit tur de cetero sanquam inimici Regis et Regni sub omni venaeis carceris hereditatis vel juris alterius cujuscumque in possessione pro secessus suis in perpetuum privati Ad perpetuam igiurati nec memoriam et evidentem praeinicionem habu

1 Swaine.—2 Babble.—3 Kept the provisions.—4 Lying.—5 Selvage.—Somewhat.—7 Are.—8 chief.
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 moras not long since.

"It was forth a gret sore,
To se samyn sa fele dede lie.
Twa hundred payr of spors reid,"

"War tame of knyghtes that war deid."

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. Jamieson, who has issued proposals for publishing an accurate edition 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 not belong to the early state of Scottish poetry, and The Bruce is justly regarded as containing authentic historical facts.

The following list of the slain at Bannockburn, extracted from the continuator of Trivet's Anales, will show the extent of the national calamity.

LIST OF THE SLAIN.

Knights and Knights Barons.

Simon Ward, Robert de Felton, Michael Poyning, Edmond Manley.

Gibert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester.

Knights.

William de Bannockburn, Henry de Bonn, Thomas de Ufford, John de Elingfield, John de Harcourt, Walter de Hakelout, Philip de Courtenay, Hugo de Saules, Radulph de Beauchamp, John de Penbrigg, With 33 others of the same rank, not named.

Robert de Clifford.

Pavan Tybetot.

Henry de Bonn, Thomas de Ufford, John de Elingfield, John de Harcourt, Walter de Hakelout, Philip de Courtenay, Hugo de Saules, Radulph de Beauchamp, John de Penbrigg, With 33 others of the same rank, not named.

Prysoners.

Barons and Barones.

Antony de Lucy, Radulph de Cambes, John de Everse, Andrew de Alirey

Henry de Bonn, Earl of Hertford.

Knights.

APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

William Lovel,  
Henry de Wileton,  
Baldwin de Frevill,  
John de Cliverton,  
Adonor la Zouche,  
John de Merewode,  
John Maufe,  
Thomas and Odo Lele Erce-  
Robert Bounte (the son),  
John Mantravers (the son),  
William and William Giffard,  
and 34 other knights, not  
named by the historian.

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-five knights. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburge, keeper of the king's

1 Sarum Priory

signet (Custos Targia Domini Regis), was made prisoners with his two clerks, Roger de Wakenfelde and Thomas de Switzou, 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 Targia, or signet, was restored to England through the intercession of Ralph de Monthermer, ancestor of Lord Moira, who is said to have found favor in the eyes of the Scottish king.—Continuation of Trivet'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, afforded a boundless field for speculation.
The Field of Waterloo:

A POEM

"Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn bane,
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.'

AERONIDE.

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 labors were liable to frequent interruption; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

ABBOTSFOED, 1816

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 in our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,

1 Published by Constable & Co. in October, 1815. 8vo. 5s.
2 "The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the

7 of Ardenne's famous in Botario's Orlando, and immor-

3 Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the German

against the Roman encroachments."—Byron.
Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Invarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.
A quieter, livelier scene succeeds;¹
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields, glance between;
The peasant, at his lab'rite,
Pies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe?—
But when these cars were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope;
Their ripening to have seen!
And, lo, a hamlet and its fate:—
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view;
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire are thine,⁵
Immortal Waterloo!⁶

III.
Fear not the heat, though full and high,
The sun has scorched'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a Greenwood bough;
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than o'er was fired by sunny ray.⁵

¹ Southward from Brussels lies the field of oooó,
Some three hours' journey for a well-grown man;
A horseman, who in haste pursued his road,
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is through a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.

"No cheerful woodland this of anties trees,
With thickets varied and with sunny glade;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light.

² Here, where the woods receding from the road
Have left on either hand an open space
For fields and gardens, and for man's abode,
Stands Waterloo; a little lowly place,
Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
And given the victory its English name.

SOUTHBY's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

³ See Appendix, Note A.

⁴ MS.—"Not let the stranger with disdain
Its misproportions view;
You redly form'd (ungraceful shrive,
Awkward and)
And yonder humble spire, are thine."

⁵ What time the second Carcas ruled in Spain,
Last of the Austrian line by fate decreed,
Here Custonzaza rear'd a votive fame,
Praying the patron saints to bless with seed
Yet one mile on, you shatter'd 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'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread;
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head
On that wide stubble-ground.⁶
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are there,
Her course to intercept or scare,
Nor fosse nor fence are found,
Save where, from out her shutter'd bowers
Rise Hougmont's dismantled towers⁷

IV.
Now, see'st thou an herd in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been?
A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder cable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh."⁸

His childless sovereign. Heaven denied an heir,
And Europe mourn'd in blood the wretched prayer."—BYRON.

To the original chapel of the Marquis of Custumaza has been added a building of considerable extent, the whole interior of which is filled with monumental inscriptions for the heroes who fell in the battle.

⁵ The MS. has not this complet.

⁶ "As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention, those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Lenatra, Chenave, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougmont appears to want little but a better cause, and that indescribable but impressive hush with the lapse of ages throws around a consecrated spot, to vie in interest with any of all these, except perhaps, the last mentioned."—BYRON.

⁷ MS.—"Save where, firs scattered sparsely stand,
Rise the rent towers of Hougmont."

⁸ "Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
Nor column triumphed for triumphal view?
None: But the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Then first and last of fields! king-making Victory!"—BYRON.

"Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
Where armies had with recent fury bn
On these broad spots of trampled ground,  
Fermentance the rustics danced such round  
As Tenera loved to draw;  
And where the earth seemed scorched by flame,  
To dress the homely feast they came,  
And told the k'erchief'd village dame  
Around her fire of straw."

V.
So keen'st three—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 sterne hands,  
With bayonet, blade, and spear.  
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,  
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!  
Horses 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.¹

VI.
Ay, look again—that line, so black  
And trampled, marks the bivouac,  
You deep-graved ruts the artillery's track  
So often lost and won;  
And close beside, the harden'd mud  
Still shows where, fretlock-deep in blood,  
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,  
Dashed the hot war-horse on.  
These spots of excavation tell  
The ravage of the bursting shell—  
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,  
That reeks against the sullry beam,  
From yonder trenched mound?  
The pestilent fumes declare  
That Carnage has replenish'd there  
Her garnet-house profound.

VII.
Far other harvest-home and feast,  
Than claims the boor from scythe released.  
On these scorched fields were known;  

To mark how gentle Nature still pursues  
Her quiet course, as if she took no care  
For what her modest work had suffered there.  
"The pear has ripen'd on the garden wall;  
Those leaves which on the autumn earth were spread,  
The trees, though pierced and scar'd with many a ball,  
Had only in their natural season shed;  
Flowers were in seed, whose buds to swell began  
When such wild havoc here was made by man."  

"Earth had received into her silent womb  
The slaughtered creatures; horse and man they lay,  

Death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,  
And, in the thrilling battle-shout,  
Sent for the bloody banquet out  
A summon of his own.  
Through rolling smoke the Devil'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 mor'n's overclouded sun  
Heard the wild shout of fight begun  
Ere he attain'd his height,  
And through the war-smoke, volum'd high,  
Still peals that unremitted cry,  
Though now he stoops to night.  
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,  
Fresh succour from the extended head  
Of either hill the contest fed;  
Still down the slope they drew,  
The charge of columns paused not,  
Nor 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.
"Pa're Brussels! then what thoughts were 'hine  
When ceaseless from the distant line  
Continued thunders came!  
Each burgler held his breath, to hear  

And friend and foe, within the general tomb,  
Equal had been their lot; one fatal day  
For all, ... one labor, ... and one place of rest  
They found within their common parent's breast.  

"The passing seasons had not yet effaced  
The stamp of numerous hoes impressed by 'Rose  
Of cavalry, whose path might still be traced.  
Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course:  
Low passus to the sun their purple gave,  
And the soft poppy blossom'd on the grave."  

¹ See Appendix, Note B.
These forerunners\(^1\) of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When rolling\(^2\) through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight\(^4\)
In toil of the unfinished fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!\(^4\)
How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,
While Run shrouding to his band,
Shok high her torch and gory brand!—
Cheer thee, fair City! From you stand
Impatient, still his outstretched hand
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstood,
He fires the fight again.

X.
On! On!\(^5\) was still his stern exclaim;
"Confront the battery's jaws of flame!"
"Rush on the leveil'd gun!"
My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
Each Helen forward with his lance,
My Guard—my Chosen—charge for France,
France and Napoleon!"
Loud answer'd their acclamation shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shum'd to share,\(^9\)
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," exclaim'd the Chief,
"England shall tell the fight!"

XI.
On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—

--- MS. —“Harbingers.”
--- MS. —“Streamers.”
--- MS. —“Bloody plight.”

Within those walls there linger'd at that hour,
Many a brave soldier on the bed of pain,
Who's aid of human art should never restore
To his country and his friends again;
And many a victim of that fell debate,
Whose life yet waver'd in the scales of fate.
Others in wagons borne abroad I saw,
Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight;
Languid and helpless, some were stretch'd on straw,
Some more advanced, sustain'd themselves upright,
And with bold eye and careless front, methought,
Seem'd to set wounds and death again at naught.

What had it been, then, in the recent days
Of that great triumph when the open wound

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 havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbing'rd by fierce acclamation,
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 footstep said,
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!
Each 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 sent,
Corsets were pierced, and pennons rent;
And, to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks
Was festering, and along the crowded ways,
Hour after hour was heard the incessant sound,
Of wheels, which o'er the rough and stony road
Convey'd their living agonizing load!
"Hearts little to the melting mood inclined,
Grew sick to see their sufferings; and the thought
Still comes with horror to the shuddering mind
Of those sad days, when Belgian ears were taught
The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breath'd when his pain is more than he can bear;"

--- MS. —"his stern exclaim;
"Where falls the sword make way by flame!
Recall not from the cannon's aim;
Confront them and they're won!"
See Appendix, Note C. 6 Ibid. Note D. 7 Ibid. Note B
8 MS.—"Nor was one forward footstep stopp'd,
Though close beside a comrade dropp'd;"
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade; 1
Against the cuirass rang the blade; 2
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way; 3
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoll'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 charge of sword and lance 4
As their own ocean rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said,  "Advance!"
* * * They were their ocean's flood.—
O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken band will bide
The terrors of thy rushing tide?
Or will thy chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel, b

1 See Appendix, Note F.
2 "I heard the broadswords' deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!"—Lady of the Lake.
3 MS.—"Beneath that storm, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lance came with levell'd spear,
Sworn each (to do or die;
But not an instant would they bear
The thunders of each serried square,
They halt, they turn, they fly!
Not even their chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel—
Enough that through their close array
The well-plied cannon tore their way;
Enough that 'mid their broken band
The horsemen plied the bloody brand,
Recoll'd, &c."—&c.
4 "The cuirassiers continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in the full confidence, apparently, of sweeping every thing before the impetuousity of their charge. Their onset and reception was like a furious ocean pouring itself against a chain of insulated rocks. The British square stood unmoved, and never gave fire until the cavalry were within ten yards of the cuirassiers. After the cuirassiers had passed and their guard, all the cavalry turned and charged the British square. The cuirassiers were in every instance driven back."—Life of Bonaparte, vol. ii. p. 12.
5 See Appendix, Note G.
6 MS.—"Or can thy memory fail to quote,
Heard to thy cost, the vengeful note
Of Prussia's trumpet tone?"

We observe a certain degree of similitude in some pas-

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,
And other standards fly!—
Think not that in thy columns, file
Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle—
Is Blucher yet unknown?
Or dwells not in thy memory still
(Heard frequent in that mellow hour of ill),
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
In Prussin'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 test his rashness play'd,
Left not the victims he had made,
Dug his red grave with his own blade
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhor'd—but not despised.  

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,—
sages of Mr. Scott's present work, to the compositions of Byron, and particularly his Lordship's Ode to Bonaparte; and we think that whoever peruses 'The Field of Waterloo,' with that Ode in his recollection, will be struck with this new semblance. We allude principally to such passages as that which begins,

'The Roman lore thy leisure loved,' &c.

and to such lines as,

'Now, seest thou in this loved scene,
Can tell of that which late hath been?'
or,

'So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is, from that which seems'

lines, by the way, of which we cannot express any very great admiration. This sort of influence, however, over even the principal writers of the day (whether they are conscious of the influence or not), is one of the surest seats of genius, and one of the proudest tributes which it receives."—Monthly Review.

When the engagement was ended, it evidently appeared with what undaunted spirit and resolution Catiline's army had been fired: for the body of every one was found on that very spot which, during the battle, he had occupied; there only excepted who were forced from their posts by the Prussian cohort; and even they, though they fell a little out of their ranks, were all wounded before. Catiline himself was found, far from his own men, amidst the dead bodies of the enemy, bruised a little, with an air of that fearlessness still in his face in which he had when alive. Finally, in all his army there was not so much as one free citizen taken prisoner, either in the engagement or in flight; for they spared their own lives as little as those of the enemy. The army of the republic obtained the victory, indeed, but it was neither a cheap nor a joyful one, for their bravest men were either slain in battle or dangerously wounded. As there were many, too, who went to view th
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died
On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame
Which thou, for life, in traffic taime
Wilt barter thus away.
Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistence faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lodl's bridge,
Marengo's field, and Wagran's ridge?
Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power,
A torrent fierce and wide;
Roat of these aids, a roll obscure,
Shrinking unexplo'd, 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.
Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,
Who, as thy flight they eyed,
Exclaim'd,—while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride, and rage, and shame,—
"O, that he had but died!"
But yet, to sun this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,
Back on on broken ranks—
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, 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 red current hurl'd—
So mingle banner, 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 Beresin'a icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood.
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror cleft
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipsic's corpse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in those various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast,
On the dread 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 will—refuse not now
Before these demagogues 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 honor in the choice,
If it were freely made.
Then safely come—in one so low,—
So lost,—we cannot own a foe;

\[2\text{MS.}—"\text{Where in one tide of terror ran}
The warriors that, when morn began}
\[3\text{MS.—"So ominous a shriek was none,
Not even when Beresin'a flood
Was thawed by streams of tepid blood,}
\[4\text{For an account of the death of Poniatowski at Leipsie, see}
\[5\text{MS.—"Not such were men, when, all bereft}
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—}
\[6\text{I who with faith unshaken from the first}
Even when the tyrant seem'd to touch the skies
Had look'd to see the high blown bubble burst,
And for a fall conspicuous as his "no,
Even in that faith had look'd not for defeat
So swift, so overwhelming, so complete."
Though dear experience bid 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 bard 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 band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dugger in the hand
From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.
Yet, even in yon sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own.
Such waits thee when thou shalt control
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
That marr'd thy prosperous scene:—
Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
Which sighs, 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 meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hall 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 weal;

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 shall weep:
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 endure.
Thou canst not name one tender tie,
But here dissolved its relics lie!
O! when thou see'st some mourner's veil
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears:
Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
Is laboring in a father's breast,—
With no enquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXI.
Period of honor as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close!—
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Briton's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claim!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted Paxton's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsomby could die—
De Lancet change Love's bridal-wreath,

"The Desolate desolate!
The Victor overthrown.
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!"

"'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing;-
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fand hath fallen so far."

Byron's Ode to Napoleon.

We left the field of battle in such mood
As human hearts from thence should bear away,
And, musing thus, our purposed route pursued,
Which still through scenes of recent blotted In
Where Prussia late, with strong and stern delight,
Hang on her fate's foes to persecute their flight."
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 mid 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,
Pat.- 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 shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scale thy towers, fair Hougomont!⁵
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter'd beeches fall
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd pendants torn,
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn
Has not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
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, and barge that bears a court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port,—
Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious change
Driven! Of hope and fear have our frail barks been
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 struggled,
Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know, [flow! Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to
To where the groves of Hougomont on high
Rear in the west their venerable head,
And cover with their shade the countless dead

¹ The Poet's friend, Colonel Sir William De Lancey, marred the beautiful daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart., in April 1815, and received his mortal wound on the 18th of June. See Capt. B. Hall's affecting narrative in the first series of his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," vol. ii. p. 369.
² Colonel Miller, of the Guards—son to Sir William Miller, Lord Glenelg. When mortally wounded in the attack on the Bois de Boucon, he desired to see the colors of the regiment once more ere he died. They were waved over his head, and the expiring officer declared himself satisfied.
³ Colonel Cameron, of Fassiefern, so often distinguished in Lord Wellington's despatches from Spain, fell in the action at Quatre Bras (16th June, 1815), while leading the 92d or Gordon Highlanders, to charge a body of cavalry, supported by infantry. "—Paul's Letters," p. 91.
⁴ Col. M'. the Honorable Sir Alexander Gordon, brother to the Earl of Aberdeen, who has erected a pillar on the spot where he fell by the side of the Duke of Wellington.
⁵ Beyond these points the fight extended not,—Small theatre for such a tragedy!—In breath scarce more, from eastern Popelot

"But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground,
And trace with understanding eyes a scene
Above all other fields of war renown'd,
From western Hougomont thy way begin;
There was our strength on that side—and there
In all its force, the storm of battle burst"—SouTHERN

Mr. Southey adds, in a note on these verses:—"So important a battle, perhaps, was never before fought within so small an extent of ground. I computed the distance between Hougomont and Popelot at three miles; in a straight line it might probably not exceed two and a half. Our guide was very much displeased at the name which the battle had obtained in England,—Why call it the battle of Waterloo? he said; "Call it Hougomont, call it la Haye Sains, call it Popelot—any thing but Waterloo."—"Pilgrimage to Waterloo."
Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave fight
Hast well maintain'd through good report and
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 array'd,
Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
Each emulation in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly rose,
And struggled long with mists thy 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 myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,
Where first the soldier, stung with generous
shame,
Rival'd the heroes of the wat'ry way, [away.
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach

1 MS.—"On the broad ocean first its lustre came,"
2 In the Life of Sir W. Scott, vol. v., pp. 90-104, the reader will find a curious record of minute alterations on this poem, suggested, while it was proceeding through the press, by the printer and the bookseller, with the author's good-natured replies, sometimes adopting, sometimes rejecting what was proposed.
3 "The Field of Waterloo" was published before the end of October, in 1815; the profits of the first edition being the author's contribution to the fund raised for the relief of the widows and children of the soldiers slain in the battle. This piece appears to have disappointed those most disposed to sympathize with the author's views and feelings. The descent is indeed heavy from his Bannockburn to his Waterloo: the presence, or all but visible reality of what his dreams cherished, seems to have overawed his imagination, and tamed it into a weak promptness of movement. The burst of pure native enthusiasm upon the Scottish heroes that fell around the Duke of Wellington's person, bears, however, the broadest mark of "The Mighty Minstrel":—

—Saw gallant Miller's fading eye
Still bent where Albion's standards fly,
And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
Died like the offering of Lochiel, &c.—

and this is far from being the only redeeming passage. There

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
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, tyrants' night,
And to the gazing world may'st 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 valor fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known;
—Such may by name be lured, by gold be hired—
'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

END OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

is one, indeed, in which he illustrates what he then thought Bonaparte's poorness of spirit in adversity, which always struck me as pre-eminently characteristic of Scott's manner of interweaving, both in prose and verse, the moral energies with analogous natural description, and combining thought with imagery:—

'Or is thy soul like mountain tide,
That swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power,
A torrent fierce and wide;
Rift of these ails, a rift obscure,
Shrinking untold, 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!'

"The poem was the first upon a subject likely to be sufficiently hackneyed; and, having the advantage of coming out in a small cheap form—(prudently imitated from Murray's) in revision with the tales of Byron, which was the deathblow to the system of verse in quartos)—it attained rapidly a measure of circulation above what had been reached either by Rokeby or the Lord of the Isles."—LOCKHART—Life of Scott, vol. v. pp 166-167
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.
The genius of his labors blithes. Plus je 1e bêt et s'istart et shorten'd seythe.—P. 503.

First reader to Fl动员s carries in his left hand a stick with a iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can at one sweep with a short seythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

NOTE B.
Pole Brussels! then what thoughts were thine.—P. 504.
It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had massed his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' pluner of the city of Brussels.

NOTE C.
"On! On!" was still his stern exclaim.—P. 505.
The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed: nor in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the "air" of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and all was no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanor 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 sterner 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; to which he only replied,—"Encore! Encore!"

"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 his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the rebel-camp, who brought the message.'—Réunion de la Bataille de Mont-St. Jean, Paris, 1815.

NOTE D.
The fate their leader shunned to share.—P. 505.
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 Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he arranged 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 with3 enous Vice Emperor, which were level 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 appear nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks 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 shewed, 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 aides were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unharmed.

NOTE E.
England shall tell the fight!—P. 505.
In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never he beat,—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

NOTE F.
As ples the smith his clanging trade.—P. 506.
A private soldier of the 93rd regiment compared the sound which, took place immediately upon the British cavalry ringing with those of the enemy, to "a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles."

NOTE G.
The British shock of iron's steel.—P. 506.
No permission 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 noted, 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 entrenchments 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 when a long part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer mentions the Chateau of Hougmont 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.

1 The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English are said to have erected for the use of Bonaparte—and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the Duke of Wellington.
Harold the Dauntless:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

"Upon another occasion," says Sir Walter, "I sent up another of these trifles, which, like schoolboys' kites, serve to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel, or Scal, in opposition to 'The Bridal of Triermain,' 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. I 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. 1820.

Harold the Dauntless.

INTRODUCTION.

There is a mood of mind, we all have known
On drowsy eve, or dark and bow'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And naught can chase the lingering hours away.
Dull on our 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 drearhood,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding that 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 sternest aunt, restrain
From county-bill, or race occurring rare,
While all her friends around their vestments gay
prepare.

Ennui!—or, as our mothers call'd thee, Spleen!
To thee we owe full many a rare device;—
Thrice is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
CANTO I.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

The turning-lathe for framing gimcrack nice;
The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou mayst claim,
Retort and air-pump, threatening frogs and mice
(Murders disguised by philosophic name),
And much of trilling 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 Indolence his harp he strung;—
O! might my lay be rank'd that happier list
among!"'

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares assail.
For me, I love my study-fire to trim,
And con right vacantly some idle tale,
Displaying on the couch 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 Paride,
Upon the rack of a too-easy chair;
And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
In old romans of errantry that tell,
Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell,
Of Genii, 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 unmitting graver thought,
Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day.—
These few survive—and proudly let me say,
Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his frown;
They well may serve to while an hour away,
Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
Than Emmi's yawning smile, what time she drops it down.

The dry humor, and sort of half Spenserian cast of these,
we well as all the other introductory stanzas in the poem, we
think excellent, and scarcely outdone by any thing of the kind
we know of; and there are few parts, taken separately, that

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO FIRST

I.

Last to the valorous deeds that were done
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the
Woe to the realms which he boasted! 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 wrath,
And he burn'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 bugle to arms did call,
Burghers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rang
Fearful and faintly the gray brothers sung,
"Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's ire!"

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell,
He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earl's came against him with all their train,
Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain.
Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and war'd in Northumbrians.
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage;
Peace 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 liege-man of Britain's broad isle.

have not something attractive to the lover of natural poetry
while any one page will show how extremely like it is to the
manner of Scott.'—Blackwood's Magazine 1817.
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 armor full weighty to bear,
Wrinkled his brows grew, and heavy his hair;
He let the 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 thy poor soul were assul'd;—
Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it now to repentance to turn;
Fie, fie dost 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 steadfastly 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 Durham 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 concubine's arm.
He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
With patience unwonted at rites divine;
He abjured the gods of heathen race,
And he bent his head at the font of grace.
But such was the grisly old proslyte'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 stern convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite
The Prelate in honor will with him ride,
And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side

Banners and banderols danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spear-men behind;
Coward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Penmon 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 unlace'd
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 clefted with recent gore;
At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,
In the dangerous chase that morning slain.
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 haughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the axe and sword,
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tossed,
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 war-gods belong,
[strong:
With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the
And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,
Wilt thou putter 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 bower
To battle 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.

Irefal wax'd old Witikind's look,
His faltering voice with fury shook:—
"Hear me, Harold of harden'd heart!
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.
Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease.
Fear my wrath and remain at peace:—
Just is the debt of repentance I've paid,
Richly the church has a recompense made,
And the truth of her doctrines I prove with my blade,
But reckoning to none of my actions I owe,
And least to nay son such accounting will show.
Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
Who e'er from thy childhood knew reason or ruth?
Hence! to the wolf and the bear in her den;
There are thy mates, and not rational men."

XI.
Grinly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
"We must honor our sires, if we fear when the chide.
For me, I am yet what thy lessons have made,
I was rock'd in a buckler and fed from a blade;
An infant, was taught to clasp hands and to shout
From the roofs of the tower when the flame had broke out:
In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip,
And tinge with its purple my cheek and my lip.—
"Tell thou know'st not truth, that last barter'd in old,
For a price, the brave faith that thine ancestors held.

When this wolf,"—and the carcass he flung on the "Shall awake and give food to her nurslings again,
The face of his father will Harold review;
Till then, aged Heathen, young Christian, adieu!"

XII.
Priest, monk, and prelate, stood aghast,
As through the pageant the heathen pass'd:
A cross-bearer out of his saddle he flung,
Laid his hand on the pommel, and into it sprung.
Loud was the shriek, and deep the groan,
When the holy sign on the earth was thrown!
The fierce old Count unsheathed his brand,
But the calmer Prelate stay'd his hand.
"Let him pass free!—Heaven knows its hour,—
But he must own repentance's power,
Pray and weep, and penance bear,
Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the Wear." Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is gone,
Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XIII.
High was the feasting in Witikind's hall,
Revel'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all;
And even the good Bishop was fain to endure
The scandal, which time and instruction might cure:
It were dangerous, he deem'd, at the first to restrain,
In his wine and his wassail, a half-christian'd Dane.
The mead flow'd around, and the ale was drain'd dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry;
With Kyrie Eleison, came clamorously in
The war-songs of Danesmen, Norwegian, and Finn.
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Out-stretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall floor;
And the tempest within, having ceased its wild
Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd within.

XIV.
Apart from the wassail, in turret alone,
Lay flaxen-haired Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son:
In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the first,
For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed.
And grieved was young Gunnar his master should roam.
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home.
He heard the deep thunder, the pelting of rain.
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and pane;
"And oh!" said the Page, "on the shelterless world
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, unbidde. 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
Bade me follow her nursing in life and to death.

XV.
"It pours and it thunders, it lightens aman,
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, unmantled, he dies on the moor!
What'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
The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the dead:
"Ungrateful and bestial!" his anger broke forth,
"To forget 'mid your goblets the pride of the North!"
And you, ye cowld priests, who have plenty is
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 Jorvain's purse;
Saint Menholt'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 taken.
(Well drench'd on that eve was old Hildebrand's brain).
To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mounted 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 as 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 proffer'd the gold.
"Back, back, and home, thou simple boy!
Thou canst not share my grief or joy:
Have I not mark'd thee wail 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 sacra,
Such must thou be with me to ream,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!"

XVIII.
Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough, [brow.
As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the dark
And half he repented his purpose end vow.
But now to draw back were boastless 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 surecot and mantle to fence thee from cold?
And, did I bear a baser mind,
What lot remains if I stay behind?
The priests' revenge, thy father's wrath,
A dungeon, and a shameful death."

XIX.
With gentler look Lord Harold eyed
The Page, 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 climes they sought,
Ventures achieved, and battles fought;
How oft with few, how oft alone,
Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won.
Men swore his eye, that flash'd so red
When each other glance was quench'd with dread,
Bore oft a light of deadly flame,
That ne'er from mortal courage came.
These limbs so strong, that mood so stern,
That loved the couch of heapth and fern,
Afar from hamlet, tower and town,
More than to rest on driven down;
That stubborn 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, Count Witikind's son.

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 scapulium,
And folded hands in the act of prayer.
Saint Cathibert's mitre is resting now
On the haughty Saxen, bold Aldingar'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
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
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 th
And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands
May now resume these wealthy lands."

XXI.
Answer'd good Eastace, a canon old,—
"Harold is nameless, and furious, and bold;
Ivanhoe,"—Adolphus' Letters on the Author of Waverley
1822, p. 281.
Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name:
Much of bloodshed and merch 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 "eft of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is despair."

More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd,
And murmur'd his brethren who sate around,
And with one consent have they 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 gladness 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 shins the birch in silver vest,
And the beechn in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
Like a chief's deft 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 gien,
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 losses the name;
Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling sound
Of frost-nip'd leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant bound.
That opens on his game:
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Wherether the sun in splendor ride,
And gilds it many-color'd side;
Or whether he soft and silvery haze.

In vapory folds, o'er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland strays,
Like an early widow's veil,
Where winpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrayed,
Of beauty wan and pale.

III.
Fair Metellill 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 Wulfstane's archery,
By merry Tyne both on moor and lea,
Through wooded Weardale's glens so free,
Well beside Stanhope's wildwood tree,
And well on Ganlesse river.
Yet free though he trespass'd on woodland game,
More known and more fear'd was the wizard fame
Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outlaw's dame;
Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye of flame.
More fear'd when in wrath she laughed:
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 gray-goose shaft.

IV.
Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair
So Heaven decreed, a daughter fair;
None brighter crown'd the bed,
In Britain's bounds, of peer or prince,
Nor hath, perchance, a lovelier since
In this fair isle been bred.
And nought of fraud, or tre, or ill,
Was known to gentle Metellill.—
A simple maiden she;
The spells in dimpled 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 plait the rosy 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.
V.

One mori, in kirtle green array'd,
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,
And, where a fountain sprung,
She sate her down, unseen, to thread
The scarlet berry's mimic braid,
And while the beads she strung,
Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay
Gives a good morrow to the day,
So lightsomely she sung.

VI.

Song.

"Lord William was born in gilded bower,
The hair of Wilton's lofty tower;
Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow;
And William has lived where ladies fair
With gawds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dew-drops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to kiss;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage 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 naught—oh! naught of fraud or ill
Can William mean to Metelill!"

VII.

Suddenly she stops—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.

Stern 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 hold,
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 thon art mortal wight!
But if—of such strange tales are told—
Unearthly warrior of the wold,
Thou comest to chide mine accents 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 in the hollow helmet drown'd;
His barred visor then he raised,
And steady on the maiden gazed.
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 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:
From distant realms I come,
And, wanderer long, at length have plann'd
In this my native Northern land
To seek myself a home.
Nor that alone—a mate I seek;
She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—
No boorish dame for me;
Myself am something rough of mood,
And feel the fire of royal 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—till now I ne'er
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear
Become thy beauty rare.
One kiss—nay, damsels, 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."

X.

Home sprung the maid without a pause,
As leveret'scaped from greyhound's jaws
But still she lock'd, howe'er distress'd,
The secret in her boding breast;
Dreading her sire, who oft fyrbade
Her swep should stray to distant glade.
Night came— to her accustomed nook
Her distaft aged Jutta took,
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Wulftane trimm'd his shafts and bow.

Sudden and clamorous, from the ground
Upstarted slumbering branch and hound;
Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
And Wulftane snatches at his arms,
When open flew the yielding door,
And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

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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 reeks not—it is I demand
Fair Metelill in marriage band;
"Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
Is brave men's boast and cautiff's shame."
The parents sought each other's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise;
Wulf-tane, to quarrel prompt, began
The stranger's size and thievess to scan;
But as he scanned, his courage sunk,
And from unequal strife he shrunk,
Then forth, to blight and blemish, flies
The harmful curse from Jutta's eyes;
Yet, fatal howse'er, the spell
On Harold innocently 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 trifle—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 honor'd guest."
Such were her words,— her craft might cast,
Her honor'd guest should sleep his last:
"No, not to-night— but soon," he swore,
"He would return, nor leave them more."
The threshold then his huge stride crest,
And so he was in darkness lost.
Before she sink behind the dell,
Thou, she, 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 shake 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 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-cock waked and faintly crew,
Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curlew:
Where o'er the cataract 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 mellow'd hymn of praise,
She called a God of heathen days.

XVII
Envoi.

*From thy Pomeranian throne,
Hewn in rock of living stone,
Where, to thy godhead faithful yet,
Bend Ethonian, Finn, and Lett,
And their swords 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!

*Mighti'test 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 seam'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! he comes! the night-blast cold
Wilder sweeps along the wold;

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;
Thou who ridest the tempest dread,
Shaking hill and rending oak—
Spare me! spare me! Zernebock.

"He comes not yet! Shall cold delay
Thy votress 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 'twixt the combat, and 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.
Involveth the church in strife,
Push on adventurous chance his life;
Ourselves will in the hour of need,
As best we may thy counsels speed.
So ceased the Voice; for seven leagues round
Each hamlet started at the sound;
But slept again, as slowly died
Its thunder on the hill's brown side.

XIX.
"And is thou all," said Jutta stern;
"That thou canst teach 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;
Slight was the touch, as when at need
A damsels stir the tardy steed;
But to the broad the stone gave place,
And, starting from its balanced base,
Roll'd thundering down the moonlight dell,—
Re-echo'd moorland, rock, and fell;
Into the moonlight turn'd it dash'd,
Their shores the sounding surges lash'd,
And there was ripple, rage, and foam;
But on that lake, so dark and lone,
Placid and pale the moonbeam shone
As Jutta hied her home.

Harold the Dauntless.

Canto Third.

Gray towers of Durham! there was once a time
I view'd your battlements with 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 prebendarv'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 Surtess' happier lot,
Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
And from oblivion rend 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 time;
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 Beaurepaire,
Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding Wear.

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams danced,
Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,
And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
Broad lights, and shadows li'd on front and flank
Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank
And girdled in the massive donjon Keep,
And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and bank
The matin bell with summons long and deep,
And echo answer'd still with long resounding sweet.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
Each merry bird awaken'd round,
As if in revelry;
Afar the bugles' chang'ing sound
Call'd to the chase the lagging hound;
The gale breathed soft and free,
And seemed to linger on its way
To catch fresh odors from the spray,
And waved it in its wanton play
So light and gamesomely;
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 doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
And hung it on a tree beside,
Laid mace and falchion by,
And on the greenward saile him down,
And from his dark halitional frown
Relax'd his rugged brow—
Whoever 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 spied
The gloom of stormy thoughts subsist,
And cantious watch'd the fittest time
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:

1 In this stanza occurs one of many touches by which, in the introductory passages of Harold the Dauntless as of Triermain, Sir Walter Scott betrays his half-purpose of identifying the author with his friend William Erskine. That gentleman, the son of an Episcopalian clergyman, a staunch churchman, and a man of the gentlest habits, if he did not in early life design to follow the pastoral profession, might easily be supposed to have nourished such an intention—one which no one could ever have dreamt of ascribing at any period of his days to Sir Walter Scott himself.

Fearful to move the slumbering ire
Of his stern lord, thus stood the squire,
Till Harold raised his eye,
That glanced as when athwart the shroud
Of the dispersing tempest-cloud
The bursting sunbeams fly.

V.

"Arouse 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, but powerful! Peal it round
Like that loud bell's sonorous sound,
Yet wild by fits, as when the lay
Of bird and bugle hale 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 slept around;
Couch'd on the spoils of wolf and bear,
They roused like lions from their lair,
Then rush'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 Vallhalla hest thou quaff'd
From foeman's skull methnelin draught,
Or wanderest where thy cairn was piled
To frown o'er oceans wide and wild?
Or have the colder Christians given
Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven?
Where'er thou art, to thee are known
Our toils endured, our trophies won,
Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes."
He ceased, and Gunnar's song arose.

VI.

SONG.

"Hawk and osprey scream'd for joy
Yer the beetling cliffs of Hoy,
Crimson foam the beach o'erspread,
The heath was dyed with darker red,
When o'er Eric, Ingmar's son,
Dane and Northman piled the stone;
Singing wild the war-song stern
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

"Where eddying currents foam and boil
By Beren's burgh and Grimnasay's isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-tingled with the mist and storm,
In anxious awe he bears away
To moor his bark in Stromma's bay,
And murmurs from the bounding stern,
Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

"What cares disturb the mighty dead?
Each honor'd rite was duly paid;
No daring near thy helm unlauned
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,
Thy minty couch no tear profaned,
Without, with hostile blood was stain'd;
Within, 'twas lined with moss and fern—
Then rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!—

'He may rest not: from realms afar
Come 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 turbulent race of Termogaunt.'——

VII.

"Peace," said the Knight, "the noble Scald
Our warlike fathers' deeds recall'd,
But never strove to soothe the son
With tales of what himself had done.
At Odin's board the bard sits high
Whose harp ne'er stoop'd to flattery;
But highest be whose daring lay
Hath dared unwelcome truths to say."
With doubtful smile young Gunnar-eyed
His master's looks, and naught replied—but well that smile his master led
To construe what he left unsaid.
"Is it to me, thou timid youth,
Thou fear'st to speak unwelcome truth!
My soul no more thy censure grieves
Than frosts rob laurels of their leaves
Say on—and yet—beware the rude
And wild distemper of my blood;
Lest were I that mine ire should wrong
The youth that bore my shield so long,
And who, in service constant still,
Though weak in frame, art strong in will."

"Oh!" quoth the page, "even there depend
My counsel—there my warning tends—
Oft seems as of my master's breast
Some demon were the sudden guest;
Then at the first misconstrued word
His hand is on the mace and sword.
From her firm seat his wisdom driven,
His life to countless dangers given.—
O! would that Gunnar could suffice
To be the fiend's last sacrifice,
So that, when glutted with my gore,
He fled and tempted thee no more!"

VIII.

Then waved his hand, and shook his head
The impatient Dane, while thus he said
"Profane not, youth—it is not thine To judge the spirit of our line—
The bold Berserkar's rage divine,
Through whose inspiring deeds are wrought
Past human strength and human thought.
When full upon his gloomy soul
The champion feels the influence roll,
He swims the lake, he leaps the wall—
Heeds not the depth, nor plumbs the fall—
Unshielded, mail-less, on he goes
Singly against a host of foes—
Their spears he holds like wither'd reeds,
Their mail like maiden's silken weeds;
One 'gainst a hundred will he strive,
Take countless wounds, and yet survive.
Then rush the eagles to his cry
Of slaughter and of victory,—
And blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,
Deep drinks his sword,—deep drinks his soul;
And all that meet him in his ire
He gives to ruin, rout, and fire;
Then, like gorged lion, seeks some den,
And couches till he's man agen.—
Thou know'st the signs of look and limb,
When 'gins that rage to overbrim—
Thou know'st when I am moved, and why;
And when thou see'st me roll mine eye,
Set my teeth thus, and stamp my foot,
Regard thy safety and be mute;
But else speak boldly out whate'er
Is fitting that a knight should hear.
I love thee, youth. Thy lay has power
Upon my dark and sullen hour;—
So Christian monks are wont to say
Demons of old were charmed away;
Then fear not I will rashly deem
Ill of thy speech whate'er the theme.'

IX.
As down some strait in doubt and dread
The watchful pilot drops the lead,
And, cautious in the midst to steer,
The shoaling channel sounds with fear;
So, lest on dangerous ground he swerved,
The Page his master's brow observed,
Pausing at intervals to fling
His hand o'er the melodious string,
And to his moody breast apply
The soothing charm of harmony,
While hinted half, and half express'd,
Thus warning song convey'd the rest.—

Song.

1.

1. Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,
And ill when on the breakers driven,—
Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air,
And the scared mermaid tears her hair;
But worse when, on her helm the hand
Of some false traitor holds command

2. Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed
'Mid Hebron's rocks or Rana's waste,—
Ill when the scorching sun is high,
And the expected font is dry,—
Worse when his guide o'er sand and heath,
The barbarous Copt, has planned his death

3. 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 heart's wrung;
But worse, if instant ruin token,
When he lists rec'd by woman spoken,—

X.

"How now, fond boy!—Canst thou think ill
Said Harold, "of fair Metellill!"—
"She may be fair," the Page replied,
As through the strings 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 charm,—
A Danish maid for me.

2.

"I love my fathers' northern land,
Where the dark pine-boxes grow,
And the bold Baltic's echoing strand*
Looks o'er each grassy oe.
I love to mark the lingering sun,
From Denmark loth 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 glow;
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.

1 Oe—Iceland.
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 can her chosen champion's flight
With eye undazzled see,
Chas'p him victorious from the strife,
O' on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!"

XI.

Then smiled the Dane—"Thou 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 Metellus?"

"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 gray eye is a flame
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame,—
That sordid woodman's peasant cot
Twice have thine honor'd footsteps sought,
And twice return'd with such ill rede
As sent thee on some deeper deed."—

XII.

"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 heathen Dane,
From Durham's priests a boon to gain,
When thou hast left their vassals slain
In their own halls?"—Flash'd Harold's eye,
Thunder'd his voice—"False Page, you 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 tizzlest thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monsia' knight?—
Up and away, that deepening bell
Doth of the Bishop's conclave tell.
Thither will I, in name 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.

I.

Full many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
O'er-canopied shrine and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far afloat,
And blending with the shade—a matchless roof
Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold;?
Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof
Intruded oft within such sacred fold, [of old.
Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his fame

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that when the route
Of our rude neighbors whilome deigned to come,
Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out
To cleanse our chancel 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 papal miracles had grace'd the stone,
And though the aisles still loved the organ's swelling tone.

And deem not, though 'tis now my part to paint
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 atone
Their predecessors' frailties trebly told:
Matthew and Morton we as such may own—
And such (if fame speak truth) the honor'd Bar-

rington. 3

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart."

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride, Act ii. Scene i.
See also Joanna Baillie's "De Montfort," Act iv. and v
3 See, in the Apocryphal Books, "The History of Ben and
The Dragon."

See, for the lives of Bishop Matthew and Bishop Morton,
here alluded to, Mr. Surtees's History of the Bishops of Dur-
ham: the venerable Sinte Barlington, their honored success-
er a kind friend of Sir Walter Scott, died in 1836.
II.
Bu. 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 seemly order set;
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand
Of studious priest but rarely scanned,
Now on fair curv'd desk display'd,
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
Of head 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,
Sate Aldingar,—and prelate ne'er
More haughty grace 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 stirred;
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard;
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle 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
Hailing 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,
Crash'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 rood,
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood!
For here stands Count Harold, old Wittingdon's son,
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won." [eye,
The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled
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 quest 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 to
heaven;
And the fees which whilome he possessed as his
Have lapsed to the Church, and been granted anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere.
For the service Saint Cuthbert's bless'd I banner to
bear,
* Wear
When the bands of the North come to foray the
Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or
blame,
* came.
But in peace and in patience pass hence an ve

V.
Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan,—"They're free from
the care
Of feef and of service, both Conyers and Vere, -
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corset of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens;—and, sever'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 who will wield this club of mine,—
Give him my feef, and I will say
There's wit beneath the cowl of gray."
He raised it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crush'd skull and spouting brain.
He wheel'd it that it shriilly sung,
And the aisles echo'd as it swung,
Then dash'd it down with sheer descent.
And split King Osric's monument.—
"How like ye this music? How trow ye the harp
That can wield such a mace may be right of its sound!
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 fathers, farewell."

VII.
He turn'd from their presence, he clos'd the oar
door.
And the clang of his stride died away on the floor;
And his head from his bosom the Prelate uppers
With a ghost-seer’s look when the ghost disappears.
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 venison and malmsey 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 poor’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 laughing eye,
Trust not, friends, when such you spy:
A beaker’s depth he well could drain,
Revel, sport, and jest amain—
The launch of the deer and the grape’s bright dye
Never bard loved them better than I;
But sooner than Vinsauf would me my wench,
Pass’d me his jest, and nay’d at mine,
Though the buck were at some armpark, of Bourdeaux 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 nay—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 moonbeams 
Gathering such herbs by bank and stream,
Deem’d his thin form and soundless tread
Were those of wanderer from the dead.—
“Vinsauf, thy vine,” he said, “lath power,
Our gyves are heavy, strong our tower;
Yet three drops from this flask of mine,
More strong than dungeons, gyves, or wain.
Shall give him prison under ground.
More dark, more narrow, more profound.
Short rede, good rede, 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 counted 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.

X.
“Such service done in fervent zeal,
The Church may pardon and conceal,”
The doubtful Prelate said, “but never
The counsel ere the act should hear.—
Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,
The stamp of wisdom is on thy brow;
Thy days, thy nights, in cloister pent,
Are still to mystic learning lent—
Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my hope,
Thou well mayst give counsel to Prelate or Pope.”

XI.
Answer’d the Prior—“’Tis wisdom’s use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse;
Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
Shape for the giant gigantic task.
Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
In paths of darkness, danger, and dread;
He may not, he will not, impugn our decree.
That calls but for proof of his chivalry;
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the Strong,
Our wilds have adventure night cumber them long—

The Castle of Seven Shields”—“Kind Anselm,
The step of the Pagan approaches the door.”
The churchmen were hush’d. In his mantle of skin,
With his mace on his shoulder, Count Harold strode in.
There was sound on his lips, there was fire in his eye
For, chafed by attendance, his fury was nigh.
“Ho! Bishop,” he said, “dost thou grant me my claim?
Or must I assert it by falchion and flame?”

XII.
“On thy suit, gallant Harold,” the Bishop replied,
In accents which trembled, “we may not decide,
Until proof of your strength and your valor we saw—
’Tis not that we doubt them, but such is the law.”
“And would you, Sir Prelate, have Harold make sport
For the cowl and the shavelings that herd in thy
Say what shall he do?—From the shrine shall he tear
The lead bier of thy patron, and heave it in air,
And through the long channel make Cuthbert take wing,
With the speed of a bullet dismiss’d from the
Nay, spare such probation,” the Cellarer said.
CANTO IV.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

*From the mouth of our minstrels thy task shall be read.
While the wine sparkles high in the goblet of gold,
And the revel is loudest, thy task shall be told;
And thus I, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it, tell
That the Bishop, his owls, and his shavelings, meant well.*

XIII.

And tell'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang,
But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang;
And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul,
Even when verging to fury, own'd music's control,
Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye
And often untaught 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 this 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

Heads.

From Strath-Clyde was Ewain, and Ewain was
And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth;
Dumnaul of Cumbria had never a tooth;
But Adolf of Bambrugh, Northumberland's heir,
Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife amongst the sisters, for each one
would have
For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave;
And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to blows,
When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-fiend 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.

"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 hell,
And the rhymes which they chant'd must never be told;
And as the black wool from the distaff they sped,
With blood from their bosoms they mosten'd the thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold
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 damsels 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 bonnie to his bed;

He sprang from the couch and his broadsword he
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 gray.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad
Whoever shall questen 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.
**SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.**

**CANTO V.**

And is this my probation?" wild Harold he said,
"Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?"
"God even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Cuthbert to borrow,
The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to-mor-

---

**Harold the Dauntless.**

**CANTO FIFTH.**

I.

DENMARK's sage courtier to her princely youth,
Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale, 1
Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth;
For Fancy embroiders Nature's veil.
The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale,
Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze,
Are but the ground-work of the rich detail
Which Fancy 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,
A rise 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 companions of his master's way.
Midward their path, a rock of granite gray
From the adjoining cliff had made descent,—
A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray
Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battlement,
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,

---

"Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape
a camel?
Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed!
Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel

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 sin in fight it seems to lie,
And these same drooping boughs do o'er it wave
Not all unlike the plume his lady's favor 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 fares 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 afair,
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 clasp'd his hands, as one who said,
"My toils—my wanderings are o'erpaid!"
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 feats can see?
And dearer than the couch of prade,
He loves the bed of gray wolf's hide,

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.
Ham. Or, like a whale?
Pol. Very like a whale."

*Hamlet.*
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 blighted 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 naught,
And there is naught 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 eyestones would have broke,
And then resolvedly said,—
"Be what it will you phantom gray—
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,
Paised where the blighted 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,
Furios thy purpose to fulfill—
Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still,
How long, O Harold, shall thy tread
Disturb the slumber of the dead?
Each step in thy wild way thou makest,
The ashes of the dead thou wak'est;
And shout in triumph o'er thy path
The fiends 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 vain ye chide
The wolf for ravaging the flocks,
Or with its hardness tâm the rock,—
I am as they—my Danish strain
Sends streams of fire through every vein.
Amid thy realms of gloue and ghost,
Say, is the fame of Eric lost,
Or Witikind's the Waster, known
Where fame or spoil was to be won;
Whose galleys ne'er bore off a shore
They left not black with flame?—
He was my sire,—and, sprang of him,
That rover merciless and grim,
Can I be soft and tame?
Part hence, and with my crimes no more upbraid
I am that 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 truth—Yet on the head
Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid,
That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace,
From grave to cradle ran the evil race:
Relentless in his avarice 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;
Fulfil'd what'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, thy Gird thy loins for resistance, my son, and awake
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;

Thou aged saint, so stern and gray?

Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried.

There is naught 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 dull as a fugitive's tread,
And cold dews drop from my brow and my head.—

He! Gunna, the almoner gave;
He said that three drops would recall from the grave.

For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft
Or, his courage to aio, lacks the juice of a flower!
The page gave the basket, which Walwayn had fill'd
With the juice of wild roots that his art had
So baneful their influence on all that had breath:
One drop had been phrensy, and two had been death.

Harold took it, but drank not; for jubilee shrill,
And music and clamon were heard on the hill,
And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and o'er stone,
The train of a bridal came blithesome on;
There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel,
And still
The burden was, "Joy to the fair Metelill!"

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 blithesome rout
Lent to the song their chordal 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

Joy shook his torch above the band,
By many a various passion fan'd;—
As elemental sparks can feed
On essence pure and coarsest weed
Gentle, or stormy, or refined,
Joy takes the colors of the mind.
Lightsome and pure but unrepres'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 dew-drop on the budding rose;
While Wulfstan's gloomy smile declared
The glee that selfish avarice 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, be 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 pass'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."

Such was their various mood of glee
Blash't in one shout of ecstasy.
But still when Joy is brimming highest,
Of Sorrow and Misfortune highest,
Of Terror with her ague cheek,
And lurking Danger, sages speak:—
These haunt each path, but chief they lay
Their snare beside the primrose way.—
Thus found that bridal band their path
Beset by Harold in his wrath.
Trembling 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 reddening terrors of his eye,—
The frown of rage that wrinkled his face,—
The lip that fawn'd like boar's in chase;—
But all could see—and, seeing, all
Bore back to shun the threatening fall—
The fragment which their giant foe
Rent from the cliff and heaved to throw.

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 Wulfstan bent his fatal yew,
But ere the silken cord he drew,
As hurl'd from Hecla's thunder, flew
That ruin 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 naught of Wulfstane rests behind,
Save that beneath that 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 bears along,
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 flight in vain,
So fought the bridegroom; 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, Heaven! take noble William’s part,
And melt that yet unmelted heart,
Or, ere his bridal hour depart,
The Lapless bridegroom’s slain!

XVII.
Count Harold’s phrensied 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 clench’d,
The foam upon his lip is white,
His deadly arm is up to smite!
But, as the mace aloft he swung,
To stop the blow 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 foretold is here,—
Grant mercy,—or despair!”
This word suspended Harold’s mood,
Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
And visage like the headsman’s rude
That pauses for the sign.
“O mark thee with the blessed rod,”
The Page implored; “Speak word of good,
Resist the fiend, or be 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 if 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 toward heaven.

XVIII.
But though his dreaded footsteps part
Death is behind and shakes his dart;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metehill seems dying!—
Bring odors—essences in haste—
And lo! a flasket richly chased,—
But Jutta the elixir proves
Ere pouring it for those she loves—
Then Walwaen’s potion was not wasted,
For when three drops the bag had tasted,
So dismal was her yell,
Each bird of evil omen woke,
The raven gave his fatal creak,
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 ern
Were startled, and from furze and fern
Of forest and of fell,
The fox and famish’d wolf replied
(For wolves then prow’d I the Cheviot side)
From mountain head to mountain head
The unhallow’d sounds around were spea;
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 Metehill;
But oft, when dawning’s ‘gins to spread,
The summer morn peeps dim and red
Above the eastern hill,
Ere, bright and fair, upon his road
The King of Splendor walks abroad;
So, when this cloud had pass’d away,
Bright was the noon tide of their day,
And all serene its setting ray.

1 See a note on the Lord of the Isles, Canto v. st. 31 - See above.
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, barouche, 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 naught remains to tell of what may there have
And yet grave authors, with the 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 civil
Of boors, who, origin of things forgot,
Refer still to the origin of evil, [fiend the Devil.
And for their master-mason choose that master-

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 tinged the battlements of other days
With the bright light level 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
A wolf North Wales had on his armor-coat,
And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag;
Strath-Clywyd's strange emblem was a stranded boat,
Donald of Galloway's a trotting nag;
A corn-sheaf gift was fertile Lodden's brag;
A dudgeon-dagger was by Dummail worn;
Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crog
Surmounted by a cross—such signs were borne
Upon these antique shields, all wasted now 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 unobstructed 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 barred 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 embazon'd rank
Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd
With sound most like a groan, 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 bold Harold's breast that throb was keen—
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 fast 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 unshadow'd festival.
Flagon, and ewers, and standing cups, were all
Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne begirt, and canopy of pall, [spear—
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments
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 ghostly wise were flung
The wasted relics of a monarch dead;
Barbaric ornaments around were spread, [stone,
Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious
And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head;
While grin'd, as if in scorn amongst them thrown,
The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust be-

For these were they who, drunken with delight
On pleasure's opiate pillow liat their head,
For whom the bride's shy step tread slow and light,
Was changed ere morning to the murder's tread.
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 disjointed.

VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been done,
In that seventh chamber, was a stern sight;
There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton,
Still in the posture as to death when dight.
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 gleamsless knees, as mercy crying;
One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-house to see,—
For his chafed thought return'd to Metelil;—
And "Well," he said, "that 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 unflaw'd,—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.
All this she did, and, gathered none
Required, save that her burial-stone
Should make at length the secret known,
'Thus hath a faithful woman done."—

Not in each breast such truth is laid,
But Eivir 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 Eivir 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 couch thee, boy; the darksome shades
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,
Thy couch upon my mantle made,
That thou mayst think, should fear invade
Thy master slumbers nigh."
Thus couch'd they in that dread abode,
Until the beams of dawning glow'd.

IX.

An alter'd man Lord Harold rose,
When he beheld that dawn unclose—
There's trouble in his eyes,
And traces on his brow and cheek
Of mingled awe and wonder speak:
"My page," he said, "arise;—
Leave we this place, my page."—No more
He utter'd 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 Hecla roars in middle sky,
And in her cavern'd guls could spy
The central place of doom;
And there before my mortal eye
Souls of the dead came flitting 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, dragg'd on amain
Those who had late been men.

X.

"With haggard eyes and streaming hair,
Jutta the Sorceress was there,
whose excavations and ornaments are not quite consistent with the state of society two hundred years before the date of the poem, and many of the scenes described, like that last quoted (stanza v. vi.), belong even to a still later period. At least this defect is not an imitation of Mr. Scott, who, being a skilful antiquary, is extremely careful as to niceties of this sort."—Critical Review
And there pass'd Wulfstan, lately slain,
All crush'd and foul with bloody stain.—
More had 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 arm'd knights rush on, who lead
Caparison'd a sable steed.
Sable their harness, and there came
Through their closed vizors sparks of flame.
The first proclaim'd, in sounds of fear,
'Harold the Dauntless, welcome here!'
The next cried, 'Jubilee! we've won
Count Witikind the Waster's son!'
And the third rider sternly spoke,
'Mount, in the name of Zernebock!—
From us, O Harold, 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 headman's sword is bare,
And, with an accent of despair,
Command them quit their cell.
I felt resistence was in vain,
My foot had fast still rrup 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 strove to stay
So oft my course on wilful way,
My father Witikind!
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 hunt 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 knit 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'd tale;
But when he learn'd 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 bowe
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 plump brook laid a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its boggard majesty.
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, that when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown:
So flow'd his hoary beard;
Such was his lance of mountain-ripe,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine;—
But when his voice he rear'd,
Deep, without harshness, slow and strong.
The powerful accents roll'd along,
And, while he spoke, his hand was laid
On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

XIV.
"Harold," he said, "what rage is thus.
To quench the worship of thy line.
To leave thy Warrior-God!—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine the onset and the chase,
Embattled hosts before my face
Are wither'd 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 they die,
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
The brimming draught from Scyrian skull.
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,
The faithful pledge of vassal's love."

"Tempter," said Harold, firm of heart,
"I charge thee hence! what'eer thou art.
I do defy thee—and resist
The kindling phrensy of my breast,
Waked by thy words; and of my mail,
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor mail,
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
And God, or Demon, part in peace."—
"Evir," 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?"
Thrill'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 assail thee, fiend!"—Then rose
His mace, and with a storm of blows
The mortal and the Demon close.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground
But not the artillery of hell,
The bickering lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
Could Harold's courage quell.
Sternly the Dane his purpose kept,
And blows on blows resistless heaped,
Till quell'd that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evanish'd in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Evir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

He placed her on a bank of moss,
A silver rumble 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 threw,
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 rugged dress
That bosom's pride belie?
O, dull of heart, through wild and wave
In search of blood and death to rave,
With such a partner nigh!"

Then in the mirror'd pool he peer'd,
Blamed his rough locks and shaggy beard.
The stains of recent conflict clear'd,—
And thus the Champion proved,
That he fears now who never fear'd,
And loves who never loved.
And Evir—life is on her cheek,
And yet she will not move or speak,
Nor will her eyelid fully ope;
Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye,
Through its long fringe, reserved and shy,
Affection's opening dawn to spy:
And the deep blush, which bids its dye
O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly,
Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek
For terms his new-born love to speak,—
For words, save those of wrath and wrong
Till now were stranger to his tongue;
So, when he raised the blushing maid,
In blunt and honest terms he said
"(Twere well that maids, when lovers woo,
Heard none more soft, were all as true),
"Evir! since thou for many a day
Hast follow'd Harold's wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after-life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide,
And we will grace his altar's side.
A Christian knight and Christian bride;
And of Witkind's son shall the marvel be said:
That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed."

CONCLUSION.

And now, Emmi, what ails thee, weary maid?
And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow?

[1] Mr. Adolphus, in his Letters to the Author of Waverley, p. 230 remarks on the coincidence between "the catastrophe of the Black Dwarf," the recognition of Morham's lost son in the Irish orphan of "Rokeby," and the conversion of Harold's page into a female, "—all which he calls 'specimen of unsuccessful contrivance, at a great expense of probability.'
No need to turn the page, as if 'twere lead,
Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.—
Be cheer'd—tis ended—and I will not borrow,
To try thy patience more, one anecdote

"Harold the Dauntless," like 'The Bridal of Triermain,'
A tolerably successful imitation of some parts of the style
Mr. Walter Scott; but like all imitations, it is clearly distin-
guishable by the lack of the life and seasonings of originality. To illustrate this familiarly from the stage:—
We have all witnessed a hundred imitations of popular actors—
of Kemble, for instance, in which the voice, the gesture, and
somewhat even of the look, were copied. In external the re-
semblance might be sufficiently correct; but where was the
'thinking soul,' the mind that dictated the action and expres-
sion? Who could endure the tedium of seeing the imitator go
through a whole character? In 'Harold the Dauntless,' the
imitation of Mr. Scott is pretty obvious, but we are weary of
it before we arrive near the end. The author has talent, and
considerable facility in versification, and on this account it is
somewhat lamentable, not only that he should not have se-
lected a better model, but that he should copy the parts of that
model which are least worthy of study. Perhaps it was not
easy to equal the energy of Mr. Scott's line, or his picturesque
description. His peculiarities and defects were more attaina-
able, and with these the author of this novel in verse has gen-
erally contented himself; he will also content a certain number
of readers, who merely look for a amusing or surprising
incidents. In these, however, 'Harold the Dauntless' does
not abounds so much as 'The Bridal of Triermain.' They are,
indeed, romantic enough to satisfy all the parlor-bonders
'ladies! schools in England; but they want that appearance
of probability which should give them interest."—Critical Re-
view, April, 1817.

"We had formerly occasion to notice, with considerable
praise, 'The Bridal of Triermain.' We remarked it as a pretty
close imitation of Mr. Scott's poetry; and as that great master
seems, for the present, to have left his lyre unstrung, a substitu-
tive, even of inferior value, may be welcomed by the public.
It appealed to us, however, and will does, that the merit of the
present author consists rather in the soft and tingly tender
passages, than in those rougher scenes of feud and fray, through
which the poet of early times conducts his reader. His war-
bower follows with somewhat of a hobbling pace the proud
and impetuous courser whom he seeks to rival. Unfortunately, as
it appears to us, the last style of poetical excellence is rather
more aimed at here than in the former poem; and as we do
not discover any improvement in the mode of treating it, Har-
old the Dauntless scarcely appears to us to equal the Bridal
of Triermain. It contains, indeed, passages of similar merit, but
not quite so numerous; and such, we suspect, will even be the
case while the author continues to follow after this line of
swamy '—Scott's Mag, Feb. 1817.

"This is an elegant, sprightly, and cheery little poem,
...after apparently by a person of taste and genius, but who
rather possesses not the art of forming and combining a plot,
or regards it only as a secondary and subordinate object. In
this we do not widely differ from him, but are sensible, mean-
time, that many other will; and that the rambling and un-
settled nature of the story will be the principal objection
against the poem before us, as well as the greatest bar
to its extensive popularity. The character of Mr. Scott's re-
sonance has effected a material change in our mode of esti-
mating poetical compositions. In all the estimable works of
our former poets, from Spenser down to Thomson and Cowper,
the plot seems to have been regarded as good or bad, only in

From Bartheolme, or Perinskillio, or Smat. To
Then pardon thou thy minstril, who hath writ
A Tale six cantos long, yet scord'n't add a
note.'
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 obeisance 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 betwixt 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 lie 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, unquestionably, poets 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 riche 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 qualifications of the Iliad and Odyssey were substantially the works of one and the same individual. He said of the Walisian hypothesis, that it was the most irreligious one he had heard of, and could never be believed in by any poet.---Ed

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1 These remarks were first appended to the edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1830.—Ed.

2 Sir Walter Scott, in this paragraph intimates never doubt—Ed
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 possess something 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 facility, 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 suited 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 hearers with scenes and sentiments having no existence save through their art, has procured for the bards of Greece the term of Homer, 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 Trouvours, or Troubadours, namely, the Finders, or Inventors, has the same reference to the quality of original conception and invention proper to the poetical art, and without 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 inquire 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 ódóe, 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 naturally 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, possessing in a pre-eminent and uncommon degree the powers demanded, whose talents in fluence the taste of a whole nation, and entail on their posterity and language a character almost indelibly 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 who, though the early poet of a rude age, has 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, collected by the pious care of Pisistratus, who caused to be united into their present form those diverse 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, 1 or of Robin Hood in England.

In other countries, less favored, 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 lofty, melodious, and flexible language in which he recorded them. Other nations, during the formation of their ancient poetry, 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 more ancient than the detached ballads on the Adventures of the Campeador, which are included in the Cancioneros.—En.

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1 The "Poema del Cid" (of which Mr. Freer has translated some specimens) is, however, considered by every historian of Spanish literature, as the work of one hand: and is evidently more ancient than the detached ballads on the Adventures of the Campeador, which are included in the Cancioneros.—En.
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 civilization, their gradual or more rapid adoption of manners, sentiments, and religion. The study, therefore, of lays rescued from the gulf 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 fawning race from the very beginning of time, and so much a licentiate 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 cannot 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 Addison1 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.2

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 unobserved for, and perhaps unnoticed, either by the minstrel or the audience.

Another cause contributed to the tenuity 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 cumbrousness to the whole series of popular poetry. Such, for instance, is the salutation so often repeated,—

"Now Heaven thee save, then brave young knight,
Now Heaven 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 brier, 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 subject will recall a great number of commonplace verses, which each ballad-maker has unconsciously appropriated to himself; thereby greatly facilitating his own task, and at the same time degrading his art by his slovenly use of over-scratched phrases. From the same indolence, the ballad-mongers of most nations have availed themselves of every opportunity of prolonging their pieces, of the same kind, without the labor 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 rude climes, and less favored languages, may indeed claim the countenance of Homer for such repetitions; 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 composition 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 poor transmitted through a number of reciters, like a book reprinted in a multitude of editions, incurs the risk of imperious interpolations from the conceit of one rehearser, unintelligible blunders iron

1 See The Spectator, Nos. 70 and 74.

* * I never heard the old song of Poele and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crooner with no rougher voice than rude style."—Sidney.
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 curious instance in the Introduction to the Romance of Sir Tristrem. Robert de Brune 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 Erceldoune, 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 minstrels, who could scarcely repeat one 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 authorized 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 cannot be expected that compositions subjected in this way to mutilation 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 recovering 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 discarding whatever original words or phrases time or fashion had, in his opinion, rendered obsolete, and substituting anachronisms 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 to recite with fidelity the words of the author, might indeed fall into errors 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 reconstruction, our popular and oral minstrelsy has lost, in a great measure, its original appearance; and the strong touches by which it had been formerly characterized, 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 alchemy, by which the ore of antiquity is deteriorated and adulterated. While Addison, in an age which had never attended to popular poetry, wrote his classical criticism on that ballad, he naturally took for his text the ordinary steed-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 transcriber, Richard Sheafe. 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 present 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 vigor and

1 "That thou may hear in Sir Tristrem:
Over greca it has the storm,
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomas;
But I hear it no man so say—
But of some couple some is away," &c.

An instance occurs in the valuable old ballad, called Auld

Matlaine. The reciter repeated a verse, descriptive of the defence of a castle, thus:

"With springe-wall, stanes, and goads of aim,
Among them fast he threw."

Springe-wall, is a corruption of springald. a military engine for casting darts or stones; the restoration of which reading gives a precise and clear sense to the lines.

pithiness of the expression, a great deal more than
it has gained in suavity of diction. Thus:—

"The Percy owt of Northumberland,
And a yowc to God mayd be,
That he wotke house in the mountayns
Off Cheviot within dayes thre,
In the manger of doughty Douglases,
And all that ever with him be,"

The earl of Northumberland
A vow 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 remains of Minstrel poetry, composed originally for the courts of princes and halls of nobles, disguised in the more modern and vulgar dialect in which they have been of late sung to the frequenter 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 Ammandale, founded on the well-known story of the Prince of Salerno's daughter, but with the unchangeable charm of Dysnal for Ghismonda, and Guiscard transformed into a greedy 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 Ercaldune, and his intrigues with the Queen of Faery-Land, is, or has been, lost in current in the diocese of Aberdeen, 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 turns of expression, are preserved in the libraries of the Cathedral of Lincoln and Peterborough. We are left to conjecture whether the originals of so many ballads have been gradually contracted into their modern shape by the impatience of former audiences, combined with the lack of memory displayed by modern reciters, or whether, in particular cases, some ballad-maker may have actually set himself to work to retrench the old details of the minstrels, and regularly and systematically to modernize, and if the phrase be permitted, to balladize, a metrical romance. We are assured, however, that "Roswald 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 Greystone," had also its own particular chant, or tune. The stanzas 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 cut down into ballads.

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 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, and some 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 nations of Ireland, 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

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. The Ballad-Book was printed in 1822, and inscribed to Sir Walter Scott; the impression consisting of only thirty copies.

3 These two ancient Romances are reprinted in a volume of "Early Metrical Tales," edited by Mr. David Laing, Edinburgh, 1833. Only 175 copies printed.

The author seems to have latterly modified his original opinion on some points of this subject. In his review of Mr. P. F. Tytler's History of Scotland (Quarterly Review, vol. xxxi. p. 328), he says, speaking of the period of the final subjugation of the Picts, "It would appear the Scandinavians had colonies along the fertile shores of Moray, and among the mean
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 laments 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 neighbors, 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 richest 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 and British origin, 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, they should nevertheless 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, previous to Alexander III., it 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

...tunes of thumboat, whose name sneaks for itself; that it was given by the Norwegians, and probably they had also settlements in Caithness and the Orcades." In this essay, however, we adhere to the main in his Anti-Pinkertonian doctrine, and treat the Picts as Celts. — E. 

1 A curious account of the reception of an Irish or Celtic

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 strolled into the Lowlands where their music might be received with favor, 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 honored with high places at the board, and savoy 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. 1

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 Scoto-English, and, though closely resembling the modern dialect, is the earliest example we have of that language, whether in prose or poetry. 2 About the same time flourished the celebrated Thomas the Rhymer, 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 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 Erchboune, 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 armor shone like gold;"

but which, after being divided into four, constitutes what is now generally called the ballad stanza,—

hard at a festival, as given in Sir John Holland's Book of the Honourable, Banntyne edition, p. 111

2 "Whan Alexander our king was dead,
When Scotland led in love and lee
Away was son of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of game and glee," &c.
Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armor shone like gold."

The breaking of the lines contains a plainer indication 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 in a stanza of six lines, the thiru and sixth rhyming together. For works of more importance and pretension, a more complicated versification was still retained, and may be found in the tale of Ralph CoiZear, the Adventures of Arthur at the Tarn-Wathelyn, Sir Gawain, and Sir Goloplas, 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 L, to Allan Ramsay and to Burns. The excessive passion for alliteration, which formed a rule 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 neighbors, they may be said to live in an atmosphere of danger, the excitement of which is peculiarly favorable to the encouragement of poetry. Hence, the expressions of Losly the historian, quoted in the following Introduction, where 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, the Editor's purpose is, 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 must 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 memories. Nor was it a difficult 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 his 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 journeymen at the ale-house, and the lovers of poetry in grange and hall, where such of the audience as could not read, had at least read unto them. These fugitive leaves, generally printed upon broadsides, or in small miscellanies called ballads, 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 those 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 Pepysian collection of Cambridge, made by that Secretary Pepys, whose Diary is so very amusing; and hence the still more valuable deposit, in three volumes folio, 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 stall-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

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1. This is an error in the original text; the correct reference is to the Ballads of Scotland, entitled "Select Reprints of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland." (Edin. 1828. Small 4to.) Edited by Mr. David Laing, and inscribed to Sir Walter Scott.

2. See Minutes of the Scott Sh Border, vol. 1, p. 213.
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 introduc-
tions and historical illustrations which are prefixed to the various ballads, are written with an ac-
curacy of which such a subject had not till then been deemed worthy. The principal part of the collection consists of stalt-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 cons-
sonants 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 favorable 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 1285, 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 sprang, 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 civilization and increase of learning are sure to banish them, as the plough 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,1 which preserves a considerable fund of Scottish popular poetry, and among other things, a bad specimen of the gests of Robin Hood, "the English ballad-maker's joy," and whose renown seems to have been as 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 seven-
teenth century. A very fine one, belonging to Lord Montagu, perished in the fire which con-
sumed Ditton House, about twenty years ago.

James Watson, in 1706, published, at Edinburgh, a miscellaneous collection in three parts, contain-
ing some ancient poetry. But the first editor who seems to have made a determined effort to pre-
sure 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 Bannatyne 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 genu-
ine Scottish Border ballad of Johnnie Armstrong, copied from the recitation of a descendant of the unfortunate hero, in the sixth generation. This poet also included in the Evergreen, Hardyknute, 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 sev-
eral 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 ingenious young gentlemen," to throw aside many originals, the preservation of which would have been much more interesting than any thing which has been substituted in their stead.2

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 selec-
tion and annotation, till it was undertaken by Dr Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. This reverend gentleman, himself a poet, and rank-
ing high among the literati of the day, command-
ing access to the individuals and institutions which could best afford him materials, gave the pub-
lish 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.3 The taste with which the materials were chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the dis-

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1 A facsimile reprint, in black-letter, of the Original Tracts which issued from the press of Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar at Edinburgh, in the year 1568, was published under the title of "The Knightly Tale of Gallanty and Gowans, and other Ancient Poems," in 1827, 4to. The "Still gentle" of Robin Hood, referred to in the text, is a fragment of a
2 See Appendix, Note A.
3 See Appendix, Note B.
4 Sir Walter Scott corresponded frequently with the Bishop of Dromore, at the time when he was collecting the material of the "Border Minstrelsy."—Ed.
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON POPULAR POETRY.

play at once of antiquarian knowledge and classical reading which the collectivized, 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 labors, from the invincible attacks of criticism.

The most formidable of these were directed by Joseph Ritson, a man of acute observation, profound research, and great labor. 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 to drive controversies into personal quarrels, by neglecting in literary debate, 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 rigor of his criticisms upon the labors 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 designedly 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 described 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 honored 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 pro-

bably 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.

On the critic's second 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 not frequently employed in chanting or reciting poetry as in playing the mere tunes. There is appearance of distinction being sometimes made between minstrel recitations and minstrelsy of music alone; and we may add a curious instance, to those quoted by the Bishop. It is from the singul-ballad respecting Thomas of Ercildoun, which announces the proposition, that tongue 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 who sings of love, a sense 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 favorite solacers of the leisure
hours of princes, who did not themselves disdain
to share their tuneful labors, and imitate
their compositions. Mr. Ritson replied to this with
great ingenuity, 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, argued nothing in favor 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 betwixt 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 Eng-
lish language, a mixed speech betwixt 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 honor and respect.

Thomas the Rhymcr, for example, a minstrel who
furnished in the end of the twelfth century
not only a man of talent in his art, but of some
rank in society; the companion of nobles, and himself
a man of landed property. He, and his con-
temporary Kendal, wrote, as we are assured by
Robert de Bruni, in a passage already alluded to, a kind of English, which was designed for "pride and nobility," and not for such inferior persons as
Robert himself addressed, and to whose compre-
sension he awkwardly lowered his language and
structure of versification. There existed, therefore,
during the time of this historian, a more re-
fined 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 honored in proportion.

The education bestowed upon James I. of Scot-
land, when brought up under the charge of Henry
IV., comprehended both music and the art of ver-
mecular poetry; in other words, Minstrelsy in both
branches. That poetry, of which the King left
several specimens, was, as is well known, English;
and 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 de-
gree, 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 degrai-
ing and vulgar species of composition.

We could produce other instances to show that
this acute critic has carried his argument consider-
ably 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 necessities of life, but to the
enjoyments of society, hold their professional re-
spectability by the severe tenure of exhibiting ex-
cellence 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 they
do not possess the highest knowledge of their re-
pective sciences, they can at least instruct us on
the points we desire to know. But

"Mediocribus esse poetis
Non di, non homines, non concessere columnis."

The same is true respecting the professors of
painting, of sculpture, of music, and the fine arts
in general. If they exhibit paramount excellence,
referred to. De Bruni, according to this author's text, says
of the elder reciters of the metrical romances,
"They said it for pride and nobility,
That none were so sick as they!"

i. e. they recited it in a style so lofty and noble, that none have
since equalled them.—Warton, edit. 1824, vol. i. p. 185.—En

See the edition printed by Mr. Watson Taylor for the
 Roxburghe Club.

1 That monarch first used the vernacular English dialect in
a mon. which he displayed on his shield at a celebrated tour-
ament. The legend which graced the representation of a white
swan on the king's buckler, ran thus:—
"Hail hail the whyte swan!
By Goddis soule I am thy man."

2 The learned editor of Warton's History of English Poetry,
is of opinion that Sir Walter Scott misinterpreted the passage
so 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, doggerel 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 cont, he must employ the village tailor if Stuttz is not to be had. But if he seeks for delight, the case is quite different; and he that cannot hear Pasta or Songing, 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 proportionately 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, humbling their art to please the ears of drunken clowns, and living with the dissipation natural to men whose precarious 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 vapors in the nether atmosphere.

The debate, therefore, resembles the apology of the gold and silver shield. Dr. Percy looked on the minstrel as the palmy 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 at the alehouse, wearing a fantastic habit, and latterly sinking into a mere crowd upon an untuned fiddle, accompanying his rude strains with a ruder ditty, the helpless associate of drunken revellers, and marvellously spared 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 more marked than that which separated David 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 freedoms with his original ballads as might enable him to place 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 eagerness of Ritson 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 favor of the public, at a period when the great difficulty was not 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 aimed 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 upon the whole, that he has, in many instances, deco

[^1]: See Appendix, Note D.
[^2]: See Appendix, Note E.
rated 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 Ritson, 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 academia so roughly brought against Dr. Percy, who avowedly indulged in such alterations and improvements upon his materials, as might adapt them to the taste of any age not otherwise 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 injured language.

It would be well, 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 rein to his own fancy, 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 beauty 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 production of the folio manuscript, to furnish his severe Aristarch with weapons against him, which he was sure would be unsparring 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 Caolin" is found in a Scottish shape, under the name of "King Malcolm and Sir Colin," in Buchan's North Country Ballads, to be presently mentioned. It is, therefore, unquestionably ancient, though possibly retouched, and perhaps with the addition of a second part, of which the Scottish copy has no vestige. 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 laborer 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 seven antiqur, who desires to see the old English ballads in a genuine state, must consult a more 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 1777, and were eminently successful. In 1784, 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 Svo. Miscellany of 1725 yielded a great part of the materials. The collection of Evans contained several modern pieces of great merit, which are 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 Cumnor Hall, which suggested the fictitious narrative entitled Kenilworth. The Red-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 avowedly 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, stewed 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 this last edition, the more ordinary modern ballads were judiciously retrenched.

1 Introduction to Evans's Ballads, 1810. New edition, engraved, &c.

2 See Appendix, Note F.
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON POPULAR POETRY.

In number, and large and valuable additions made to the ancient part of the collection. Being in some measure a supplement to the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, this Miscellany cannot be dispensed with, on the shelves of any bibliomaniac 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 Scottish 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 Edinburg, was known and generally esteemed 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 venerable grizzled locks, procured him, amongst his acquaintance, the name of Gray-steel. 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 Symington in 1791. Some modern additions occur in this latter work, of which by far the most valuable were two fine imitations of the Scottish 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 acuteness of disposition, was now endeavoring to force himself into public attention; and his collection of Select Ballads, London, 1788, contains sufficient evidence that he understood, in an extensive sense, Horace's maxim, quidlibet audendi. 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 all the novel and interesting which it could 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 altogether, or in great part, the author. The most remarkable article in this Miscellany was a second

part to the noble ballad of Hardykmute, which has some good verses. It labors, however, under this great defect, that, in order to appease his own conclusion to the original tale, Mr. Pinkerton found himself under the necessity of altering a leading circumstance in the old ballad, which would have rendered his catastrophe inapplicable. With such license, to write conclusions and conclusions would be no difficult task. In the second volume of the Select Ballads, consisting of comic pieces, a list of fifty-two articles contained nine written entirely by the editor himself. Of the manner in which these suppositions compositions are cut, it may be briefly stated, that they are the work of a scholar much better acquainted with ancient books and manuscripts, than with oral tradition and popular legends. The poetry smells of the lamp; and it may be truly said, that if ever a ballad had existed in such quaint language 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, full of errors. Neither was Mr. Pinkerton more happy in the way of conjectural illustration. He chose to fix on Sir John Bruce of Kinross the paternity of the ballad of Hardykmute, 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 Arnott, had much talent, a circumstance which may perhaps have misled the antiquary.

Mr. Pinkerton read a sort of recantation, in a List of Scottish Poets, prefixed to a Selection of Poems from the Maitland Manuscript, vol. i, 1786, in which he acknowledges, as his own composition the pieces of spurious antiquity included in his "Select Ballads," with a coolness which, when his subsequent invectives against others who had taken similar liberties is considered, infers as much dacity as the studied and laborious defence of ob secuity with which he disregarded the same pages.

In the mean time, Joseph Ritson, a man of diligence and acumen equal to those of Pinkerton, but of the most laudable accuracy and fidelity as an editor, was engaged in various publications respecting poetical antiquities, in which he employed profound research. A select collection of English
Songs was compiled by him, with great care and considerable taste, and published at London, 1783. A new edition of this has appeared since Ritson's death, sanctified by the name of the learned and indefatigable antiquary, Thomas Park, and augmented with many original pieces, and some which Ritson had prepared for publication.

Ritson's Collection of Songs was followed by a curious volume, entitled, "Ancient Songs from the time of Henry III. to the Revolution," 1790; "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry" 1792; and "A collection of Scottish Songs, with the genuine music," London 1794. This last is a genuine, but hitherto unregarded 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 notable illustration of the excellencies and defects of Mr. Ritson's system. It is almost impossible to conceive so much zeal, research, and industry bestowed on a subject of antiquity. There scarcely occurs a phrase or word relating to Robin Hood, whether in history or poetry, in law books, in ancient proverbs, 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, as 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 palming 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 than improved by passing through the mouths of many reciters. In the Ballads of Robin Hood, this superstition of scrupulosity was especially to be regretted, as it tended to enlarge the collection with a great number of doggerel compositions, which are all copies of each other, turning on the same idea of Robin Hood meeting with a shepherd, a tinker, a merchant, a tamer, &c. &c., by each and all of whom he is soundly thrashed, and all of whom he receives into his band. The tradition, which avers that it was the brave outlaw's custom to try a bow at quarterstaff 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, com-

posed probably about the age of James I. of England. By adopting this spurious trash 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 labors in a general point of view, we may deprecate the cageroseness 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 recommendations to works of this nature, few editors will ever be found so competent to the task as Joseph Ritson. It must also be added to his praise, that although not willing to yield his opinion rashly, yet if he saw reason to believe that he had been mistaken in any fact or argument, he resigned his own opinion with a candor equal to the warmth with which he defended himself while confident he was in the right. Many of his works are now almost out of print, and an edition of them in common orthography, and altering the bizarre spelling and character which his prejudices induced the author to adopt, would be, to antiquaries, an acceptable present.

We have now given a hasty account of various collections of popular poetry during the eighteenth century; we have only further to observe, that, in the present century, this species of lore has been sedulously cultivated. The "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" first appeared in 1802, 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 1806. In 1802, Mr. Sir John Graham Dalzell, to whom his country is obliged for his antiquarian labors, published "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," which, among other subjects of interest, contains a curious contemporary ballad of Berriumes, which has some stanzas of considerable merit.4

The year 1806 was distinguished by the appearance of "Popular Ballads and Songs, from Traditions, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions, with Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a Few Originals by the Editor, Rob

4 MacCallum came from the west.
With many a bow and brand;
To waste his Rennes he thought it best.
The F. of Hunty's and "

"The first opening of the ballad has much of the musical strain with which a psalm commence. Prosperat is audias
"*t—according to the classical admonition.
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON POPULAR POETRY.

Mr. 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 a general similarity between these and the Danish ballads preserved in the “Kiempe 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 affectation 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 appeared of late years, 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 introducables of Scottish typography. We would particularize a duodecimo, under the modest title of a “Ballad Book,” without place or date annexed, which indicates, by a few notes only, the capacity which the editor possesses for supplying the most extensive and ingenious illustrations upon antiquarian subjects. Most of the ballads are of a comèt character, and some of them admirable specimens of Scottish dry humor. 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 Aberdeenshire 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 county, and other towns in that country of gentlemen. This man's name was Charles Leslie, but he was known more generally by the nickname of Mussel-mou'd 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 hawker, or ballad-singer, well known in that country by the name of Mussel-mou'd 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 causeway, or plain-stanes, of “the brave burgh.” Like the former collection, most of Mussel-mou'd Charlie's songs were of a jocose character.

But the most extensive and valuable additions which have been of late made to this branch of ancient literature, are the collections of Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead, a person of indefatigable research in that department, and whose industry has been crowned with the most successful results. This is partly owing to the country where Mr Buchan resides, which, full as it is of minstrel relics, has been but little ransacked by any former collectors; so that, while it is a very rare event
with the Tay, to recover any ballad having a
aim to antiquity, which has not been examined
and republished in some one or other of our collec-
tions of ancient poetry, those of Aberdeen have been comparatively little attended to. The
present Editor was the first to solicit attention to
these northern songs, in consequence of a collection
of ballads communicated to him by his late re-
pected friend, Lord Woodhouses. Mr. Jamieson,
his collector of "Songs and Ballads," being
himself a native of Morayshire, was able to push
forward inquiry much farther, and at the same time,
doing so, to illustrate his theory of the connec-
tion between the ancient Scottish and Danish bal-
lads, upon which the publication of Mr. Buchan
rows much light. It is, indeed, the most com-
plete collection of the kind which has yet appeared.4

Of the originality of the ballads in Mr. Buchan's
lection we do not entertain the slightest doubt.
Oval (we may instance the curious tale of
The Two Magicians") are translated from the
verse, and Mr. Buchan is probably unacquainted
with the originals. Others refer to points of
story, with which the editor does not seem to
familiar. It is out of no disrespect to this
boring and useful antiquary, that we observe
prose composition is rather florid, and forms
respect, a strong contrast to the extreme
simplicity of the ballads, which gives us the most
stinct assurance that he has delivered the lat-

to the public in the shape in which he found
em. Accordingly, we have never seen any col-
cion of Scottish poetry appearing, from
rimal evidence, so decidedly and indubitably
iginal. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Buchan
d not remove some obvious errors and corrup-
tions; but, in truth, though their remaining
rier is an injury to the effect of the ballads,
point of composition, it is, in some degree, a
of their authenticity. Besides, although
e xertion of this editorial privilege, of select-
readings, is an advantage to the ballads them-
elves, we are contented rather to take the whole
their present, though imperfect state, than
the least doubt should be thrown upon them,
amendments or alterations, which might render
ir authenticity doubtful. The historical poems,
observe, are few and of no remote date.
of "Bridge of Dee," is among the oldest,
d there are others referring to the times of
Corencamers. Some, indeed, are composed on

We have thus, in a cursory manner, gone
through the history of English and Scottish popular
poetry, and noticed the principal collections
which have been formed from time to time of such
compositions, and the principles on which the
editors have proceeded. It is manifest that, or
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 Poet, a species of literary labors
which the author has himself pursued with some
success.

Aberdeen, 1st March, 1830.

Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland,
noto unpublished: with Explanatory Notes. By P, B
Edin. 1820.
APPENDIX TO REMARKS ON POPULAR POETRY.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.—P. 544.

That there was such an ancient ballad is certain, and the one, adapted to the bagpipe, was long extremely popular, and within the remembrance of men, the first which was played at kirtus and other rustic festivals. But there is a suspicious phrase in the ballad as it is published by Allan Ramsay. When describing the national confusion, the bard says,

"Sen the days of auld King Harrie,
Such slaukter was heard or seen."

Query. Who was the "auld King Harrie" 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. 544.

Green be the pillow of honest Allan, at whose lamp Burns lighted his brilliant torch! It is without enmity 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 conscious 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 Lundenoch, where they built themselves a tower, in order to avoid human intercourse and the danger of infection. The lover was not included in their enumeration 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 indivisible in their death. Their burial-place, in the vicinity of the tower which they built, is still visible, in the romantic vicinity of Lord Lundenoch'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 bigged a tower on yon 'burn bras
And theret a hark it ower its wales.

They wadna rest in Methvin kirk,
Among their gentle rasens.
But they wad lie in Lundenoch brues,
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 unpoetical part of the legend, the lamentation, namely, of the lover, which of the ladies to prefer. One of the most touching expressions in the song is the following examination:

"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 vengeance 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:

"FURSTER.
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 how to in the air
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.
Behind you 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 Scotch ballad 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.

1 The late Right Honorable William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Scotch Jury Court—Ed.
NOTE C.

JOSEPH RITSON.

"A - Neglecting, in literary debate, the courtesies of ordinary society."—P. 545

For example, in quoting a popular song, well known by the name of Maggie Lander, the editor of the Reliques had given a line of the Dame's address to the merry minstrel, thus:

"Gin ye be Rub, I've heard of you,
Ye dwell upon the Border."

Ritson resisted the genuine reading was,

"Come ye true the Border!"

And he expatiates with great keenness on the crime of the Bishop's having sophistication the text (of which he produces no evidence), to favor his opinion, that the Borders were a favorite 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 ESTUENT FIDDLER."—P. 547.

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 majestship's correction I can sing,
The Duke of Norvulk, or the merry ballad
Of Divus and Lazarus; 'The Rose of England';
In Crete, where Dedimus first began;
Jonas his crying out against Coventry.

Thomas, Excellent!"

Rare matters all.

Fiddler, "Now will the Merchant's Daughter;
The Devil and ye Dainty Dames."

Thomas, Rare still.

Fiddler, "The Landing of the standard at Bow,
With the bloody battle at Mickle-end!"

The poor minstrel is described as accompanying the young rake in his revels. Lancelot 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. 547.

The "Song of the Traveller," an ancient piece lately discovered in the Cathedral Library at Exeter, and published by the Rev. Mr. Cussey, in his Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry (1820), furnishes a most curious picture of the life of the Northern Scald, or Minstrel, in the high and palmy state of the profession. The reverend editor has translated the closing lines:

"Ille est carissimus Terras incolis
Car Deus addidit Honinem imperium regendum:
Quam ille eos [habet] habeat unus.
In conuenantia cum centiesin ferrumur
Barli honinem per terras multas;
Si multum erat ubi centiens pulchrum,
Ministerus erat, ille qui ante nobles
Vult judicium suum extollere, dignitate sustinere.
Habet ille sub eis stabilem famam."—P. 22.

Mr. Cusseycore 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 shanks,
Desiring you by petition to grant me such commission—
Because my name is Sheale, that both for meat and meats,
To you I may resort sum tyme for my contente.
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 keep a good table.
I can be contente, if hyt be out of Lent,
A piece of becke to take my honger to ablaze,
Both mutton and veale is goode for Rycharde Sheale;
Though I look so grave, I were a vorie knave,
If I wold thinke skorne ether everynge or morale.
Beyng in honger, of fresche samon or konar,
I can fynde in my hearte, with my friends to take a parte
Of such as Godde shal vende, and thus I make an ende
Now farwel, good myn Hoste, I thank youe for youre costs
Until another tyme, and thus do I ende my ryme."—P. 52.

NOTE F.

WILLIAM JULIUS NICKLE.—P. 548.

In evidence of what is stated in the text, the author would quote the introductory stanza to a forgotten poem of Mickle, originally published under the injudicious and equivocal title of "The Concealed," but in subsequent editions called, "Sir Martyn, Or The Progress of Dissipation."

"Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy fiery bowr betake;
Even now, with balmyn sweetness breathes the gale,
Dumpling with downy wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows flattering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedrump'd with dew;
On Desmond's wondering turrets slowly shake
The wither'd ryegress, and the harb'de blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mull'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 name..."
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 discredit 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 Garlands, 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 extraneous, 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 melodize the language employed, and to ornament the diction beyond that of the rude minstrels, to whom such topics of composition had been originally aban-

doned. 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 Ritson requests, with the ornamented commencement of the ballad of Fair Rosamond:

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 favor, and her face;
A sweeter creature in the world,
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped locks, like threads of gold
Appeard 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 color drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastsireship did strive.  

It may be rash to affirm, that those who lived by singing this more refined poetry, were as a 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 rank in reputation.

The facility of versification, and of poetical erection, is decidedly in favor of the moderns, as might reasonably be expected from the improved taste.

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."

1 This essay was written in April, 1830, and forms a continuation of the "Remarks on Popular Poetry."—En.
2 He might be supposed a contemporary of Henry VIII. if the greeting which he pretends to have given to that monarch is his own composition, and spoken in his own person.
and enlarged knowledge, of an age which abounded to such a degree in poetry, and of a character 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 favor 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 of that 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, though 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, Casario, it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly soon,
And dally with the innocence of love,
Like the old age."

The song, thus beautifully professed, is as follows:

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I see a shin'd fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it,
My part of death no one so true
'Tis 'er ar it"

"Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be stro an:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be grown
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there."

On comparing this love elegy, or whatever it may be entitled, with the ordinary, and especially the earlier popular poetry, I cannot help thinking that a great difference will be observed in the structure of the verse, the character of the sentiments, the ornaments and refinement of the language. Neither, indeed, as might be expected from the progress of human affairs, was the change in the popular style of poetry achieved without some disadvantages, which counterbalanced, in a certain degree, the superior art and exercise of fancy which had been introduced of late times.

The expressions of Sir Philip Sidney, an unquestionable judge of poetry, flourishing in Elizabeth's golden reign, and drawing around him, like a magnet, the most distinguished poets of the age, amongst whom we need only name Shakspeare and Spenser, still show something to regret when he compared the highly wrought and richly ornamented poetry of his own time, with the ruder but more energetic diction of Chevy Chase. His words, often quoted, cannot yet be dispensed with on the present occasion. They are a chapter in the history of ancient poetry. "Certainly," says the brave knight, "I must confess my own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet. And yet it is sung by some blind crowd, with no rougher voice than recite style, which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?"

If we inquire more particularly what were the peculiar charms by which the old minstrel ballad produced an effect like a trumpet-sound upon the bosom of a real son of chivalry, we may not be wrong in ascribing it to the extreme simplicity with which the narrative moves forward, neglecting all the more minute ornaments of speech and diction, to the grand object of enforcing on the hearer a striking and affecting catastrophe. The author seems too serious in his wish to affect the audience, to allow himself to be drawn aside by any thing which can, either by its tenor, or the manner in which it is spoken, have the perverse 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 monotony, languor, and insipidity. 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.
the ludicrous effect of an awkward rhyme. In England, accordingly, the popular ballad fell into contempt during the seventeenth 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 may satisfy himself on this point, should he wish 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 vigor 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 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 lower classes in Scotland, it had in England ceased to exist, or degenerated into doggerel of the last degree of vulgarity.

Subjects the most interesting were abandoned to the poorest rhymers, 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 favorite 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."

1 A curious and spirited specimen occurs in Cornwall, as late as the trial of the Bishops before the Revolution. The President of the Royal Society of London (Mr. Davies Gilbert) has examined the trouble of preserving it from oblivion.
2 Pits to Purge Melancholy.

If it be true, as in other cases, that when things at last the worst they must mend, it was certainly time to expect an amelioration 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, endeavored 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 extremely beautiful, both from the words, and the simple and affecting melody to which they are usually sung. The title is, "Lord Henry and Fair Catherine." It begins thus:

"In ancient days, in Britain's isle,
Lord Henry well was known;
No knight in all the land more famed,
Or more deserved renown.

His thoughts were all on honor bent,
He ne'er would stoop to love;
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move."

Early in the eighteenth century, this peculiar species of composition became popular. We find Tickell, the friend of Addison, who produced the beautiful ballad, "Of Leinster famed for martial 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 imitators of Ancient Ballad Poetry, I ought to say a word upon those who have written their imitations with the preconceived purpose of passing them for ancient.

There is no small degree of cant in the violent
avertives 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 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 very few, to succeed in deceiving those who have made this branch of literature their study. The very desire to emulate modern refinement with the verse 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 honorable 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 to resist a Norse invasion; at the battle of Largs; the "needlework so rare," introduced by the fair authors, must have been certainly long posterior to the reign of Alexander III. In Clatterton'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 most 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 doubled the consonants, like the sinuities of an endagered army. The art used to disguise and misspell 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 touches of the file, by which there is an attempt to imitate the cracks and fissures produced by the hammer upon the original.1

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 or internal evidence. It is the "War Song upon the victory at Brunanburg, translated from the Anglo-Saxon into Anglo-Norman," by the Right Honorable John Hookham Frere. See Ellis's Specimens of Ancient English Poetry, vol. i. p. 82. 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 critical ingenuity 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, a continuation of the romance of Thomas of Erchildene, 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, wear eras, and lines 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 invasion of modern refinement. Two classes of imitation may be referred to as belonging to the 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 distinct,12 marked. The distinction lies between 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 endeavoring to do so, have

1 "Hardyknute was the first poem that I ever learnt—the sort that I shall forget."—MS. note of Sir Walter Scott on a cut of Allan Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.

2 See Appendix, Note A.

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 ac-
quainted with that department of poetry, was peculiarly successful. The "Hermit of Walk-
wood," e.g. "Clade of Elle," and other minstrel
tales of his composition, must always be remem-
bered with tenderness 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 poet was also remarkable for his
power of rescuing the ancient ballad, by throwing
at times poetry, so adapted to its tone and
tenor, 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 anti-
quaries, and for the sake of illustrating literary
antiquities, are subject to great and licentious
abuse; and herein the severity of Ritson was to a
certain extent justified. But when the license is
awarded, and practised without the intention 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 averted lyrical poems of his own compo-
sition, which he communicated to Mr. George Thom-
son, out of the manner in which he recomposed
and repaired the old songs and fragments for the
collection of Johnson1 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-intel-
ligible remains of that song as preserved by Mr.
P. B. Buchan. Or, what is perhaps a still more
magnificent example of what we mean, "Macphers-
on's Farewell," with all its spirit and grandeur,
as repaired by Burns, may be collated with the
original poem called "Macpherson's Lament," or
sometimes the "Ruffian's Rant." In Burns's bril-
liant rafinamento, the same strain of wild ideas is
expressed as we find in the original; but with an
inclusion of the savage and impassioned spirit of
Highland chivalry, which gives a splendor to the

1 Johnson's "Musical Museum," in 6 vols., was lately re-
vised at Edinburgh.

composition, of which we find not a trace in the
rudeness of the ancient ditty. I can bear witness
to the older verses having been current while I
was a child, but I never knew a line of the inspired
edition of the Ayrshire bard until the appearance
of Johnson's Museum.

Besides Percy, Burns, and others, we must not
omit to mention Mr. Finlay, whose beautiful song,

"There came a knight from the field of the stair:

is so happily descriptive of antique manners; or
Mickle, whose accurate and interesting imitations
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, dig-
nified this branch of literature; but no one 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 Leyden, Hogg
and Allan Cunningham. They have all three hew-
ored 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 imagina-
tion, 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 condescended to imitate the simplicity of an-
cient poetry, gave themselves no trouble to ob-
serve the costume, style, or manner, either of the
old minstrel or ballad-singer, but assumed a struc-
ture 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 dis-
gusted of their number. Goldsmith describes
the young family of his Vicar of Wakefield, as
amusing themselves with convening about poetry
Mr. Duffell observes, that the British poets, who
imitated the classy 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 connection—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 Angeline, 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 Sirly of Salisbury Plain. Tickell'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 Bowex 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 Railton and her lover Wrightson were enveloped in the elegant bit tinsel frippery appertaining to Edward 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, who gives the narrative of the tale as it really happened, has to me a tone 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,

a 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, ale, beginning,

"There came a ghost to Margaret's door,"

1 If 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.

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 Elivra, 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 honor 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, In 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 Eildred's 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 unrivaled 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 Muses, 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 pulling 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 the parody. Dr. Johnson, whose style of poetry was of a very different and more stately description, could ridicule the ballads of Percy, in such stanzas as these—

"The tender infant, meek as 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 quasi
ESSAY ON IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

Although it did not require his talents to pursue this vein of gallantry, 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 sunk once more under satire, as well as parody, 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 been the case in other countries, we know; for the Spanish poet, when he found 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, indeed, 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 endeavor 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 accomplished 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 man with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those, who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the career for which we were all destined; and I have the measure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honors of their profession. Neither was I in a situation to be embarrassed by the res angusta domi, which might have otherwise brought painful additional obstacles 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 influence, 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 favor, 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, which was his mental plague, impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbors 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

1 Percy was especially annoyed, according to Boswell, with the man who put my hat upon my head, and walked into the Strand.

2 See the Introduction to Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, 1830, p. xxii.

And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand.—En.
persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, even those of Southev, 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. Germany, long known as a powerful branch 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 retarded 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, Bürger, 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 at that period, I am better qualified to speak than 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. Those who were accustomed from their youth to admire Milton and Shakespeare, 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 flaring boundaries of the universe, and investigate the realms of chaos and old night; and of dramatists, who, disdainful of the pedantry of the unities, sought, at the expense of occasional improbabilities and extravagancies, to present life in 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 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 pitch of poetic sublimity. The late venerable 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 neighboring 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

"Flammantis non sum mundi." -Lucertius
some 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 these 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 neighbors—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 Scotch, 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, and, of course, frequently 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 impossible 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 desires to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and therefore we were ambitious of pursuing Goethe and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded 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 in-

sufferable bore, and gave the pre-eminence, in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. When these jests, which arose out of the sickly monotony 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 endeavoring to acquire German, of which he knew nothing, by means of English, concerning which he was nearly as ignorant. 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, specimens more to our tastes than "The Death of Abel."

About this period, or a year or two sooner, the accomplished and excellent Lord Woodhouselee, one of the friends 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 auxiliary to renewing the spirit of our own, 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 liveliness of sensation which distinguish a young subject. The person who first attempted to introduce something like the German taste into English fictitious dramatic and poetical composition, although his works, when first published, engaged general attention, is now comparatively forgotten. I mean Matthew 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 sorted by one to whom he was well known.

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 of History in the University of Edinburgh. He died in 1810. — En.

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 eminent as Professor, 2 See more of Lewis in the Life of Scott, vol ii. pp. 8-14.
time a very lucrative appointment, and the young poet was provided with a seat in Parliament as soon as his age permitted him to fill it. But his mind did not incline him to politics, or, if it did, they were not of thecomplexion which his father, attached 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 applause. As he completed his education abroad, he had an opportunity of indulging his inclination for the extraordinary and supernatural, by wandering through the whole enchanted land of German faery and diablerie, not forgetting the paths of her enthusiastic tragedy and romantic poetry.

We are easily induced to imitate what we admire, and Lewis early distinguished himself 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 Santon Barsis, the author introduced supernatural machinery with a courageous consciousness of his own power to manage its ponderous strength, which commanded 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 regarded as an ordinary exertion of genius, to which Charles Fox paid the unusual compliment 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 superior in the lists, and it was some time before the anonymous author of the “Pursuits of Literature” denounced as puerile and absurd the supernatural machinery which Lewis had introduced—

“—— I hear an English heart,
Unvoid at ghosts or rattling bones to start.”

Yet the acute and learned critic betrays some insensibility in praising the magic of the Italian poets, and complimenting Mrs. Radcliffe for her success in supernatural imagery, for which at the same moment he thus sternly censures her brother poet.

A more legitimate topic of condemnation was the indelicacy of particular passages. The present author will hardly be deemed a willing, or at least an interested apologist for an offence equally outrageous 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 help considering the manner in which the fault was insisted on, after all the amends 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 something more was desired than the correction of the author’s errors; and that, where the apologies of extreme youth, foreign education, and instant submission, were unable to satisfy the critics’ fury, they must have been determined to act on the severity of the old proverb, “Confess and be hanged.” Certain it is, that other persons, offenders in the same degree, have been permitted to sue out their pardon without either retraction or penitence.

Another peccadillo of the author of “The Monk” was his having borrowed from Musaeus, and from the popular tales of the Germans, the singular and striking adventure of the “Bleeding Nun.” But the bold 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 wilfulness.

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 “Alonzo and Imogene,” 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 unused 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 willingly mingle with it. New arrangements of the stanza, and a varied construction of verses, were also adopted, and welcomed as an addition of a new string to the British harp. In this respect, the stanza in which “Alonzo the Brave” is written, was greatly admired, and received as an improvement worthy of adoption into English poetry.

In short, Lewis’s works were admired, and the author became famous, not merely through his own
ESSAY ON IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

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, though it palls by being much hackneyed, it was only to be for a short time forgotten in order to recover its original popularity.

It chanced then, while his fame was at the highest, Mr. Lewis became almost a yearly visitor to Scotland, chiefly from attachment to the illustrious family of Argyle. The writer of these remarks had the advantage of being made known to the most distinguished author of the day, by a lady who belongs by birth to that family, and is equally distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments. 1 Out of this accidental acquaintance, which increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scotch ballad-maker’s future prospects in life.

In early youth I had been an eager student of Ballad Poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy’s “Reliques of Ancient Poetry,” 2 although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental platanus to which it belonged. 3 The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore. But I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed, and I used to feel not a little mortified when my versions were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my school-boy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of Verses on a Thunder-storm, 4 which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprang up, in the shape of an apothecary’s blue-brisked wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman’s memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my brooms ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of dawning plucking at the hands of the apothecary’s wife but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire, and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though “with a swelling heart.”

In short, excepting the usual tribute to a distress’d eye-brow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as love and dove, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame.

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 “Lenore,” by Bürger, 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 spectre horseman had been long before hit upon by an English 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 marvellous tale in its native terror. The ballad of “Lenore” accordingly possessed general attractions for such of the 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 Letitia Aikin, better known as Mrs. Barbauld, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was re-of the happiest days of my youth. (1831.) [See Life, vol. 1 p. 156.—En.]

1 See “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. (1841.)
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 Dugald Stewart, his lady, and family. It was in their evening society that Miss Aikin drew from her pocket-book a version of “Lenore,” 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 imitative harmony of the German, and described the spectral journey in language resembling that of the original. Bürger had thus painted the ghostly career:

"Und harte, harte, hop, hop, hop,
Gings fort in samendem Galopp,
Das Ross und Reiter schnellen,
Und Kies und Funken steben."

The words were rendered by the kindred sounds in English:

"Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed;
Splash, splash, across the sea;
Hurra, the dead can ride space!
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 on the hearers, whose bosoms thrilled yet the deeper, as the ballad was not to be more closely introduced to them.

The author was not present upon this occasion, although he had then the distinguishing 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 astonished them. The enthusiastic description of Bürger’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 Bürger’s works from Hamburg. 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 verse.

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 retained 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 Jäger” —a romantic ballad founded on a superstition universally current in Germany, and known also in Scotland and France. In this I took rather more license than in versifying “Lenore,” and I balladized one or two other poems of Bürger with more or less success. In the course of a few weeks, my own vanity, and the favorable 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. When was there 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, material 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

1 Born Countess Harriet Brabk of Marienskirchen, and married to Hugh Scott, Esq. of Harden, now Lord Polworth, the author’s relative, and much valued friend almost from infancy.

2 Under the title of “William and Helen.” Ed.

3 This thin quarto was published by Messrs. Manners and Miller of Edinburgh.—Ed.
sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition. However different my success might have been, had I been fortunate enough to have led the way in the general scramble for 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 ingenuous and amiable friend of many years, William Robert Spenser; of Mr. Pye, the laureate of the day, and many others besides. In a word, my 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 bellads, that the very existence of them was soon forgotten; and, in a newspaper, in which I very lately read, to my no small horror, a most appalling list of my own various publications, I saw this, my first effort, had escaped the industrious collector for whose indefatigable research I may in præteritus 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 rather 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 labor in which I had, almost by accident, become engaged, and labored, less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of 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, nay, even translator, of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.

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 Oldbuck, procured me Adelung's Dictionary, through the mediation of Father Peppr, a monk of the Scotch C. illege of Ratisbon. Other wants of the same nature were supplied by Mrs. Scott of Hard-lee, whose kindness in a similar instance I have already occasion to acknowledge. Through this lady's connections on the continent, I obtained copies of Bürger, 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 friend-ship 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, certainly without any thing 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 favorite. I was yet more delighted on finding, that the old English, and especially the Scottish language, were 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 "Glénfinlas" was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As 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 Ossianic 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 dialect the 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 Pope's Plot in Charles the Second's time, concerning which Dryden has said—

"Succeeding times will equally call,
Believing nothing, or believing all."

The Celtic people of Erin and Albyn had, which appeared in 1799. He about the same time translated several other German plays, which yet remain in MS. But

1 The last 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 publishers, Messrs. Constable and Cadell of Edinburgh.—Ed. (See it in Life of Scott, vol. x. pp. 399-406.)

2 Sir Walter Scott's second publication was a translation of South's drama of Goetz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand,

3 The late George Constable, Esq. See Introduction to the Antiquary, Waverley Novels, vol. v. p. iv.—Ed

4 See Appendix Note C.
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. In one point, the incidents of the poem were reconcilable with the costume of the times in which they were laid. The ancient Highland chieftains, when they had a mind to "hunt the dun deer down," did not retreat into solitary bothies, or trust the success of the chase to their own unassisted exertions, without a single gillie to help them; they assembled their clans, 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 moorfowl-shooters 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 Smallholm Tower from its hinges, and thrown it down the rock. I was an earnest suitor to my friend and kinsman, Mr. Scott of Harden, already mentioned, that the dilapidation might be put a stop to, and the mischief repaired. This was readily promised, on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smallholm Tower, and among the rags 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 from Duke John of Roxburgh, 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, holds 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 person consulted so much the better. But I was ignorant, at the time I speak of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is 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 modesty, and with a natural wish to please, cut and carved, tinkered and coopered, upon his unfortunate ballads—it was in vain that he placed, displaced, replaced, and misplaced; every one of his advisers was dispossessed with the concessions made to his co-assessors, 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 Glenfinlas, I think), and marked all the various corrections which had been proposed. On the whole, I found that I had been required to alter every verse, almost every line, 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 more commonplace character, also lately necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after 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 advice, and told me, 'hat 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 honor to consult 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 criti

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1 This is of little consequence, except as far as it contr

2 See the account of a conversation between Sir Walter Scott and Sir Thomas Lawrence, in "Cunningham's Lives of British Painters," &c., vol. vi. p. 236.—Ed
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 mis taken opinion of his own powers of humor. The truth was, that though he could throw some gayety 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 humor, 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 change of which Mat Lewis was entirely unques tionable—that of collision with his publisher in an undue attack on the pockets of the public. The "Tales of Wonder" formed a work in 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 "Parsennia 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 maga-
zines. 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 of which I had previously endeavored to distinguish myself as a translator. Like Lord Home, 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 imprints of Kelso, was read with wonder by amateurs of typography, who had never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the example of hand some 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 favorably 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 mean time, 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, 1820.
APPENDIX.

Note A.

The production of Modern as Ancient Ballad.— P. 558.

This failure applies to the repairs and ruficitaments of old ballads, as well as to complete imitations. In the beautiful and ample ballad of Gil Morris, some affected person has stuck in one or two fictitious verses, which, like vulgar persons in a draught-room, betray themselves by their over finery. 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 sung;
O, what mean a' you folk coming,
My mother tarries lang?"

some such "vicious intruder" as we have described (to use a barbarous phrase for a barbarous proceeding), has inserted the following quintessence of affectation:

"His locks were like the threads of gold,
Drawn from Minerva's loom;
His lips like roses snipping down,
His breath was a perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snow,
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses blow,
His eyes like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of green,
Sweet as the infant spring;
And, like the maris on the brink,
... yet the valleys ring."

Note B.

M. G. Lewis.—564.

In justice to a departed friend, I have subjoined his own defence against an accusation so remorselessly persisted in. The following is an extract of a letter to his father:

My dear Father,

Feb. 23, 1798,

"Though certain that the clamour raised against the Monk 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 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 to others, to make me regard having published the first edition of 'The Monk;' but I have others, weaker, indeed, than the one mentioned, and still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence in the accuracy of my own judgment; but convinced of my object being unexceptionable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I aimed at 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 expunged every syllable on which could be grounded the slightest construction of impropriety. 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 undesigning, overseen, 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 comments highly for ability of invention, and 'propriety of object.' Unluckily, in working it up, I thought that the stronger my colors, 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 period of a thrilling 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 there 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. 367.

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 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 König sitzt in Dünfermling Schlös
Er trinkt buntrothen Wein;
'O woa tröf ich einen Segler gut
Dies Schiff zu segeln mir?"

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 well favor'd man.'

' In Christmas-tide, in winter kilt,
Als Tafei rand began,
Da kam zu König's Hofl and Hail
Manch wacker Ritter an.'

It requires only a muddling of both languages, to see at what cheap expense, even of vowels 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. O. Lewis

—P. 569

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 Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, was made from a story picked up in a stage-coach; I mean that of 'Will Jones.'

'They boil'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,

'Jeus Maria shield thee well!'

'is a 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 he 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 objection, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and so nay at 'Frederic and Alice.' Stanza last, 'Alice' and 'joys' are not rhymes; the 1st stanza ends with 'joys;' the 2d begins with 'joying.' In the 4th there is too sudden a change of tenses, 'flours' and 'rose.' 6th, 7th, and 8th, I like much.

'1st, Does not 'ring his ears' sound ludicrous in yours? The first idea that presents itself is, that his ears were pulled; bu even the ringing of the ears does not please. 12th, 'Shower and roar,' not rhymes. 'Soil' and 'aside,' in the 13th, are not much better; but 'head' and 'described' are excremental. In the 14th, 'bore' and 'star' are otiose; and 'groping' is a nasty word. 20th, '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 with 'within' and 'strain' are not rhymes. 17th, 'hour' and 'air,' 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 intensity; whereas, in my opinion, in these instances, it is diminished.

'The Chase.—12th, The 2d line reads very harshly; and 'chair' and 'fore' are not rhymes. 13th, 'Riders' and 'side' are not rhymes. 30th, 'Purr' and 'observe,' not rhymes. 40th, 'Spreads' and 'invaded' are not rhymes. 40th, '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 Ellenmore, instead of Ellen, 'Crusade' and 'sped,' not rhymes in the 2d. 3d, 'Made' and 'shed' are not rhymes; and if they were, come too close to the rhymes in 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 'bless,' are not rhymes. 14th, 'Boy' and 'kelt' are not rhymes. 16th, 'Vain' and 'fruitless' 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 'bless,' not rhymes. 21st, 'Bole' and 'hell,' not rhymes. 22d, I do not like the word 'spent.' 23d, 'O'er' and 'star' are vile rhymes. 20th, A verb is wanted in the 4th line; better thus, 'Then whispers a voice,' 22d, Is not 'let them steal my love?' better then 'My love! my love!' 31st, If 'might' means, as I conjecture, 'enchanted,' does not this let the cat eat out of the bag! I ought not the spar to be sharp rather than bright? In the 4th line, 'Stay' and 'day' jingle together: would it not be better, 'I must be gone ever day?' 32d, 'Steel' and 'bed' are not rhymes. 34th, 'Bride' and 'bed,' not rhymes. 35th, 'Soil' and 'want,' not rhymes. 30th, 'Keep hold' and 'sit fast' seem to me evil and vulgar; and destroy my 40th. The 4th line is defective in point of English, and, indeed, I do not quite understand the meaning. 43d, 'Arose' and 'waves' are not rhymes. 55th, I am not pleased was the epithet 'courage'! and the latter part of the stanza is, to me, unintelligible. 40th, Is it not closer to the original in line 34 to say, 'Swift ride the dead'? 50th, Does the rain 'wet the' 55th, line 35, Does it express, 'Is Helen afraid of them?' 55th, 'Door' and 'flower' do not rhyme together. 60th, 'Scared' and 'heard' are not rhymes. 63d, 'Home' and 'skeleton,' not rhymes. 64th, The last line sounds ludicrous; one fancy 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.

'Wellwyn,—99.

'Dear Scott,

'You 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 Glenygyle to be a disguised demon till the catastrophe arrived; and that the opinion was universal, that some previous stanzas ought to be introduced descriptive of the nature and office of the wayward Ladies of the Wood. William Lambe, too (who writes good'}
APPENDIX ON IMITATIONS OF ANCIENT BALLAD.

verse 'himself' 44, therefore, may be allowed to judge those of other poets; I was decidedly for the omission of the last stanza but one. These were the only objections started. I thought it as well that you should know them, whether you attend to them or not. With regard to St. John's Ece, I like it much, and, instead of finding fault with its broken metre, I approve of it highly. I think, in this last ballad, you have hit off the ancient manner better than in your former ones. Glenfidas, for example, is more like a polished tale, than an old ballad. But why, in verse 6th, is the Baron's helmet hacked and hewed, if (as we are given to understand) he had assassinated his enemy? Ought not there to be torn? Tore seems to me not English. In verse 16th, the last line is word for word from Old Morrice. 21st, 'Floor' and 'better' are not rhymes," &c. &c. &c.

The gentlemen noticed in the following letter, as partaker in the author's heresies respecting rhyme, had the less occasion to justify such license, as his own has been singularly accurate. Mr. Smythe is now Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

"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 favorable; 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 color 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 some 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 verified 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 parlaying 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 deceive 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 Stanzas. 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 o' the Wisp, and lead travellers into bog's &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 Arinames, Benzzubah, 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. &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 personages 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 any thing 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 Leader, 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, not consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length, the son of our poet designed himself "Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour 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 charter, 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 1206 (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 (hereditarie) 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 Cumin, 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

1 See Appendix, Note A.
2 The lines alluded to are these.—

"I hope that Thomas's prophecies,
Of Ercildoun, shall truly be,
In him," &c.
neither, 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 not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymer’s prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Winton’s Chronicle—

"Of this mycht quilm spak Thomas
Of Ercildoune, that sayd in derne,
There said maist stailwardly, stark and sterne
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 by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochleven.1

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymer’s prophetic skill, the vulgar had no hesitation to ascribe the whole to 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 Faery 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.2 Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighboring forest, and were, composedly and slowly, parading the street of the village.3 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 weird” in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth. In the mean while, his memory is held in the most profound respect. The Eldon 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 Eldon Tree Stone. A neighboring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymer’s supernatural visitors. 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 man was Murray, a kind of herbalist; who, by dint of some knowledge in simples, the possession of a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, added to a supposed communication with Thomas the Rhymer, 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 Rhymer, 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 Ercildoune, 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 prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymer; and a Third Part, entirely modern, founded upon the tradition of his having returned with the hart 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.

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1 Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of the prophetic knowledge:—

Thomas Rhymer into the faile was than
With the minister, which was a worthy man.
He used oft to that religious place;
The people deeme of wit he mickle can,
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
To rule of war whether they dint or wan:

Thomas, Rhymer into the faile was than
With the minister, which was a worthy man.
He used oft to that religious place;
The people deeme of wit he mickle can,
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
To rule of war whether they dint or wan:


3 There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin Caledonis, which the reader will find a few pages onwards.

Which happened south in many divers age
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
It may be deemed by division of grace," &c.

History of Wallace, Book ii.

The Rhymer, with a knowledge so great,
To his countrymen an important joy
To their country, he was an inspiration.

History of Wallace, Book ii.
Thomas the Rhymer.

PART FIRST.

ANCIENT.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank; 1
A ferlie he spied wi' his se;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fynie;
At ilk tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty silver 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 Eildand,
That am lither come to visit thee.

"Harpe and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harpe and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weid shall never daun'ton me."—
Syne he has kis'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,
Through 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 rode on, and farther on;
The steed gre'd 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 shew you ferlies three.

"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 braid braid road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

"And see not ye that bonny road,
That winds about the fernie brae?
That is the road to fair Eildand,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For ye speak word in Eilvyn land,
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded thro' 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 stert light,
And they waded thro' red blude to the knee
For a' the blude that's shed on earth
Rans thro' the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,
And she puid 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 gudey 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 ladyme."—
"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.

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 debared the use of falsehood when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

1 This ballad and the adjoining ravine, called, from immemorial tradition, the Rhymer's Glen, were ultimately included in the domain of Abbotsford. The scenery of this glen forms the background of Edwin Landseer's portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted in 1833. — En. 
2 That weird, 
3 That destiny shall never frighten me.
Ah cómen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."  

PINKERTON'S Poems, from MAVITLAND'S MSS. quoting from Harl. Lib. 2253, F. 127.

As I have never seen the MS. from which Mr. Pinkerton makes this extract, and as the date of it is fixed by him (certainly one of the most able antiquaries of our age) to the reign of Edward I. or II., 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 production of our Thomas the Rhymer. 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 1387. The Rhymer 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 Rhymer, since that would infer that she was married, or at least engaged in state matters, previous to 1299; whereas she is described as a young, 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 the greater credit of the forgery. 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 conquest of the country by England, attended 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 betwixt a Colt worth ten marks, and a quarter of "whaty [indifferent] wheat," seems to allude to the dreadful famine, about the year 1388. The independence of Scotland was, however, as impregnable to the mines of superstition, as to the steel of our more powerful and more wealthy neighbors. The war of Scotland is, thank God, at an end; but it is ended without her people having either crouched like hares in their form, or being drowned in their flight, "for faute of ships."—thank

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART SECOND.

ALTERED FROM ANCIENT PROPHETIES.

The prophecies, ascribed to Thomas of Ercildoune, have been the principal means of securing to him remembrance "amongst the sons of his people." The author of Sir Tristram would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of Schir Gwain," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which caused Virgil to be regarded as a magician by the Lazzaroni of Naples, had not exalted the bard of Ercildoune 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, historically, 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 Ercildoune 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 Agnes 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 Erci-
doune quant la guerre d'Escoie prendrait fyn. Est il a
repondu et a dity.

When man is mad a kyng of a capped man,
When man is levere other momes thyng than his owen;
When londe thouys forest, ant forest is feld;
When harc kendles o' her' stane;
When Wyt and Wille wery a topede;
When mon makes stables of kyrie, and stees castels with sty;
When Rokesboroughs nys a burgh ant market is at Forwy-
bery;
When Bambourne is dongs with dede men;
When men ledes men in ropes to hayen and to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty whitee is chaung for a colt of ten
marks;
When prude (pride) prikes and pess is leyd in prison;
When a Scot ne me hym hude nee bare in forme that the En-
gle ne shal hym fynde;
When rechyt ant wronge estante the togedere;
When ladies weddet lovides;
When Scantes fyn so faste, that, forfaute of shep, he crowne-
eth himselfe;
When shal this be? 
Norther in thine tym ne in mine.
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 Rhymr, pressaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

“The hare shall drive [litter] on my hearth stone, 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 hare's kendles o' the her'stane”—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

“This is a true talking that Thomas of tella,
The hare shall hirple on the hard [hearth] stone.”

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic verses, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoune. “The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called Thomas the Rhymr, may justly be admired; having foretold, so many ages before the union of England and Scotland in 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 prediction 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 tempest should blow, as Scotland 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 so it shall 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 Boccie, 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 “ru专业人士 ile vates.”—Forden, 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 one small volume, published by Andro Hart, at Edinburgh, 1515. 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. 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 crown of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a King, son of 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:

“Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leaf,
As more as the ninth degree;
And shall be fleomed of faire Scotland,
In France farr out of the sea.
And then shall come again ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helures and horn of tre.

However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shall be lord of all;
The French Queen shall bearre the sonne,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;
Anc from the Bruce's blood shall come asb e,
As near as the ninth degree.

Yet shall there come a keene knight over the ratt ess,
A keene man of courage and bold man of name;
A duke's son damed (i.e. dubbed), a born man in France.
That shall our mirths augment, and mend all our names.
After the date of our Lord 1513, and three three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself,
Between thirteene and three three the thrup shall be ened.
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—

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1 See Appendix, Note C.
"flœmit of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513 to 1522, 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 defeats, and to future halcyon days, which promised to Scotland. One quotation or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:

"Our Scottish King sal comine fal keene,  
A fielded arrow sharp, I ween,  
Shall make him winke and ware to see.  
Out of the field he shall be led,  
When he is blind and woe for blood;  
Yet to his men he shall say,  
'For God's love turn you againes,  
And give you souterne folk a frey!  
Why should I live, 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 sterns three that day shall die,  
That bears the harte in silver sheen."

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:

"At Pinkie Clinch shall be spilt  
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 mystical rhapsody, is interpolated, in the later edition 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, betwixt 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 countree?  
Or who shall rule the Isle of Britaine,  
From the north to the south sey?"

A French queene shall bear the sonne,  
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;  
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,  
As neere as the nint degree."

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, enclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrower 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 Sybilla 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 ipon,  
Four crescentes under one crowne,  
With Saint Andrew's erose thris,  
Then threescore and thrisse three:  
Take tent to Merling treuly,  
Then shall the warres ended be,  
And never againe rise."

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549 when the Scottish Regent, by means of some succors derived from France, was endeavoring to repair the consequences of the fatal battle of Pinkie. Allusion is made to the supply given to the "Moldwarte [England] by the faine hart" (the Earl of Angus). The Regent is described by his bearing the antelope; large supplies are promised from France, and complete conquest predicted to Scotland and her allies. Thus was the same hucknayed stratagem 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 honor was the object of his hopes and expectations.

The name of our renowned soothsayer is liberally used as an authority, throughout all the prophecies published by Andro Hart. Besides those expressly put in his name, Guildas, another assumed personage, is supposed to derive his knowledge from him; for he concludes thus:

"True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,  
In a harvest more at Edelton hills."
In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

"Marvellous Merlin, that many men of tells,
And Thomas's sayings comes all at once."

While I am upon the subject of these prophecies, may I be permitted to call the attention of antiquaries to Merdwynn 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 Drummezar, 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 account of an interview betwixt St. Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called Lailoken, 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 Lidel and Carwanowd, 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 trans-fixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:—

"Sude perfunxus, lapide perfunxus, et undis,
Haec trin Merliumina furtur inire necem.
Sieque ruit, merusque fait lignaque prohensus,
Et facit volcmu per termis percula verum."

But, in the metrical history of Merlin of Caledonia, compiled by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from the traditions of the Welsh bards, 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 various disguises, inquiring each time in what manner the 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 perished, while hunting, in the mode imputed by Fordun to Merlin himself.

Fordun, contrary to the French authorities, confounds this person with the Merlin of Arthur; but concludes by informing us, that many believed him to be a different person. The grave of Merlun is pointed out at Drummezar, 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.—Pennycuick's History of Tweeddale, p. 26. These circumstances would seem to infer a communication betwixt the southwest 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 wanderings, a country having a language and manners 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. Waldhave, 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 pursued over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave 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 frieke [man] all his four quarters;
And then his chin and his face hared so thick,
With hairie growing so grim, fearful to see."

He answers briefly to Waldhave's inquiry concerning his name and nature, that he "drees 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 betwixt 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:

1 I do not know whether the person here meant to Wald have, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odor of sanctity about 1169.
2 See Appendix, Note D
to the very ancient prophecy, addressed to the
Countess of Dunbar:—

"This is a true token that Thomas of tells,
When a ladde with a lady... go over the fields."
The original stands thus:—

"When lasses weddeth lovelies."

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been
curren about the time of the Regent Morton's execuction. 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 month 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 disapprove it. But if so it was, he did find himself now deluded; 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 monathe of Arrane a selcouth shall fall,
Two bloudie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
And derly dogn down without any dome."

To return from these desultory remarks, into which I have been led by the celebrated name of Merlin, the style of all these prophecies, published by Hart, is very much the same. The measure is alliterative, and somewhat similar to that of Pierce Plowman's Visions; a circumstance which might entitle us to ascribe to some of them an earlier date than the reign of James V., did we not know that Sir Galloran of Galloway and Garseine and Golgoras, 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 Catler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the pub-

lisher's title to the last prophecy, as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cunamn Sibyl: "Here followeth a prophece, pronounced by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four bookes, at the in-stance of the said King Sol, and others divers: and the fourth book was directed to a noble king called Baldwine, King of the broad isle of Britain in the which she maketh mention of two noble princes and emperours, the which is called Leones. How these two shall subdue and overcome all earthlie princes to their diademe and crowne, and also be glorified and crowned in the heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantium Magnus; that was Leprosus, the son of Saint He-lena, that found the croce. The second is the sixt king of the name of Steward 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 oracle far obscurity of prediction?

If there still remain, therefore, among these pre dictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Never theless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine ex pressions, the Editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, in deed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favor of Thomas of Ercliloune, a share of the admiration bestowed by slyrdy wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:—

"But then the lily shall be housed when they least think;
Then clear king's blood shall quake for fear of death;
For she's shall chop off heads of their chief bears,
And earle of the crowns that Christ hath appoinned.

Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shall arise;
The barges of clear barons down shall be sunken;
Seculars shall sit in spiritual seats,
Occuping offices anointed 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?

But, without looking farther 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.

of Papacy," in which he expressed his belief, founded on a text in the Apocalypse, that the French Monarchy would undergo some remarkable humiliation about 1794. —Ed.

1 The heart was the cognizance of Morton.
The Rev. R. Fleming, pastor of a Scotch congregation in London, published in 1701, "Discourses on the Rise and Fall
Hart's collection of prophecies was frequently reprinted during the last century, probably to favor the pretensions of the unfortunate family of Stuart. For the prophetic renown of Gildas and Bede, see *Fordun*, lib. iii.

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,

_Beside, beside, what' er beside,  
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 favorite soothsayer. The late Mr. Haig was at length born, and their belief in the prophecy confirmed beyond a shadow of doubt.

Another memorable prophecy bore, 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 destined 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 men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:—

"At Eldon Tree if you shall be,  
A brig o'er 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 Ercildoune is said to have delivered to him his famous prophesy 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

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**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 Huntie bank,  
Like one awak'n'd from a dream._

He heard the trampling of a steed,  
He saw the flash of armor flee,  
And he beheld a gallant knight  
Come riding down by the Eldon-tree.

_He was a stalwart knight, and strong;  
Of giant make he 'pear'd to be:  
He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode,  
Wi gilded spurs, of faunthon free._

_Says—" Well met, well met, true Thomas!  
Some uncouth forlies 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 grame,  
And change the green to the black livery._

_"A storm shall roar this very hour,  
From Ross's hills to Solway sea."—_  
_"Ye lie'd, ye lie'd ye warlock lie'd!  
For the sun shines sweet on faunthon 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 steel?  
And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

_The neist curse lights on Branxton hills:  
By Flodden's high and beanthery side,  
Shall wave a banner red as blude,  
And chieftains throng wi' meikle pride._

_"A Scottish King shall come full keen,  
The ruddy lion beareth he;  

¹ An exact reprint of these prophecies, from the edition of Wailegrave, in 1603, collated with Hart's, of 1613, from the copy in the Abbotsford Library, was completed for the Ban-
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,  
Shall make him wink and ware to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bleed,  
Thus to his men he still shall say—  
For God's sake, turn ye back again,  
And give you southern folk a fray!  
Why should I lose, the right is mine?  
My doom is not to die this day."  

"Yet turn ye to the eastern land,  
And woe and wonder ye shall 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 Cleouch there shall be split  
Much gentil bluid 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!"—

"The first of blessings, I shill thee show,  
Is by a burn, that's cauld of bread?  
Where Saxon men shall time the bow,  
And find 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 shall come, the erne shall go,  
And drink the Saxon bluid see 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 shall his race;  
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;  
For they shall ride over ocean wide,  
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."  

1 The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concern-  
ring the fate of James IV., is well known.

2 One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs  
thus—

Thomas the Rymer

PART THIRD.—MODERN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Thomas the Rymer 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 this curious work;  
which, if it does not revive the reputation of the bard of Eracleaune, 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 Brumme, the annalist:

"I see in song, in sedegyn tale,  
Of Eracleaune, and of Kendale,  
Now thanne says as they thame wroght,  
And in thar saying it seme naught.  
That thon 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, penes Mr. Douce of London,  
containing a French metrical romance of Sir Tris-  
trem, that the work of our Thomas the Rymer  
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 Eracleaune:

"Plusurs de nos grantor ne volent,  
Cu que del naia dire se solent,  
Ki femme Kerberin d'ut ainer,  
Li naia redat Tristrem mamer.

"The burn of breid  
Shall run low red."  
Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scottia gives the  
name of bannock to a thick round cake of under-water bread.
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 Rusticen de Puisse, and analyzed by M. de Trossan; 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 Rhymers 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 connection with the first and second parts of the same story.

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART THIRD.

When seven years were come and gone,
War was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show'd high Dunyon.
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingham,
Pitch'd pallions took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a-rowe,
Glanced gayly through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenzie;  
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.

1 Ruberslaw and Dunyon, are two hills near Jedburgh.
2 An ancient tower near Erculdoune, 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 Coldingham, now and ever mair!"
3 The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the Broom o' the Cudden-

The feast was spread in Erculdoune,
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 dine,
The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
Nor mantling quaighs 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.)

Huail'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
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 excell'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 be slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isobele's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

1 Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire; both the property of Mr. Pringle of Torwoodlee.
2 Quaighs-Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.
3 See Introduction to this ballad.
4 This stanza was quoted by the Edinburgh Reviewer, of 1804, as a noble contrast to the ordinary banality of the genuine ballad diction.-Ed.
5 See, in the Fabliaux de Mondeur le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the Knights and the Sword. [Vol. ii. p. 3.]
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

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 reared its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin's garmenty;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
O who could sing but he!

Through many a maze the winning song
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 lyly 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 her 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 gauntleted 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 seclouth' sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairmalie. 1

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 page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three;—
"My sand is run; my thread is spun:
This sign regardeth me."

The elvin harp his neck around,
In minstrel 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 gray tower, in lustre sof,
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 fathers' ancient tower.
A long farewell," said he;
"The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power
Thou never more shalt be."

"Gin ye wad meet wi' me again.
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairmalie,"
Fairmalie is now one of the seats of Mr. Pringle of Cleish.
M. P. for Selkirkshire. 1833.
"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 Learner'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 hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—P. 574.

From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Sotira.

ERSYLTON.

Omnibus has literas visurus vel auditorius Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomas Regis de Ercildoun salutem in Domino. Noveritis me per suam et haec saeclum in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quiem clamasse pro me et heredibus meis Magistro domus Sanctae Trinitatis de Sotiria et fratris ejusdem domus totam terram acem cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditarie tenus renunciando de tuto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure et clamoque eam seu antecessores mi in eadem terram aliquo tempore de perpetuo habuimus sive de futuro habere possimus. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apponui data apud Ercildoun die Martis proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symmou et Judo Anno Domini Millesimo cc. Nonagenimo Nono.

NOTE B.—P. 576.

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 Prophethia Thomas de Ercildoun.
In a lande as I was lent,
In the grekeing of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Huntie banksy me for to play;
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye maves movyde of her song
Ye woolweale sang notes gay,
That at the wod about range.
In that longyng as I lay,

Undir nethe a dern tre,
I was war of a lady gay,
Come rydyng onry a faire:
Zoghe I said att to domysday,
With my tong to wrabbe and wrat
Certainly all hir aery,
It beth nyuer disprayed for me.
Hyr paltra was dappyll gray,
Sycye on say never none;
As the son in somers day,
All abowe that lady schene.
Hyr sadel was of a rowel bone,
A semly skylt it was to se,
Bryght with mony a precious stone
And compassyd all with crepity;
Stones of oryens, get plente,
Her haire about her heide it hang,
She rode over the faryle,
A while she blew, a while she sang,
Her girths of noble silke they were,
Her bocul were of beryle stone,
Sedyll and byrdill war e-

With sykly and sendel about bedone,
Hyr patyred was of a pall fyny,
And hir crooper of the arase,
Her byrdill was of golde fine,
On every syde 's othet hang bells the
Her byrdill regues-

Crop and patyred-

In every joynt-

She led thre grew houndes in a leash,
And ratches cowpled by her ran;
She bar an horn about her halse,
And under her gyrdil menne flene.
Thomas lay and sa-

He sayd Vonder is Mary of Might,
That bar the child that died for me,
Ceretts but I may speke with that lady bricht,
Myd my hert will breke in three;
I schal me hye with all my might,
Hyr to mete at Edlyn Tre.
Thomas enthy up her rase,
And ran over mountayne hye,
If it he sothe the story says.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

He met her eyn at Eldyn Tre.
Thomas kneyled down on his knye.
Undir the drweet grassy spry.
And sayd, Lovely lady, thou art free on me,
Queen of Heaven as you may well be.
But I am a lady of another country,
If I be paraish most of pris,
I ride after the wild fee,
My ratches rinnen at my devys.
I than be paraish most of pris,
And rides a lady in spring spry.
Lovely lady, as thou art wise,
Give you me lene to lige ye by.
Do way, Thomas, that were foly,
I pray ye, Thomas, late me be,
That sin will fordo all my bewtie,
Lovely ladye, rewre on me,
And ever more I shall with ye dwel,
Here my trowth I pleyght to thee,
Where you believe in heuin or hell,
Thomas, and you myght lyge me by,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
Thou would tell full hastely,
That thou had layn by a lady gay.
Lady, mote I lyge by the,
Undir nethe the grene wode tre,
For all the gold in chrstenty,
Said you never be wrydye for me,
Man on molde you will me marre,
And yet but you may haft your will,
Trow you well, Thomas, you cheuyst ye warre
For all my bewtie wilt you spill.
Down lighted that lady lyte,
Undir nethe the grene wode spray,
And as ye story sayth full ryte,
Seurn tymes by her he lay.
She sayd, Man, you lyst thi play,
What berde in bouyr may dele with thes,
That maries me this all long dav;
I pray ye, Thomas, let me be,
Thomas stode up in the steed,
And behelde the lady gay,
Her heyre hang down about hyr heede,
The tane was blak, the other grey,
Her sny semny ont before was gray,
Her gay cleathyng was all away,
That he before had seen in that steed
Hyr body as blow as any heede.
Thomas sighed, and sayd, Allah,
Me thynke this a dulfull syghty,
That thon art fadyl in the face,
Before you shone as son so byryt.
Tak thy lenye, Thomas, at son and mone
At gresse, and at enery tre,
This twelmonth tull you with me gone
Medyl erth you sall not se.
Alas he sayd, ful wo is me,
I trow my dedes will werke me care,
Jesu, my sole tak to ye,
Whedir so euyr my body sal fare,
Sle rode furth with all her myst,
Undir the derne lee day,
It was as derke as at midnit,
And euyr in water unto the kne;
Through the space of days thre,
He herde but sawwonyng of a flood;
Thomas sayd, Ful wo is me,
Now I spill for fawte of flood;
To garten she led he him up,
There was fryste in grtee plente,
Peyres and applest ther were ryte,
The date and the damese,
The figge and als fyt bert tre;
The myghty ngale brodering in her neete,
The papigaye about gan fee,
The throstle broozed lang wald had no ren.
He pressed to pulle fruyt with his hand,
As man for faute that was fayret;
She sayd, Thomas, lat al stand,
Or els the desayl wil the ataynt.
Schel sayd, Thomas, i the byryt,
To lay thi helde upon my kne,
And thon shalt in strang fayrlyt.
Than euyr sawe man in their kintra.
See thou, Thomas, you fayr way
That liggys ouyr yone fayr playn i
Yonder is the wyay to henyn for ny,
Whyn syndful sylales had derayed their jsynte.
Sees thou, Thomas, you second way,
That liggys lawe undor the ryse i
Straight is the wyay, sothly to say,
To the joyes of paraunday.
Sees thou, Thomas, you thrysd way
That liggys ouyr yone how i
Wide is the wyay, sodely to say,
To the hrynyng fyres of helde.
Sees thon, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
That standes ouyr wode fair all i.
Of town and tower it becrith the belle,
In middell erth is none like therinth.
Whan thou consyst in yone castell gaye,
I prye thee carteis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Loke thu aneruone none but me.
My lord is servy a ryche nasse,
With xxx kniztes fair and fre;
I shall say sytting on the dese,
I toke thy speche beyane the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And behelde that lindy gaye;
Than was sche fayr, and ryche anone,
And also eyal on hir paliteye.
The groewhounds had fylde thalm on the jdesk
The raches coupled, by my pay,
Shy blewse her horse Thomas to cherche,
To the castell she went her way.
The ladey into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand,
That kept her mony a lady gent,
With curtay and loue.
Harp and fedyll both he funde,
The getern and the sawtryt,
Lut and rybdy ther gon gan,
Thir was al maner of manstrayly,
The most ferly that Thomas thought,
When he com eunydies the floure,
Foure hertes to quere were bright,
That had been befor both long and stous.
Lymouns lay hapyngy blode,
And kokes staundyng with dressyng kayfes,
And dressyd dere as thai wer wode,
And rowell was ther wondere.
Knightes dansyd by two and thre,
All that were long day.
Ladyes that were get of gre,
Sat and saug of ryche array.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descrevy,
Til on a day, alau, alas,
My lovely ladye sayd to me,
Buck ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then serne that you were at hame
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answered with hasty
And said, Lowely ladye, lat ma be,
For I say ye certes
Haf I be but the space of dayes three.
Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,
You hath ben here theere yeres,
And here you may no longer be;
And I sal tele ye a skale,
To-morrow of helie ye foule tende
Among our folk shall chace his foe;
For he a laung man as an hende,
Trowe you wele he will chase thee.
Fors tale the gold thee that may be,
Fro hens unto the worldes ende,
Sall you not be betrayed by me,
And thairfor sal you hens wende.
She brought hym cun to Eldyn Tre,
Usdirr sethe the grome wode spray,
In Huntle bankes was fayr to be,
Ther breddes syng both nyzt and day.
Ferre ouy on montayns gray,
Ther bathe my facen;
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 Peterhouse, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr. Jameson, in his curious Collection of Scottish Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The lacunae of the former editions have been supplied from his copy.

Note C:
Allusions to Heraldry.—P. 578.

'The muscel 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 Earlston, in the Mers, carried or on a bend azure three muscles; of which family was Sir Thomas Learmont, who is well known by the name of Thomas the Rymer, because he wrote his prophecies in rhime. This prophetic 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 forecast by this gentleman, whose prophecies are much esteemed by many of the vulgar even at this day. I was promised by a friend a sight of all prophecies, of which there is everywhere to be had an epitome, which, I suppose, is erroneous, and differs in many things from the original, it having been oft reprinted by some unskillful persons. Thus many things are amiss in the small book which are to be met with in the original, particularly these two lines concerning his neighbour, Bemisse:

'Tyde what may bottche, Haig shall be laird of Bemisse.'

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, Azur a saucer sable charged with two stars in chief and in base argent, as many tridents or; and in a crest a rock proper, with this motto, taken from the above written rhyme—‘Tole nat way.’ "—N surv. on Marks of Cadency, p. 158.—He adds, ‘that Thomas’ meaning may be 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 charged at the pleasure of the bearer.’ Mr. Nisbet, however, confers 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.’—Ibid. p. 160.—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 Defense against the Poyson of pretended Prophecies.’

Note D.—P. 580.

The strange occupation in which Wallhave 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 clear evening, he discerned from his astrological knowledge, that his wife, Guenoleon, had resolved, upon the morrow to betake herself, to take such steps as should be propitious to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight), he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighborhood; and, having seated himself upon a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guenoleon resided. But her lover’s curiosity leading him to mark the result of this extraordinary cavalcade, Merlin’s rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:—

"Diercut: et silos et saltus circuit omnes,
Corporumque greves agmen colloget in unum,
Et damas, corporeo simul; cercosque resedit,
Instantque dente, competens argente iuncto,
Efratanes vixit quasi habuit Guenoleon,
Positum venit ei, pariter ipse curare
Corvos usque forsae proclamans, 'Guenoleon,
Guenoleon, veni, te talia numero spectant.
Ocios ergo venit subrident Guenoleon,
Ceatari Vegetable cirrum meirat, et illum
Sic pareo eviro, laevasque posse ferarum
Unici numerum quas pro ea solis aegnat,
Sicut pastor onys, quas ducere aedet ad herbas.
Statut ab excelsa sparsus spectante fixastra
In solis miris equitant, risumque movestat.
Ast ubi videt cum eates, animique quis esset
Colluit, extemplo dieuitur cumo cervo
Quae gestabant, vibratique jecit in ilium
Et cogit nullius pecus contristat, cymque
Redideas examinam, vitamque fugavit in auro;
Ocios ludea sum, talorum orbere, cerium
Diffugiens eget, sivisque retiro parvis:"

For a perusal 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.
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, suspicions of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trumpet, or Jew's-harp, some 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 Balquhidder, 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. Benledi, 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 Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny 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.*

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1 *Coronach* is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.
2 In 1801. See ante, p. 567.—The scenery of this, the author's first serious attempt in poetry, reappears in the Lady of the Lake in Waverley, and in Rob Roy.—Ed.

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**Glénfinlas;**

**Or,**

**LORD RONALD'S CORONACH**

---

"For them the viewless forms of sir obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair,
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody madness stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare."

---

"O hone a rie! O hone a rie!"—

The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fill'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!—

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
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 maids the light strathpey
So nimbly danced with Highland gleal.

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hour;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!³

---

¹ O hone a rie signifies—"Alas for the prince or chief."
² The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-Country neighbors.
³ See Appendix, Note A
From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found;  
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 espes the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse unfold.

O se it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scord the deep Glenfinlas g'len.

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 summers days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In gray Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen 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 shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise
Their silvan fare the Chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

—See Appendix, Note B.

"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 dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou must 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. Omri's rule prevail?
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"'Een 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, yon summer morn,
So gayly part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
For 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 Benmore.

* See Appendix, Note C.
"Thou only saw'st their tartans' wave,
As I—own Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heardst but the pibroch,\textsuperscript{2} 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 spears
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 Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry; \textsuperscript{[now...}
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and
No more is given to gifted eye!"—

'Alone enjoy thy dreamy 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,
Clangilian'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 dew;"—
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But call'd 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 conched 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.

\begin{quote}
\textbf{Sudden the hounds erect their ears,}
And sudden cease their mourning howl;
\textbf{Cloth press'd to Moy, they mark their fears}
By sinvering limbs and stifled groan.
\end{quote}

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
A huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seen;
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 dark adorns his side.
Far on the wind his tartans flow!"—

"And who art thou? and who are they?"—
All ghastly gazin', 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 Magillionore.

"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 sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep."—

"O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere 'day."—

"First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede;
So shall we safely wend our way."—

\begin{quote}
\textbf{CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.}
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{1} \textit{Tartans}—The full Highland dress, made of the checkered
cloth so termed

\textsuperscript{2} \textit{Pibroch}—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe.
"O shame to knighthood, strange and foul
Go, duff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlauthmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gayly rung thy raptur'd lyre
To wanton Morna's melting eye."

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his color went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

"And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind?"

"Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood—
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine."

He mutter'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turn'd him to the eastern elime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;

But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the bowing gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a ranted arm;
The fingers strain'd a half-drawn blade;
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfulas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's bills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft again!

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 Chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O home a rie! O home a rie!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fall'n Glenmartney's stateliest tree;
We never shall see Lord Ronald more

See Appendix, Note D.

"Lewis's collection produces also what Scott justly calls "first serious attempts in verse" and of these the earliest sacra to have been the Glenfinlas. Here the scene is laid in the most favorite district of his favorite Perthshire Highlands; but the German tradition on which it was founded was far more raw to that as the secret strength of his genius, as well as to avert the censures of his countrymen, than any subject with which the stories of German diablerie could have supplied him. It has been alleged, however, that the poet makes a German use of his Scottish materials; that the legend, as briefly told in the simple prose of his preface, is more affecting than the loafy and solemnous stanzas themselves; that the vague terror of the original dream lies, instead of gaining, by the expanded elaboration of the detail. There may be some thing in these objections: but no man can pretend to be an impartial critic of the piece which first awak'd his own childish awe to the power of poetry and the melody of verse. "—Lives of Scott, vol. ii. p. 53.
APPENDIX.

Note A.


The fire-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. — P. 590.

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 painful to those who suppose they 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. 591.

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 caus'd 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 caus'd the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called Relig Oran; 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 thro' St. Fillan's powerful prayer. — P. 592.

St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c., in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, or Abbot of Pittenvie, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenaghy, A.D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a splendor, as to afford light to that with which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The 5th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Killifin, in Renfrew, and St. Fillans, or Forgend, 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 Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1867, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms, to Malece 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 Scotoce. Book 4, folio 211., 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 premises dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore," &c. — En.
The Eve of St. John.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholl 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 Smaylho'me 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-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighborhood of Smaylho'me 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 Ancram 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 armed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

1 "This place is rendered interesting to poetical readers, of its having been the residence, in early life, of Mr. Walter Scott, who has celebrated it in his 'Eve of St. John.' To it he probably alludes in the introduction to the third canto of Marmion.

'Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour.'"

Scots Mag. March, 1809.

2 and following passages, in Dr. Henry More's Appendix to the Antidote against Atheism, relates to a similar phenomenon:—I confess, that the boiler of devils may not be only warm, but suddeingly hot, as it was in him that took one of Melancthon's relations by the hand, and so scorched her, that

'The small house is the immediate vicinity of Smallholl.'

The Eve of St. John.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, 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 vantbrace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-girth 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 Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacket and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrun'd,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;

she bare the mark of it to her dying day. But the examples of cold are more frequent; as in that famous story of Canton, when he touched the arm of a certain woman of Pentloch, as she lay in her bed, he felt as cold as ice; and so did the spirit-claw to Anne Styles."—Ed. 1662, p. 135.

3 See the Introduction to the third canto of Marmion.

"It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of softest green,
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew, "&c.—Ed.

4 The plate-jack is coat-armor; the vantbrace, or wane brace, armor for the body; the sperthe, a bar-axo.

5 See Appendix, Note A.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

"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 Smaythorne 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 beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamor'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the airy Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fires she came,
And, by Mary's might! an Armed Knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold Baron's leave.'

"He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
He door she'll undo, to her knight so true,
'On the eve of good St. John.'"—

"I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be."—

"Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet; and when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the wardens shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!"—

"Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bangle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footprint he would know."—

"O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east;
For to Dryburgh the way he has taken;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight, that is slayn."—

"He turned him around, and grimly he frowned:
Then he laugh'd right scornfully.
He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me:

"At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone;
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high:
"Now, tell me the men of the knight that has seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

"His arms shone 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."—

Honorable the Earl of Buchan. It belonged to the abbeys of Premonstratenses.—[The ancient Barons of Newmains were ultimately represented by Sir Walter Scott, whose remains now repose in the cemetery at Dryburgh. — Ed.]
And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep, and 
He thought, and 
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, 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 spilleth 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 like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

where Thomas the Rhymer uttered his prophecies. See p. 376

3 Trysting-place—Place of rendezvous
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
No’er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speketh word to none.

See Appendix, Note B.

The next of these compositions was, I believe, the Eve of St. John, in which Scott repopulates the tower of Smallholm, the awe-inspiring haunt of his infancy; and here he touches, for the first time, the one superstition which can still be appeased to win full and perfect effect; the only one which lingered was the hag since waned from all sympathy with the machinery, of witches and goblins. And surely this mystery was never wept with more thrilling skill than in that noble

hallad. It is the first of his original pieces, too, in which he uses the measure of his own favorite Minstrel; a measure which the monotonization of mediocrity had long and successfully been laboring to degrade, but in itself adequate to the expresion of the highest thoughts, as well as the gentlest emotions; and capable, in fit hands, of as rich a variety of music as any other of modern times. This was written at Myronia-house in the autumn of 1799."—Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 25. See ante, p. 506.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

BATTLE OF ANCREM MOOR.—P. 594.

LORD EVERS, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, commenced the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontier, 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, barneykes, parylsh erehurges, bastil houses, burned and destroyed, 192
Scotts slain, 403
Prisoners taken, 816
Nolt (cattle), 10,380
Shepe, 12,492
Nags and geldings, 1,396
Gay, 390
Bolls of corn, 850
Insight gear, &c. (furniture) an inestimable quantity.

Murdens’s 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. 1. p. 417.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudat 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 the deed of inestimability upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in remembrance for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Moromen.—Godskeirft. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. In this 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 Norma Lesley, with a body of Fifemen. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon Ancrem Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott, 1 of Bucelleuch, came up at full speed with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (whose conduct Fitzcoute and Buchanam ascribes 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 Pallielie-phen. 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 Latoun hurried precipitously forward, and having ascended the hill, which their faces 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 horn, raised from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goshawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—Godskeirft. 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 red cross, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—Lesley, p. 478.

In the battle, Sir 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 patriotic elderman of London. Read by name who, having unconditionally refused to pay his portion of a

cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kafe Water, belonging to the same chiefmen, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; thirty Scotts slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Richmond) snubbed very sore. Thus Bucelleuch had a long account to settle at Ancrem Moor.—Murdens’s State Papers, pp. 45, 46.
sorrows, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at
accepting his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their
exactions than the monarch.—Reedpath's Border History,
7 503.
Ever was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to
aveng his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived
himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account
of favors received by the earl at his hands. The answer of
Angus was worthy of a Douglas: "Is our brother-in-law oc-
senped," said he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged
my raged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors,
upon Ralph Ever? They were better men than he, and I
was bound to do no less—and will be take my life for that!
I little knows King Henry the skirts of! Kirnetaile 2 I can keep
myself here against all his English host."—Godscroft.
Such was the noted battle of Aneram Moor. The spot, on
which it was fought, is called Lillian's Edge, from an
Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tra-
dition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as
Squire Witherington. 3 The old people point out her monu-
ment, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have
been legible within this century, and to have run thus:
"Fair maiden Lillian lies under this stone,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English lous she laid many thumps,
And, when her legs were cut off, she fought upon her
stumps."
Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.
It appears, from a passage in Stow, that an ancestor of
Lord Ever held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English
monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the
broad-scale of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Kit-
ves, in the county of Forfar, in Scotland, and were the fur-
thest part of the same nation northward, given to John Eir
and his heirs, ancestor to the Lord Eir, that now is, for his
service done in these parties, with market, &c., dated at Laner-
1 Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry
VIII.
2 Kirnetaile, now called Cairnetaile, is a mountainous tract at the head
of Douglasdale. [See notes to Castle Dangerous, Waverley Novels, vol.
civil.]
3 See Cherry Chase.

Cadyow Castle.

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the an-
cient 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 conclu-
sion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the un-
fortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Ham-
iton 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 brawling
torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the
immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of im-
merse 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 exten-
sive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was
long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scot-
tish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned
their being extirpated, about forty years ago. 1 Their
appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with

1 The breed had not been entirely extirpated. There re-
mained certainly a magnificent herd of these cattle in Cadzow
Forest within these few years. 1833.-Ep.
black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days have lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame 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 the 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 related, 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 kin-men, 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 instantly endeavored 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, 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 intercession 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 Poltro and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, “that neither Poltro nor Hambleton did attempt their enterprise, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment...”

They were formerly kept in the park at Drumlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland. For their nature and ferocity, see Notes.

* This was Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—Spottern.Wode.

This projecting gallery is still shown. The house to which it was attached was the property of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, a natural brother to the Duke of Chateherault, and sold to Bothwellhaugh. This, among other circumstances seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

* The gift of Lord John Hamilton, Commentator of broom.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lytle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the yle trayterous dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."
—MURIN'S State Papers, vol. i. p. 197.

Cadyow Castle.

Addressed to

The Right Honorable

Lady Anne Hamilton.

When princely Hamilton's abode
Embowed Cadyow'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 Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thril to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarse roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's 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 stood,
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 haunt between:

'Twere the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shag'd with thorn and tangling sloe
The ashier buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battle row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's spire,
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is checkering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is gray;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urges the shag steed, and latches the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleetter than the mountain wind.

From the thick cope the roebucks sound,
The startled red-deer send's the plain,
For the hearse bugle's warrior-sound
Has roared their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge 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, with swarthy glow,
Spurs, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

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 plyn. 

'Tis noon—against the knotted ak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen fight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood hap all careess thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

First pier of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopt'd Father.

See Appendix Note.
"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 fare?"—

Sterr. Claud replied,1 with darkening face
(Gray Paisley's haughty lord was he),
*At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

* Few suns have set since Woodhouselee2
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his heart's, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Safe in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

"O change accursed! past are those days
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the heart'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 pallid rose?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
"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 isle, o'er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;3

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
"Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory saddle,4 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 dawn'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,5 my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bow.

"Dark Morton's girl with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlances' plaided clan.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead6 were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.7

"'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high,
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.8

"From the raised vizer'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 vices tumult's starting roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
Rings on the ground, to rise no more.

"What joy the raptured 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!

"Let dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine ten times trebled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's sceptre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!"

"Then speed thee, noble Chatternaught!
Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow—
Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free!"

An oak, half-sawn, with the motto through, is an ancient cognizance of the family of Hamilton.

Scott spent the Christmas of 1801 at Hamilton Palace, in Lanarkshire. To Lady Anne Hamilton he had been introduced by her friend, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and both the site and the recent Dukes of Hamilton appear to have taken of Lady Anne's admiration for Glebeburn, and the Eve of St. John. A morning's ramble to the majestic ruins of the old baronial castle on the precipitous banks of the Evan, and among the adjoining remains of the primeval Caledonian forest, suggested to him a ballad, not inferior in execution to any that he had hitherto produced, and especially interesting as the first in which he grapples with the world of picturesque incident unfolded in the authentic annals of Scotland. With the magnificent localities before him, he skilfully interwove the daring assassination of the Regent Murray by one of the clansmen of 'the princely Hamilton.' Had the subject been taken up in after years, we might have had another Marmon or Heart of Midlothian; for in Cadyow Castle we have the materials and outline of more than one of the noblest ballads.

"About two years before this piece began to be handed about in Edinburgh, Thomas Campbell had made his appearance hostile to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclam—
"Murray is fall'n, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

But, see! the minstrel vision falls—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting 'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale,
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

there, and at once seized a high place in the literary world by his 'Pleasures of Hope.' Among the most eager to welcome him had been Scott; and I find the brother-bard thus expressing himself concerning the MS. of Cadyow:—

"The verses of Cadyow Castle are perpetually ringing in my imagination—

'Where, mightiest of the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain ball comes thundering on'

and the arrival of Hamilton, when

'Recking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.'

I have repeated these lines so often on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by tongue as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober, serious street-walking humor, it must bear an appearance of lowness when one stumps with the hurried pace and lurching shake of the head, which strong, pith poetry excites."—Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 77.

APPENDIX.

Note A.

—sound the prye!—P. 600.

PRYSE—The note blown at the death of the game. In Caledonia olim frequentes erat syphostris quidam bos, nunc ovo varior, quem, coloribus candidissimos, hominum sensu et omnibus vilot leonis gratia, truculentos ac perniciosus hominum genus obtinere, ut quaesumque homines vel manibus contractaretur, vel sylvis perfugiarat, ob sua multas post dies omnia abstrat

Note. Ad hoc tanta audacia hue buvi inimica crat, ut

non solum irritatus equites fuerunt prostratae, sed ne tantum illas famae onerem promiscue hominum cornibus as ungulae poterit; ac cum, qui spem nos ferociissimi sunt, impetus plane contaminaverit. Pijus carmen cortigianum, sed saprori cayrissimi. Krait est olum per illam vastissimam Caledonicam syphostrum frequentem, sed hominum aliqui jam ab

Note B.

Stern Claud replied.—P. 601.

lard Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelarait, and commandant of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that fantastic princess. He led the cam of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquess of Abercorn.

Note C.

Woodhouset.—P. 601.

This oratory, stretching along the banks of the Esat, near Auchendull, belonged to Bothwell-haugh, 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 Bothwell-haugh, whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Both- well, whose Lament is so popular. This spectacle 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 Woodhoussels, 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, than the present Woodhoussels, which gives title to the Honorable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the side of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her prop. mode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

Note D.

Irnuca to the keep his jaded steed.—P. 601.

Rueful informs us, that Bothwell-haugh, being closely pursed, "after that spear and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and stroke his horse behind, whilk caud him his steed to leap a very brooke stanke [i.e. ditch], by whilch means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—Birrell's Diary, p. 16.

Note E.

From the wild Border's humble side.—P. 601.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borderers; which is thus commemorated by the author of his Epig.:—

"Seaving stablsicht thills thingis in this sort,
To Liddesdale aigne he did resort,
Throw Ewesdale, Eddick, and all the dailes rode he,
And also lay threes nightis in Cambgane,
Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before.
Nae thief durst stir, they did him fear sa sair;
And, that they sold na mair their thift alledge,
Threesome and twelbe he broocht of thame in pledge,
Syne weedit thame, whilk maid the rest keep ordour:
Then mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Border."—Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 322.

Note F.

With hockbut bent.—P. 601.

Hochbut 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 bree, and what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been fomed a indent in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

Note G.

The wild Macfarlans' plighted clan.—P. 601.

This clan of Lennan Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Labour's says,—"In this battle the valiance of an Holland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steeds: for, in the hottest brunt of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friends and countrymen, and so manfully girt that upon the bankes 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 arts of the Countess of Murray, he recomposed that chenency by this piece of service now at this batayle."—Caldewood's account is less favorable to the Macfarlanes. He states that "Macfarlane, with his Highlanders, fled from the wing 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 avance-garde and harquebusiers, and so were turned to flight."—Caldewood's Hist. apud Keith, p. 430. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton and composed chiefly of commoners of the hoary of Renfrow.

Note H.

Gincairn and stout Parkhead are nigh.—P. 601.

The Earl of Gincairn 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 saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 601.

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 in her in Locheleen castle. He discharged his commission with the most savage rigor; and it is even said, that when the weeping captive, in the act of signing, availed 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. 601.

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 sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd; so that Bothwell-haugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—Scottisbwood, p. 233. Buchanan.
The Gray Brother.

A F R A M E N T.

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 Burnsdale, 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 revered carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burnsdale. He learned a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeit 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 this 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 prescription, 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, which 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 hallan [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 insinuated [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 Glenluce, in Galloway, part ii. § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in the performances 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 Fabulas, cap. 26. "Medea Corinthio exul, Athenas, ad Aegynum Pandonis filium deservit vs hospitalitatem, eique nuptis.

— Posta sacros Dianae Medicem exiptae copit, reginae negabat sacra cuncta facere posse, co quod in ea evitavit easdem multae venefica et celebra; tune exulatur."
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

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.

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 ghostrily peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhor'd,
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adoration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"—

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
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 flock,
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 unblest feet his native seat,
'Mid Ese'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 famed 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 Ese'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 bagle 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
Dalkeith, 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 woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scarfed 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 gray with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladys evening song:
The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As 'n sir wouled 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 some amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring relics from over the sea;
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the divine,
Or St. John of Beverley?"

1 The contemporary criticism on this noble ballad was all eeele, but laudatory, with the exception of the following re-
mark:—"* The painter is justified blame, whose figures do not correspond with his landscape—who resembles handiff in an
Elysium, or bathing loves in a lake of storm. The same adap-
tation of parts is expedient in the poet. The stanzas—

'Sweet are thy paths, O passing sweet!'
And classic Hawthorneden,'
disagreeably contrast with the mysterious, gloomy character
of the ballad. Were these omitted, it would merit high rank
for the terrific expectation it excites by the majestic intro-
duction, and the awful close."—Critical Review, November,
1903.—Co.

"I come not from the shrine of St. James 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, woeful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel thee down to me,
And shrieve thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be."—

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother.
That I should shrieve to thee,
When He, to whom are given the keys of earth
Has no power to pardon me?"

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a soul, foul crime,
Done here 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneeld him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye.1

1 The barony of Pennyciluk, the property of Sir George Clerk,
Kart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound
so sit upon a large rocky fragment called the Buckyan, and
three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt
a the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family
were adopted as their crest a demi-forster proper, wounding a
horn, with the motto, Free for a Blast. The beautiful man-
ion-house of Penncilik is much admired, both on account of
the architecture and surrounding scenery.

2 Auchenlindie, situated upon the Eske, below Pennyciluk
the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq,
author of the Men of Feeling, &c.—Edition 1833.

3 "Haunted Woodhouselee."—For the traditions connected
with this ruinous mansion, see Ballad of Cadgel's Castle, Not.
p. 603.

APPENDIX

Notes 1 to 7.

SCENERY OF THE ESKE.—P. 603.

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with this ruinous mansion, see Ballad of Cadgel's Castle, Not.
p. 603.
War-Song

of the

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

"Ne mirius. Is not peace the end of arms?"
"Caratagh. Not where the cause implies a general conquest"

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbors, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of a 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 honors;
And, with those, swords that know no end of battle—
These men, beside themselves, allow no neighbor,
These minds, that, where the day is, claim inheritance,
And, where the sun makes ripe the fruit, their harvest,
And, where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome—
It must not be—No! as they are our foes,
Let us use the peace of honor—that's fair dealing;
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes." —bondmen.

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 Honorable Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas. 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 Gallicans: "Proinde ituri in actum, et majoresвестrosetposterocogitate." 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's 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 crowned;
We boast the red and blue.

1 Now Viscount Melville. — 1824.
2 The royal colors.
Though tamely crouch to Gallia's frown
Dull Holland's tardy train;
Their ravish'd toys though Romans mourn;
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn,
And, foaming, gnaw the chain;

Oh! had they mark'd the avenging call¹
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valor, 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

¹ The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the duties of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain;
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 honor's sacred tie,
Our word is Laws and Liberty!
March forward, one and all!

most virtuous and free people upon the Comment, move, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.—1812.

² Sir Walter Scott was, at the time when he wrote this song, Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry. See our of the Epistles Introductory to Marmion.—End

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 BÜRGER.

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, its 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 speed,
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:
"Alas, my love, thou artiest long!
O art thou false or dead?"

II.

With gallant Frederick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

III.

With Paynim 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.

VL

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobbed in his embrace,
And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles
Array'd full many a face.

1 The Chase and William and Helen; Two Ballads, from the German of Gottfried Augustus Burger. Edinburgh: Printed by Mundell and Son, Royal Bank Close, for Manners and Miller, Parliament Square; and sold by T. Cadell, &c.

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 band 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 bid the dead
Arise and live again.

XVIII.
"O break, my heart,—O break at once!
Be thou my god, 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 arraigns the eternal doom,
Upbraids 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.
Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge fell
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards
The hoof of coursers rung.

XXV.
The clank 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?—
Sleep'st thou, or sleep'st thou, or
Hast thought on me, my fair?—

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, read, and plan,
And cot, and castle, flew.

XXXIX.
"Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear—
Fleet goes 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 owl gray?"—
"'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:
To-night 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 laboring 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 wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.
Fled past on right and left how fast
Each forest, grove, and bower!
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?"
Hurrah! hurrah! 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 chains.

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 head!

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 run:
Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air;
The race is wellnigh done."
BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN.

The Wild Huntsman.

This is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the Wilde Jäger of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Falkenburge, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely erogative 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 various 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 Deer-slayer hunter, the sounds of his horses' feet, and the rustling of the branches before the game, the pack, and the sportsmen, 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, "Glück zu Falkenburge!" [Good sport to ye, Falkenburge!] "Dost thou wish me good sport?" answered a horse 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 Fountainbleau. 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.

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 sough of the mill, and the gale-
Laceraters with wider shrieks, and rife 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 grating heifer in the vale.

A posthumous miracle of Father Lesley, a Scotch 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! halloo, halloo!
His fiery coursers sniffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake.
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own halo'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Load, long, and deep the bell had tol'd.

But still the Wildgrave onward rides,
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When, sparring 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 swarthly hue of hell.

Published (1796) with William and Helen, and entitled "The Chace."
Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleas'd,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heads, 
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, holla, ho!"

So said, so done,—A single bound
Clears the poor laborer'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.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"—

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering 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, holla, 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 wear
The murderous cries the stag appal,—
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightening'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 I?—

"Cease thy loud bugle's changing knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unshallow'd noise.

"To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear, 
You 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 ships, 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 hound?"

"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 followed still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag 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, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embrownd:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd,
In scorching hour of fierce July."
With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rang around
With, "Hark away! and, holla, ho!"

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 plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head:
Be warned at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horsen unanxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey:
Alas! the Earl no warning 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 spurred his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamor of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle-sound,
A deadly silence reigned 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 baying reach'd his ears:
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quiekening spur unmindful 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!
Scorned 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 meanest 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 sulphureous 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, ho!"

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;
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of, "Holla, ho!"
The Fire-King.

The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were
upon him."—Eastern Tale.

[1801.]

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, how-
ever, 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 Chris-
tians in many combats, till he was finally routed
and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, un-
der the walls of Jerusalem.

Bald knights and fair dames, to my harp give an
ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply 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 on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

"Now Palmer, gray Palmer, O tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy Coun-
trie?
And how does 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 Palmer, gray Palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou hast brought from the Holy
Countrie.

"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
rush'd on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
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 thunderbolt
falls,
It leaves of your castle but lev'n-score'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 hand.

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 those
take;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdimans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou
wake;
And this thou 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 day-break, 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 search'd 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 naught else did he spy.

Loud 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 resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarcely pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trod,
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 where'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.

Unmeasured 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 charmed gift on his knee
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

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 clatter'd, the trumpets repeated
The lances were couched, and they closed on each side;
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew
Till he pierced 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 Cross-shield;
But a Page thrust him forward the monach before
And cluff the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low
Before the cross's shield, to his steel saddlebow;
And scarce had he bent to the Cross' 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 clenched 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 casques roll'd,
You might see the blue eyes, and the 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, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saliter, and crossleted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida’s fountains to Naphthali’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 hound:
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquered, 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 “Claudine 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 honor flown.

Mark her breast’s convulsive throbs!
See, the tear of anguish flows—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of phrensy 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, blithe, 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 snuffs 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;
Axious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wander’d, woe the while!
Ceaseless care, and ceaseless fright,
Urgè his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;
While the deafening thunder lends
All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil,
Where his head shall Frederick hide!
Where, but in you ruin’d aisle,
By the lightning’s flash descried!

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast 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 loved.—

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 changers die,
Slowly open the iron door!
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girt 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!
Perjured, bid the light farewell!"

—— Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot steel.

The circumstance of their being written by a
poet returning from the well-fought field he de-
scribes, and in which his country's fortune was
secured, may confere on Tschudi's verses an interest
which they are not entitled to claim from their
poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more li-
terally it is translated, the more it loses its simpli-
city, without acquiring either grace or strength
and, therefore, some of the faults of the verses
must be imputed to the translator's feeling 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 Tschudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amuse-
ment from the minute particulars which the mar-
tial 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 de-
fended with their long lances. The gallant Wink-
elreid, 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 cumbrous weight of their de-
fensive armor, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms
a very unequal match for the light-armed mount-
aineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss or the
German chivalry, hitherto deemed as form-
dable 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 foppery, 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.

[1818.]

These verses are a literal translation of an an-
cient 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 Tschudi, denominated the Sou-
fer, 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—

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

'Twas when among our linden-trees
The bees had housed in swarms
(And gray-hair'd peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms),

Then look'd we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

1 This translation first appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh
Magazine for February, 1818.—Ed.
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 Zurich 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 further 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 bear?"—
"The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance dree.

"Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty partisan
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 join'd;
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,
"Yon little band of brethren true
Will meet as undismay'd."—

"O Hare-castle, thou heart of hare!"
Fierce Oxenstern replied,—
"Shalt see then how the game will fare,"
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,
And closing ranks amain;

The peaks they hew'd from their boot-points
Might wellnigh load a wain."

And thus they to each other said,
"You handful down to hew
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 mane and tail;
And ball, 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 shiver'd at their feet.

The Austrian men-at-arms stood fast,
So close their spears they laid;
It flashed the gallant Winkelried,
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 sile;
Still on the serried files he press'd—
He broke their ranks, and died.

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1 All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in the patriotic war.

In the original, Haasenstein, or Hare-stone.

2 This seems to allude to the preposterous fashion, during the middle ages of wearing boots with the points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they aiglet to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks, so that they might move with the necessary activity.

4 A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.
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 luck, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to wince,
And ground among them, And the Mountain Bull! he bent his brows,
And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield,
At Sempach in the flight,
The cloister vaults at König'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.

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 galled the knight so sore,
That to the churchyard he is borne,
To range our gleys no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,
And fast the flight 'gan take;
And he arrived in luckless hour
At Seropach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd
(His name was Hans Von Rot),
"For love, or meed, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And, glad the meed 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 slay.

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 stum'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 carriion flesh is naught."

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land;
"Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, 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 is he bight,
A burgher 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 Deutschen 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

1819. It was composed during Sir Walter Scott's severe and alarming illness of April, 1819, and dictated, in the intervals of exquisite pain, to his daughter Sophia, and his friend William Laidlaw. — En. "See Life of Scott," vol. vi. p. 71.
stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1538; and the song is stated by the author to have been generally sung in the neighborhood 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, 1349, a Lady Von Neuifen, Countess of Marstetten, who was, by birth, of the house of Moringier. This lady he supposes to have been Moringier’s daughter, mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berckhold Von Neuifen, in the same year. The editors, on the whole, seem to embrace the opinion of Professor Smith of Ulm, who, from the language of the ballad, ascribes its date to the 15th 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.

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

I.
O, will you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
It was the noble Moringier in wedlock bed he lay;
He halsed and kiss’d 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 vow’d a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine,
And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave the land that’s mine;
Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy day,
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelve-months and a day.”

* See Introduction to “Tis Betrothed,” Waverley Novels, p. xxxvii.

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 vassal band, and hold thy lordly sway,
And be thy lady’s guardian true when thou art far away?”

IV.
Out spoke the noble Moringier, “Of that have thou no care,
There’s many a vaunt’ed gentleman of me holds living fair;
But I, my state, The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals and
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 plighted,
When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight;
And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now,
But grant thy Moringier his leave, since God hath heard his vow.”

VI.
It was the noble Moringier from bed he made him bounce,
And met him there his Chamberlain, with ever and with gown:
He flung the mantle on his back, ’twas furr’d with miniver,
He dipp’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 twelve-months didst thou say!
I’ll pledge me for no lady’s truth buton 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 trusty 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 Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John?"

XI.
Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and young,
And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue;
My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey end,
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage

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 Moringier took cheer when thus he heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his cheek;
A long while he bids to all—boists topsails, and away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelve-months and a day.

XIV.
It was the noble Moringier within an orchard strong,
When a the Baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept;
And whisper'd in his ear a voice, "'Tis time, Sir Knight, to wake,
Whv lady and the 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 would Marsetten's heir."

XVI.
It is the noble Moringier starts up and tears his beard,
"Oh 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 untruth 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 And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."

XVIII.
It was the good Saint Thomas then, who heard his pilgrim's prayer,
And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'er power'd his care;
He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd be side a rill,
High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

XIX.
The Moringier 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's nis pilgrim's woe!"

XX.
He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he drew,
So altered was his goodly form that none their master knew:
The Baron to the miller said, "Good friend, for Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may there be?"
XXI.
The miller answered him again, "He knew of little news, 
Save that the Lady of the land did a new bridegroom choose; 
Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word, 
His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy Lord.

XXII.
"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."

XXIII.
It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began, 
And stood before the bolted gate a woeful and weary man; 
"Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take, 
To gain the entrance of my hall this woeful match to break."

XXIV.
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 harbor for a day."

XXV.
"I've wander'd many a weary step, my strength is wellnigh 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-loved husband's soul."

XXVI.
It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before, 
"A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil'd, stands at the castle-door; 
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, for harbor and for dole, 
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul."

XXVII.
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 harborage a twelvemonth and a day."

XXVIII.
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."

XXIX.
Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow; [Lord to know; 
It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd their 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.

XXX.
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 wont," a brides-man said, "hath been both firm and long, 
No guest to harbor in our halls till he shall chant a song."

XXXI.
Then spoke the youthful bridegroom 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 sad with gold."—

XXXII.
"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," twas the pilgrim sung, 
"Nor golden meed nor garment gay, unlocks his heavy song; 
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom, at board as rich as thine, 
And by thine 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 froz- en age.

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woeful lay that
hears,
And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was
dimm'd 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, gentles, 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 yonder bride so
gay,
And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palm-
er gray."

XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor was the boon
denied,
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to the
bride;
"Lady," he said, "your reverend guest sends this,
and bids me pray,
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palm-
er gray."

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it
close and near,
Then you might hear her shriek aloud, "The Mor-
inger 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 had return'd the Moringer before the mid
night hour;
And loud she utter'd vow on vow, 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 con-
stant matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plighted, so stead
fastly and true;
For count the term how'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 wea-
pon 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 pun-
tually were told;
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my
castle gate,
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too
late."
The Erl-King.¹

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 smiff.)

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! see yonder!" he says;
"My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?"—
"O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his shroud."
"No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

(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." ¹

"O, father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"—

³ 1797 "To Miss Christian Rutherford.—I send a gob-£2 story You see I have not altogether lost the faculty of rhyme I assure you there is no small impudence in attempt-

"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the trees."

Erl-King. ¹

"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."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the rain?"—

"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon."

Erl-King. ¹

"O come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."—

"O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold!"

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the wild
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was dead!"

END OF BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN.
Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces,

IN THE ORDER OF THEIR COMPOSITION OR PUBLICATION.

Juvenile Lines.

FROM VIRGIL.

1782.—Ærat. 11.

"Scott's autobiography tells us that his translations in verse from Horace and Virgil were often approved by Dr. Adams [Rector of the High School, Edinburgh]. One of these little pieces, written in a weak boyish scrawl, within pencilled marks still visible, had been carefully preserved by his mother; it was found folded up in a cover, inscribed by the old lady—'My Walter's first lines, 1782.'"

—Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 129.

In awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky
Black clouds of smoke, which, still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire;
At other times huge balls of fire are toss'd,
That 'lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost;
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,
Emitting huge rocks, which instantly are borne
With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils.

On a Thunder Storm.

1788.—Ærat. 12.

"In Scott's Introduction to the Lay, he alludes to an original effusion of these 'schoolboy days,' prompted by a thunder-storm, which he says, 'was much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung

up in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife,' &c. &c. 'These lines, and another short piece 'On the Setting Sun,' were lately found wrapped up in a cover, inscribed by Dr. Adam, '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.

1788.

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 homage 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 1

The Violet.

1797.

It appears from the Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 333, that these lines, first published in the English

less of Cowley at the same period, show, nevertheless, praiseworthy dexterity for a boy of twelve.'—Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 121.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Minstrelsy, 1819, 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
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

To a Lady.
WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

1797.

Written in 1797, on an excursion from Gillaland, 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's apple-bowres
Are mellowing in the noon;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers
The sultry breath of June;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,
Must leave his channel dry;
And vainly o'er the limpid flood
The angler guides his fly;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely bruses
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 staid,
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 rugged minstrel lays
Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
Another tale wilt hear,—

Then all beneath the spreading beech,
Flung careless on the lea,
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 turrett flung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
That marked the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen muster'd fast,
And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer's 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 the, the ruins of which attest the magnificence of the invader—Ed.

Sir Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, Edward the First's Governor of Scotland, usually resided at Bothwell Cas-

1 Sir Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, Edward the First's Governor of Scotland, usually resided at Bothwell Cas-

2 Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 31.
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 stopp'd and turn'd his head,
As by fits the night wind blew;

For trampling 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; [white,
Through the cloudy night the snow gleam'd
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 tell,
Was hewn by demon's hands;
But I had lourd! 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 the faulting sound,
And the mutter'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 wandering band;
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land!"

1 Laird; i.e. liefer—rather.

"Forget not thou thy people's groans
From dark Dunnotter's tower,
Mix'd with the seafowl's shrilly moans,
And ocean's bursting roar!

"O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,
Even in his mightiest day,
As bold he strides through conquest's tide,
O stretch him on the clay!

"His widow and his little ones,
O may their tower of trust
Remove its strong foundation stones,
And crush them in the dust!"

"Sweet prayers to me," a voice replied,
"Thrice welcome, guest of mine!"
And glimmering on the cavern side,
A light was seen to shine.

An aged man, in amice brown,
Stood by the wanderer's side,
By powerful charm, a dead man's arm
The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger, stretch'd upright,
Arose a ghastly flame,
That waved not in the blast of night
Which through the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue
That flamed the cavern o'er,
But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue
Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a band like lead,
As heavy, pale, and cold—
"Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold.

"But if faint thy heart, and cautiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain urns thy heart shall tear,
Thy nerves the hooded crow."

The wanderer raised him undismay'd:
"My soul, by dangers steel'd,
Is stubborn as my border blade,
Which never knew to yield.

"And if thy power can speed the hour
Of vengeance on my foes,
Theirs be the fate, from bridge and gate
To feed the hooded crows."

The Brownie look'd him in the face,
And his color fled with speed—
"I fear me," quoth he, "neath it will be
To match thy word and deed.
In ancient days when English bands
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,
The sword and shield of Scottish land
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

A warlock loved the warrior well,
Sir Michael Scott by name,
And he sought for his sake a spell to make,
Should the Southern foe men tame.

"Look thou," he said, "from Cessford head,
As the July sun sinks low,
And when glimmering white on Cheviot's height
Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,
The spell is complete which shall bring to thy feet
The haughty Saxon foe."

"For many a year wrought the wizard here,
In Cheviot's bosom low,
Till the spell was complete, and in July's heat
Appear'd December's snow:
But Cessford's Halbert never came
The wondrous cause to know.

"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 eyeballs fix'd and wide.

A lancegray strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommel there, for battle yare,
A Jedwood axe was hung.

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 armor bright,
In noontide splendor shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Through the boundless hall stood steads 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 rang.

No sounds through all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes aloof 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,
Appear'd a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth his lea've,
"Thy venturous fortune try;
Thy woe and weal, thy boot 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 withal,
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
Sterte up with hoop and cry.

"Woe, woe," they cried, "thou cauliff coward
That ever thant wert born!
Why drew ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn?"
(3.) CHEVIOT.

1799.

* * * * * *

Op sit old Cheviot’s crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
In all his scars abide,
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 wimping 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 Cutsfeld’s wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll’d,
Earth’s mountain billows come.

* * * * * *

The reader may be interested by comparing with this one of the last works of his pen. He says, in the Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, 1839:— Thomas of Ercildoun, during his retirement, has been supposed, from time to time to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country’s fate. The story has often been told of a daring jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable horse upon Eildon hills, called the Lucken-bare, as the place where at twelve o’clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, 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 stails, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the master’s feet. ‘All these men,’ said the wizard in a whisper, ‘will awaken at the battle of Sheriffmuir.’ 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 clashed their armor, 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 wind 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 mortal might be perhaps extracted from the legend, namely, that it is better to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance.'

(4.) THE REIVER’S WEDDING.

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 chapter of his Life. The biographer adds:—“I know not for what reason, Lochwood, the ancient for tress of the Johnstones in Amandale, has been substituted for the real locality of his ancestor’s drumhead Wedding Contract.”—Life, vol. ii. p. 94

1802.

O will ye hear a mirthful bourd?  
Or will ye hear of courtessies?  
Or will hear how a gallant lord  
Was wedded to a gay ladye?

“Ca’ out the kye,” quo’ the village herd,  
As he stood on the knowe,  
“Ca’ this ane’s nine and that ane’s ten,  
And ba ‘d Lord William’s cow.” —

“Ah! by my sooth,” quoth William then,  
“And stands it that way now,  
When knave and curll have nine and ten,  
That the Lord has but his cow?

“I swear by the light of the Michaelmas moon  
And the might of Mary high,  
And by the edge of my braidsword brown,  
They shall soon say Harden’s kye.”

He took a bugle frae his side,  
With names carved o’er and o’er—  
Full many a chief of meikle pride  
That Border bugle bore—

This celebrated horn is still in the possession of the chief of the Harden family, Lord Polwarth.
He blew a note baith sharp and hie,
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 quaigh 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 Braes were there;
Was never a lord in Scotland wide
That made more dainty fare.

They ate, they laugh'd, they sung and quaff'd,
Till naught on board was seen,
When knight and squire were boun' to dine,
But a spur of silver sheen.

Lord William has ta'en his berry brown steed—
A sore shent man was he;
"Wait ye, my guests, a little speed—
Weel feasted ye shall be."

He rode him down by Falsehope burn,
His cousin 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 was carved plain, 1
"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 Lochwood,
With riders barely three.

The Warden'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 braw;
But the leaf-fast heart her breast within
It weel was worth them a'.

Her father's pranked her sisters too
With meikle joy and pride;
But Margaret maun seek Dundreman's wa—
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent
Her sisters' scars were borne,
But never at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret's colors worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,
· But she was left at home
To wander round the gloomy tower,
And sigh young Harden's name.

"Of all the knights, the knight most fair,
From Yarrow to the Tyne;"
Soft sigh'd the maid, "is Harden's heir
But ne'er can he be mine;

"Of all the maids, the foulest maid
From Teviot to the Dee,
Ah!" sighing sad, 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
Ychad in the Johnstone gray.

O fast and fast they downwards sped
The moss and briers among,
And in the midst the troopers led
A shackled knight along.

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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,

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1 At Linlith, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the Tryset, or place of appointment, which tradition aver to have been the rendezvous of the neighboring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken. Introduction to the Minstrelsy, p. 185.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

For the waves roll whitening to the land,  
And dash against the shelly strand.  
There is a voice among the trees,  
That mingles with the grousing 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,  
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 high strain your harps were strung,  
When Lochlin plow'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 Loncarty."

"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 your mountain strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell,  
By every deed in song enroll'd,  
By every chief who fought or fell,  
For Albion's weal in battle bold—  
From Coligach, first who roll'd his car  
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,  
To him, of veteran memory dear,  
Who victor died on Abonkir.

"By all their swords, by all their scars,  
By all their names, a mighty spell!  
By all their wounds, by all their wars,  
Arise, the mighty strain to tell!  
For fiercer than fierce Hengist'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,  
Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,  
At the dread voice of other years—  
"When targets clash'd, and bugles rung,  
And blades round warriors' heads were flung.  
The foremost of the band were we,  
And hymn'd the joys of Liberty!"

Mellbellyn.

1805.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talent, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Mellbellyn. 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 Westmorland.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Mellbellyn,  
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 Catchescale its left verge 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 that 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.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite 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?

--

1 The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamsear or Red-land.
2 Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.
3 The Gaels'as of Tacitus.
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—  

Unhonor'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 scuteheons 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 meet thee for thee, gentle lover of nature,  

To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,  

When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature  

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.  

And more stately thy couch—this desert lake lying,  

Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,  

With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  

In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.  

The Dying Bard.  

1806.  

AIR—Daffydz Gwseven.  

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 Emllinn, 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  

Unhonor'd shall flourish, unhonor'd shall fade;  

For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,  

That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.  

III.  

Thy sons, Dinas Emllinn, 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 Emllinn! 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 Emllinn! 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, fare well!  

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 the defeat of Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pen broke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rummy is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

and Glamorgan : Cærophili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.
Raz glows the forge in Strignoll’s bounds, And hammers din, and anvils 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 Chestpoe’s towers, ere dawn of morn, Was heard afar the bugle-horn; And forth, in banded pomp and pride, Stout Clare and firgy Neville ride. They swore, their banners broad should gleam, In crimson light, on Rymney’s stream; They vow’d, Caerphili’s sod should feel The Norman charger’s spurring heel.

III.
And sooth they swore—the sun arose, And Rymney’s wave with crimson glows; For Clare’s red banner, floating wide, Roll’d down the stream to Sev’n’s tide! And sooth they vow’d—the trampled green Show’d where hot Neville’s charge had been In every sable hoof-tramp stood A Norman horsemans curdling blood!

IV.
Old Chestpoe’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 steed Shall dint Glamorgan’s velvet mead; Nor trace be there, in early spring, Sate of the Fairies’ emerald ring.

The Mæl of Toro.

1806.

Low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro, And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,

1 This, and the three following, were first published in HAY’s Collection of Scottish Airs. Edin. 1806.

All as a fair maiden, bewilder’d in sorrow, Sorely sigh’d to the breezes, and wept to the flood. 
“O saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly bend ing; 
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 breeze they fail, Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict’s dread rattle, And the chase’s wild clamor, 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, Cleat was his helmet, and woe was his mien

“O save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying O save thee, fair maid, for thine 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, bemused 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 relieves from over 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 hind;
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 Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapors dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

The Maid of Neildpath.

1806.

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neildpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earl of March, 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 unsuited 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 consented 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 Neildpath'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 hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keemest 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—a headless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in fultering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble mean,
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 bain'd it for parting my Willie and me.
Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at home,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring;
That o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean foam.

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 ene 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 faithfuffest 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 Jeanie 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—Carichfergos.**

"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 honor, complete, it 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 honor of the event, on the 27th of June, 1806."—Life, vol. ii. p 322.

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 honor, for Arthur O'Conner,
And fought hard for Despard against country and king.

Well, then, we knew, boys,
Pitt and Melville were true boys,
And the tempest 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!

1 Published on a broadside, and reprinted in the Life of Scott, 1837.
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,
Stepp'd 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 oft gone as far as the regular's hat.  
We laugh at their taunting,
For all we are wanting
Is license 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 taunting,
No soldier shall want
The thanks that his country to valor can give:
Come, boys,
Drink it off merrily,—
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,—
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 afflicted a tribute to give:
Fill 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 honor, slight difference forgive,
But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the Fox,
And drink MELVILLE for ever, as long as we live!"  

Mun ting Song.³

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 gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaning;
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 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Loud, 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 baulk,
Stanch as bound, and fleet as hawk;
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 flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurles about,
The gem its lustre hides;
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glowed 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 hush my heart to rest,—
"Thy loving labor's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost;
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,^2
DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT
IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT THE BURIAL-PLACE
OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD.

Amd these aisles, where once his precepts shodd
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 bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities. [spread,
Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marble
In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
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,—
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honord, 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.3

1809.

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die
poet could write in the same exquisite taste."—Life of Scott
vol. iii. p. 309.
2 Miss Baillie's Family Legend was produced with consider-
able success on the Edinburgh stage in the winter of 1809—10
This prologue was spoken on that occasion by the Author's
friend, Mr. Daniel Terrv.
Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the air;
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 hearty son.
Whether on India’s burning coasts he told,
Or till Acushnet’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 gray-hair’d patriarch, the tales of old,
The infant group, that hush’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 tuned her lyre.
Yourselves shall judge—whoe’er has raised the sail
By Mull’s dark coast, has heard this evening’s tale.
The plainted boatman, resting on his oar,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves, and tells whate’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.

Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind;
Thine eye, applauseful, each sly vermin sees,
That baulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,
Our buckskinned justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge moose 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 as free as when
Pour’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 lover’s heart dismay’d
On every covey fired a bold brigade;
La Douce Humanité approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echo’d Vive la Libérité!
But mad Citizen, meek Monsieur again,
With some few added links resumes his chain.
Then, since such scenes to France no more are known,
Cone, view with me a hero of thine own!
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of silvan liberty o’er feudal laws.

Seek we ye glades, where the proud oak o’er tops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patch’d with rustling sand;
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or struggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce mark’d path descends ye dingle deep.
Follow—but heedful, cautions of a trip,—
In earthly 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 barricade door
Of bower form’d for poorest of the poor;
No heath 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 heats o’erawes,
And his son’s stirrup shines the badge of law),

1 Acc sia, or Nova Scotia.

2 See Life of Scott vol. iii. p. 329.

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 stole for true Indian shallaws: O’er court, o’er rastomhouse, his shoel who flings,

* * * * *
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native firth
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.'

Approach, and through the unlatticed window peep—
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sink 'mid yon sordid 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 crow, the saw, the bluegden, and the crape.
His piffer'd powder in yon nook he heard,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Here 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.
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,
You cask holds moonlight, run when moon was none;
And late-snatched spoils lie stow'd in hatch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is 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 neckcloth stretch'd, his sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd,
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loth,
Sounds of aire import—watchword, threat, and oath.
Though, stupefied by toil, and drugg'd with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

"Was that wild start of terror and despair,
These bursting eyeballs, and that wilder'd air,
Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare?
So 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 ajar
That awful portal, must undo each bar:
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barries wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whose bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black N°!.
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.
"Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years before."

But he whose humors 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 sterners fellows train'd to act more dread.
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering 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 buil'd, or piller'd game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight round.
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 shock'd
The waning moon, with storm presaging gloom,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam,
The old oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
"Twas then, that, couched amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood walk young Mansell watch'd the deer
The fattest back received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot
rap, said to have been that of William Rutus. See Ms.
William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King;"
"To the bleak coast of savage Labrador." — Falcon.

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, providing judge wears as a badge of office an antique arm.

2 A cant term for smuggled spirits.
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.**

On, 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 order of August matures us the wine,
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay'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 ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

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**The Bold Dragoon:**

**OR,**

**THE PLAIN OF BADAJOS.**

1812.

'Twas a Maréchal of France, and he fain would honor 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—

Oh 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 fricassee to pick, while his soldiers sack'd the town,

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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;
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 sous'd at once the British rank and file;
For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then
Ne'er minded 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.

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**On the Massacre of Glencoe.**

1814.

"In the beginning of the year 1692, an act of unexampled barbarity disgraced the Government.

1 In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French pulled down a part of the rampart, and marched out over the glacis.

2 First published in Thomson's Select Melodies, 1814."
of King William III in Scotland. In the August proceeding, a proclamation had been issued, offering an indemnity to such insurgents as should take the oaths to the King and Queen, on or before the last day of December; 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 oaths 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 the unfortunate chief's submission having been concealed, the sanguinary orders for 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 rigor. 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 dressed; 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 imploring 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 Inverrioggan, 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 inclemency 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 Glencoe; 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, hid the houses in ashes, and carried away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and soldiers."—Article "Britain," Encyc. Brittanica—New Edition.

"O tell me, Harper, wherefore flow
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 stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain-gray.
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treacherous cruelty.

"Their flag was fair'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay 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 breast to feel
Need 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 unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled 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 gray-hair'd master's misery.
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring
'Revenge for blood and treachery!'"

For a' that and a' that.
A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

1814.

Though right be a'ft put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,
The true and leith' cause at length
Shall bear 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 Shamrock shall not be forgot,
For Wellington made braw that.

SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

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' burra that),
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join,
And bloom in peace for a' that
Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely twined
Around our wreath we'll draw that,
And he that would the cord unbind,
Shall have it for his gra-vat!

Or, if to choke sae puir a sot,
Your pity soon 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 brigs, 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,
America they ca' that!
A coward plot her rats had got
Their father's flag to gnaw 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!

SONG,
FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB
OF SCOTLAND.

1814.

O, DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
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.

Song at the first meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland: and published in the Scots Magazine for July, 1814.
Round the husbandman’s head, while he traces the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labor, 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 name;
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 died 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 gray 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 Prr 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 sad measure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,
The wisdom that plan’d, and the zeal that obey’d;
Fill Wellington’s cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave Dalhouse and Graeme;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

\[ \textit{Pharos Loquitor,}^{1} \]

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O’er these wide shelves I keep
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

\[ \textit{Lines,}^{2} \]

ADDRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA

1814.

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald! Staffa! king of all kind bellows!
Well befall thy hills and valleys,
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows—
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,
Echoing the Atlantic thunder;
Mountains which the gray mist covers,
Where the Chieftain spirit hovers,
Pausing while his pinions quiver,
Stretch’d to quire our land for ever!
Each kind influence reign above thee!
Warmer heart, ’twixt this and Staffa
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa!

\[ \textit{Letter in Verse} \]

ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN LIGHTS.

“Or 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 heroes 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

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1 "On the 30th of July, 1814, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Erskine, and Mr. Duff, Commissioners, along with Mr. (now 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, added 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 Ulva Inn in the month of August, 1814.

3 Afterwards Sir Reginald Macdonald Stewart Seton of Staffa, Allantown, and Touch, Baronet. He died 16th April 1838, 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 Press Works, vol. xix.

4 The late Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, long Sheriff-Depute of Lanarkshire, and afterwards one of the Principal Clerks of Session in Scotland—died in 1831.

5 Afterwards Lord Kinmore.

6 The late Adam Duff, Esq., Sheriff-Depute of the county of Edinburgh.
TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, 
dc. dc. dc. 

Lighthouse Yacht in the Sound of Lerwick, 
Zetland, 8th August, 1814. 

Health to the chieftain from his clansman true! 
From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch! 
Health from the isles, where dewy Morning weaves 
Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight leaves; 
Where late the sun scarce vanish’d from the sight, 
And his bright pathway graced the short-lived night, 
Though darker now as autumn’s shades extend, 
The north winds whistle and the mists ascend! 
Health from the land where eddying whirlwinds toss 
The storm-rock’d cradle of the Cape of Noss; 
On outstretched cord the giddy engine slides, 
His own strong arm the bold adventurer guides, 
And he that lists such desperate feat to try, 
May, like the sea-nymph, skin ‘twixt surf and sky, 
And feel the mid-air gales around him blow, 
And see the billows rage five hundred feet below. 

Here, by each stormy peak and desert shore, 
The hardy islesman tugs the daring ear, 
Practised alike his venturous course to keep, 
Through the white breakers or the pathless deep, 
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain 
A wretched pitance from the niggard main, 
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves, 
What comfort greets him, and what but receipts? 
Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheer’d (When want and sorrow fled as you appear’d) Were to a Zetlander as the high dome 
Of proud Drumburgh to my humble home. 
Here rise no groves, and here no gardens blow, 
Here even the hardy heath scarce dares to grow; 
But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm array’d, 
Stretch far to sea their giant colonade, 
With many a cavern seem’d, the dreary haunt 
Of the dun seal and swarthye coromant. 
Wila round their rifted brows, with frequent cry 
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly, 
And from their sable base, with sullen sound, 
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound. 

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain 
From those whose land has known oppression’s chain; 
For here the industrious Dutchman comes once more 
To moor his fishing-craft by Bressay’s shore. 
Greet every former mate and brother tar, 
Marvels how Lerwick ‘scapest the rage of war, 
Tells 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 rest, not of rest; 
Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth, 
And wakes the land with brails and bolsterous mirth. 

A sadder sight on you poor vessel’s prow 
The captive Norseman sits in silent woe, 
And eyes 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 rived. 
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 hearse sprung. 

Not thus of old the Norsemen bither came, 
Won by the love of danger or of fame; 
On every storm-beat cape a shapeless town, 
Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their power; 
For near for Greece’s vales, nor Latian land, 
Was fiercer strife than for this barren strand; 
A race severe—the isle and ocean lords, 
Loved for its own delight the strife of swords; 
With scornful laugh the mortal pang denied, 
And blessed their gods that 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 limbs athletic, and the long light hair— (Such was the mius, as Scald and Minstral sings, 
Of fair-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舟山’s castled coast? 
Why of the horrors of the Sumburgh Rost? 
May not these bold disjointed lines suffice, 
Penn’d while my comrades whist the rattling dice— 
While down the cabin skylight lessening shine 
The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine! 
Imagined, while down舟山’s desert day 
Our well-trim’d vessel urged her nimble way, 
While to the freshening breeze she lean’d her side 
And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide? 

Such are the lays that Zetland Isles supply 
Drench’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 folks 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 morse 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. Scott—
(He's not from our clan, though his merits deserve it,
But springs, I inform'd, from the Scotts of Scott-starvet); ①
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 lik an island 'twixt ocean and sky—but all of the folk 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 your order related to night-caps or hose,
Or mittens 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 Orkneymen's boats and no more;
Betwixt Truthness and Luffness were drawn on the shore.
You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight; I ow'd 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 spoil,
And finching (so term it) the blubber to boil;
(Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection
That awakes at the thoughts of this odorous dissection).

① The Scotts of Scott-starvet, and other families of the name
of the Border, and their armorial bearings are different.

To see this huge marvel full far we go,
But Wilson, the wind, and the current, said no.
We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I must store
When I think that in verse I have once call'd it fair;
'Tis a base little borough, both dirty and mean—
There is nothing to hear, and there's taught to be seen,
Save a church, where, of old times, a prelate hung'd,
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 Grace!

VERSES FROM Waverley

1814.

"The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous
"History of Fryar 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 Bullen, and Upsey-freees,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was no'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 maidsens did make the chamber full gay;
The servants did give me a fudding 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 be 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).

Appendiz to the General Preface.

(2.)—WAVERLEY.

"On receiving intelligence of his commission as
  captain of a troop of horse in Colonel Gardiner's
  regiment, his tutor, Mr. Pembroke, picked up about
Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse,
whieh 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 chasen'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 earthy world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake! He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrier, at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply; Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd, He 'gan to shake his foamy crest Yet 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 lost, The realms of 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, joying 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 flitting, and as frail, As that which fled the autumn gale— For ever dead to fancy's eye Be each gay form that gilded by, While dreams of love and lady's charms Give place to honor 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?"

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 questioned party replied—and, like
the witch of Thalaba, 'still his speech was soft.'"

The Knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind;
The Lady's to Greenwood
Her garland to bind.
The bower of BurdEller
Has moss on the floor.
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

Chap. 12.
(4)—Scene

In Luckie Macleary’s Tavern.

In the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly explored 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 air, which was a particular favorite of the Maréchal Duc de Berwick; ‘then, imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French musquetaire, 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,
Soulcié a rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flûte,
Aussi de violon.

Lon, Lon, Laridon.

“Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but break in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethrowit, the Piper of Cupiter; and, without wasting more time, struck up—”

It’s up Glenbarchan’s braes I gaed;
And o’er the bent of Killiebrae,
And mony a weary cast I made,
To cuttill 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 string,
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 sheenest,
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 haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

Chap. xii.

(6)—St. Within’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. Within’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, noteless as the race from which he sprang,
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, ore you bounye ye to rest
Ever beware that yr 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 by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swath’d in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Within’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 w’ld,
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. Within’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;
Now are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks—
Is it the moody 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 gray mist brought the ghastly 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 recognized 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 board;

Board ye so merry the little bird sing?

But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,

And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

[This song has allusion to the Baron of Brair-wardine's personal encounter with Balmawhapple early next morning, after the evening quarrel between the latter and Waverley.] Chap. xiv.

(8.)—JANET GELLATLEY'S ALLEGED WITCHCRAFT.

"This anecdote led into a long discussion of;"

All those idle thoughts and phantasies,

Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,

Shows, visions, soothsay, and prophecies,

And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales, and lies
Chap. xiii.

(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 in introduced a prelude of wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant waterfall, 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 Waverley:"

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 redden'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 blush 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 Gleninnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled, the dear!—

In the blush of the Dawning the Standard upright Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,

Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest's 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 spean from the Kings who in Italy kept state,
 Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat!
Combine like these streams from one mountain 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 bold swell,
Till far 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 Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renown'd Florri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the ear!

How Mac-Shimeii will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glenoee
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild bear,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor's sake — 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 ball.

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 o' yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

"As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them, and immediately commenced with theatrical air,"

O Lady of the desert, hail!
That lovest the harping of the Gael,
Through fair and fertile regions borne,
Where never yet grew grass or corn.

"But English poetry will never succeed under the influence of a Highland Helicon — Allons courage!"

O vous, qui buvez à tasse pleine,
A cette heureuse fontaine,
Où on ne voit sur le rivage
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,
Suvis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabots——

Chan. 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 Glencarin and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighborhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had over so long under domination of the usurper 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 1649.

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,
   Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
   And valor fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
   Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honor'd sod to bloom,
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
   Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
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 Albyn's hill
   (When England's sons the strife resign'd),
A rugged race resisting still,
   And unimpeached though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
   No holy knell thy requiem rang;
Thy mourners were the plighted Gael,
   Thy dirge the clamberous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
   To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
   Though dark'en ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
   Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom!
Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows,
   As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

Chap. xxix.

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. lxxiii.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

["I AM not able to give the exact date of the following reply to one of John Ballantyne'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 Picaroone.
When next I try St. Grubby's brook,
   The A. of Wa—shall bait the hook—
   And flat-fish bite as soon,
As if before them they had got
   The worm-out wriggler
WALTER SCOTT."

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE.

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.

FROM THE GAEIC.

1815.—ÆT. 44.

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the ears of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrons, or boat-songs. They were composed by the Family Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take refuge in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favor of the Stuart family, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North
The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth,
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 hardy her crew,  
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,  
In danger undaunted, unweary'd by toil,  
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean  
should boil:  
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,  
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 woe:  
Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale,  
Wafting 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 streamer to deck,  
But O! crowd it higher when wafting him back—  
Till the cliffs of Skookoora, and Conan's glad vale,  
Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

IMITATION OF THE PRECEDING SONG.  
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 wafted 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 'tis 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;  
But no bard was there left in the land of the Gael,  
To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

And shall 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 dea'den'd thine 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 'eulogised' 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 hush,  
That salutes 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. The translator has endeavored  
to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

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 that shore again!—  
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word:  
Lachlan, of many a galley lord:  
He call'd his kindred bands on board;  
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian' is to ocean gone;  
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known;

1 Bonail, or Bonallez, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at  
parting with a friend.  
2 These verses were written shortly after the death of Lord  
Seaforth, the last male representative of his illustrious house.  
He was a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have  
made or himself a lasting reputation, had not his political  
affairs been checked by the painful natural infirmities  
which haunted him to the fourth stanza.—See Life of Scott, vol. v. pp. 18, 19.
3 The Honorable Lady Hood, daughter of the last Lord Sea-  
forth, widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, now Mrs. Stewart  
Mackenzie of Seaforth and Glasserton.—1833.
4 i. e. The clan of Maclean, literally the race of Gillian.
Rejoicing in the glory won
In many a bloody broil:
For wide is heard the thundering 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 onset echoing round,
Shall shake their narrow 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!

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 songstress6 at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

The Dance of Death.4

1815.

I.

Morning were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
Faint and low they crew;
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolong’d the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark’d it a destined hour.
Bread and frequent through the night
Flash’d the sheets of levain-light;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Show’d the dreary bivouac
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drench’d with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
Though death should come with day

II.

’Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet’s ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear
Presaging death and ruin near
Among the sons of men;—
Apart from Albyn’s war-array,
’Twas then gray Allan sleepless lay;
Gray Allan, who, for many a day,
Had follow’d stout and stern,
Where, through battle’s rout and reel,

---

Sain’t 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 Hussar,
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 sate upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence1 rue,
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 moonless2 air they float,
Prolong’d from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,

Ms.—“ Absence.”

Ms.—“ Midnight.”

1 These lines were written after an evening spent at Saint云ond with the late Lady Alvanley and her daughter, one of whom was the songstress alluded to in the text.

2 MS.—“ Dawn and darkness.”

3 Originally published in 1815, in the Edinburgh Annals Register, vol. v.
Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces.

Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Lest the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fussiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends and foemen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Smurt rough, and high Ardgow'r,
And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.¹

III.
'Loe on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of course'r's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,
When down the destined plain,
Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-borne meteor's glance,
Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
And doom'd the future slain—
Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
When Scotland's James his march prepared,
For Flodden's fatal pain.²

Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane,
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 wind with winds 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.

"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.

¹ See note, ante, p. 509.
² See ante, Marmon, canto v. stanzas 24, 25, 36, and Appendix, Note 4 A, p. 173.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

VII.
"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloodly grave,
To sleep without a shroud.
Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grow wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame:
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man."

VIII.
At morn, gray 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 piquet-post, when ebb the night,
And wanng 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 Saint 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 honor 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 honor'd aye 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 honor beat by bliss must
be repaid.—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thon 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, "Honor 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
Gayly 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 favorite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sang:

1 This ballad appeared in 1815, in Paul's Letters, and in the Edinburgh Annual Register. It has since been set to music by G. F. Graham, Esq., in Mr. Thomson's Select Melodies, &c.
2 The original romance, "Partant pour la Syrie,
Le jeune et brave Dunois," &c

3 The original of this ballad also was written and composed by the Duchesse de St. Luc. The translation has been set to music by Mr. Thomson. See his Collection of Scottish Songs, 1836.
"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 hew'd his way,
'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-name:
"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 foe man's gleave,
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 fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

From the French.¹

1815.

If 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,
'Twas bad example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for a wife,
And Folly for his hours of gayety.

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
& OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT BALL MATCH
ON CARTERHAUGH.²

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 hand² to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround;

But ere a bold foeman 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 miscontrue, you should happen to fail,
There are worse things in life than a tumble of 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 witnessed 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.

took place on December 5, 1815, and was also celebrated by the Ettrick Shepherd. See Life of Scott, vol. v. pp 118, 119, 122.

The bearer of the standard was the Author's eldest son.

¹ This is also from the French Collection found at Waterloo. See Paul's Letters.
² This song appears in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection—1826. The foot-ball match on which it was written.
May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward,
From the hall of the Peer to the Herd's ingle-nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his standard,
For the King and the Country, the Clan, and the Duke!

Lullaby of an Infant Chief.

Air—"Cadù gu lo."

1815.

I.
O, hear thee, my babe, 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 babe, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.
O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foe man draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.
O, hush thee, my babe, 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 Merrilies.

Nativity of Harry Bertram.

Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and saun 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 Colme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

Chap in

"TWIST YE, TWINE YE."

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
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 woe.

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,
Sainst 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 lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee crst
That shall never know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, be gone,
Earth flies fast and time draws on—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

'The songstress paused, and was answered by
one or two deep and hollow groans, 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
ethers him here.

Heaven cannot abide it;
Earth refuses to hide it.

I must open the door.'
— She lifted the latch, saying,
'Shut locks, and strife,
Come death, and pass life.'

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. xli.

(2)—SONGS OF DIRK HATTERAICl AND GLOSSIN.

"And now I have brought you some breakfast,"
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
schemnck!—That is good—that warms the liver!'
—Then broke into the fragment of a High-Dutch
song:

Saufen bier, und brante-wein,
Schmeissen alle die fenstern ein;
Ich bin liederlich,

First published in Mr. G. Th. man's Collection of Irish
verse, 1816.

Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederlich leute a.

"Well said, my hearty Captain! cried Glossin
endeavoring to catch the tone of revelry;"
—

Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to slivers!
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
rings began—
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Baua
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the rear
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, [strain:
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my

It was then that around me, though poor and un-
known, [thrown;
High spells of mysterious enchantment were
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 noontide, distinguishing'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call, [hall;
And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the
And the standard of Fion flashed fierce from on high,
Like the 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 listed 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!

2 In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is
called the Sam-buré, an epithet feebly rendered by the Sam-
bean, of Macpherson.
But aye she loot 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 bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there.  
They sought her baith by bower and ha';  
The ladie was not seen!  
She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Pibroch of Donald Dhu  
AIR.—"Pibear Dhou Dhuaidh."1  
1816.

This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan  
MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedi-  
tion of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launchea  
from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded  
Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defeated and put to  
flight the Earls of Mor 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:—

Pibaireachd Dhounuil Dhuaidh, pibaireachd Dhounuil;  
Pibaireachd Dhounuil Dhuaidh, pibaireachd Dhounuil;  
Pibaireachd Dhounuil Dhuaidh, pibaireachd Dhounuil;  
Psuag bradhaire tir fieiche Inverlochi.  
The pipe-summings of Donald the Black,  
The pipe-summings of Donald the Black,  
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-place at  
Inverlochy.2

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan-Connil.  
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 pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,

1 Compare this with the gathering-song in the third canto of the Lady of the Lake, ante.

The pibroch of Donald the Black." This song was  
written for Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, 1816. It may also  
be see re to 1215, in Thomson's Collection, 1830.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are straund:
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 plauds, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donnlu Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Nora's Vow.

AIR—"Cha teid mis a charaidh."

WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.

1816.

The original Gaelic, the Lady makes protestations 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.

Near 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."

1 "I will never go with him."

See also M Thomson's Scottish Collection. 1822.

For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor 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-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre 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 barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
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-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

Macgregor's Gathering.

AIR—"Thain a Grigalach."

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."

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.

1 "The MacGregor is come."

* For the history of the clan see Introduction to Rob Roy
  Waverley Novels, vol. vii
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, Coalchuirn and her towers,
Glestrae 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 roasts to the flame, and their flesh 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 career,
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 suite, 19th December, 1816.

God protect brave Alexander,
Heaven defend the noble Czar,
Mighty Russia’s high Commander,

First in Europe’s bandied war,
For the realm’s he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, 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 freemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave.

O’er 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 with 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.

From the Antiquary.

1816.

(1.)—TIME.

“Th’ window of a turret, which projected at
an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very
near Love’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 imagination as affecting the fine arts.
A female voice sung, with some taste and great sim-
plicity, something between a song and a hymn, is
words to the following effect:”—

“Why sit’st thou by that ruin’d hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray!
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass’d away?”—

“Know’st thou not me?” the Deep Voice cried
“So long enjoy’d, so oft misused—

1 Rob Roy MacGregor’s own designation was of Inner

2 Mr. afterwards Sir William Arbuthnot, the Lord Provost

Scotland; but he appears to have acquired a right of some kind or

to the property or possession of Craig-Royston, a dom-

ain of rock and forest lying on the east side of Loch Lomond,

where that beautiful lake stretches into the dusky mountains

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, flourish, 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 GINNELL.

"Beneath an old oak-tree, upon a hillock, lay a
moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed
worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr.
Oldbuck affirmed (though many doubted), the de-
parted characters could be distinctly traced to the
following effect:"

Heir lyeth Jôn o' ye Ginnell.
Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kinnell.
In hys tyne ilk wyfe's hennis clokin,
Ilka gud munnis herth wi' bairnis was stokin.
He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis fyve,
Four for ye ladie kirke and ane for pare mennis
wyvis.

Chap. xi.

(3.)—ELSPETH'S BALLAD.

"As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut,
he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice
of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild
and doleful recitative:"

The herring loves the merry moon-light,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging song,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now hand your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma';
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach'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 have bridled a hundred black,
With a chaftron 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 bracking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their gaiters were glancing clear,
The fibroeks rung frae 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 jeardie:

"What wouldst thou do, my square so gay
That rides beside my steed,—
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

"To turn the rein 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 fern,—
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blade
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

He turn'd him right and round again
Said, Scorn na at my nither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

Chap. x

MOTTOES IN THE ANTIQUARY.

"The scraps of poetry which have been in
cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in the—
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 opposite mottoes, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, 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, asked 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 Dr. Watts and other graver authors have been ransacked in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible.”—Introduction to Chronicles of the Canongate.

1.

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent, Wisdom and cunning had their shares 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 a rusty medal, Or the rare melody of some old ditty, That first was sung to please King Pepin’s cradle.

(2.)—Chap. ix.

“Be brave,” she cried, “you yet may be our guest. Our haunted room was ever held the best: If, then, your valor 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. x.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision sent, And ordered all the pageants as they went; Sometimes that only ’twas wild Fanci’s play,— The loose and scatter’d relics of the day.

(4.)—Chap. xii.

Beggar!—the only freeman of your Commonwealth; Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws, Obey no governor, use no religion [toms, But what they draw from their own ancient Uses 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 fail honor here, Never presume to serve her any more, Bid farewell to the integrity of arms, And the honorable 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 magic 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 Kingdom.

(8.)—Chap. xxvii.

Many great ones Would part with half their states, to have the plot And credit to beg in the first style.—

Beggar’s 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, Bcemoth, 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 weep, 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 harden’d as our feelings. Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—ours recoil, Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

Old Play.

(11.)—Chap. xxxii.

Remorse—she ne’er forsakes us!—

A bloodhound staunch—she tracks our rapid step Through the wild labyrinth of youthful peregrine Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us Then in our hair, when Time hath chill’d our joints And main’d our hope of combat or of flight
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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—c'en as the linch,
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 residue of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling
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 coining,
Granting I knew all that you charge me with,
What, thou'rt the tomb born a second birth,
And given the wealth to one that knew not on't,
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
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has t'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, nodded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.  
Old Play.  
(17.)—Chap. xli.
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 gripes rapacious changed her splendid dream,
For king's vain fluttering, and for dying scream.
*The Loves of the Sea-Wren.*

(18.)—Chap. xlii.
Let those go see who will—I like it not—
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
And all the nothings 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 her flimsy veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant Anguish.  
Old Play.  
(19.)—Chap. xliii.
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 wheel.—  
Old Play.  
(20.)—Chap. xlv.
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, like the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.  
Old Play.

["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 fabrication. 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, Johnnie,' 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 human 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 dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;  
And thus the heart, most sear’d to human pleasure,  
Meets at the tear, joys in the smile of woman.

Beaumont.

(2.—Chap. xvi.)

“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 chance it as it may.”

Old Play.

From Old Mortality.

1816.

(1.—Major Bellenden’s Song.)

And what though winter will pinch severe  
Through locks of gray 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?

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 thy mystic braid was wove,  
And first my Agnes whisper’d love.

Since then how often hast thou press’d  
The torrid zone of this wild breast,  
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell  
With the first sin which people’d 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 unstain’d and pure,

What conquest o’er each erring thought  
Of that fierce realm had Agnes 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 carcass turn away!  
Mine iverl mood had sweetness tamed,  
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed.

Yes, God and man might now approve me,  
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

Chap. xxiii.

(3.—Epitaph on Balfour of Burley)

“Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambries as in small wares, to procure me, on his next peregrinations to this vicinage, a copy of the Epitaphion alluded to.  

And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:—

Here lies a saint to prelates surly,  
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley  
Who, stirred up to vengeance take,  
For Solemn League and Covenant’s sake,  
Upon the Magnus-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 same spot.

Chap. xlv

Mottoes.

(1.—Chap. v.)

Arouse thee, youth!—it is no common call,—  
God’s Church is leaguer’d—haste to man the wall  
Haste where the Red-cross banners wave on high  
Signals of honor’d death or victory.

James D’uff

(2.—Chap. xiv.)

My hounds may a’ rin masterless,  
My hawks may fly from 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 rapted hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

The Search after Happiness; or,

THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLUMAUN.

1817.

I.

On for a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lastre shrewd and sly.
When Gian Battista bade her vision hail!—
Yet fear not, ladies, the naïve detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
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 Sultamun Solumaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their sound,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,
"Sultamun! 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 toll of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a prince who will bid 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 Morarchs best our free-born heroes suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Sultamun, 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 Sindbad's map—
Fame's mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,
Till, faint to find a guest who thought them short
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter.—
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 Sultamun, whether lacking contradiction—
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices
—Sovereign specific for all sorts of cure
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours),
The Sultamun lacking this same wholesome bitter
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollih had hag-rid his dreams
With Dejial, Gimistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollih's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultamun never laugh'd,
Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
That scorn'd all remedy—profane or holy;
In his long list of melancholies, mad,
Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.

V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darkened room;
With heedful glance the Sultamun'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 instant brought
His unquiet Mahazzim al Zerdukkan.
While Roompet, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munaskif al fillify.
More and yet more in deep array appear,
And some the front assail, and some the rear
Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary;
Till the tired Monarch, though of words grew chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labor,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.

2 The hint of the following tale is taken from La Caniccia degli, a novel of Gian Battista Casti.
3 See the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
4 See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.
5 For these hard words see D'Herbe, the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna.
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 shoul-
ders),
Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament
Of fondateary chiefains and freeholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them coroultai;—
I'm not prepared to shew in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
'Em let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm
wrong.

VII.
The Omrah's, 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,
Bang the loud gong, and raise the shout of bat-
tle!"
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,
Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.
Each noble pant to own the glorious summons—
And for the charges—Jo! your faithful Com-
mons!"
The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)
Look'd meefully in one another's faces,
From this oration anguishing much disquiet,
Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,
Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,
Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

VIII.
And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban
green,
Imam and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their voices 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 Sheik Ul-Sofit,
More closely touch'd the point:—"Thy studious mood,"
Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thick'ned all thy
blood,
And dull'd thy brain with labor 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 dutious.
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—
But she profess'd 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.

"Sympathia magica hath wonders done"
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son),
"It works upon the fibres and the pores,
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 utmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his surr, my son; which, taken warm
And fresh from off his back, shall chase your harm
Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's.
Such was the counsel from his mother came;—
I know not if she had some under-game,
As Doctors have, who bid their patients roam
And live abroad, when sure to die at home;
Or if she thought that, somehow or another,
Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mo-
ther;
But, says the Chronicle (who will go look it),
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

X.

All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.
The old Rai8 was the first who questioned,
"Whither?"
They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive
Prince,
8 Nobility.
8 Master of the vessel.
*Was call'd The Happy many ages since—
For Mokha, Rais,—And they came safely
thither.
But not in Arabi, 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 Copt 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 dolimans of ours are not the thing;
Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap, I
Incline to think some of them must be happy;
At least, they have as fair a 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 domination tumbled,
Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely 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
fleeces,
Our poor old boot," they said, "is torn to pieces.
Its tops the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel."
If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;
A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,
Poisseto! still has all the luck;
By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
And then—a perfect walking money-bag."
Off set our Prince to seek John Bull's abode,
But first took France—it lay upon the road.

XIII.
Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,
Was agitated 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;
Besties, some tumors on his noddle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding.¹
Our Prince, though Sultanaus of such things are
heedless,
Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
To ask, if at that moment he was happy.
And Monsieur, seeing that he was comme il faut, a

The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.
² Florence, Venice, &c.
³ The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the
villains was called I Diavolo, i.e. Brother Devil.

Loud voice mustered up, for "Vive le Roi!"
Then whisper'd, "Ave you any news of Nappy?"
The Sultan answer'd him with a cross question,—
"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John Bull,
That dwells somewhere beyond your herring
pool?"
The query seem'd of difficult digestion,
The party shrugged, and grinned, and took his snuff
And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

XIV.
Twitching his visage into as many pucker's
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers
(Fere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of Modesty be drawn),
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,
"Jean Boo?—I was not know him—Yes, I vas
I vas remembre dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place call'd Waterloo—
Ma foi! il s'est tres joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-vous! But
den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I o like—dey call him Vellington."
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,
Having of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His suga-leaves 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 author vouch, 'twas still this Worthy's way
"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."
Yet, grumble 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 wellnigh wept for Bonaparte!
Such was the weight whom Soliman salam'd,—
"And who are you," John answer'd, "and he
did?"

XVI.
"A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, signior, all avouch,—in Frangistan."—²
"Happy! my tenants breaking on my hand;
Unstock'd my pastures, and url't my land.
Sugar and rum a drug, and misc. and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths—
Happy?—Why, cursed war and racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."—³

¹ Or drubbing; so called in the Slang Dictionary.
² See the True-Born Englishman, by Daniel Defoe
³ Europe.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

In that case, signior, I may take my leave; I came to ask a favor—but I grieve—"Favor?" said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard, "It's my belief you come to break the yard!—But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner."—With that he stuck a guinea at his head; But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said, "Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline; A skirt indeed I seek, but none of thine. Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."—"Kiss and be d—d," quoth John, "and go to hel."

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 donsely 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 vixen used her claws And teeth, of yore, on slander provocation, She now was grown amenable to laws, A quiet soul as any in the nation; The sole remembrance of her warlike joys Was in old songs she sung to please her boys. John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife, She went to lead a cat-and-doggish life, Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbor, Who look'd to the main chance, declined no labor, Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon, And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

The Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg, And with decorum curts'yd 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 kebbuck from the nook; Ask'd him "about the news from Eastern parts; And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts! If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper, And if the nitwangs were grown ony cheaper;— Were there nae speerings of our Mungo Park—Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark? If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinnin', I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle In search of goods her customer to sell, Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely throttle, And hollo'd,—"Ma'am, that is not what I ait.

Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?—"Happy?" said Peg: "What for d'ye want to ken? Besides, just think upon this by-gane year, Grain wadna pay the yoking of the plough."—"What say you to the present?"—"Meal's sae dear, To mak' their brose my bairns have scarce aneugh."—"The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun, "I think my quest will end as it began.—Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg"—"Ye'll no be for the linen, then?" said Peg.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin, The Sultaun's royal bark is steering, The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells, The cousin 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's flogg'd unduly, Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly. Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow; His landlord, and of middle-men two brace, Had screw'd his rent up to the starving place; His garment was a top-coat, and an old one, His meal 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.

The Sultaun 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 binns Deak 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 Sultaun Solimaun, "That ragged fellow is our very man! Rush in and seize him—do not do him b'rt, But, will he nil he, let me nave his shirt."—

Shilela their plan was wellnigh after baulking (Much less provocation will set it a-walking), But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy Whack; They seized, and they floor'd, and they striped him—Alack! Up-bubboo! Paddy had not—a shirt to his back!

And the King, disappointed, with sorrow and shame, Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Mr. Kemble's Farewell Address,1
ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

1817.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound, Exacts his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—
Distains 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 high zeal the strength of youth supply, And sense of duty fire the failing eye; And all the wrongs of age remain subdued Beneath the burning glow of gratitude? Ah! not! 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 frosts of age. Yes! it was 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 scouring youth around inquires, "Is this the man who once could please our sires?" and soon assumes compassion's doubtful mien, To warm 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:

The last, the closing scene, must be my own. My life's brief act in public service flown, Here, then, adieu! while yet some well grace'd parts May fix an ancient favorite 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 hither 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 mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures, These hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

O favor'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,2
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.

his farewell." . . . "Mr. Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty, and with an effect that was evidenced 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 shouts of applause. At length, he finally retired, and, so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his professional life for ever."

1 These lines first appeared, April 3, 1817, in a weekly sheet called the "Sale Room," conducted and published by Messrs. Balkizwe and Co. at Edinburgh. In a note prefixed, Mr. James Balfour 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 29th 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 shown,' 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 was vehement and prolonged; they ceased—were resumed—rose again —were reiterated—and again were dashed. In a few minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of Macbeth (the audience in a momentous movement rising to receive him), to deliver

2 These lines were first printed in "The Forget-Me-Not, for 1834." 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 inclosed them, the poet intimated that they were written on the morning of the day on which they were sent—that he thought the idea better than the execution, and forwarded them with the hope of their adding perhaps "a little salt to L.e bill."
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkleth with a tear;
The Gothic nave's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the tapers' glow,
Oppress his soul; while they delight
And chasten rapture with affright.
No longer dare he think his toil
Can merit aught his patron's smile;
Too light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day—
All these endured no favor 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 favor gain'd.
She, who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought;
Land long renown'd for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes and dauntless hearts;—
She, as the flutterings here awav,
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
manly 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 struggling with such languor,
on one lovely evening of this autumn, that he com-
posed the following beautiful verses. They mark
the very spot of their birth,—namely, the then
naked height overhanging the northern side of the
Cauldshiel 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."

Air—"Rhimh uaidh 'e tu mo ran."

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 hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames 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 areary 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 lowers,
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—"Ynnaith Muange."

Written for Mr. Geo. Thomson's Welsh Melodies

1817.

Ethelfred or Olfrid, King of Northumberland,
having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmarch,
a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the reli-
gious of the neighboring 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,
From Largs, where the Scotch gave the Nortmen a drilling—
From Ardrossan, whose harbor cost many a shilling—
From Old Cumnock, where beds are as hard as a plank, sir—
From a chop and green peas, and a chicken in Sanquhar,
This eve, please the Fates, at Drumlanrig we an 'chor.

[Sir Walter's companion on this excursus was Captain, now Sir Adam Ferguson.—See 2. p. 234.]

——

From Rob Roy.

1817.

(1)—TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

"A blotted 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 Pagan sons of swarthy Spain
    Had wrought his champion's fall.

"'Fontarabian echoes?'—I interrupted my father; 'the Fontarabian Fair' would have been more to the purpose.—Paynim?—What's Paynim?—Could you not say Pagan as well, and write English, at least, if you must needs write nonsense?'"—

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England's distant cliffs astounding,
    Such are the notes should say
How Britain's hope, and France's fear,
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
In Bourdeaux dying lay.

FAM, tot astrexus porticum, tanta turbauderum quantum vs.
    alleb cernas."
Poitiers, by the way, is always spelled with an s, and I know no reason why orthography should give place to rhyme."

"Raise my faint head, my squires," he said, and let the casement be display'd, that I may see once more the splendor of the setting sun. Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne, and Blaye's emurpled shore."

"Garonne and sun is a bad rhyme. Why, Frank, you do not even understand the beggarly trade you have chosen."

"Like me, he sinks to Glory's sleep, His fall the dews of evening steep, As if in sorrow shed. So soft shall fall the trickling tear, When England's maids and matrons hear of their Black Edward dead."

"And though my sun of glory set, Nor France nor England shall forget The terror of my name; And oft shall Britain's heroes rise, New planets in these southern skies, Through clouds of blood and flame."

"'A cloud of flame is something new—Good-morrow, my masters all, and a merry Christmas to you!—Why, the bellman writes better lines!'"

Chap. ii.

(2.)—TRANSLATION FROM ARIOSTO.

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 hasty ire did bring O'er the broad wave, in France to waste and war; Such ills from old Trojano's death did spring, Which to avenge he came from realms afar, And menaced Christian Charles, the Roman Emperor.

Df dauntless Roland, too, my strain shall sound, In import never known in prose or 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 sweetest sounds which mortal ears can drink in; those of a youthful poet's verses, namely, read by the lines which are dearest to them." Chap. xvi.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. x.

In the wide pile, by others heeded not, How was one sacred solitary spot, Whose gloomy aisles and bending shelves contain, For moral hunger food, and cures for moral pain. Anonymous.

"The library at Osbaldistone Hall was a gloomy room," &c.

(2.)—Chap. xiii.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steep'd The weapon form'd for slaughter—dier 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. xxii.

Look round thee, young Astolpho! Here's the place Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve in— Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease. Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench, Dost 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 practis'd, Till bondage 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, soor'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 Brenno's word, When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic sword——

"Poetiere, by the way, is always spelled with an s, and I know no reason why orthography should give place to rhyme."

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(5.)—Chap. xxxi.

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LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Woe to the vanquish'd! when his massive blade
Bore down the scale against her ransom weigh'd,
And on the field of foughten battle still,
Who knows no limit save the victor's will.

The Gauliad.

(6.)—CHAP. XXXII.
And be he safe restored ere evening set,
Or, if there's vengeance in an injured heart,
And power to wreak it in an arm'd hand,
Your land shall ache for't.

Old Play.

(7.)—CHAP. XXXVI.
Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud 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 Asop 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 Hymen's mystic knot made loose
He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labor
Since the New Jail became our next-door neighbor.

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 neighbor, on our right she dwells,
Builds her high towers and excavates her cells;
While on the left she agitates the town,

With the tempestuous question, Up or down²
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,
Law's final end, and law's uncertainty.
But, soft! who lives at Rome the Pope must flatter
And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.
Then—just farewell! We wait with serious awe
Till your applause or censure gives the law.
Trust our humble efforts may assure ye,
We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury

Macrimmon's Lament.³

1818.

Air—"Cha till mi tuille."⁴

Macrimmon, 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 flood,
and hence the Gaelic words, "Cha till mi tuille;
ged thillis MacLeod, cha till Macrimmon," "I
shall never return; although MacLeod returns,
yet Macrimmon shall never return!" The piece
is but too well known, from its being the strain
with which the emigrants from the West High-
lands and Isles usually take leave of their native
shore.

MacLeod's wizard flag from the gray castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and
quiver,
As Macrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan
for ever!"
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are
foaming;
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red-deer are
roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
MacLeod may return, but Macrimmon shall never

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are
sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are
weeping;

¹ "The Appeal," a Tragedy, by John Galt, the celebrated
author of the "Annals of the Parish," and other Novels, 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 public of Edinburgh was much agitated by
a lawsuit betwixt 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.
⁴ Written for Albyn's Anthology.
⁵ "We return to more."
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever;
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!
The Banshee's wild voice sings the death-dirge
before me;¹
The pall 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's be-wailing
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing;
Dea 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,
Hea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!²

Donald Caird's Come Again.³

Air—"Malcolm Caird's come again."⁴

1818.

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 lilt and sing,
Blithely dance the Hieland fling,
Drink till the gude man be blind,
Fleece till the gude wife be kind;
Hoop a leggin, clout a pan,
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staunkin';
Leisters kipper, makes a shift
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;

Water-builifs, rangers, keepers,
He can wauk when they are sleepers;
Not for bountith or reward
Dare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Gae the bagpipes hawn amain,
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill
Fast as hostler-wife can nill;
Ikka ane that sells gude liquor
Kens how Donald bents a bicker,
When he's fou he's stout and saucy
Keeps the cantle o' the caussay;
Hieland chief and Lawland laird
Maun gie roon 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 mis't;
Donald Caird finds erra things
Where Allan Gregor fand the tinge;
Dunts of kebbuck, taits o' woo,
While a hen and whiles a sow,
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—
'Wear the wuddle, Donald Caird!'⁵

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Shirra ken
Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was sterna,
Craig to tether, legs to airn;
But Donald Caird, wi' mickle study
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie
Rings of airn, 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!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again.⁶

¹ See a note on Banshee, Lady of the Lake, ante, p. 250.
² Written for Albyn's Anthology, vol. ii., 1818, and set to music in Mr. Thomson's Collection, in 1822.
³ Caird signifies Tinker.
⁴ Mr. D. Thomson, of Galashiels, produced a parody on this song at an annual dinner of the manufacturers there, which
Sir Walter Scott usually attended; and the Poet was much amused with his two-fold character as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and author-suspect of "Rob Roy," in the chorus,—

"Think ye, does the Shirra ken
Rob MacGregor's come again?"
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

From the Heart of Mid-Lothian.

1818.

(1.)—MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS.

When the gledd's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock 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 suid rise and ride?
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.

Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Dub 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—bridal ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty keen, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, anaul true love o' mine, O.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, 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.

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 harness glancing sheen;
There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brac,
And she sings loud between.

Up in the air,
On my bonny gray mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.

In the bonny cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was aye and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.

My banes are buried in your kirk-yard,
Sae far ayont the sea,
And it is but my blithsome gait
That's speaking now to thee.

I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blitheest 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 lithe ring round the May-pole to day;
The wild-fire that flashes so far and so free
Was never so bright, or so bonnie 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 burthen is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best 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 goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wan's wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labor ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone, and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

"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's chased old Doubt away —


And Hope but sickens at delay,—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere;
Doff thy robe of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away.

"Her next seemed to be the fragment of some
41 ballad?"—

Could be my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow:
But thine sail be as sad and could,
My fable true-love! to-morrow.

And weep yet 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 tone 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 brae gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"

"The gray-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."

Chaps. xv.—xxxviii. 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 in Heaven.

Watts' Hymns

(2.)—CHAP. xxiii.
Law, take thy victim!—May she find the mercy
In her mild heaven which this hard world denies her.

(3.)—CHAP. xxvii.
And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, hand
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

(4.)—CHAP. xxxv.
I beseech you—
These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands
woo 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

(5.)—CHAP. xlv.
Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

Lady C.—C—C.

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 amusing,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear again's the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy 'rin and quiet die.

Chap. iii.

(2.)—NORMAN THE FORESTER'S SONG.

"Andramming his rustic roundelay, the yeo
Man went on his road, the sound of his rong,
voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased.

The monk must arise when the matins ring,
   The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the v Bowman must start when the bugles sing,
   'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There's bucks and roes 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:

(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 man's to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermore!

(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 bugle-sound,
   Varnis and vague the dry leaves dance their round;
Or, from the garner-door, on aether borne,
The chaff flies devouis from the winnow'd corn;
So vague, so devious, at the breath of heaven,
   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 heart;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
   Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.

The French Courtesan.

(5.)—CHAP. XXV.
True love, an' thou be true,
   Thon has an kittle part to play,
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou
   Maun strive for many a day.

I've kent by mony friend's tale,
   Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail,
   A true love-knote to untwine.

Henderson.

(6.)—CHAP. XXVII.
Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
   And if she 'scape 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 Secundair McPherson, Esq., of Glenforgen; which, although submitted to the fetters 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 dangled-bower,
There to wink and mop, for, lark!
   In the mid air sings the lark.
2.  
Hie to Moorish gills 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.

8.  
The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;
Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay
That scare the pilgrim on his way.—
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and ford,
Thy torch, that cheats benighted men;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyliego 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:
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone!
Thou daresst not face the godlike sun.

Chap. vi.

(2.)—THE ORPHAN MAID.

"Tuning her instrument, and receiving an ascending look from Lord Monteith and Allan, Annat 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 sunbeam wan

Looks coldly on the castle gray,

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 tie

That child and mother know,

Aid one who never knew these joys.—

Relieve an orphan's woe."

Chap. vii.

The lady said, "An orphan's state

Is hard and sad to bear;

Yet worse the widow's mother's fate,

Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,

Since, while from 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."

That orphan maid the lady kiss'd—

"My husband's looks you bear;

Saint Bridget and her morn be bless'd!

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 hail,

Are glistening in her hair.

Chap. ix

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. x.

Dark on their journey bourn'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 in the road.

The Travellers, a Romance

(2.)—CHAP. xi.

Is this thy castle, Baldwin? Melancholy
Displays her sable banner from the denion,
Dark'ning the foam of the whole surges beneath
Were I a habitant, to see this gloom
Pollute the face of nature, and to hear
The ceaseless sound of the sweet sea-bird's song
I'd wish me in the hut at the poorest peasant
Ere framed to give her temporary shelter.

Browne.

(3.)—CHAP. xiv.

This was the entry, then, these stairs—what atter 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 Brennawalt

From Ivanhoe.

(1.)—THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

1.

High deeds achieved of knighthood fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dim'd and torn.
Each dint upon his battle'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:

2.

"Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed;
His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!

3.

Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favor fired to feats of might!
Unnoted 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!

4.

"Note well her smile!—it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell
Icenion's turban'd 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 Paynim bled.'

5.

"Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise, thine own;
Then, oh! unbar this curfished gate,
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.
Imured 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. xviii.

(2)—THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

1

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'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 pricked 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!—Pshaw! many a prince has been
known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a Friar?

4.

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is 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 porrige 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)—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 yeat heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled gray hair flew back from her uncovered head, the inebriating 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.  
When the bright steel,  
Sons of the White Dragon!  
Kindle the torch,  
Daughter of Hengist!  

[banquet,  
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the  
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, the raven croaks!  
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling!  
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, gray rider of the sable cloud,  
Thy banquet is prepared!  
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,  
The race of Hengist will send them guests.  
Shake your black tresses, maidens 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 sword cleaveth the helme;  
The strong armor 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 antique poetry of the Scalds—the minstrels of the old Scandinavian—the race, as the Laureate so happily terms them,

'S even to inflict, and stubborn to endure,  
Who smiled in death."

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their civilization and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but, in the circumstances of Ulrica, 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.

(4)—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 English?—"

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 astonish'd 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.

(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 virelat, as it was called, in which the clown bore
a stiff and mellow burden 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 wending blithe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,
This time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit;
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 cardel 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 Tyndale 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 bade 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.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily 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 their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

(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 the 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.

(8.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. XIX.
Away! our journey lies through dell and dingle,
Where the blithe fawn tripe by its timid mother,
Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,
Checkers the sunbeam in the green sward alley—
Up and away!—for lovely paths are these
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.
Ettrick 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 hauls the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.
The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.

(3.)—CHAP. XXVII.
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 seas, 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. XXXI.
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 and 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. XXXVII.
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 wage the world
Old Play.

(9.)—CHAP. XXXVIII.
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 wimbling wife
Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile;
But sterner still, when high the iron-rod
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power
of God.
The Middle Ages.
**Uplaph on Mrs. Erskine.**

1819.

Plain, as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd;
Unflaw'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 tear!
Yet taught, by thy meek suffrage, to assume
Patience, an anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Design'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

**From the Monastery.**

1820.

"SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OP AVENEL.

ON TWEED RIVER.

1. Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,
As we plash'd along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
"Who wakens my nestlings?" the raven he 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."

2. Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height:
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vespers hour;
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip should toll the bell?

Mrs. Euphemia Robinson, wife of William Erskine, Esq.,
(Hereof Lord Kinecdr), died September, 1819, and was

3. 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 rison from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dole:
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee

4. Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye tonight?
A man of mean or a man of might?
Is it layman or priest that must float in your cova,
Or lover who crosses to visit his love?
Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd,—
"God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the bridge fast!
All that come to my cova 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 bithet ye be,
For seldom they land that go swimming with me

Chap. V.

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 hill,
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 bier?
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 hauntest me thus?"

The same voice replied,—

That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
buried at Saline, in the county of Fife, where these lines are inscribed on the tombstone.
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;
I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,
And travel the world with the bonny night-mare.
Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless; ¹
Men of rude are wild and reckless.
Lie thou still
In the nook of the hill,
For those be 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 Avenel!

Noon gleams on the Lake—
Noon glows on the Fell—
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid <t Avenel.

_____

TO HALBERT.

Yon in the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me?
Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appall thee?
He 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 sighs 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 —

¹ Sackless — Innocent

Somthing 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;
Aping in fantastic fashion
Every change of human passion,
While o'er our frozen minds they pass
Like shadows from the mirror'd glass
Wayward, fickle, is our mood,
Hovering 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 text 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 moss and wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

Thy craven fear my truth accused,
Thine idlehood my trust abused;
He that draws to harbor 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
Valor 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,
To 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 never 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 Heaven.
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
Save man for whom 'twas giv'n;
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 peasant to dwell;
Thou may'st drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer,
But never more come near
This haunted well.

There lies the volume thou boldly hast sought;
Touch it, and take it, 'twill dearly be bought.

Rash thy deed,
Mortal weed
To immortal flames applying;
Rash'er trust
Has thing 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 naught.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polish'd diamond melts away;
All is altered, all is flown,
Naught 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. xii.

HALBERT'S SECOND INTERVIEW WITH
THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

"She spoke, as 'twas her speech was still song, or
rather measured chant; but if, as now, more famil-
lar, 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 calling me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quailed,
Nor thy courage fail'd,
And that thou could'st brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel,
Did one limb shiver
Or an eyelid quiver,
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;
Him owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bow.
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 ask 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 crows of night.
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams.

By tics 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 coexistence with the House of Avenel,
And with the star that rules it.

Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold—
'Tis fine as web of lightest gossamer,
And, but there is a spell on't, would not bend,
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 'twas done'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 e'er-wearied wander leaves the light-house;
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous passion,
Fierce 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 Fiercic Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye,
The sun is westering from the doll,
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!

Maiden, attend! Beneath my foot 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,
Shewing 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 guardon in this spot
For all the woes that wait frail Adam's line—
Stoop then, and make it yours,—I may not mak
it mine!

Chap. xxx.

THE WHITE LADY TO EDWARD GLENDINNING.

Thou who seek'st my fountain lone,
With thy rights and hopes thou dost not own
Whose heart within leapt wildly glad,
When most his brow seemed 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
Oft 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 glow.
Seek the convent's vaulted room,
Prayer and vigil be thy doom;
Doff the green, and don the gray,
To the cloister hence away!

Chap. xxxiv.

THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL.

Fare thee well, thou Holy green!
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,
With all thy glittering garlands bending,
As to greet my slow descending,
Startling the wond'ring mind.
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

Farewell, Fountain! now not long
Shalt thou murmur to my song,
While thy crystal bubbles glancing,
Keep the time in mystic dancing,
Rise and swell, are lost and lost,
Like mortal schemes by fortune crown'd.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The knot of fate at length is tied,
The Churl is Lord, the Maid is Bride!
Yainly did my magic aight,
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 banner 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-flags 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.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. i.

O at the Monks, the Monks, they did the mischief!
Thiers all the grossness, all the superstition
Of a most gross and superstitious age.—
May He be praised that sent the healthful tempest,
And scatter'd all these pestilential vapors;
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 you lone vale his early youth was bred.
Not solitary then—the bugle-horn
Of fell Alecto often waked its windings,
From where the brook joins the majestic river.
To the wild northerb horn, the curlieu's haunt,
Where oozes forth its first and feeble streamlet
Old Play.

(3.)—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.

(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 sever'd from the wheat.
We are, I trust, agreed.—Yet bow to do this,
Nor hurt the wholesome crop and tender vine plants,
Craves good advisement.
The Reformation.

(5.)—CHAP. viii.

Nay, daily not with time, the wise man's treasure
Though fools are lavish o'—the fatal Fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.
Old Play.

(6.)—CHAP. xii.

You call this education, do you not?
Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks
Before a shouting 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 blows, the oaths, the indignation
Fall on the croupe 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 victuals,
As various as my dishes. The feast's naught,
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 Cornets, ruffs and rees;  
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 vends them forth as knives vend gilded counters,  
Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in pay-
ment.  
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 immortalize  
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 honor;  
There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee through  
The dance of youth, and the turmoil of manhood,  
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 churls  
That till the earth for bread!  
Old Play.

(12.)—Chap. xxii.  
Indifferent, but indifferent—pshaw! he doth it not  
Like one who is his craft's master—ne'ertheless  
I have seen a clown confer 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 stitting 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, among the ranks which fell,  
'Tis the first fiend o'er 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 amongst his mates;  
Turning the hours of sport and food to labor,  
Starving his body to inform his mind.  
Old Play.

(19.)—Chap. xxxii.  
Now on my faith this gear is all entangled,  
Like to the yarn-claw 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 crozier, melt your church plate  
down,  
Bid the starved soldier banquet in your halls,  
And quaff your long-saved hogheads—Turn them  
out  
Thus primed with your good cheer, to guard your  
wall,  
And they will venture for 't.——  
Old Play.
From the Abbot.

1820.

1.)—THE PARDONER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

"At length the pardonor pulled from his scrip a small phial of clear water, of which he vaunted quality in the following verses:"

LISTENETH, GODLY PEOPLE, EWERICE ONE,
For in the londe of Babylone,
Far eastward I wot it lyeth,
And is the first londe the same espieth,
Ther, as he cometh fro out the se:
In this ilk londe, as thinketh me,
Right as halie legendaries tell,
Snotreth from a roke a well,
And falleth into ane bath of ston,
Wher chast Susanne in times long gon,
Was wont to wash her bodie and lim-
Mickle vertue hath that strene,
As ye shall se er that ye pas,
Enample by this little glas-
Through nightes cold and dayes 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 nse.

CHAP. XXVII.

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. V.

In the wild storm,
The seaman hews his mast down, and the merchant
Heaves to the billowes wares he once deem'd precious;
So prince and peer, mid popular contentions,
Cast off their favorites.

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 humor in fat ale,
And in the butcher's tattle—ay, or chatting
With the glib waiting-woman o'er her comfits—
These bear the key to each domestic mystery.

OLD PLAY.

(3.)—CHAP. VIII.

The sacred taper's lights are gone,
Gray moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is overthrown,
The bell has ceased to toil.
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.

REDIVIVA.

(4.)—CHAP. XI.

Life hath its May, and all is mirthful then:
The woods are vocal, and the flowers all odor,
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. XII.

Nay, hear me, brother—I am elder, wiser,
And holier than thou; and age and wisdom,
And holiness, have peremptory claims,
And will be listen'd to.

OLD PLAY.

(6.)—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 together,
And pours their rage upon the ripening 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'st 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 snatches!
For the gambol and the jest,
Thou wast wont to love the best,
Graver follies must thou follow,
But as senseless, false, and hollow.

LIFE, A POEM.

(8.)—CHAP. XIX.

It is and is not—'tis the thing I sought for,
Have kneel'd for, pray'd for, risk'd my fame
To seek a 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,
Twittering and chirping, hop from bough to bough,
To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites—
Your prison-feasts I like not.

The Woodman, a Drama.

(10.)—Chap. xxiv.
'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 mischances,
Far, far too deeply to take part in mine.

The Woodsman.

(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 gray-beard Sexton,
Who from the church-vault drags his crazy engine,
To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet
Against a conflagration.

Old Play.

(12.)—Chap. xxviii.
Yes, it is she whose eyes look'd on thy childhood,
And watch'd with trembling hope thy dawn of youth,
That now, with these same eye-balls, dimm'd with age,
And dimmer yet with tears, sees thy dishonor.

Old Play.

(13.)—Chap. xxx.
In some breasts passion lies conceal'd and silent,
Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,
Until o'er 'on, like the finstock, light's it;
Then comes at once the lightning and the thunder,
And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.

Old Play.

(14.)—Chap. xxxiii.
Death distant?—No, alas! he's ever with us,
And shakes the dart at us in all our actings:
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.

The Spanish Father.

(15.)—Chap. xxxiv.
Ay, Pedro,—Come you here with mask and lantern,
Ladder of ropes, and other moonshine tools—
Why, youngster, 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.

The Spanish Father

(16.)—Chap. xxxv.
It is a time of danger, not of revel,
When churchmen turn to masquers.

The Spanish Father

(17.)—Chap. xxxvii.
Ay, sir—our ancient crown, in these wild times,
Oft stood upon a cast—the gamaster's ducat,
So often staked, and lost, and then regain'd,
Scarce knew so many hazards.

The Spanish Father

From Kenilworth.

1821.

(1.)—GOLDFTHRED'S SONG.

"After some brief interval, Master Goldthred
at the earnest instigation of mine host, and the
delightful concurrence of his guests, indulged the com
pany with the following morse of melody:—"

Or all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.
For when the sun hath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,
And whoops out his song, and he laughs at his
jest,
Then, though hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny
owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps in his nest till morn;
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn.
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,
And match me this catch, till you swagger and
sreech,
And drink till you wink, my merry men each;
For, though hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny
owl.

Chap. ii.
(2.)—SPEECH OF THE PORTER AT KENILWORTH.

"At the approach of the Queen, upon sight of whom, as struck by some heavenly vision, the gigantic warder dropped his club, resigned his keys, and gave open way to the Goddess of the night, and all her magnificent train."

What stir, what turmoil, have we for the nones? Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones! Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw; My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

Yet soft—nay stay—what vision have we here! What dainty darling's this—what peerless peer? What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold, Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold? Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake, My club, my key, my knee, my homage take. Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss;—

Beshrew the gate that opes 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 faint serve God, yet give the devil his due; Says grace before he doth a deed of villany, 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 abases, and whose smile exalts. He shines like any rainbow—and, perchance, His colors are as transient.

Old Play.

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 Prince's Pleasures of Kenilworth by the same author, in the History of Kenilworth. Chiswick 1821.

(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 bruilzienet, May pasture there in peace.

Old Play.

(5.)—Chap. xvii.

Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,— Heave oft 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 pilgrimage! All hope in human aid I cast behind me. Oh, who would be a woman? who that fool, A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman? She hath hard measure still where she hopes kindest, And all her bounties only make ingrates.

Love's Pilgrimage.

(7.)—Chap. xxv.

Hark! the bells summon, and the bugle calls. But she the fairest answers not; the tide Of nobles and of ladies throns 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 merit's modest blush o'er courtly insolence?

The Glass Slipper.

(8.)—Chap. xxvii.

What, man, ne'er 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 taught to boast of—I'm a striker, Would have the world strike with me, pell-mell all.

Pandemonium

(9.)—Chap. xxix.

Now fare thee well, my master! if true service Be guerdon'd with hard looks, 'en cut the tow line, And let our barks across the pathless flood Hold different courses.

Shipwreck.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

(10.)—Chap. xxx.
Now bid the steeple rock—she comes, she comes!
Speak for us, bells! speak for us, shrill-tongued tuckets!
Stand to the linstock, gunner; 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.

(11.)—Chap. xxxii.
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 bramed by the hangman.

What then? Kings do their best,—and they and we
Must answer for the intent, and not the event.

Old Play.

(12.)—Chap. xxxiii.
Here stands the victim—there the proud betray'd,
Even as the hind pull'd down by strangling dogs,
Lies at the hunter's feet, who courteous profis,
To some high dame, the Dian of the chase,
To whom he looks for guerdon, his sharp blade,
To gash the sobbing throat.

The Woodsman.

(13.)—Chap. xl.
High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,
And darkness flies 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 land of Unst, under the name of the Song of the Reim-kennar, 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 rustling pinions stir ocean to madness,

Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of navies,

Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings

Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a perish ing nation,

Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves,

Yet hear in thine ire and thy haste,

Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar

2.

Thou hast met the pine-trees of Dronthe m,
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate bend'd 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 and not yeild'd to a royal armada:
'

Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among

The clouds,

The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former

And the cope-stone of the turret

Is lying upon its hospitable heath;

But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,

When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar.

3.

There are verses that can stop the stag in the forest,

Ay, and when the dark-color'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 theowler.

Thou who cast mock at the scream of the drowning mariner,

And the crash of the ravaged forest,

And the groan of the overwhelm'd crowds,

When the church had fallen in the moment of prayer;

There are sounds which thou also must list,

When they are chant'd by the voice of the Reim-kennar.

4.

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widows wring 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 eye,

Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armory of Odin,

Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-western heaven,—

Sleep thou at the voice of Norma the Reim-kennar.
Eagle of the far north-western waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar
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 stoopest from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumber 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-kennar.

Chap. vi

(2)—CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG.

MARY.
Farewell to Northmaven,
Gray Hills-wicke, 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.

O were there an island,
Though ever so wild,
Where woman could smile, and
No man be beguille—
Too tempting a snare
To the poor mortals were given;
And the hope would fix there,
That should anchor in heaven.

Chap. xii.

(3)—THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER

The sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sallies,
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 air is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
Many an arm the axe uprears,
Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks
Horses neigh and armor 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 lithe,
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!

"Fatal 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 meal 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. xv

(4)—SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

MERMAID.

Fathom's deep beneath the wave,
Stringing beads of glistening pearl
Singing the achievements brave
Of many an old Norwegian ear:
Dwelling where the tempest raving,
Falls as light upon our ear,
As the sigh of lover, craving
Pity from his lady dear,
Children of wild Thule, we,
From the deep caves of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
Hit the 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 roaming;
From winding charge-notes on the shell,
When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,
Or tolling shrouded seamen’s knell,
When the winds and waves are cruel;
Children of wild Thule, we
Have plough’d such furrows on the sea,
As the steer draws on the lea,
And hither we come to share your glee.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.
We heard you 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 vae,
Where your daring shallows 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 my 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 Fitful-head,
Thou canst see what deeds are done
Under the ne’er-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?

NORNA.
The thought of the aged is ever on gear,—
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 tear his gray 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 gayly 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 count’d full many a rhyme,
That lies upon the surge of time:
Tell me, shall my lays be sung,
Like Hac’s of the golden tongue,
Long after Hacro’s dead and gone!
Or, shall Haltland’s minstrel own
One note to rival glorious John?

NORNA.
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-geese, unskill’d to fly,
Must be content to glide along,
Where seal and sea-dog list his song.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CLAUDE HALCRO.
Be mine the Imber-goose to play, 
And haunt lone cave and silent bay; 
The archer’s aim so shall I shun— 
So shall I ‘scape the level’d gun— 
Content my verses’ senseless jingle, 
With Thule’s sounding tides to mingle, 
While to the ear of wondering wight, 
Upon the distant headland’s height, 
Softend’ by murmur 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 silk 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, in goods and gold?

NORNA.
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 goblet 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.

CLAUDE 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?

NORNA.
Untouch’d by love, the maiden’s breast 
Is like the snow on Roma’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 TROI.
Mother speak, and do not tarry, 
Here’s a maid so fair would marry.

Shall she marry, ay or not? 
If she marry, what’s her lot?

NORNA.
Untouch’d by love, the maiden’s breast 
Is like the snow on Roma’s crest; 
So pure, so free from earthy dye, 
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky, 
Part of the heaven to which ’tis nigh; 
But passion, like the wild March rain, 
May soil the wreath with many a stain, 
We gaze—the lovely vision’s gone— 
A torrent fills the bed of stone, 
That hurried to destruction’s shock, 
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock.

Chap. xxi.

(7.)—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:—"

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song, and to laugh, 
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf; 
And we must have labor, 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 where’er she flies by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee, 
By bank, shoal, 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 carlo, 
And there’s wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the ear.

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 Trolf

Chap. xxii
(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 slumber!

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,
Has 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 brow’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,—
Honor, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!  

Chap. xxiii.

(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 Ronan rebuke thee, with rhyme and with reason;
By the mass of Saint Martin the migh’ 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 gray mist fold thee;—
If of earth, let the swart mine fold thee;—
If a Pixie, seek thy ring;—
If a Nixie, seek thy spring;—
If on middle earth thou’st been
Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,
And drée’d the lot which men call life;
Begone to thy stone! for thy coffin is scant on thee,
The worm, thy play-fellow, waits for the want of thee:

Hence, houseless ghost! let the earth hide thee,
Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that there thou hide thee!—
Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a token,
Hence pass till Halloween!—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.

Chap. xxiii

(10)—NORNA’S INCANTATIONS.

Champion, famed for warlike toil,
Art thou silent, Ribelt Troil?
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 mark's weight from thy shroud;
Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough
To shield thy bones from weather rough.

See, I draw my magic knife—
Never, while thou wilt in life,
Laidst thou still for sloth or fear,
When point and edge were glittering near;
See, the croments 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 afar its billows foam,
Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the might
Of wild winds raging at their height.
When to thy place of slumber ni,
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,
Norma of the Fittful-head,
Mighty in her own despite,—
Miserable in her might;
In despair and phrensy great,
In her greatness desolate;
Wisest, wickedest who lives,—
W'ld I can keep the word she gives.

Chap. xxy.

[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 burls proud palaces to earth,—
Brightest, keener of the Powers,
Which form and rule this world of ours,
With my rhyme of Runic, I
Thank thee for thy agency.

Old Reim-kennar, 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 bones,
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 Norma'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
O'er the shelves canst drive the navy
Didst thou chafe as one neglected,
While thy brethren were respected?
To appease thee, see, I tear
This full grasp of grizzled hair;
Oft thy breath hath through it sung,
Softening to my magic tongue,—
Now, 'tis thine to bid it fly
Through the wide 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 Dwarfie'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 fay 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.

NORNA.
Mark me! for the word I speak
Shall bring the color 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.—

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 behold them,
Till time shall accomplish the truths I have told them.

Chap. xxviii.

(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, you raving ocean;
Engulphing those she strangles, her wild womb
Affords the mariners whom she hath dealt on,
Their death at once, and sepulture.

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 season all his glittering merchandise
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 established custom! What religion
(1 mean, with one-half 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 interr'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 mort
Must have like death which we have.

Duchess of Malfy.
(7.)—CHAP. XIX.

See yonder woman, whom our swains revere,
And dread in secret, while they take her counsel
When sweethearts shall be kind, or when cross dame shall die;
Where larks the thief who stole the silver tankard,
And how the silent 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 curtal friar, who, from some christening,
Or some blithe bridal, hires belated cell-ward—
He starts, and changes his bold bottle swagger
To churchman's pace professional,—and, ransacking
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 favoring breeze, hath not the power
To stem the powerful current.—Ever so,
Resolving daily to forsake my vices,
Habit, strong circumstance, renew'd temptation,
Sweep me to sea again.—O heavenly breath,
Fill thou my sails, and aid the feeble vessel,
Which ne'er can reach the blessed port without thee!

'Tis Odds when Evens meet.

(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 doth 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 force that threatened 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 shown,
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 obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Old Song

[On Ettreick Forest's Mountains Dun]

1822.

On Ettreick Forest's mountains dun,
'Tis blithe to hear the sportsman's gun,
And seek the heath-frequenting brood
Far through the noon-day solitude:
By many a cairn and treveled mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And springs, where gray-hair'd shepherds tell
That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed,
'Tis blithe the mimic 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 scarr, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their radly light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tales,
How we succeed, and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashiestiel;

4 Ashiestiel, the poet's residence at that time.

1 Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the poet had been engaged with some friends. The reader may see these verses set to music in Mr. Thomson's Scottish Melodies for 1822.

2 See the famous salmon-spearng scene in Guy Mannering.

3 Alwyn, the seat of the Lord Somerville; now, alas! untenantcd, by the lamented death of that kind and hospitable nobleman, the author's nearest neighbor and intimate friend. Lord S. died in February, 1819.
The Maid of Isla.

AIR—"The Maid of Isla."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S SCOTTISH MELODIES.

1822.

On, Maid of Isla, from the clift,
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, yon sea-bird mark,
Her white wing gleams through mist and spray
Against the storm-cloud, lowering dark,
As to the rock she wheels away;
Where 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 yon wintry clift,
Where sea-birds close their weary wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

Carle, now the King's come.

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING.

1822.

The news has flown free mouth to mouth,
The North for ance has bang'd the South;
The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouch,
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!

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.

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,
A maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
To vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
Tis a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbering—
Farewell, then, Enchantress! I meet thee no more!

1 Written, during illness, for Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, and first published in 1822, united to an air composed by George Kinloch of Kinloch, Esq.

2 This imitation of an old Jacobite ditty was written on the appearance, in the Frith of Forth, of the fleet which covered his Majesty King George the Fourth to Scotland, in August 1822; and was published as a broadside.
Auld England held him lang and fast;
And Ireland had a joyfu’ cast;
But Scotland’s turn is come at last—
Carle, now the King’s come!

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay gray,
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 grown sae shrill,
Ye’ll hear her at the Canon-mill—
Carle, now the King’s come!

‘Up bairns!’ she cries, “baith grit and sma’,
And bask 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,
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the mettle of your sires—
Carle, now the King’s come!

“You’re welcome hame, my Montagu!
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 grasped your causeway mony a day;
I’ll weep the cause if you should stay—
Carle, now the King’s come!

“Come, premier Duke, and carry doun
Fare yonder craig his ancient crown;
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 clansmen like a clud;
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 plaids;
Carle, now the King’s come!

“Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew
We have o’er few such lairds as you—
Carle, now the King’s come!

“King Arthur’s grown a common crier
He’s heard in Fife and far Cantyre,—
‘Fie, lads, 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 keekin’ glass—
Carle, now the King’s come!

The Carlino stopp’d; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta’en a dwan,
But Oman help’d her to a dram.—
Cogie, now the King’s come!

Cogie, now the King’s come!
Cogie, now the King’s come!
Tae be fou’ and ye’s be toom,—
Cogie, now the King’s come!

CARLE, NOW THE KING’S COME.

PART SECOND.

A Hawick gill of mountain dew,
Heised up Auld Reekie’s heart, I trow,
It minded her of Waterloo—
Carle, now the King’s come

Again I heard her summons swell,
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,

Edinburgh, to receive him at the Ha’ceston (n which was
standard of James V, was erected when his army encamped
on the Brougham hill, before his fatal expedition to England),
now built into the park-wall at the end of Tipperin Linn,
near the Brougham-hill; and, standing thereon, to give
three blasts on a horn.

7 MS.—“Brave Arthur’s Seat is a story higher;
Saint Abbe is shutting to Kintyre,—
You lion, light up a crest of fire.”
8 As seen from the west, the ridge of Arthur’s Seat bears a
marked resemblance to a lion crouching.
9 Mr. Oman, landlord of the Waterloo Hotel
10 Empty.
It drownd St. Giles's jowring bell—
Carle, now the King's come!

My trusty Provost, tried and tight,
Stand forward for the Good Town's right,
There's waum than you been made a knight—
Carle, now the King's come!

My reverend Clergy, look ye say
The best of thanksgivings ye ha'e,
And warstle for a sunny day—
Carle, now the King's come!

My Doctors, look that you agree,
Cure a' 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 airn,
That fires the o'en, or winds the pin—
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!

Scots down a loup, 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, thunder from your rock,
Till Pentland dinnles wi' the shock,
And lace wi' fire my snood o' smoke—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Melville, bring out your bands of blue
A' Loudon lads, baith stout and true,
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too—
Carle, now the King's come!

"And you, who on yon bloody braes
Compell'd the vanquish'd Despot's praise,
Rank out—rank out—my gallant Grays—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Cock o' the North, my Huntly brae,
Where are you with the Forty-twae?"
Ah! wae's my heart that ye're awa'—
Carle, now the King's come!

"But yonder come my canty Celts,
With dunk and pistols at their belts,
Thank God, we've still some plaid and kilts—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!
Macdonnell's ta'en the field himself,
Macleod comes branking o'er the fell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Bend up your bow, each Archer spark,
For you're to guard him light and dark;
Faith, lads, for ane ye've hit the mark—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Young Errol, take the sword of state,
The sceptre, Panie-Morarchate!"

 Comecockburn, Esq., and Lord Elcho, were captains in the same corps, to which Sir Walter Scott had formerly belonged.

The Scott Grays, headed by their gallant colonel, Generals James Stewart of Coltness, Bart., were on duty at Edinburgh during the King's visit. Bonaparte's exclamation at Waterloo is well known: "Ces beaux chevaux gris, comme ils travaillent!"

Marquis of Huntly, who since became the last Duke of Gordon, was colonel of the 4th Regiment, and died in 1836.

Colonel Ronaldson Macdonnell of Glengarry—who died in January, 1829.

The Earl of Errol is hereditary Lord High-Constable of Scotland.

In more correct Gaelic orthography, Banamhor-Chat or the Great Lady (literally Female Lord of the Chatto); the Celtic title of the Countess of Sutherland. "Evin unto this day, the country of Sutherland is yet called Cattyre, the inhabitants Catteigh, and the Earl of Sutherland Morweir Cat- tay, in old Scottish or Irish; which language the inhabitants of this country doe still use."—Ganeen's Genealogical History of 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 Leveson Gower (now Egerton), second son of the Countess (afterwards Duchess) of Sutherland, was permitted to act as deputy for his mother in that honourable office. After obtaining his Majesty's permission to depart for Dunrobin Castle, his place was supplied by the Honorable John M. Stuart, second son of the Earl of Moray—Ro.
Knights, Mareschal, see ye clear the gate—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Kind cummer, Leith, ye've been mis-set,
But dimas be upon the fret—
Ye'se hae the handseal of him yet,
Carle, now the King's come!

"My daughters, come with een sae blue,
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strewe;
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 great'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;
Whatever 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 kind heart wish for mair?—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Step out, Sir John, 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!"

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 splendors that attend him,
His very mother scarce had ken'd him.

His metamorphosis behold,
From Glasgow freeze 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 beaver.

(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.

(3.)—Chap. iv.
Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath ofttimes craft in't,
As says the rustic proverb; and your citizen,
In's grogram suit, gold chain, and well-black'd shoes,
Bears under his flat cap ofttimes a brain
Wiser than burns beneath the cap and feather,
Or seethes within the statesman's velvet nightcap.

(4.)—Chap. v.
Wherefore come ye not to court?
Certain 'tis the rarest sport;
There are silks and jewels glistening,
Prattling fools and wise men listening,
Bullies among brave men justing,
Beggars amongst nobles bustling;
Low-breath'd talkers, minion lispers,
Cutting honest throats by whispers;
Wherefore come ye not to court?
Skelton swears 'tis glorious sport.

(5.)—Chap. vi.
O, I do know him—'tis the mouldy lemon
Which our court wits will wet their lips with,
When they would sauce their honeyed condescension
With somewhat sharper flavor.—Marry, sir,
That virtue's well-nigh 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 grunters,
For two-leg'd things are weary on't.

The Right Honorable 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, 1833, in his eighty-second year.—En
(8.)—Chap. vii.

Things needful we have thought on; but the thing
Of all most needful—that which Scripture terms,
As it alone it merited regard,
The one thing needful—that's yet unconsider'd.

_The Chamberlain._

(7.)—Chap. viii.

Ah! mark the matron well—and laugh not, Harry,
At her old steeple-hat and velvet guard
I've call'd her like the ear of Dionysins;
I mean that ear-form'd vault, built o'er the dungeon,
To catch the groans and discontented murmurs
Of his poor bondsmen.—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._

(8.)—Chap. x.

Did not thy fortune troll upon the wheels
Of yonder dancing cubs of mottled bone;
And drown it not, like Egypt's royal harlot,
Dissolving her rich pearl in the brim'm'd wine-cup.
These are the arts, Lotario, which shrink acres
Into brief yards—bring sterling pounds to farthings,
Credit to infancy; and the poor gull,
Who might have lived an honor'd, easy life,
To ruin, and an unregarded grave.

_The Changes._

(9.)—Chap. xii.

This is the very barn-yard,
Where must be daily the prime cocks o' the game,
Ruffle their pinions, crow till they are hoarse,
And spar about a barleycorn. Here, too, chickens
The callow, unfledged brood of forward folly,
Learn first to rear the crest, and aim the spur,
And tune their note like full-plumed Chanticleer.

_The Bear Garden._

(10.)—Chap. xiii.

Let the proud salmon gorge the feather'd hook,
Then strike, and then you have him.—He will
wince;
Spit 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 sludge 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 bars my access;
I have a heart to feel the injury,
A hand to right myself, and, by my honor,
That hand shall grasp what gray-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,
Needful 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 Soldiades and Foolades,
Play better than himself his game on earth.

_The Mohocks._

(13.)—Chap. xvii.

_Mother._ What! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's mirror,
With which the boy, as mortal urchins wont,
Flings back the sunbeam in the eye of passengers—
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.

_Beef and Pudding—An Old English Comedy._

(14.)—Chap. xix.

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle!
This were a leaguer-lass 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 the rough foeman's drums were beat so nigh,
They seem'd 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 sworn, and woman hath believed—
Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once
more.

_The New World._

(16.)—Chap. xxi.

Rove not from pole to pole—the man lives here
Whose razor's only equal'd by his beer,
And where in either sense, the cockney-put
May, if he pleases, get confounded out.  

On the Sign of an Alehouse kept by a Barber.

(17.)—Chap. xxii.
Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us 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—Old 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
Unlooses all our favorite 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. xxix.
How fares the man on whom good men would look
With eyes where scorn and coarseness combated,
But that kind Christian love hath taught the les
son—
That they who merit most contempt and hate,
Do most deserve our pity—  

Old Play.

(23.)—Chap. xxx.
Marry, come up, sir, with your gentle blood
Here's a red stream beneath this coarse blow
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 Pla.

(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 branch 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 Peveril of the Peak.

1823.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. ii.
Why then, we will have bellowing of beeves,
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-barley
corn!

Old Play.

(2.)—Chap. iv.
No, sir,—I will not pledge—I'm one of those
Who think 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.
Ascasto. 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 be-
ongs
To Love's sweet sorrows.

Old Play.

(6.)—Chap. xix.
Now, hoist the anchor, mates—and let the sails
Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind,
Like lass that woos a lover.

Anonymous.

(7.)—Chap. xxii.
He was a fellow in a peasant's garb;
Yet one could censure you a woodcock's carving,
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 undistinguish'd meaning,
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 loudest—
Take for his sheeted 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.

(12.)—Chap. xxxi.
I fear the devil worst when gown and cassock,
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,
Conceals his cloven hoof.

Anonymous.

(13.)—Chap. xxxiii.
'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail—Pray look on him,
But at a wary distance—rouse him not—
He bays not till he worries.

The Black Dog of Newgate.

(14.)—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 sup;
We dine upon them, if we haul them up.
Wise men applaud us when we eat the eaters,
As the devil laughs when keen folks cheat the
cheaters."

The Sea Voyage.

(15.)—Chap. xl.
—Contentsions fierce,
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.

Albion.

(16.)—Chap. xliii.
He came amongst them like a new-raised spirit,
To speak of dreadful judgments that intend,
And of the wrath to come.

The Reformer.

(17.)—Chap. xlv.
And some for safety took the dreadful leap;
Some for the voice of Heaven seem'd calling on
them;
Some for advancement, or for lucre's sake—
I leap'd in frolic.

The Dream.

(18.)—Chap. xlv.
High feasting was there there—the gilded roofs
Rung to the wassail-health—the dancer's step
Sprung to the chord responsive—the gay games.
To fate's disposal flung his heap of gold,
And laugh'd alike when it increased or lessen'd.
Such virtue hath court-air to teach us patience
Which schoolmen preach in vain.

Why come ye not to Court?
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(19.) — Chap. xvi.
Here stand I tight and trim,  
Quick of eye, though little of limb;  
He who denieth the word I have spoken,  
Betwix' him and me shall lances be broken.

Lay of the Little John de Saintré.

From Quentin Durward.

1828.

(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?

(2.) — Mottoes.

(1.) — Chap. xi.
Painters show Cupid blind — Hath Hymen eyes?  
Or is his sight warp'd by these spectacles  
Which parents, guardians, and advisers, lead 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 lecture 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 favor'd land  
Of art and nature — thou art still before me;  
Thy sons, to whom their labor is a sport,  
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;

Thy sun-born daughters, with their laughing eyes  
And glossy raven looks. But, favor'd 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 magicians,  
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.

(5.) — 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 — 'tis the role  
Of melancholy prisoners.

Anonymous.

(6.) — Chap. xxv.
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 snare 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 downward

Old Play.
(9.)—CHAP. XXX.

Oh! you would be a vestal maid, I warrant,
The bride of Heaven—Come—we may shake you purpose:
For here I bring in hand a jolly suitor
Hath ten degrees in the seven sciences
That ladies love best—He is young and noble,
Handsome and valiant, gay and rich, and liberal
The Nun.

(6.)—CHAP. XXXII.

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 spectre!
Old Play

(7.)—CHAP. XXXV.

Sedet post equam atra 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 darkens as a widow's veil,
Care—keeps her seat behind.
Horace.

From St. Ronan's Well.

1823.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. II.—THE GUEST.
Quis novus hic hospes?
Dido apud Virgillium.

Chim-maid!—The German in the front parlor!
Boots's free Translation of the Enid.

(2.)—CHAP. III.
There must be government in all society—
Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have their leader;
Rome had her Consul, Athens had her Archons,
And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.
The Alban of St. Ronans.

(3.)—CHAP. X.
Come, let me have thy counsel, for I need it;
Thou art of these, 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 Ickes 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.

(5.)—CHAP. XXII.

710 SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

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The bride of Heaven—Come—we may shake you purpose:
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O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,
Seems racing with the wind;
His sad companion—ghastly pale,
And darkens 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 sorrows.
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 lines may court the pencil.
Like sudden laps, dark plots, and strange adventures;
But who would paint the dull and fog-wrapped moor
In its long tract of sterile desolation?
Old Play.

The Bannatyne Club.

1825.

L.

Assist me, ye friends of Old Books and Old Wine,
To sing in the praises of sage Bannatyne,

1 Sir Walter Scott was the first President of the Club, and wrote these verses for the anniversary dinner of March, 1825
—See Ly's, vol. vii. p. 137.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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 little light 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 prudish 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
Can't call that worthy so candid as learnt;
He rail'd at the plaid and blasphemed the clay-more,
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 acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more.
But one volume, my friends, one volume more,
We'll dine on roast-beef and print one volume more.

VII.
The stout Gothic yedditur, next on the roll,
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal
And honest Greysteel 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 the Trade and the Press join for one volume more,
Three volumes more, &c.

IX.
They'll produce you King Jamie, the sapient and
Sext,
And the Rob of Dumblaine 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.

1 In accordance with his own regimen, Mr. Ritson published a volume entitled, "An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food as a Moral Duty, 1822." 2 See an account of the Metrical Antiquarian Researches of Pinkerton, Ritson, and Herd, &c., in the Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, ante, p. 544, et seq. 3 James Sibbald, editor of Scottish Poetry, &c. "The Editor," was the name given him by the late Lord Eldin, when Mr. John Clerk, advocate. The description of him here is very accurate. 4 David Herd, editor of Songs and Historical Ballads, 2 vols. He was called Greysteel by his intimates, from being long in unsuccessful quest of the romance of that same. 5 This club was instituted in the year 1832, for the publication as 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 honors, and is, perhaps, one of the most singular instances of its kind which the literature of any country exhibits. His labors as an amanuensis were undertaken during the time of pestilence, in 1568. The dread 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, notwithstanding 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 as.
To J. G. Lockhart, Esq.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPISTAPL.

1824.

"Maidæ Marmorea dormis sub imagine Maidæ
Ad ianuan domini sit tibi term levis."


LEON JOHN,—I some time ago wrote to inform his
Fat worship of jaces, misprinted for dornis;
But that several Southrons assured me the janaun
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Prisician's cranium.

You perhaps, may observe that one Lionel Ber-

The importance,

I

Von perhaps, may observe that one Lionel Ber-

I grant you,

And I

The importance,

I

Von perhaps, may observe that one Lionel Ber-

I grant you,

And I

The importance,

I

Von perhaps, may observe that one Lionel Ber-

I grant you,

And I

The importance,

I

Von perhaps, may observe that one Lionel Ber-

I grant you,

And I

The importance,

I
Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces

And as Fatsman! and I have some topics for har- 
ner, he'll
Be invited, I hope, to meet me and Dame Pev- 
eri,
Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury and Anne, 
you a
Dog shall be deemed if you fasten your Janua.

Lines,

Addressed to Monsieur Alexandre, the Cele- 
brated Ventrioloquist.

1824.

Or yore, in old England, it was not thought good 
To carry two visages under one hood; 
What should folk say to you 'f who have faces such 
plently,
That from under one hood, you last night show'd 
us twenty!
Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth, 
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing, did I ask—each dead implement, 
it,
A work-shop in your person,—saw, chisel, and 
screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know 
You must be at least Alexander and Co.
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a 
mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the 
job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse, 
Must read you the Riot-Act, and bid you dis- 
perser.

Aberdeen, 23d April.

Epilogue

To the Drama Founded on "St. Ronan's Well" 

1824.

"After the play, the following humorous ad- 

(ascrived to an eminent literary character) was 

spoken with infinite effect by Mr. Mackay-in the 

garrison of the character of Meg Dodds."—Edinburgh Weekly 

Journal, 9th June, 1824.

Enter Meg Dodds, encircled by a crowd of unaw- 

boys, whom a town's-officer is driving off.

That's right, friend—drive the gaitlings back,
And lend yon muckle ane a whack;
Your Embro' bairns are grown a pack,
Sae proud and saucy,
They scarce will let an auld wife walk
Upon your causey.

I've seen the day they would been scar o
Wi' the Tolbooth, or Wi' the Guard,
Or maybe wud hae some regard
For Jamie Laing—
The Water-hole was right weel warded
On sic a gang.

But whar's the gude Tolbooth game now
Whar's the auld Clouth, wi' red and blue?
Whar's Jamie Laing? and whar's John Doi?
And whar's the Weigh-house?
Deil hae I see but what is new,
Except the Playhouse.

Yourselves are changed frae head to heel,
There's some that gar the causeway reed
With clashing hufe and rattling wheel.
And horses canterin',
Wha's fathers daundre'd hame as weel
Wi' lass and lantern.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Mysell being in the public line,
I look for howfs I kenn'd lang syne,
Whar gentles used to drink gude wine,
And eat cheep dinners;
But deil a soul gangs there to dine,
Of saints or sinners!

Fortune's ¹ and Hunter's ² gane, alas!
And Bayle'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 bottle them for Meg!
They are sae greedy and sae gleg,
That if ye're served but wi' an egg,
(And that's puir pickin'),
In comes a chiel and makes a leg,
And charges chicken!

And wha may ye be, "gin ye speer,
"That brings your auld-wold clavers here?"
Troth, if there's anybody near
That kens the roads,
I'll haud ye Burgundy to bear,
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 mae langer worry,
But be sae crouse
As speak a word for ane Will Murray, ⁴
That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fasion'd things, in truth,
And ye've seen wonders mair uncouth;
Yet actors should na suffer drouth,
Or want of dramcock.
Although they speak but wi' their mouth,
Not with their stomack.

But ye tak care of a' folk's pantry;
And surely to hae stoeed sentry
Ower this big house (that's far frae rent-free)
For a lone sister,
Is claims as gude's to be a ventri—
How'st ca'd—liquitòr.

¹ Fortune's Tavern—a house on the west side of the Old Stamp-office Close, High Street, and which was, in the early part of the last century, the mansion of the Earl of Eglinton.
² The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the day held his levees and dinners in this tavern.
³ Bayle's Tavern and Coffeehouse, originally on the North Bridge, east side, afterwards in Shakespeare Square, but removed to admit of the opening of Waterloo Place. Such was he dignified character of this house, that the waiter always appeared in full dress, and n'cely was admitted who had not a white neckcloth—then considered an indispensable insignia of a gentleman.
⁴ Mr. William Murray became manager of the Edinburg Theatre in 1813.
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. Siddens was to have spoken it in the character of Queen Mary."—Extract from a Letter of Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Constable, 24th October, 1824.
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.' —Dairie Latimer's Journal, Chap. x.

As lords their laborers' 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.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
Although a distant date be 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,
Her ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glistened back
From axe and armor, spear and jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are 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 falchion to the lake,
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brae.
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war thy game.
Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

III.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry 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 did smile,
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barter's 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 thing 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 worn woe
broken:
Again her word and truth she plight;
And I believed them again ere night.

(3.)—SONG—I ASKED OF MY HARPS

—"The minstrel took from his side a veda
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 excursive symbolical style of poetry, which Taliesin, Llewarch, 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 bent—a blade of steel abideth—
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 rangeth 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 fire-brand?"

"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 sear'd 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 searce, 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 falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Chap. xxxi.

(4.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. ii.
In Madoc's tent the clarion sounds,
With rapid clangor hurried far;
Each hill and dale the note resounds,
But when return the sons of war!
Thou, born of stern Necessity,
Dull Peace! the valley yields to thee,
And owns thy melancholy sway.

(2.)—CHAP. vii.
O, sadly shines the morning sun
On leaguer'd castle wall,
When bastion, tower, and battlement,
Seem nodding to their fall.

(3.)—CHAP. xii.
Now all ye ladies of fair Scotland,
And ladies of England that happy would prove,
Marry never for houses, nor marry for land,
Nor marry for nothing but only love.

(4.)—CHAP. xiii.
Too much rest is rust,
There's ever cheer in changing;
We tyne by too much trust,
So we'll be up and ranging.

(5.)—CHAP. xvii.
Ring out the merry bells, the bride approaches,
The blush upon her cheek has shamed the morning
For that is dawning palely. Grant, good saints,
These clouds betoken naught of evil omen!

(6.)—CHAP. xxvii
Julia. — Gentle sir,
You are our captive—but we'll use you so,
That you shall think your prison joys may match
What'ere your liberty hath known of pleasure.
Roderick. No, fairest, we have trifled here too long;
And, lingering to see your roses blossom,
I've let my laurels wither.

From The Calisman.

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 worshippers of Arimanes, the Evil Principle."
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

DARK AHRIKAN, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the word! with troubled eye,
Where see we 'neath the extended sky,
An empire matching thine!

If the Benigher 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 disperse
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, Ahrikan, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thund'ry voice, thy garments stow,
As Eastern Magi 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!

Howe'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 most 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 rulest the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer!—is thy power,
Dark Spirit! end the Then! Chap. iii.

(2)—SONG OF BLONDEL—THE BLOODY VEST.

"The song of Blondel was, of course, in the Nor
man language; but the verses which follow ex
press its meaning and its manner."

'Twas 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 stripling went,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired 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 armorer's care,
With his sinewy 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 honor 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 said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and head,
"Fling aside the good armor in which thou art clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread;
And charge, thus attired, in the tournament dread,
And fight as thy wont is where most blood is shed,
And bring honor 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.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE BLOODY VEST.

Fytte Second.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honor, and losing of seats—
There was bawing with falshions, 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 armor on body and breast,
Seem'd the weed of a damsel when borne for her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds that were bloody and sore,
But others respected his plight, and forbore.
"It is some oath of honor," they said, "and I trow,
I trowd unknighthly to slay him achieving his vow."
Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warter, 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 unseemly and clean.

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 an
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 walked 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,
[a frown]
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke with
"Now since thou hast publish'd thy folly and guilt,
E'en stone with thy hand for the blood thou hast spilt;
Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,
When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent."

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 flask gives its wine,
And if for my sake she brooks ignominy and blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame;
And light will she reck of thy princely and rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent."

Chap. xxvi.

(3.)—MOTTÖES.

(1)—Chap. ix.

This is the Prince of Leechees; fever, plague,
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look on him
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(2.)—Chap. xi.
One thing is certain in our Northern land,
Allow that birth, or valor, wealth, or wit,
Give each precedence to their possessor,
Envy, that follows on such eminence,
As comes the lynx-hound on the roe-buck’s trace
Shall pull them down each one.

Sir David Lindsay.

(3.)—Chap. xiii.
You talk of Gayety and Innocence!  
Th’ moment when the fatal fruit was eaten,
They parted ne’er to meet again; and Malice
Has ever since been playmate to light Gayety
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 neighbor 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 men’s necks the onward path of glory;
Uncloak 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 children,
And after think no more of?

The Crusade, a Tragedy.

(7.)—Chap. xx.
When beauty leads 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 span to please fair Omphalé.

Anonymous

(8.)—Chap. xxii.
Miu 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
Soothing our cup, will make our sense reject
Fastidiously the draught which we did thirst for
A rusted nail, placed near the faithful compass,
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the argosy
Even this small cause of anger and disgust
Will break the bonds of unity amongst 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 in way of postscript:—

When with Poetry dealing
Room enough in a sheltering:
Neither cabin nor hovel
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 Emperor Nap.”


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From Woodstock.

1826.

(1.)—AN HOUR WITH THEE.

An hour with thee!—When earliest day
Dipples with gold the eastern gray,
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 sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless labors of the day;
The hopes, the wishes, flung away;
The increasing wants, and lessening gains,
The master's pride, who scorns my pains?
One hour with thee.

(2.)—Mottoes.

(1.)—Chap. II.

Come forth, old man—Thy daughter's side
Is now the fitting 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.

(2.)—Chap. III.

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose inns your stage,
Fo vapor 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.

Legend of Captain Jones

(3.)—Chap. iv.

On path of greensward
Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion;
There is no flint to gally 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 shrunk 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—

Anonymous.

(4.)—Chap. v.

My tongue pads slowly under this new language,
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-armor on the shepherd boy,
Encumbering and not arming him.

J. B.

(5.)—Chap. x.

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.

Old Play.

(6.)—Chap. xiv.

Deeds are done on earth,
Which have their punishment ere the earth closes
Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working
Of the remorse-stirr'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.

Old Play.

(7.)—Chap. xvii.

We do that in our zeal,
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer

Anonymous.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 721

(8.)—Chap. xxiv.
The deadliest snakes are those which, twined amongst flowers,
Blend their bright coloring with the varied blossoms,
Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled dew-drop;
In all so like what nature has most harmless,
That sportive innocence, which dreads no danger,
Is poison'd unawares.

**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 Mainsfoot) 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 thriftiest 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 fiddles,
Forget my lovely friends the Lindsay—
Forget you? No.

1 As an allusion to the enthusiastic reception of the Duke of Wellington at Sunderland.—Ed.
* This lay has been set to beautiful music by a lady whose name is unknown."

"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 dragoon 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 thev disagree?
O thus it was he loved him dear,
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 gain'd 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!

An, poor Louise! the livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;

composition, to say nothing of her singing, might make any poet proud of his verse—Mrs. Robert Arkwright, born Miss Kemble.
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 chiming 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 rent!  
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 succor have!  
She will not long your bounty crave,  
Or tire the gay with warning stave—  
For heaven has grace, and earth a grave,  
For poor Louise.  
---Chap. x.

(2.)—DEATH CHANT.

"Err he guessed where he was going, the  
seek was hurried into the house of the late Oliver  
Proudstone, from which he heard the chant of the  
men, as they swathed and dressed the corpse  
of the unmournful Bonnet-maker, for the ceremony  
of next morning; of which chant, the following  
verses may be received as a modern imitation."

1.  
Wattless Essence, thin and bare,  
Wellnigh melted into air;  
Still with fondness hovering near  
The earthly form thou once didst 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 untimely from thy dwelling,  
Mystic force thou shalt retain  
O’er the blood and o’er the brain.

4.  
When the form thou shalt espry  
That darken’d on thy closing eye;  
When the footstep 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 clotten’d blood,  
And every drop cry blood for blood.  
---Chap. xxii.

(3.)—SONG OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN.

"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 final course has found;  
And thou must die.

2.  
Yes, lay thee down;  
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,  
Bid the gray monk his soul-mass mutter,  
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—  
Thy life is gone.

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.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(4.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Introductory.
The ashes here of murder'd Kings
Beneath my footsteps sleep;
And yonder lies the scene of death,
Where Mary learn'd to weep.

*Beloved the Tiber!* the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

Anonymous.

(2.)—CHAP. I.

(i)23

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.

(3.)—CHAP. XI.

O for a draught of power to steep
The soul of agony in sleep!

Bertha.

(4.)—CHAP. XV.

Ur rose the sun, o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede,
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed;
Career'd along the len;
The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the game'some bound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound;
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras, ne'er was stancher 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 noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, 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 silvan hope and silvan fear,
Yon 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 e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faultless yew!
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the gray goose wing

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hallow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

*These stanzas, accompanying an engraving from Mr. Cooper's subject, "The Death of Keeldar," appeared in The Gem 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 feather in my cap, but a whole plume of them—I 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 perpetuity, at least a very Old Mortality."—Preface, p. 4. The original painting by Cooper, remains at Aix-oxford. *Ep
Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,  
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,  
He knows not that his comrade dies,  
Nor what is death—but still  
His aspect hath expression drear  
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,  
Like startled children when they hear  
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,  
Can well the sum of evil know,  
And o'er his favorite, bending low,  
In speechless grief recline;  
Can think he hears the senseless clay,  
In unreproachful accents say,  
"The hand that took my life away,  
Dear master, was it thine?"

"And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,  
Which sure some erring aim address'd,  
Since in your service prized, caress'd  
I in your service die;  
And you may have a fleeter hound,  
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,  
But by your couch will ne'er be found  
So true a guard as I!"

And to his last stout Percy rued  
The fatal chance, for when he stood  
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,  
And fell amid the fray,  
E'en with his dying voice he cried,  
"Had Keckdar 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 joint'd the tides which flow  
Conveying human bliss and woe  
Down 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 colors drest,  
The scene shall live for ever.

From Anne of Geierstein.

1829.

(1.)—THE SECRET TRIBUNAL

— "Phillipson 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 Phillipson 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.

Up, then, up! When day's at rest,  
'Tis time that such as we are watchers,  
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!  
Vengeance knows no sleepy eyes,  
He and night are watchers.  

Chap. xx

(2.)—MOTTOES

(1.)—CHAP. III.

Cursed be the gold and silver, which persuade  
Weak man to follow far fatiguing trade  
The lily, peace, onshines 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-Drive
(9.)—Chap. xxviii.

A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gayety,
Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain.
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises 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

do

The cumbersome helm of steel, and flung aside
The yet more gallant diadem of gold;
While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets

(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. xxxiii.

Toll, toll the bell!
Greatness is o'er,
The heart has broke,
To ache no more;

An unsubstantial pageant all—

Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.

Old Poet.

(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,
'Wen while he serves the altar

Old Play

The Foray.

Set to music by John Whitefield, Mus. Bap.

1830.

The last of our steers on the board has been sprea
And the last flaks of wine in our goblet is red;

Gesegnet sei der Rhein," etc.

* Set to music in Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, pub-
lished in 1830.
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and be
gone;
There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be
won.

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 veiled 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 Gray!
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 bagle has blown;
One pledge is to quaff yet—then mount and be
gone!—
To their honor and peace, that shall rest with the
slain;
To their health and their glee, that see Teviot
again!

Inscription

For the Monument of the Rev. George Scott

1830.

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale
Fells 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 thine own?
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,
Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was
fought.

1 This young gentleman, a son of the author's friend and
cpanion, Hugh Scott of Harden, Esq. (now Lord Polwarth),
became Rector of Kentishborne, in Devonshire, in 1828, and
died there the 9th of June, 1830. This epitaph appears on his
 tomb in the chancel there.

Lines on Fortune.

1831.

"By the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, Sir
Walter consulted a skilful mechanic, by name Fortu-
tune, about a contrivance for the support of the lame
limb, which had of late given him much pain, as well
as inconvenience. Mr. Fortune produced a clever
piece of handiwork, and Sir Walter felt at first
great relief from the use of it; insomuch that his
spirits rose to quite the old pitch, and his letter to
me upon the occasion overflows with merry ap-
lications of sundry maxims and verses about
Fortune. 'Fortes Fortuna adjungit'—he says—
'never more sing I

"'Fortune, my Foé, why dost thou frown on me?
And will my Fortune never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed my pain?
And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?"

No—let my ditty be henceforth—
Fortune, my Friend, how well thou favorest me!
A kinder Fortune man did never see!
Thou propp'st my thigh, thou rid'st my knee of
pain,
I'll walk, I'll mount—I'll be a man again.'"


From Count Robert of Paris.

1831.

Mottoes.

1.—Chap. ii.

Otho—This superb successor
Of the earth's mistress, as thou vainly speakest,
Stands 'midst these ages as, on the wide ocean,
The last spared fragment of a spacious land,
That in some grand and awful ministration
Of mighty nature has engulfed been,
Doth lift aloft its dark and rocky cliffs,
O'er the wild waste around, and sadly frowns
In lonely majesty.

Constantine Paleologus, Vice I.

2 "I believe this is the only verse of the old song (often
altered by Shakespeare and his contemporaries) that has as
yet been recovered."—Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. x
p. 38.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(2.)—Chap. ill.
Here, youth, thy foot unbraze,
Here, youth, thy brow unbraze,
Each tribute that may grace
The threshold here be paid.
Walk with the stealthy pace
Which Nature teaches deer,
When, echoing in the chace,
The hunter's horn they hear.

The Court

(3.)—Chap. v.
The storm increases—'tis no sunny shower,
Foster'd in the moist breast of March or April,
Or such as parched Summer cools his lip with;
Heaven's windows are flung wide; the immost 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;
Bu' 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,
Plain sense and honest meaning work their way;
So sink the varying clouds upon the hill,
'Then 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 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 guide to the end the planer aim'd at.

The Engineer.

(7.)—Chap. x.
These were wild times—the antipodes of ours:
Ladies were there, who often saw themselves
In 'e broad lustre of a foeman's shield
Than 'n 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.

Foudal Times

(8.)—Chap. xii.
Without a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbersome,
Within it was a little paradise,
Where Taste had made her dwelling. Statuary
First-born of human art, moulded her images,
Art bade men mark and worship.

Anonymous

(9.)—Chap. xii.
The parties met. The wily, wordly Greek,
Weighing each word, and canvassing each syllable
Evaluating, 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
scorns 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 cramm'd with the combustible, which, haram
less
While yet unkindled, as the sable sand,
Needs but a spark to change its nature so,
That he who wakes it from its slumberous 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 bellet,
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.

(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?

(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.

(4.)—Chap. xviii.
His talk was of another world—his cadences
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.

(5.)—Chap. xx.
Cry the wild war-note, let the champions pass,
Do bravely each, and God defend the right;
Upon Saint Andrew thrice can they thus cry,
And thrice they shout on height,
And then marked them on the Englishmen,
As I have told you right.
Saint George the bright, our ladies' knight,
To name they were full fain;
Our Englishmen they cried on height,
And thrice they shout again.
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; 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 1402) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac, his eldest son: the Earl of Angus and Mornay also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle. "Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welsh war against Owen Glendower; but 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, impended 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 Hamildonhill. 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 bridle, 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 decimated 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, none of whose arrows descended in vain will demonstrate his right to the highest honors of the tragic muse." The British Critic, for October, 1822, says, on the same head, "Though we may not accuses to the author's declaration, that it is 'in no particular calculated for the stage, we must not lead our readers to look for any thing amounting to a regular drama. It would, we think, form an enterprize of very great interest, in an historical play of customary length; and although its incidents and personages are mixed up in these scenes, with an event of real history, there is nothing in either to prevent their being interwoven in the plot of a very drama of which the action should lie in the confines of England and Scotland, at any of the very numerous periods of Border warfare. The whole interest, indeed, of the story, is engrossed by two characters, imagined, as it appears to us, with great force and probability, and contrasted with considerable skill and effect."
The Scots fell without fight, and unrevened, 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, in-
stead of indulging your ancient courage, and meet-
ing your enemies hand to hand? Let those who
will, descend with me, that we may gain victory,
a life, or fall like men.' This being heard by
Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there
remained an ancient deadly feud, attended with
the mutual slaughter of many followers, he im-
portantly 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 valor 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 cer-
tainly deficient in the most important qualities of
general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at
length attempted to descend the hill; but the
English archers, retreating a little, sent a flight of ar-
rows so sharp and strong, that no armor could
withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose
panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under live
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; Murduc, son of Albany; the Earls of
Morry and Angus; and about twenty-four gentle-
men of eminent rank and power. The chief
slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calen-
dar, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger
Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the
issue of the unfortunate battle of Haldonford.

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of
action has, in the following pages, been transferred
from Haldon to Haldon Hill. For this there was
an obvious reason—for who would again ven-
ture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated
Potspur, who commanded the English at the for-
mer battle? There are, however, several coinci-
dences which may reconcile even the severer anti-
quary to the substitution of Haldon Hill for
Haldonford. 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 mismanagement on that of the van-
quished, 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 Haldonford, as at
Haldon Hill, the Scots were commanded by an ill-
fated representative of the great house of Doug-
las. He of Haldonford was surnamed Tenenmun, i. e. Los
man, from his repeated defeats and miscarriages;
and, with all the personal valor of his race, seems
to have enjoyed so small a portion of their sagra-
city, 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 elder
Douglas of Haldon Hill, or to him called Tenenmun,
who seems to have enjoyed the respect of his
countrymen, notwithstanding that, like the cele-
brated Anne de Montmorency, he was either de-
feated, 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 linear descent, and to which the au-
thor has the honor to be related, avers, that the
Swinton who fell at Haldonford 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

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SCOTTISH

THE REGENT OF SCOTLAND.

GORDON,

SWINTON,

LENNOX,

SUTHERLAND,

ROSS,

MAXWELL,

JOHNSTONE,

LINDSEY,

Scottish Chiefs and Natives

impairatos, sagittarum jaenit perdere festinans. Descende
dant mecum qui velit, et in nomine Domini hos unum
bimus, ut vel sita potiamur, vel saebris ut milites cum ho-
noe occurramus. "Scip._Fordun, Scotis-Chronicon, vol. 1
p. 434.
HALIDON HILL.

ADAM de Vipont, a Knight To-pler.
The Prior of Maison-Dieu.
Reynald, Swinton's Squire.
Hub Hattely, a Border Mos-Trooper.
Herald.

ENGLISH.

King Edward III.

[Chor.]

English and Norman Nobles.

Ricamont,
The Abbot of Walthamstow.

Halidon 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 Vipont and the Prior of Maison-Dieu.

Vip. No further, 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 honor'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 twelve years

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, Graham,

Then shook it field the banners which now moulder

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 seem'd;

Yet, surely, fitter 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-rank.

Pri. I cannot gaze on't with undazzled eye,

So thick the rays dart back from shield and helm,

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. Rev- erend Father,

'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat;

It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it.

I'll fate, that we should lack the noble King,

And all his champions now! Time call'd them not.

For when I parted hence for Palestine,

The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

Pri. Too true, alas! But well you know, in Scot-

land Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet;

'Tis cowl's like mine which hide them. 'Mongst the lofty,

War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle

Before the grain is white. In threescore years

And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived

Well-nigh two generations of our nobles,

The race which holds you, ye summit is the third

Vip. Thou mayst outlive them also.

Pri. Heaven forfend! My prayer shall be, that Heaven will close my eyes,

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 brother-

hood,

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 helm.

Enter Swinton, followed by Reynald and others, to whom he speaks as he enters.

Sw. Halt here, and plant my pennon, till the Regent

Assign our band its station in the host.

1 MS.—"I've look'd on many a well-known pennon
Plaving the air," &c.

2 MS.—"The youths who hold," &c. "are."

3 MS.—"with pennons for Scotland's weak..."
Rey. That must be by the Standard. We have had
That right since good Saint David's reign at least,
Fain would I see the Mariner would dispute it.
Swi. Peace, Reynald! Where the general plants
the soldier,
There is his place of honor, and there only
His valor can win worship. Thou't of those,
Who would have war's deep art bear the wild semblance
Of some disorder'd hunting, where, pell-mell,
Each trusting to the swiftness of his horse,
Gallants press on to see the quarry fall.
You steel-clad Southrons, Reynald, are no deer;
And England's Edward is no stag at bay.

Vip. (advancing.) There needed not, to blazon forth the Swinton,
His ancient burgonet, the sable Bear
Chai'd to the guard'd oak;—nor his proud step,
Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous mace,
Which only he, of Scotland's realm, can wield:
His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
As doth his frame the champion. Hail, brave Swinton!

Swi. Brave Templar, thanks! Such your cross'd shoulder speaks you;
But the closed visor, which conceals your features,
Forbids more knowledge. Umbraville, perhaps—
Vip. (unclosing his helmet.) No; one less worthy of our sacred Order.
Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorched my features
Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton
Will welcome Symon Vipont.

Swi. (embracing him.) As the blithe reaper
Welcomes a practised mate, when the ripe harvest
Lies deep before him, and the sun is high!
Thou'lt follow yon old pennon, wilt thou not?
'Tis tatter'd since thou saw'dst it, and the Bear-heads
Look as if brough't from off some Christmas board,
Where knives had notch'd them deeply.

Vip. Have with them, ne'ertheless. The Stuart's Chequer,
The Bloody Heart of Douglas, Roos's Lymphads, Sutherland's Wild-cats, nor the royal Lion,
Gambant in golden treasure, wins me from them.

We'll back the Bear-heads bravely. I see round them
A chosen band of lances—some well known to me.
Where's the main body of thy followers?
Swi. Symon de Vipont, thou dost see 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.
Striplings and graybeards, 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 centuplied.

Vip. A thousand followers—such, with friends
and kinsmen,
Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances
In twelve years' space!—And thy brave sons Sir
Alan!

Alas! I fear to ask.

Swi. All slain, De Vipont. In my empty home
A puny babe lips to a widow'd mother,
"Where's my grandsire! wherefore do you weep?"
But for that prattler, Lulph'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!—alas!

Swi. Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attributes,
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 gray-hair'd minstrels sing:
When they make maidens weep.

Vip. These wars with England, they have rooted out
The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who might win
The sepulchre of Christ from the rude heathen,
Fall in unholy warfare!

Swi. Unholy warfare? ay, well hast thou named it;
But not with England—would her cloth-yard shafts
Had 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 unavenged!

Swi. Templar, what think'st thou of me?—See yonder rock,
From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it?

1 "'The armorial bearings of the ancient family of Swinton are a chevron, or, between three boars' heads erased, argent. Caret—a bear chained to a tree, and above, on an escroll, J'espere. Supporters—two boars standing on a

2 MS.—"Of the dear land that nusset them—bat in feud.
Firm hearts have moisture eyes. — They are avoised;
I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon
Had with his life-blood dyed my father's sword,
In guerdon that he thim'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,
If he'll in the fray—till a light one
Vip. You are at heart, then, with an mighty Gordon!
Swi. 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 this land, 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's,
Rages a bitter feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon.
Vip. You, with some three-score lances—and the Gordon
Leading a thousand followers.
Swi. You rate him far too low. Since you sought Palestine,
He hath 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 Dey 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 bost 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 pennon,
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.
Swi. Spoke like the generous Knight, who gave
up all,
Leading and lordship, in a heathen land
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 use
His spurs too rashly! in the wish to win them.
A friend like thee beside him in the fight,
Were worth a hundred spears to renew his valor
And temper it with prudence—'tis the aged ear
Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun
With eye untazzea.
Vip. Alas! brave Swinton! Wouldst 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,
Avenging 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 if he bear him nobly,
Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Pur. Sir Knights, to Council!—'tis the Regent's order,
That knights and men of leading meet him instantly
Before the royal standard. Edward's army
Is seen from the hill-summit.
Swi. Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.

[Exit Pursuivant.

[To Reynald.] Hold thou my casque, and fast my pennon up
Close to the staff. I will not show my crest,
Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge them.
I'll make 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'd him.
During his nurture—caring not, belike,
To trust a pledge so precious near the Bon-tusk
It was a natural but needless caution:
I wage no war with children, for I think
Too deeply on mine 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 Christian priest,
As well as Christian champion. God may grant

* MS.—"The cross I wear appoints me Christian priest
As well a Christian warrior." &c
Of their check'd hose behind, it will be hard
To halt and rally them.

Sur. 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 Southron cause;
Loving the weight and temper of their gold,
More than the weight and temper of their steel.

Reg. Peace, my Lords, ho!
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 I my towers exposed to foraying England,
And tilieuing Annandale, to see such misuse?

Join. Who speaks of Annandale? Dare Max-
well slander
The gentle House of Lochwood?

Reg. Peace, Lordings, once again. We represent
The Majesty of Scotland—in our presence
Brawling is treason.

Sur. Were it in presence of the King himself
What should prevent my saying—

Enter Lindsay

Lin. You must determine quickly. Select a mile
Parts our vanguard from Edward's. On the plain
Bright gleams of armor flash through clouds of dust;
Like stars through frost-mist—steeds neigh, and
Weapons clash—
And arrows soon will whistle—the worst sound
That waits on English war.—You must determine
Reg. We are determined. We will spare proud
Edward
Half of the ground that parts us.—Onward, Lords
Saint Andrew strike for Scotland! We will lead
The middle ward ourselves, the Royal Standard
Display'd beside us; and beneath its shadow
Shall the young gallants, whom we knight this day
Fight for their golden spurs.—Lemnax, thou'rt wise
And wilt obey command—lead thou the rear.

Len. The rear!—why I the rear? The van were
fitter
For him who fought abreast with Robert Bruce.

Swl. (apart.) Discretion in th' forsaken Lemnax
too!
The wisdom he was forty years in gathering
Has left him in an instant. 'Tis contagious
Even to witness phrenzy.

Sur. The Regent hath determined well. The
rear
Suits him the best who can mould our retreat.

1 In the MS. the scene terminates with this line.
2 Morarchat is the ancient Gaelic designation of the Earls
of Sutherland. See ante, page 704, note.

Lochwood Castle was the ancient seat of the Johnstones
of Annandale.
LEX. Proud Northern Thane, the van were soon the rear,
Wore thy disorder'd followers planted there.
Swn. Then, for that very word, I make a vow
By my broad Earldom, and my father's soul,
That if I have not leading of the van,
I will so fight to-day!
Ross. Monarch! thou the leading of the van!
Not whilst MacDonnell lives.
Swn. (apart.) Nay, then a stone would speak.
[Addresses the Regent.] May't please your Grace, And thou great Lords, to hear an old man's counsel,
That hath seen fighting anew. These open bickerings
Dishearten all our host. If that your Grace,
With these great Earls and Lords, must needs debate,
Let the closed tent conceal your disagreement;
Else 'twill be said, ill fares it with the flock,
If shepherds wrangle, when the wolf is nigh.
Reg. The old Knight counsels well. Let every Lord,
Or Chief, who leads five hundred men or more,
Follow to council—others are excluded—
We'll have no vulgar censurers of our conduct—
[Looking at Swinton.]
Young Gordon, your high rank and numerous following
Give you a seat with us, though yet unknighted.
Gordon. I pray you, pardon me. My youth's unfit
To sit in council, when that Knight's gray hairs
And wisdom wait without.
Reg. Do as you will; we deign not bid you twice.
[The Regent, Ross, Sutherland, Lennox, Maxwell, 
&c. enter the Tent. The rest remain grouped about the Stage.
Gon. (observing Swn.) 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.
[Enter other work in hand—
Gon. I will but ask his name. There's his presence
Something that works upon me like a spell,
Or like the feeling made my childish ear
Dote 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 naught earthly—and I fear naught.

I'll know who this man is.

[Sweeps SWINTON.
Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,
To tell your honor'd name. I am ashamed,
Being unknown in arms, to say that mine
Is Adam Gordon.

Swinton (showing 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 as honor'd,
And never will, I trust—most surely never
By such a youth as thou.
Gon. 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?
Swn. Worthy of all that openness and honor
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
Gon. This strange—
Vip. The mystery is needful. Follow me.

[They retire behind the side scene.
Swinton (looking after them.) 'Tis a brave youth
How blushed 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 flash; 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 charged cannon, in the act
To waken its dread slumberers—Now 'tis out;
He draws his sword, and rushes towards me,
Who will nor seek nor shun him.

Enter Gordon, withheld by Vipont.

Vip. Hold, for the sake of Heaven! 0, for the sake
Of your dear country, hold!—Him Swinton slays
And must you, therefore, be yourself a parricide,
And stand recorded as the sellish traitor,
Who, in her hour of need, his country's cause
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.
Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland.
And think on naught beside."

2 In the MS. the five last lines of Vipont's speech are later pointed.
Enter Maxwell from the tent.

SWL. How go our counsels, Maxwell, may I ask?

MAX. As wild as if the very wind and sea
With every breeze and every billow battled
For their precedence.

SWL. Most sure they are possess'd! Some evil spirit,
To mock their valor, robs them of discretion.
Fie, fie upon't!—0, that Dunfermline's tomb
Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's red shore
Could give us back the good Lord James of Doug-

las!
Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror,
Were here, to awe these bravers to submission!

VIR. 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 that made me orphan, I shall need
To name my father twice ere I can strike
At such gray hairs, and face of such command;
Yet my hand clenches on my falchion hilt,
And in token he shall die.

VIR. Need I again remind you, that the place
Permits not 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?

VIR. Such it at times hath been; and then the
Cross
Hath sunk before the Crescent. Heaven's cause
Won not victory where wisdom was not.—
Behold you 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 succor.

Gor. We're fearfully o'ermatch'd in discipline;
So even my inexperienced eye can judge.
What succor save in Heaven?

VIR. Heaven acts by human means. The art-
ist'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 counterpoise the odds 'twixt that ruled host
And our wild multitude.—I must not name him.

Gor. I guess, but dare not ask.—What land is yonder,
Arranged so closely as the English discipline
Hath marshall'd their best files?

VIR. 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 say my country's sagart leader,
And crush by numbers that determined band,
When most my country needs their practisèd 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!"

[Musett] VIR. (apart.) High blood and mettle, mix'd with
early wisdom,
Sparkle in this brave youth. If he survive
This evil-omen'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.

SWL. 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
better:

Of this day's field, Stand still and watch him
closer.'

1 "Mad as the sea and wind, when oaks contend
Which is the mightier."—Hamlet.
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 thea.
Even on this bent; and as our troops are rank'd,
So shall they meet the foe. Chief, nor Thane,
Nor Not le, can complain of the precedence
Which chance has thus assign'd him.
Swi. (apart) O, sage discipline!

That leaves to chance the marshalling of a battle!
Gor. Move him to speech, De Vipont.
Vir. Move him!—Move whom?
Gor. Even him, whom, but brief space since,
My hand did burn to put to utter silence.
Vir. I'll move it to him.—Swinton, speak to
them,
They lack thy counsel sorely.
Swi. 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 lances, who seeks words of weight?
Gor. (steps forward) Swinton, there's that of
wisdom on thy brow,
And valor in thine eye, and that of peril
In this most urgent hour, that bids me say,—
Bids 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 sev'nny tiers;
So that the rearward stands as fair and open—
Swi. As e'er stood mark before an English archer.
Reg. Who dares to say so?—Who is't dare im-
peach
Our rule of discipline?
Swi. 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 muster's name no more.
Swi. 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 use-
ful—
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.
Lex. Hear him, my Lord; it is the noble Swin-
ton—

He hath had high experience.
Max. He is noted
The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed and Solway,—
I do beseech you, hear him.
Johns. Ay, hear the Swinton—hear stout 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 gare
On your old warrior in his antique armor,
As if he were arisen from the dead,
To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.
Swi. '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 counsell'd.—Bruce had
bidden ye
Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly
Here on the bare hill-side, and bid your mark
Your clouds of Southron archers, bearing down
To the green meadow-land 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 2 yrs,
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gall our from
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
All idly and in vain their branchy horns,
As we shall make our unavailing spears.
Roc. Tush, tell not me! If their shot fall like
lail,
Our men have Milan coats to bear it out.
Swi. Never did armorer temper steel on stilly
That made sure fence against an English arrow
A cobweb gossamer were guard as good!1
Against a wasp's sting.
Reg. Who fears a wasp's sting?
Swi. I, my Lord, fear none
Yet should a wise man brush the insect cease;
Or he may smart for it.
Roc. We'll keep the hill; it is the vantage-
ground
When the main battle joins.
Swi. It never will join, while their light archery

1 MS.——"guard as thick."
Can foil our spearmen and our barbed horse.
To hope Plantagenet would seek close combat
When he can conquer riskless, 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 excetration on you waspish archers.
I've done such work before, and love it well;
If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The James of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Weardale,
Shall sit in widowhood and long for venison.
And long in vain. Who'er remembers Bamockburn,
And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet,
Forget that stirring word! — knows that great battle
Even thus was fought and won.

Lex. This is the shortest road to banaly blows;
For when the hills 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 feel the short-breath'd Southron

Sw. I do not say the field will thus be won;
The English host is numerous, brave, and loyal;
Their Monarch most accomplished in war's art,
Skill'd, resolute, and wary —

Reg. And if your scheme secure not victory,
What does it promise us?

Sw. This much at least —
Darkling we shall not die: the peasant's shaft,
Loos'n'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 Southron 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?

Sw. Not all; for I would pray you, noble Lords
(If one, among the guilty list, might),
For this one day to charm to ten hours' rest
The never-dying wound of deadly feud,

That gnaws our vexed hearts — think no one but
Save Edward and his host — days 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's virtuous sting,
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 went 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 wort-
ther? —

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 seek
The boon of knighthood from the honor'd weapon
Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,
That ever graced 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 in-
solent —

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 dissen-
sion,
When most the time demands that native Scotsman
Forget each private wrong!

Sw. (interrupting him.) Youth, since you crave
me
To be your sire in chivalry, I remit you
War has its duties, Office has its reverence

foeman, the mortal antagonist of his father, to the no less warm
and generous devotion of feeling which is inspired in it by the

2 MS. — "For this one day to chase our country's cause
From your vex'd bosoms, and think no one enemy,
But those in yonder army — days ensue.
Ay days," &c.
Who governs in the Sovereign's name is Sovereign;—
Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.
Gon. You task me justly, and I crave his pardon,

[Boes to the Regent.]
His and these noble Lords'; and pray them all
Bear witness to my words.—Ye noble presence.
Here I remit 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,

[Touching his shoulder with his sword.]
I dub thee Knight!—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!
Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,
Should this ill hour permit!

[The trumpets sound; the Heralds cry
"Largesse," and the Attendants shout
"A Gordon! A Gordon!"

Reg. Beggars and flatterers! Peace, peace, I say!
We'll to the Standard; knights shall there be made
Who will with better reason crave your clausal.
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 saggest leader,—
Sir Gordon quotes the man who slew his father,
With his old pedigree and heavy mace,
Essay the adventure if it pleases him,
With his fair threescore horse. As for ourselves,
We will not peril aught upon the measure.

Gon. Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir Alan
Shall venture such attack, each man who calls
The Gordon chief, and hopes or fears from him
Or good or evil, follows Swinton's banner
In 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.

Reg. The Border cockerel fair 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.
Gon. Hearken, proud Chief of Isles! Within
my stails
I have two hundred horse; two hundred riders
Stout guard 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 MacDoanell?
Gon. 'Twas he that urged me; but I am re
buked.
Reg. He crouches like a leash-bound to his
master!—
Swi. Each bound must do so that would head
the deer—
'Tis mongrel curs 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—sonnet for Scotland and King
David!

[The Regent and the rest go off, and the
Scene closes. Moment Gordon, Swin
ton, and Vipont, with Reynald and fol
lowers. Lennox follows the Regent
but returns, and addresses Swifon.

Len. O, were my western horsemen but come up!
I would take part with you!

Swi. Better that you remain.
They lack discretion; such gray head as yours
May best supply that want.
Lennox, mine ancient friend, and honor 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 bear us, that as soon the blood
hound
Shall halt, and take no part, what time his com
rade
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
[Exit Lennox.

Vip. (to Gordon.) What ails thee, noble youth?
What means this pause?
Thou dost not rue thy generosity?

Gon. I have been hurried on by strong impulsee.
Like to a bark that sends before the storm,
Till driven upon some strange and distant coast,
Which never pilot dream'd of. Have I not for
given?
And am I not still fatherless?

Swi. Gordon, no;
For while we live I am a father to thee.

Gon. Thou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot

1 In the MS, this speech and the next are interpolated.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Sw. 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 death-feud was not like the household fire,
Which the poor peasant hides among its embers,
To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking.
Ours was the conflagration of the forest,
Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stem.
Hear, ask, nor sparing—not to be extinguished,
Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters.
But, once subdued, its flame is quenched for ever;
And spring shall hide the tract of devastation,
With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand.
Gor. My hand and heart!—And freely now—
To fight!
Vip. How will you act? [To Swinton.] The Gordon's hand and thine
Are in the rearward left, I think, in scorn—
Ill post for them who wish to charge the foremost!
Sw. We'll turn that scorn to vantage, and descend.
Sidelong the hill—some winding path there must be—
O, for a well-skill'd guide!
[Hob Hattely starts up from a Thicket.]
Hob. So here he stands.—An ancient friend, Sir Alan.
Hob Hattely, or, if you like it better,
Hob of the Heron Plume, here stands your guide.
Sw. An ancient friend—I—a most notorious knave,
Whose throat I've destined to the dodder'd oak,
Before my castle, these ten months and more.
Was it not you who drove from Slin prismains,
And Swinton-quarter, sixty head of cattle?
Hob. What then, if now I lead your sixty lances
Upon the English flank, where they'll find spoil
worth six hundred beaves?
Sw. Why, thou canst do it, knave. I would not trust thee
With one poor bullock; yet would risk my life,
And all my followers, on thine honest guidance.
Hob. There is a dingle, and a most discreet one
(I've trod each step by starlight), that sweeps
round
The rearward of this hill, and opens secretly
Upon the archers' flank.—Will not that serve
Your present turn, Sir Alan?
Sw. Bravely, bravely!
Gor. Mount, sirs, and cry my slogan.
Let all who love the Gordon follow me!
Sw. Ay, let all follow—but in silence follow.

Ms. —"But, once extinguish'd, it is quench'd for ever,
And spring shall hide the blackness of its ashes."

Scare not the hare that's couchant on her form—
The croushat from her nest—brush not, if possible,
The dew-drop from the spray—
Let no one whisper, until I cry, "Havoc!"
Then shout as loud's ye will.—On, on, brave Hob
On, thou false thief, but yet most faithful Scotsman!

[Exeunt.

ACT II—SCENE I.

A rising Ground immediately in front of the Position of the English Main Body. Percy, Chandos, Ribaumont, and other English and Norman Nobles, are grouped on the Stage.

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 Walthamstow
Like to a lamb among a herd of wolves!
See, he's about to beat.
An. The King, methinks, delays the onset long.
Cha. Your general, Father, like your rat-catcher
Pauses to bait his traps, and set his snares.
An. The metaphor is decent.
Cha.
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 wear weighty swords in their defence
Although they may offend the tender shin,
When the steel-boot is doff'd.

An. 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,
Be it for good or evil. Lord, bethink thee,
Thou hast withheld from our most reverend house
The tithes of Everingham and Settleston;
HALIDON HILL.

Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church Before her thunders strike thee? I do warn thee In most paternal sort.

\begin{align*}
\text{Cha.} & \quad \text{I thank you, Father, filially,} \\
& \quad \text{though but a truant son of Holy Church,} \\
& \quad \text{I would not choose to undergo her censures,} \\
& \quad \text{when Scottish blades are waving at my throat,} \\
& \quad \text{I'll make fair composition.} \\
& \quad \text{Ab.} \quad \text{No composition; I'll have all, or none.} \\
& \quad \text{Cha.} \quad \text{None, then—'tis soonest spoke. I'll take my chance,} \\
& \quad \text{And trust my sinful soul to Heaven's mercy,} \\
& \quad \text{Rather than risk my worldly goods with thee—} \\
& \quad \text{My hour may not be come.} \\
& \quad \text{Ab.} \quad \text{Impious—impotent—} \\
& \quad \text{Per.} \quad \text{Hush! the King—the King!}
\end{align*}

**Enter King Edward, attended by Baliol 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 princely 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 Baliol, Quitting each House when 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 wiltering On your hill side, 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 wakes 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 breviary. 

**Cha.** (apart.) The Abbot has it—Edward will not answer On that nice point. We must observe his humor. 

[Addresses the King] Your first campaign, my Liege!—That was in Weardale, When Douglas gave our camp you 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 armor: my safe rest Was startled by the cry of "Douglas! Douglas!" 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 pilgrimage, The Lord of Gordon slew him. 

**Per.** Father, and if your house stood on your 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 trifle. 

**Ab.** Trifling to those who wage a war more noble Than with the arm of flesh. 

**Cha.** (apart.) The Abbot's vex'd, I'll rub the sore for him. 

(Aloud) I have seen priests that used that arm of flesh, And used it sturdy.—Most reverend Father, What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms In the King's tent at Weardale?
As. It was most sinfull, 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?
And what is to be rued?
CHA. (apart.) I'll match his Reverence for the
tithes of Everingham.
--The Abbot says, my Liege, the deed was sinfull,
By which your chaplain, wielding secular weap-
ons,
Secured your Grace's life and liberty,
And that he suffers for't in purgatory.
K. Ed. (to the Abbot.) Say'st thou my chaplain
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 chaplain
there,
Then shouldst there join him, priest!—Go, watch,
fast, pray,
And let me have such prayers as will storm Hea-
ven—
None of your main'd and mutter'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 bear'st 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
I' 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
soal,
If thou knowest aught on't, in the evil place?
CHA. My Liege, the Yorkshire men have gain'd
the meadow.
I see the pennon green of merry Sherwood.
K. Ed. Then give the signal instant! We have
lost
But too much time already.

An. My Liege, your holy chaplain's blessed
soal—
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—
ner,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resis-
tless,
Which no mail-coat can brook.—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 with fifty lances in him,
They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.
The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing,
Unerring as his 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 honor in the field
Which archers win, unaided by our lance.
K. Ed. The battle is not ended. [Looks towards
the field.
Not ended?—scanty 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!—tho' 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
Ribauont.

The well-known expression by which Robert Bruce cen-
sured the negligence of Randolph, for permitting an English
body of cavalry to pass his flank on the lay preceding the
battle of Cromburn.
HALIDON HILL. 742

K. Ed. Saint George! Saint Edward! Gentlemen, to horse,
And to the rescue!—Percy, lead the bill-men;
Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—
If yonder numerous host shall 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?

Enter Swinton and Gordon.

Gra. I'll win it back, or lay my head beside it.

[Exeunt.

K. Ed. Saint George! Saint Edward! Gentlemen, to horse,
And to the rescue!—Percy, lead the bill-men;
Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—
If yonder numerous host shall 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?

Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard,
Vipont, 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 so near me, I had nigh struck down
The knave who cried it?

Enter Swinton and Gordon.

Swi. Pitch down my pennon in yon holly bush.
Gra. Mine 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 succeed now, Plantagenet
Must turn his bridle southward.—
Reynald, spur to the Regent with the banner
Of stont De Grey, the leader of their vanguard;
Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew him,
And by that token bid him send us succor.

1 "In the second act, after the English nobles have amused themselves in some trivial conversation with the Abbot of Waltham-town, Edward is introduced; and his proud courageous temper and short manner are very admirably delineated; though, if our historical recollections do not fail us, it is more completely the picture of Longshanks than that of the third Edward. . . . We conceive it to be extremely probable that Sir Walter Scott had resolved to commemorate some of the events in the life of Wallace, and had already sketched that hero; and a Templar, and Edward the First, when his eye glanced over the description of Homildon Hill, in Pinkerton's History of Scotland; that, being pleased with the character of Swinton and Gordon, he transferred his Wallace to Swinton: and that, for the sake of retaining his portrait of Edward, as there happened to be a Gordon and a Douglas at the battle of Halidon in the time of Edward the Third, and there was so much similarity in the circumstances of the contest, he preserved his Edward as Edward the Third, retaining also his old Knight Templar, in defiance of the anachronism."—Monthly Review, July, 1822.

2 The MS. adds—"such was my surprise!"

3 "While thus enjoying a breathing time, Swinton observes the thoughtful countenance of De Vipont. See what follows.

Willet, the Englishman, receiving this news, he instantly went to the Queen of Scotland, who held a council of war, and was so much agitated that she could not hear the report of her son. "—New Edinburgh Review.
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—
I have betray'd myself.

Swi. 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.

Now will I counsel thee;
The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
Being weeded 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? 2

Gon. 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?

Swi. I would, nay must.
Thy father in the paths of chivalry,
Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course by.

Gon. Nay, then, her name is—hark——
[Whispers.

Swi. I know it well, that ancient northern house.
Gon. O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honor
In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee——
Swi. It did, before disasters had mutined me.
Gon. O, her notes
Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,
That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,
knows the wild harpings of our native land?
Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle; roose to merciment,
Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood,
Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,
And gray-haired bards, contend which shall the first
And choicest homage render to the enchantress.

Swi. You speak her talent bravely.

Gon. Though you smile,
I do not speak it half. Her gift creative,
New measures adds to every air she wakes;
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,
HALIDON HILL.

Rather than such a victim!—(Trumpets.) Hark, they come!
That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.
Gon. Yet shall my lady's name mix with it gayly.
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 Harty.

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. Ha, thou knave,
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 halter, 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 discovers Swinton on the ground, Gordon supporting him; both much wounded.

Swi. All are cut down—the reapers have pass'd o'er us,
And lie to distant harvest.—My toil's over;
There is my sickle. [Dropping his sword.] Hand of mine again
Shall never, never wield it!
Gon. O valiant leader, is thy light extinguish'd?
That only beacon-flame which promised safety
In this day's deadly wreck!
Swi. My lamp hath long been dim! But thine,
young Gordon,

Just kindled, to be quenched so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendor!—
Gon. Five thousand horse hung idly on yon 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 yon leading staff,
As well his rank and valor might have claim'd it, We had not fall'n unaided.—How, O how Is he to answer it, whose deed prevented—
Gon. 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 assuage the dead, and him who follows!
We've drank 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 late inflicted; Thou, who hast done no wrong, need'st no forgive ness,—
Why should'st thou share our punishment!
Gon. All need forgiveness—[distant alarum]—
Hark, in yonder shout
Did the main battles 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—
Gon. All's lost! all's lost!—Of the main Scottish host,
Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly forward, And some there are who seem to turn their spears Against their countrymen.
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 of't.—
Let thy hands close them, Gordon—I will dream My fair-haired William renders me that office! [Dies
Gon. And, Swinton, I will think I do that duty To my dead father.

Enter De Vipont.

Vip. Fly, fly, brave youth!—A handful of thy followers,
The scatter'd gleaning of this desperate day, Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue.—
O linger not!—I'll be your guide to them
The sable bear chain'd to the leafy oak,
And that huge mace still seen where war was
wildest!

King En. 'Tis Alan Swinton!

Grim chamberlain, who in my tent at Weardale,
Stood by my startled couch 2 with torch and mace
When the Black Douglas' war-cry waked my
camp.

Gon. (sinking down.) If thus thou know'st him,
Then wilt respect his corpse.

K. En. As belted Knight and crowned King, I
will.

Gon. And let mine
Sleep at his side, in token that our oath

Ending the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

K. En. It is the Gordon! Is there aught beside
Edward can do to honor bravery,
Even in an enemy?

Gon. Nothing but this:

Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,
Profound 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. En. (to Gon.) Vipont, thy crossed shield shows
ill in warfare
Against a Christian King.

Vip. That Christian King is warring upon Scot-
land.

I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar; 3
Sworn to my country ere I knew my Order.

K. En. I will but know thee as a Christian cham-
pion,
And set thee free unransom'd.

Enter Abbot of Walthamstow.

Ab. Heaven grant your Majesty
Many such glorious days as this has been!

K. En. It is a day of much and high advan-
tage;
Glorious it might have been, had all our foes

author has placed in veritable presentment before us:—his ver-
erable age, superior prowess, and intuitive decision;—the broil
in which he had engaged, the misfortunes he had suffered, and
the intrepid fortitude with which he sustained them,—together
with that rigorous control of temper, not to be shaken even by
amortized contempt and insult,—these qualities, grouped and
embodied in one and the same character, render it morally
impossible that we should not at once sympathize and admire.
The inherent force of his character is finely illustrated in the
effect produced upon Lord Gordon by the first appearance of
the man ' who had made him fatherless.' — * —

3 Venetian General, observing his soldiers testified such
unwillingness to fight against these of the Pope, whom those
regarded as father of the Church—addressed them in terms of
similar encouragement.—Fig. 1 "we were Venetians be-
fore we were Christians."
Fought like these two brave champions.—Strike the drums,
Sound trumpets, and pursue the fugitives,

1 “It is generally the case that much expectation ends in
disappointment. The free delineation of character in some of
the recent Scottish Novels, and the admirable conversations
interspersed throughout them, raised hopes that, when a regular
drama should be attempted by the person who was considered
as their author, the success would be eminent. Its
announcement, too, in a solemn and formal manner, did not
diminish the interest of the public. The drama, however,
which was expected, turns out to be in fact, and not only in
name, merely a dramatic sketch, which is entirely deficient in
plot, and contains but three characters, Swinton, Gordon, and
Edward, in whom any interest is endeavored to be excited.
With some exceptions, the dialogue also is flat and coarse;
and for all these defects, one or two vigorous descriptions of
battle scenes will scarcely make sufficient atonement, except
in the eyes of very enthusiastic friends.”—Monthly Review.

“Halidon Hill, we understand, unlike the earlier poems of
its author, has not been received into the ranks of popular
favor. Such rumors, of course, have no effect on our critical
judgment; but we cannot forbear saying, that, thinking as we
do very highly of the spirit and taste with which an interest-
ing tale is here sketched in natural and energetic verse, we
are yet far from feeling surprised that the approbation, which
is our pleasing duty to bestow, should not have been antici-
pated by the ordinary readers of the work before us. It bears,
3 truth, no great resemblance to the narrative poems from
Till the Tweed’s eddies whelm them. Berwirt’s
render’d—

These wars, I trust, will soon find lasting close

which Sir Walter Scott derived his first and high reputation
and by which, for the present, his genius must be character-
ized. It is wholly free from many of their most obvious faults
—their carelessness, their irregularity, and their inequality both
of conception and of execution; but it wants likewise no inconn-
siderable portion of their beauties—it has less pomp and cir-
sumstance, less picturesque description, romantic association
and chivalrous glitter, less sentiment and reflection, less per-
haps of all their striking charms, with the single exception of
that one redeeming and sustaining quality, which forms, in our
view, the highest recommendation of all the author’s works
of imagination, their unaffected and unlabored union. This
perhaps, after all, is only saying that we have before us a
dramatic poem, instead of a metrical tale of romance, and
that the author has had too much taste and discretion to be-
dizen his scenes with inappropriate and encumbering ornmu-
tax. There is, however, a class of readers of poetry, and a
pretty large class, too, who have no relish for a work, however
naturally and strongly the characters and incidents may be
conceived and sustained—however appropriate and manly may
be the imagery and diction—from which they cannot select
any isolated passages to store in their memories or their com-
monplace books, to whisper into a lady’s ear, or transcribe into
a lady’s album. With this tea-table and watering-place school
of critics, ‘Halidon Hill’ must expect no favor; it has no rage
—no mysticism—and, worst offence of all, no affectation.”—
British Critic, October, 1822
INTRODUCTION.

These few scenes had the honor to be included in a Miscellany, published in the year 1823, 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.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Scenes.*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Ninian,</th>
<th>Monks of Lindores.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Waldhave,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lindsey,</td>
<td>Scottish Barons</td>
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MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS."

---

PRELUDE.

Nay, smile not, Lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
And say, that still there 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 looser'd portion of the neighboring 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:—
Oblivious sages, at that simple spell,
Shall render back their terrors with their woes,
Alas! and with their crimes—and the proud
phantoms
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 silvery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life.
But if it be 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.
MACDUFF'S CROSS.

Enter, as having ascended the Pass, Ninian and Waldhave, Monks of Lindores. Ninian crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions. Waldhave stands gazing 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 hast the steep ascent exhausted you?
You trode it stoutly, though 'twas rough and toil
WAL. I have trode a rougher.

NIN. Scarcely within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bernarty.
WAL. I spoke not of the literal path, good father.
But of the road of life which I have travell'd,
'Fore 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 further
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 is the Tay roll'd down from Highland hills,
That rests his waves, after so rude a race,
In the fair plains of Gowrie—further westward,
Proud Stirling rises—yonder 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 have you heard a tale,
Which when he tells, the peasant shakes his head,
And shuns the moulderng and deserted walls.
WAL. Why, and by whom, deserted?
NIN. Long the tale,—
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Sold Louis Lindesay, a wife, and found——
WAL. Enough is said, indeed—since a weak
woman,
Ay, and a tempting fiend, lost Paradise,
When man was innocent.
NIN. They fell at strife,
Men say, on slight occasion: that fierce Lindesay
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 ordain'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 axe
Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,
Three boons the victor ask'd, and thrice did Mc
colm,
Stooping the sceptre by the Thane restored,
Assent to his request. And hence the rule,
That 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, in gerdon of the crown 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 stayed,
And here the pouting 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 neighboring nobles, now most likely
From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindesay's blood upon his hand.
WAL. The Lindesay, then, was loved among his
friends?
NIN. Honor'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! (solemnly)—Forgive
me (recollecting himself)—I was dreaming
Of an old baron, who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.

Nix. Lindsey’s name, my brother,
Indeed was Reynold; — and methinks, moreover,
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 saint! I thought myself scarce safe,
Till Thy roll’d broad between us. I must now
Unto the chapel—meanwhile the watch is thine;
And, at thy word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should soon arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And, at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must step his bloody course—e’en as sworn Jordan
Controll’d his waves, soon as they touch’d the feet
Of those who bore the ark.

Wal. Is this my charge?

Nix. 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 lands have toll’d.

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,
Concocting 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 Nixian.

Nix. Look to your watch, my brother; horsemen come:

Ho! Clear their tread when kneeling in the chapel.

At. (looking to a distance.) My thoughts have
Rant’d me more than thy devotion,
Else had I heard the tread of distant horses
Farther than thou couldst hear the sarking bell;
Get now in truth they come: flight and pursuit
Are sights I’ve been long strange to.

Nix. See how they gallop down the opposing hill!

You gray steed bounding down the headlong path,
As on the level meadow; while the black,
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Steeps on his prey as I have seen the falcon

Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost drown
And clench thy hand, as if it grasp’d a weapon?

Wal. ’Tis but for shame to see a man fly thus
While only one pursues him. Coward, turn!—

Turn thee, I say! thou art as stout as he,
And well mayst match thy single sword with his—

Shame, that a man should rein a steen like thee,
Yet fear to turn his front against a foe!—

I am ashamed to look on them.

Nix. Yet look again; they quit their horses now
Until for the rough path: the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still.—They strain towards us,

Wal. I’ll not believe that ever the bold Thane
Rear’d 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!—

Nix. He comes! the 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 honor to maintain, and must not seem
To quail before the haity.

[Enter Maurice Berkeley.

Wal. Who art thou, stranger? 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.

Nix. Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?

Ber. Let him show it,

Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

[Enter Lindsey, with his sword drawn. He rushes at Berkeley. Nixian interposes.

Nix. Peace, in the name of Saint Magridius! Peace, in our Prior’s name, and in the name
Of that dear symbol, which din purchase peace
And good-will towards man! I do commend thee
To sheath thy sword, and stir no contest here.

Lin. One charm I’ll try first,
To hire the craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath harbor’d in.—Hear you, D. Berkeley?

This is my brother’s sword—the hand it as
Is weapon’d to avenge a brother’s death—
If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,
And chance three blows,—even for so short a space
As these good men may say an ave maria.—
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
That slaying thee were but a double guilt
In which to steep my soul, no bridelroom ever
Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride,
More joyfully than I, young man, would rush
To meet thy challenge.

Ins. He quails, and shuns to look upon my
weapon.
Yet boasts himself a Berkeley! 
Ber. Lindsay, and if there were no deeper cause
For stunning thee than terror of the weapon,
That rock-burnt Cross as soon should start and stir.
Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,
As I for brag of time.

Ins. I charge you both, and in the name of
Heaven,
Beneath no defiance on this sacred spot.
Where Christian men must bear them peacefully,
On pain of the Church thundering. Cullaly tell
Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindsay, thou
Be first to speak them.

Ins. Ask the blue walkin'—ask the silver Tay,
The northern Grampians—all things know my
wrongs;
But ask not me to tell them, while the villain,
Who wrought them, stands and listens with a
smile.

Ins. It is said—
Since you refer us thus to general fame—
That Berkeley slew thy brother, the Lord Louis,
In his own halls at Edzell—
Ins. Ay, in his halls—
In his own halls, good father, that's the word.
In his own halls he slew him, while the wine
Pass'd on the board between! The gallant Thane,
Who wreak'd Macbeth's inhosiptable murder,
Rears not you Cross to sanction deeds like these.
Ber. Thou say'st I came a guest!—I came a
victim,
A destitute victim, train'd on to the doom
His frantic jealousy prepared for me.
He fix'd a quarrel on me, and we fought.
Can I forget the form that came between us,
And perish'd by his sword? 'Twas then I fought
For vengeance—until then I guarded life,
But then I sought to take it, and prevail'd.

Ins. Wretch! thou diest first dishonor to thy
victim,
And then diest slay him!
Ber. There is a busy fiend tugs at my heart,
But I will struggle with it!—Youthful knight,
My heart is sick of war, my hand of slaughter;
I come not to thy lordships, or my land,
But just to seek a spot in some cold cloister,
Which I may kneel on living, and, when dead,
Which may suffice to cover me.
Forgive me that I caused your brother's death;
And I forgive thee the injurious terms
With which thou taxest me.

Ins. Take worse and blacker.—Murderer, adult
over!—
Art thou not moved yet?
Ber. Do not press me further
The hunted stag, even when he seeks the thicket,
Compell'd to stand at bay, grows dangerous!
Most true thy brother perish'd by my hand,
And if you term it murder—I must bear it.
Thus far my patience can; but if thou bramble
The purity of yonder martyr'd saint,
Whom then my sword but poorly did avenge,
With one injurious word, come to the valley,
And I will show thee how it shall be answer'd!

Ins. This heat, Lord Berkeley, doth but ill at
cord
With thy late pious patience.

Ber. Father, forgive, and let me stand excused
To Heaven and thee, if patience brotho no more.
I loved this lady fondly—truly loved—
Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet her father
O'erd her on another. While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul as hollow'd
As those I said to Heaven; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor land
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn.

Ins. 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 obeisance to the blessed Cross
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.

[Wal. (rushing forward.) Madman, stand!—
Stay but one second—answer but one question.
There, Maurice Berkeley, canst thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou'st 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! 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. (thrusts back his coat.) He hears! he
hears! Thy spell hath raised the dead
Ins. My brother! and alive!—
Wal. Alive,—but yet, my Richard, dead to
thee,
No tie of kindest 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.
Linn. 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.—  
Baz. (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  
Lindesay,  
Woo her, and be successful.
The Doom of Devorgoil.

PREFACE

The first of these dramatic pieces was long 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 Devorgoil are intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectionable, and the production and other faults, which rendered it unfit for representation, I have called the piece a Melodrama, for want of a better name; but, as I learn from the unquestionable authority of Mr. Colman's Random Records, that one species of the drama is termed an extravganza, I am sorry I was not sooner aware of a more appropriate name than that which I had selected for Devorgoil.

The Author's Publishers thought it desirable, that the scenes, long condemned to oblivion, should be united to similar episodes of the same kind, and as he felt indifferent on the subject, they are printed in the same volume with Holi-ton 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 Devorgoil 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. i. 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 those who, for


Mr Daniel Pott, the comedian, distinguished for a very

sens of a milder description, are permitted to wander with the "rout that never rest," as they were termed by Dr. Leyden. They imitate human labor and human amusements, but their toil is useless, and without any advantageous result; and their gayety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick is supposed to be a spectral of this character.

The story of the Ghostly Barber is told in many countries; but the best narrative founded on the passage, is the tale called Stumme Liebe, among the legends of Meuseus. I think it has been introduced upon the English stage in some pantomime, which was one objection to bringing it on the scene a second time.

ABBEYFORD, April, 1830.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OSWALD OF DEVORGOIL, a decayed Scottish Baron.

LEONARD, a Ranger.

DUMFRIESS, a Palmer.

LANCELOT BLACKTHORN, a Companion of Leonard in love with Katleen.

GULLCRAMMER, a conceited Student.

OWLSPIGLE and Maskers, represented by Black Cockledeemoy, in the Scotch manner.

SPIRIT OF LORD ERICK OF DEVORGOIL.

PEASANTS, SHEPHERDS, AND VASSALS OF 

ELEANOR, Wife of Oswald, descended by obscure Parentage.

FLORA, Daughter of Oswald.

KATLEEN, Niece of Eleanor.

peculiar style of humor on the stage, and, moreover, by personal accomplishments of various sorts not generally shared by members of his profession, was, during many years, in terms of intimacy with Sir Walter Scott. He died 9th June 1839.
To tempt their rovers back—the lady’s bower,
The shepherdess’s hut, the wild swan’s couch
Among the rushes, even the lark’s low nest,
Has that of promise which lures home a lover,—
But we have naught of this.

Flo. How call you, then, this castle of my sires
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,
Sole living tenant of the Baron’s halls,
Who, train’d 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 figots, destined soon
To dress our last of suppers, and, poor soul,
Is starved with cold, and mewing mad with hunger

Flo. ‘Dye mock our misery, Katleen!’

Kat. No, but I am hysteric 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 ceremonies at the tidings.

Flo. My mother, too, would gladly see you places
Beyond the verge of our unhappiness,³
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 not touch of nobleness,
In manners, birth, or mind, to recommend him,—
Sage Master Gullcrammer, the new-dubb’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 figots
Destined to dress our last of meals, but said not
That the repast consisted of choice dainties,
Sent to our larder by that liberal suitor,
The kind Melchisedek.

³ The author thought of omitting this song, which was, in fact, arranged into one in “Quentin Durward,” termed County Guy. [See note, page 709.] It seemed, however, necessary to the sense, that the original stanzas should be retained here.

³ MS.—“Beyond the circle of our wretchedness.”
Were famishing the word, 
I'd famish ere I tasted them—the top, 
The fool, the low-born, low-bred, pedant corcomb! 
Kat. There spoke the blood of long-descended sires! 
My cottage wisdomought toecho back,— 
O the snug parsonage! the well-paid sternend! 
The yew-hedged garden! beehives, pigs, and poultry! 
But to speak honestly, the peasant Kathleen, 
Valuing these good things justly, still would scorn 
To wed, for such, the paltry Gullcrammer, 
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-shawing; 
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 marks-men practise: 
They shoot their match down in the dale beyond, 
Betwixt the Lowland and the Forest district, 
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 asine 
Just when a youth of special note takes aim. 
It chancea 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. 

Enter Lancelot Blackthorn, a Forester, with the 
Carross of a Deer on his back, and a Gun in his hand. 
Blas. Godden, good yeoman.—Come you from the Weaponshaw? 
Blas. Not I, indeed; there lies the mark I shot at. 

[Lays down the Deer. 
The time has been I had not miss'd the sport, 
Although Lord Nithsdale's self had wanted venison; 
But this same mate of mine, young Leonard Dacre, 
Makes me do what he lists;—he'll win the prize, though: 
The Forest strict will not lose it's honor. 

And that is all I care for—(some shots are heard) 
Hark! they're at it. 
I'll go see the issue. 
Flo. Leave not here 
The produce of your hunting. 
Blas. But I must, though 
This is his lair to-night, for Leonard Dacre 
Charged me to leave the stag at Devorgoil; 
Then show me quickly where to stow the quarry: 
And let me to the sports—(more shots) Convast 
hasten, damseis! 
Flo. It is impossible—we dare not take it. 
Blas. There let it lie, then, and I'll wind my bugle, 
That all within these tottering walls may know 
That here lies venison, whose likes to lift it. 

[About to blow 
Kat. (to Flo.) He will alarm your mother; and 
besides, 
Our Forest proverb 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 shooting—then a dis 
tant shot—Stragglers, armed in differ 
ent ways, pass over the Stage, as if from 
the Weaponshaw. 
Flo. The prize is won; that general shout pro 
claim'd it. 
The marks-men 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 Vass. (a shepherd.) Luck, sayst thou, 
man? 'Tis practice, skill, and cunning. 
Third Vass. '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 Vass. 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 man. 
Second Vass. Still I say 'twas not chance: it might be witchcraft. 
First Vass. Faith, not unlikely, neighbors; 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 De 
vorgoil 

have no good reputation in the land.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

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 Vas. 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 over us.
[Blackthorn enters from the Castle, and comes forward while they speak.

THIRD Vas. A mighty triumph! What's that, after all,
Except the driving of a piece of lead,—
As learned Master Gullcrammer defined it,—
Just through the middle of a painted board.
BLACK. And if he so define it, by your leave,
Your learned Master Gullcrammer's an ass.

THIRD Vas. (angrily) He is a preacher, huntsman, under favor.

SECOND Vas. No quarrelling, neighbors—you may both be right.

Enter a Fourth Vassal, with a gallon stoup of wine.

FOURTH Vas. Why stand you brawling here?
Young Leonard Dacre
Has set abroach 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.
BLACK. And that I will; but first we will take toll
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 trowl our song of weaponslaw.

[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 neighbor that shares it—
If peril approach, 'tis our neighbor that dares it—
And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabor,
The fair hand was press is the hand of a neighbor.

Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands that combine them,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to en-
twine them;
And we'll laugh at the threats of each ancient stranger,
While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

BLACK. Well, I must do mine errand. Master flagon

[Shaking it.
Is too consumptive for another bleeding.
SHEP. 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, neighbor.

[Blackthorn enters the Castle, the rest ex-
cident severely. Melchisedek Gullcram
er watches them off the stage, and then enters from a 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 vetted thumb, and dusts his shoes, all with the air of one who would not will-
ingly be observed engaged in these offices.

He then adjusts his collar and band, comes forward and speaks.

GULL. Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedek;
As well becometh one, whom good Saint Mungo,
The patron of our land and university,
Hath graced with license both to teach and preach—
Who dare upine thou hither plod'st on foot?
Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,
And not a speck upon thine outward man,
Be-wraps the labors 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 she proud sire return. He loves me ot,
Mocketh my lineage, flows 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 draw bridge, Bauldie Durward enters, and interposes himself between him and the Cas
tle. Gullcrammer stops and speaks.

Whom have we here?—that ancient fortune-teller
THE DOOM OF DEVROGOIL.

Papist and sorcerer and steddy beggar,
Old Bauldie Durvaid Would I were well past him!
[Durward advances, partly in the dress of a
palmer, partly in that of an old Scottish
mendicant, bearing coarse blue cloak and
badge, white beard, &c.

DUR. The blessing of the evening on your worship.
And on your taffety doublet. Much I marvel
Your wisdom chooseth such trim garb, when tem-
pests
Are gathering to the bursting.
GULLCRAMMER (looks to his dress, and then to the
sky, with some apprehension.)
Surely, Bauldie,
Thou dost belie the evening—in the west
The light sinks down as lovely as this band
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 unpitied howling of a cudgel'd coxcomb.
Come, come, I know thou seest fair Flora Dev-
voigil.

GUL. And if I did, I do the damsels grace.
riuer mother thinks so, and she has accepted
'these poor hands gifts of some consequence,
And curious dainties for the evening cheer,
To which I am invitea—She respects me.

DUR. But not so doth her father, haughty Os-
wald.
Bethink thee, he's a baron—

GUL. And a bare one;
Construct me that, old man!—The crofts of Muckle-
whame—
Destined for mine soon as heaven and earth
Have shared my uncle's soul and bones between them—
The crofts of Mucklewhame, old man, which nour-

Three scores of sheep, thrée 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 neighbors nickname don-
keys—

DUR. She hath her follower too,—when thou art there,

GUL. I say to thee, these crofts of Mucklewhame,
In the mere tything of their stock and produce,
Outvie whatever patch of land remains
To this old rugg'd castle and its owner.
Well, therefore, may Melchisedek Gullcrammer,
Younger of Mucklewhame, for such I write me,

M. 'That you sh'd walk in such trim guise.'

Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint Andrew,
Preacher, in brief expectation of a kirk,
Endow'd with ten score Scottish pounds per an-
um,
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 gifted as thou seest—aspire to woo
The daughter of the beggar Devvoigil.

Dura 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 profusion—yet, in gratitude
For the pure water of its living well,
And for the barley loaves of its fair fields,
Wherein chopp'd straw contended with the grain
Which best should satisfy the appetite,
I would not see the hopeful heir of Mucklewhame
Thus fling himself on danger.

GUL. Danger! what danger?—Know'st thou not,
old Oswald
This day attends the muster of the shire,
Where the crown-vassals meet to show their arms,
And their best horse of service?—'Twas good sport
(And 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 armors double girt and ostrich plumage.

DUR. Ay! 'twas the jest at which fools laugh
the loudest,
The downfall of our old nobility—
Which may never run 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) stoop to its base
In headlong ruin; while the wise look'd round,
And fearful sought a distant stance to watch
What fragment of the fatere next should follow;
For when the turrets fall, the walls are tottering
GUL. (after pondering.) If that means aught, 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 weapon-shaw in high displeasure,
And hither comes—his wonted bitter temper
Scource sweeten'd by the chances of the day.
Twere much like rashness should you wait his
And thither tend your counsel. [coming,

GUL. And I'll take it;

Good Baudie 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;

Durward, besides the old two-handed sword,
Bears in his hand a staff of potency,
To charm intruders from his castle parlians.

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.

Masnet Durward.

DUR. Thus do I play the idle part of one
Who seeks to save the moth from searching 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 wing.
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 fearful of observation—yet waiting, as if expecting some reply.

Durward, whom he had not observed, moves round, so as to flout 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 eye,
When heart and faith were true?

And when in floods of rose wine
My companions drown'd their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was mine,
My own heart light as theirs.

1 MS.——“ And Flora's years of beauty.”

2 MS.——“ This was an earth-born beetle, dull, and drossy.”

3 From the MS., the following song appears to have been a

4 West interpolation.

5 The MS. here adds:—

“Leonard. But mine is not misplaced—If I sought
beauty,

Resides it not with Flora Devorgoill? 

If pretty, if sweetness, if discretion,
Patience beneath ill-suited tasks of labor,
And final tenderness, that can beguile
My muse by sacred, yet tender thoughts, as the soft moonshine

My brief delay then do not blame,
Nor deem your swain untrue;
My form but linger'd at the game,
My soul was still with you.

She hears not!

DUR. But a friend hath heard—Leonard, I pity
thee.

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 stag 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 bagles.

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 lov'st; and in that little word

Thy voice is sufficient to thy praise,

Of men who wear such heavy 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 further, 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 gay young stripling,
That owes to these white locks and hoary beard
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 orphan Leonard in his cradle;
And well I know, that to thy care alone—

Care seconded by means beyond thy seeming—

I owe what'er of fortune I can boast.

DUR. Then for thy life preserved,

Illumes the cloud of night—if I seek these,

Are they not all with Flora? Number me

The 'ot of female virtues one by one;

And will answer all with Flora Devorgoill.

DUR. This is the wonted pitch of youthful passion;

And every woman who hath had a lover,

However now dev'nd effaced, cross, and canker'd,
And crooked both in temper and in shape,

Has in her day been thought the purest, wisest,

Geniest, and best condition'd—and o'er all

Fairest and liveliest of Eve's numerous daughters.

LEON. Good father, thou art old," &c.
And for the words of knowledge I have furnish'd
(Which lach'ing, man is lachelor'd with the brutes),
Grant me this boon.—Avoid these fatal falls!
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,
Searce seen amid the welkin's shadeless blue.
Dark grew it, and more dark, and still the fortunes
Of this doom'd family have darken'd with it.
It hid their sovereign's favor, and obscured
The lustre 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 boughs, and branches. There re-

A rugged trunk, dismember'd and unsightly,
Waiting the bursting of the final bolt
To splinter it to shivers. Now, go pluck
Its single tendril to enwrath thy brow,
And rest beneath its shade—to share the ruin!

Leo. This anathema,
Whence should it come?—How merited!—and when!

Dur. 'Twas in the days
Of Oswald's grandsire,—mid Galwegian chiefs
The fittest foe, the fiercest champion.
His blood-red pennons scared the Cumbrian coasts,
And wasted towns and monasteries mark'd his progress.
His galleys store with treasure, and their decks
Crowded with English captives, who beheld,
With weeping eyes, their native shores retire,
He bore him homeward; but a tempest rose

Leo. So far I've heard the tale,
And spare thee the recital,—The grim chief,
Marking his vessels labor on the sea,
And loath to lose his treasure, gave command
To plunge his captives in the raging deep.

Dur. There sunk the lineage of a noble name,
And 'twas wild waves boom'd over sire and son,
Mother as 'nursling, of the House of Aglionby,
Leaving but one frail tendril.—Hence the fate
That overl so these turrets,—hence the peasant,
Bect'd, hy'g h'nmewards, dreads to cast
A glance upon that portal, lest he see
The un-shrouded spectre of the murder'd dead,3
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 wretchedness and their loneliness.

Leon. Such is the lotage
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,
Doth Heaven consign the innocent to suffering
I tell thee, Flora's virtues might atone
For all the massacre's sires have done,
Since first the Pictish race their stained limbs
Array'd in wolf's skin.

Dur. Leonard, ere yet this beggar's scrip may
claw
Supplied the place of mitre and of crosier,4
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 footsteps many a league,
There to unloose 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 haggle, 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 Dur-
ward.

Thy father, too, who lost his life and fort in
Defending Lanercost, when its fair aisles
Were spoil'd by sacrilege—I bless'd his banner,
And yet it prosper'd not. But—all I could—
Thou from the wreck I saved, and for thy sake,
Have still dragg'd on my life of pilgrimage
And penitence upon the hated 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
apartment is discovered, in which there is much appearance of present poverty, mixed with some relics of former grandeur. On the wall hang
amongst other things, a suit of ancient armor; by the table is a covered basket; behind, and concealed by it, the carcass of a roe-deer. There is a small lattice window, which, appearing to per-
form a wall of great thickness, is supposed to

MS. — "a House of Firewood."
1 MS. — "spectres of the murderer'd on eyes.
2 MS. — "their painted limbs."

1 MS. — "Supplied the place of palmer's cow and staff"
look out towards the aravbridge. 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 five or six narrow stone steps.

ELEANOR, the wife of Oswald of Devorgoill, Flora and Katleen, her Daughter and Niece, are discovered at work. The former spins, the latter are embroidering. ELEANOR quits her own labor to examine the manner in which Flora is executing her task, and shakes her head as if dissatisfied.

ELE. Fly on it, Flora; this won't 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,
That 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 quench'd him ere 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.
Baron of Devorgoill, this day at least
He banquet's with the nobles, who the next
Would scarce vouchsafe an alms to save his household
From want or famine. Thanks to a kind friend,
For one brief space we shall not need their aid.

FLO. (joyfully) What! knew you then his gift?
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 pondering
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't—
'tis a boon
Comes timely, when frugality, nay, abstinence
Might scarce avail us longer. I had hoped
Ere now a visit from the youthful donor,
That we might thank his bounty; and perhaps
My Flora thought the same, when Sunday's kerchief
And the best kirtle were sought out, and don'd
To grace a work-day evening.

FLO. Nay, mother, that is judging all too close!
My work-day gown was torn—my kerchief sufficed; 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 burst the bubble—down fell house of cards,
And cousin's like to cry for't!

[Aside.

ELE. Gullcrammer! ay, Gullcrammer—then scorn't not at him!
'Twere something short of wisdom in a maiden, who, like the poor bat in the Grecian tale,
Hovers betwixt two classes in the world,
And is disclaim'd 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 better's—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, minx!
FLO. Thou hast no feeling, cousin Katleen
KAT. So! I have brought them both on my poor shoulders
So meddling peace-makers are still rewarded;
E'en let them trot again, and fight it out.

FLO. Mother, were I disclaim'd of every class
I would not therefore so disclaim myself,
As even a passing thought of scorn to waste
On clodhish Gullcrammer.

ELE. List to me, love, and let adversity
Incline thine ear to wisdom. Look around thee—
Of the gay youths who boast a noble name,
Which will incline to wed a dowerless damsel?
And of the yeomanry, who think'st thou, Flora,
Would ask to share the labors of his farm
A high-born beggar?—This young man is modest—

FLO. Silly, good mother; sheepish, if you will it
ELE. Even 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 prize conceited folly!

ELE. Content thee, child—each lot has its own blessings.

This youth, with his plain-dealing, honest suit,
Proffers thee quiet, peace, and contentance,
Redemption from a home, o'er which fell Fate
Stoops like a falcon.—O, if thou couldst choose
(As no such choice is given) twixt such a mate
And some proud noble!—Who, in sober judgment,
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!
The Doom of Devorgoil.

May, 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 portion!  

Flo. I would that he or I were in our grave,  
Rather than thus his suit should goad me!—Mother,  
Flora of Devorgoil, though low in fortunes,  
Is still too high in mind to join her name  
With such a base-born charl as Gullcrammer.  

Ele. You are trim maidens both!  

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  

Car mock the fountain it derives its source from?  
My venerated mother, in that name  

Lies all on earth a child should chiefest honor;  
And with that name to mix reproach or taunt,  
Were only short of blasphemy to Heaven.  

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 affections.  

Means were afforded 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,  
Whate’er it now may seem, had blossoms then,—  
And he forsook the proud and wealthy heiress,  
To wed with me and ruin—  

Kat. (aside.)  
The more fool,  
Jay I, apart, the peasant maiden then,  
Who might have chose a mate from her own hamlet.  

Ele. Friends fall off,  
And to his own resources, his own counsels,  
Abandon’d, as they said, the thoughtless prodigal,  
Who had exchanged rank, riches, pomp, and honor,  
For the mean beauties of a cottage maid.  

Flo. It was done like my father,  
Who scorn’d to sell what wealth can never buy—  
Try: a 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.  

Ex. 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—last seen thy father,  

With aristocracy’s high brow of scorn,  
Spun at economy, the cottage virtue,  
As best befitting her whose dres were peasants;  

Nor can I, when I see my lineage scorn’d,  
Always conceal in what contempt I hold  
The funded chains 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 spilt feelings  
That gender discord in adversity  
Betwixt 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 mood!  

Kat. Now there speak youthful hope and fancy!  

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.  

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.  

Ele. What’s that?  

Kat. That’s Flora, and kayl.  
What can have happ’d?—he thought to stay the night.  

This gear must not be seen.  

Ex. As she is about to remove the basket, she  
Sees the body of the roe-deer.  

Kat. 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.  

Ex. She removes the basket and the roe into a closet.  
As she has done—  

Enter Oswald of Devorgoil, Flora, and Kayl.  

Ex. He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which should  
Have been worn and old—a head-piece and  
Old-fashioned sword—the rest of is dress that  
Of a peasant. His countenance and manner  
Should express the moody and irritable  
Haughtiness of a proud man involved in calamity, and who has been exposed to recent insult.  

Osw. (addressing his wife) The sun hath set—  
Why is the drawbridge lower’d?  

1 MS. — “Ay, but the veil of tenderness can screen it.”
ELE. The counterpoise has fail'd, and Flora's strength
Katleen, and mine united, could not raise it.
Osw. Flora and thee! A goodly garrison
To hold a castle, which, if fame say true,
Once fell'd the King of Norse and all his rovers.
ELE. It might be so in ancient times, but now—
Osw. A herd of deer might storm proud Devorgail.

KAT. (aside to FL.) 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 Blackthorn
Is still within the castle.

Flo. In Heaven's name, rid him out on't, ere my father
Disovers he is here! Why went he not before?
KAT. Because I staid him on some little business;
I had a plan to scarce poor paltry Gullcrammer
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.
Osw. (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 honor's lists,
And drag my scavenged 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-coined viscount, whose good grandsire,
The Lord be with him, was a careful skipper,
And steer'd his paltry skiff 'twixt Leith and Campvere—
Marry, sir, he could buy Geneva cheap,
And knew the coast by moonlight.

Flo. Mean you the Viscount Ellondale, my father?

Osw. What strife has been between you?

Flo. O, a trifl'!

Not worth a wise man's thinking twice about—
Precedence is a toy—a superstition
About a taste of d'ed, joint stool, and trencher.
Something was once thought due to long descent,
And something to Galwegia's oldest baron.—
But let that pass—a dream of the old time.

ELE. It is indeed a dream.

MS. ——"Yet, I know, for minds
Of nobler stamp earth has no dearer motive."

Osw. (turning upon her rather quickly.) Ha said ye! let me hear these words more plain
ELE. Alas! 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 consolation,
The true philosophy of clouted shoe
And linsey-woolsey kirtle. I know, that minds
Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive!
Than what is link'd with honor. Ribands, tassels,
Which are but shreds of silk and spangled tinsel.
The right of place, which in itself is momentary—
A word, which is but air—may in themselves,
And to the nobler file, be steep'd so richly
In that elixir, honor, 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 front—very much in the path.
Of midnight study; and, in gaining these
Emblems of honor, each will hold himself
Repaid for all his labors, deeds, and dangers.
What then should he think, knowing them his own
Who sees what warriors and what sages toil for,
The formal and established marks of honor,
Usurp'd from him by upstart insolence!

ELE. (who has listened to the last speech with some impatience.) This is but empty declamation,
Oswald.
The fragments left at yonder full-spread banquet,
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'll 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 unbridled, 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 thou shalt tell this story, right this wrong?
Rest thou till time is fitting. [Hangs up the sword.

[The women look at each other with anxiety
during this speech, which they partly overhear. They both approach Oswald.

ELE. Oswald—my dearest husband!

Flo. My dear father!

* MS. ——"tinsell'd spangle,"
* MS. ——"One shall seek these emblens"
Osw. Peace, both!—we speak no more of this. I go
To have the drawbridge up. \[Exit.\]

KATLEEN mounts 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 wreaths of darkness.
'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 warranted, my child, from ancient story
And blessed writ, to say, that song assuages
The gloomy cares that prey upon our reason,
And wake a strike between our better feelings
And the fierce dictates of the headlong passions.
Sing, then, my love; for if a voice have influence
To mediate 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 strongest,
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 wanted 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.

‡ Chamber in a distant part of the Castle. A large Window in the flat 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.\[1\]
Kat. This was the destined scene of action
Blackthorn,
And here our properties. But all in vain,
For of Gullermann we’ll see naught to-night,
Except the delays that I told you of.
Blas. O, if he’s left that same hog’s face and saw
sages,
He will try back upon them, never fear it.
The cur will open on the trail of bacon,
Like my old brach-hound.
Kat. And should that hap, we’ll play our come-
dy,—
Shall we not, Blackthorn? Thou shalt be Owls-
piegle—
Blas. And who may that hard-named person be?
Kat. I’ve told you nine times over.
Blas. 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. Then shut your eyes, and let your goodly
ears
Do their good office.
Blas. 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—be told,
Owlspiegle was of old the wicked barber
To Erick, wicked Lord of Devorgoil.
Blas. The chief who drownd his captives in the
Solway.
We all have heard of him.
Kat. A hermit hear, a venerable man—
So goes the legend—came to wake repentance
In the fierce lord, and tax’d him with his guilt;
But he, heart-harden’d, turn’d into derision.
The man of heaven, and, as his dignity
Consisted much in a long reverend beard,
Which reach’d his girdle, Erick caused his bar-
ber,
This same Owlspiegle, violate its honors
With sacrilegious razor, and clip his hair
After the fashion of a rousnish fool.
Blas. This was reversing of our ancient pro-
And shaving for the devil’s, not for God’s sake.
Kat. True, most grave Blackthorn; and in pun-
ishment
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 bar-
er,
Where the profanity was acted, trimming
And clipping all such guests as sleep within it.

1 The MS throughout the First Act reads Buckthorn.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Such is at least the tale our elders tell,
With many others, of this haunted castle.

BLA. And you would have me take this shape
Of Owlspiegle,
And trim the wise Melchisedek!—I wounot.

KAT. You will not!

BLA. No—unless you bear a part.

KAT. What! can you not alone play such a
farce?

BLA. Not I—'m dull. Besides, we foresters
'till hunt our game in couples. Look you, Kat-
leen,

We danced at Shrovetide—then you were my part-
ner;

We sung at Christmas—you kept time with me;
And if we go a mumming in this business,
By heaven, you must be o' te, or Master Gullcram-
mer
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 wont 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 bear——

[Givea paper.

BLA. Part in the gambol. I'll go study quickly,
Is there no other ghost, then, haunts the castle,
But this same barber shave-a-penny goblin?
I thought they glanced in every beam of moon-
shine,
As frequent as the bat.

KAT. I've heard my aunt's high husband tell of
prophecies,
And fates impending o'er the house of Devorgoil;
Legends first coin'd by ancient superstition,
And render'd current by credulity
And pride of lineage. Five years have I dwelt,
And ne'er 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. (takes dresses out of the cabinet.) Why,
there is his own clothes,
Preserved with other trumpery of the sort,
For we have kept naught but what is good for naught.

[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 coxcomb;
So call'd in ancient times, in ours a fool's cap;
For you must know they kept a Fool at Devor-
goil

In former days; but now are well contented
To play the fool themselves, to save expenses,
Yet give it me, I'll find a worthy use for't.
I'll take this page's dress, to play the page
Cockledenoey, who waits on ghostly Owlspiegle
And yet 'tis needless, too, for Gullcrammer
Will scarce be here to-night.

BLA. I tell you that he will—I will uphold
His plighted faith and true allegiance
Unto a son's dow's face and sausages,
And such the dainties that you say he sent you.
Against all other likings whatsoever,
Except a certain 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 naught 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 after-plot of vengeance.

BLA. Kind damsel, how considerate and merci-
ful!
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 overhangs the lake.

BLA. 'Twere a rare place, this house of Devor-
goil,
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 lure of yours.—But bea you gal-
antly;
This Gullcrammer hath vex'd my cousin much,
I faint 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.

EL. (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 ware
robe.) My dress, my page's dress—let i'
alone.
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Bla. Your tiring-room is not, I hope, far distant;
You're inexperienced in these new habiliments—
I am most ready to assist your toilet.
Kar. Out, you great ass! was ever such a fool!
[Runs off.

Bla. (sings.)
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 cursed this twelvemonth this sly puss, young 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 fadg'd right, I'll cote and mouth her,
And then, whoop! dead! dead! dead!—She is the metal
To make a woodsman's wife of!
[Pauses a moment.

Well—I can find a hare upon her form
With any man in Nithsdale—stalk 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 enters, as if busied in the kitchen. There should be some by-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 stopping occasionally, and attending to Oswald's movements, will give viveliness 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. Tush, maid—how my father's humor
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 honor—
So much I owe the sturdy knave, Lance Blackthorn.
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 cater for itself—Thou hear'st the thunder.
[Low 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.
Floa.
'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; Gullcrامر-
mer's voice is heard behind the flat scene,
as if from the drawbridge.
Gul. (behind.) Hillo—hillo—hillo—a—ho!
[Oswald raises himself and listens;
Eleanor goes up the steps, and opens the window at the hoop-hole; Gullcrامر-
mer's voice is then heard more distinctly.
Gul. Kind Lady Devorgoil—sweet Mistress Flora!—
The night grows fearful, I have lost my way,
And wander'd till the road turn'd round with me.
And brought me back—for Heaven's sake, give me shelter!
Kat. (aside.) Now, as I live, the voice of Gullcrامر!
Now shall our gambol be play'd off with spirit;
I'll swear I am the only one to whom
That screech-owl whoop was o'er acceptable.
Osw. What bawling knave is this that takes our dwelling
For some Ledge-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—but it is six Scotch miles To the next borough town, where your Reverence May be accommodated to your wants:
We are poor folk's, I ask your Reverence, And keep a narrow household—there's no track To lead your steps astray—
[Aside] Gul. Nor none to lead them right. You kill me, If you deny me harbor. To budge from hence, And in my weary plight, were sudden death, Interment, funeral-sermon, tombstone, epitaph.
Ele. 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 morn 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 summoned'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 like 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 wanderers—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. (to Kat.) Hillo—hoo—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 exit.]

Ele. O, that the screaming bittern had his course
Where he deserves it, in the deepest marsh!
Kat. I would not give this sport for all the rent Of Devorgoil, while Devorgoil was richest!
(To Ele.) But now you chid 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 some casual stranger,— But he is dull as earth, and every hint Is lost on him, as hail-shot on the cornigrant, Whose hide is proof except to musket-bullets?
Flo. (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 damaged by the storm; Eleanor runs to meet him, in order to explain to him 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 clean given way; the bridge Must e'en remain unraised, and leave us open, For this night's course at least, to passing visitors.
What have we here?—is this the reverend man?
[He takes up the candle, and surveys Gullcrammer, who strives to sustain the inspection with confidence, while fear obviously 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 snitched my cloak, but you may note It rates five marks per yard; my doublet Hath fairly 'senned'—'tis three-piled taffeta.
[Opens his cloak, and displays his doublet Osw. A godly inventory—Art thou a preacher?
Gul. Yea—I laud Heaven and good Saint Munro for it.
Osw. 'Tis the time's plague, when those that should weed fowles Out of the common field, have their own minds Their shelter to the needy wanderer."
MS. "Where it is fittest," &c.
O'er-run with folly—Envoys 'twixt heaven and earth,
Example should with precept join, to show us
How we may scorn the world with all its vanities.
G.L. Nay, the high heavens forebode that I were vain!
When our learn'd Principal such sounding land
Gave to mine Essay 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,
Grace'd me with her soft hand, credit me, ladies,
That still I felt myself a mortal man,
Though beauty smiled on me.
Osw. Come, sir, enough of this, [heavens,
That you're our guest to-night, thank the rough
And all our worser fortunes; be conformable
Unto my rules; these are no Saccharissas
To gild with compliments. There's in your pro-
cession,
As the best grain will have its piles of chaff,
A certain whiffer who hath dared to bait
A noble maiden with love tales and sonnets;
And if I meet him, his Geneva cap
May scarce be proof to save his ass's ears.
Kat. (aside.) Umph—I am strongly tempted;
And yet I think I will be generous,
And give his brains a chance to save his bones.
Then there's more humor in our goblin plot,
Than in a simple dubbing.
Ele. (apart to Flo.) What shall we do? If he
discover him,
He'll fling him out at window.
Flo. My father's hint to keep himself unknown
Is too broad, I think, to be neglected.
Ele. But yet the fool, if we produce his bounty,
May claim the merit of presenting it;
And then we're but lost women for accepting
A gift our needs made timely.
Kat. Do not produce them.
Ele. Even let the top go supperless to bed,
And keep his bones whole.
Osw. (to his Wife.) Hast thou aught
To place before him ere he seek reposes?
Ele. Ah! too well you know our needful fare
Is of the narrowest now, and knows no surplus.
Osw. Shame us not with thy niggard housekeep-
ing;
He is a stranger—were it our last crust,
And he the veriest coxcomb ere wore taffeta,
A pitch he's little short of—he must share it,
Though all should want to-morrow.
Gul. (partly overhearing what passes between
them.) Nay, I am no lover of your sauced
quantities;
Plain food and plenty is my motto still.

Your mountain air is bleak, and brings an appetite:
A sowned sow's face, now, to my modest thinking,
Has ne'er a fellow. What think these fair ladies
Of a sow's face and sausages?

Flo. Plague on the vulgar kind, and on his cour-
teesies,
The whole truth will come out!
Osw. What should they think, but that your
like to lack
Your favorite dishes, sir, unless perchance
You bring such dainties with you.
Gul. No, not with me; not, indeed,
Directly with me; but—Aha! fair ladies!
[Makes signs again.
Kat. He'll draw the beating down—Were that
the worst,
Heaven's will be done!
[Aside.
Osw. (apart.) 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' favor,
Without pretending skill in second sight,
Those of my cloth being seldom conjurers—
Osw. I'll take my Bible oath that thou art none.

Ele. I do opine, still with the ladies' favor,
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,
Soused with his luck of feeling, sense, and courtesy,
Savor like injuries.
[An horn is winded without; then a loud
knocking at the gate.
Leo. (without.) Ope, for the sake of love and
charity!
[Gul. Heaven's mercy! should there come an-
other stranger,
And he half starved with wading 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.
Kat. Go yourself,
And bid the gallant who that bungle 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 thickens. By that
winded bugle,
I guess the guest that next will honor us.—
Little deceiver, that didst mock my troubles,
This now thy turn to fear!
Flo. Mother, if I knew less or more of this
Unthought-of and most perilous visitation,
I would your wishes were fulfilled 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 sau-
sages—

Re-enter Oswald with Leonard, supporting Ba-
die Delward. Oswald takes a view of them, as
formerly of Gullcranner, 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 neigh-
boring royal forest,
Under the good Lord Nithsdale; huntsman, there-
fore,
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?
Dnr. (recovering his breath.) Is but a beggar, sir,
an humble mendicant,
Who feels it 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 blue 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 wander abroad this evening,
And left our larder empty.

Gul. Yet, if some kindly fairy,
In our behalf, would search its hid recesses,—
(Apart.) We'll not go supperless now—were three
to one.—
Still do I say, that a souse'd 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 mood
Is at such height of title, 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 crow so cranks 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. [Exit.
(During the following speeches the Women
place dishes on the table.)
Osw. (to Dun.) How did you lose your path?
Dun. Even 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' Wisps,
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 disappeared,
Even on your drawbridge. I was so worn down,
So broke with laboring through marsh and moor,
That, wold I told I, here my young conductor
Would needs implore me for excus's; else, believe me,
I had not troubled you.
Osw. And why not, father?—have you e'er
heard aught,
Or of my house or me, that wanderers,
Whom or their roving track or sudden circumstance
Oblige to seek a shelter, should avoid
The ha' shj of Devorgoil?
Dun. 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.
Dun. 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 at a Cumbrian
beggar
Should sit an equal guest in his proud halls,
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Whose fathers beggar’d Cumberland—Graybeard, let it be so, I’ll not dispute it with thee. (To Leo, who was speaking to Flora, but on being surprised, occupied himself with the suit of armor.) What makest thou, young man? " Leo I marvel’d at this last ass; it is larger Than arms of modern days. How richly 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 Armor; Oswald interferes. Osw. Do not displace it. My grandsire, Erick, doubled human strength, And almost human size—and human knowledge, And human vice, and human virtue also, As storm or sunshine chanced to occupy His mental hemisphere. After a fatal deed, He hung his armor on the wall, forbidding It e’er should be ta’en down. There is a prophecy, 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 armor justice, Or grace it with a feast. There let it bide, 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 untouch’d, Since his last fatal raid on Cumberland! Osw. Ay, 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’ barred helms and shields—the shafts and bows, Axes and breastplates of the hardy yeomanry— The banners of the vanquish’d—signs these arms Were not assumed in vain, have disappear’d. Yes, one by one they all have disappear’d; And now Lord Erick’s harness hangs alone, Amidst implements of vulgar husbandry And mean economy; as some old warrior, Whom want hath made an inmate of an almshouse, Shows, rudi the beggar’s spendthrifts, base mechanics, And bankrupt pedlars, with whom fate has mix’d him. [House, Dur. Or rather like a pirate, whom the prison— Prime leveller next the grave, hath for the first time Mingled with peaceful captives, low in fortunes, But fair in innocence. Osw. (Looking at Dur. with surprise.) Friend thou art bitter! Dur. Plain truth, sir, like the vulgar copper coinage, Despised amongst the gently, 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 days. Come hither, friend, [They speak apart. And let me ask thee of thine occupation. [Leonard looks round, and, seeing Oswald engaged with Durward, and Gullcrammer with Eleanor, approaches towards Flora, who must give him a opportunity 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? Or why he came at midnight? Leo. Love has no certain loadstar, gentle Flora, And oft gives up the helm to wayward pilotage. To say the sooth—A beggar forced me hence, And Will-o’-wisp did guide us back again. Flo. Ay, ay, your beggar was the faded spectacle 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, let us rather join our course togeth’r And share the breeze or tempest, doubling joys, Relieving sorrows, warding evils off With mutual effort, or enduring them With mutual patience. Flo. This is but flattering counsel—sweet and baseful; But mine had wholesome bitter in’t. 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 intercept them, followed by Gullcrammer. [MS. — "Both smack of better days." No
**SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.**

**Ele.** What, maid, no household cares? Leave to your elders
The task of filling passing strangers' ears
With the due notes of welcome.

**Grl.** Be it thine,
O' Mistress Flora, the more useful talent
Of filling strangers' stomachs with substantial
That is to say—for learn'd commentators
Do so expound substantial in some places,—
With a sous'd bacon-face and sausages.

**Fio.** (apart) Would thou wert sous'd, intolerable pedant,
Base, greedy, perverse, interrupting coxcomb!
Kar. Hush, cox, for we'll be well avenged on him,
And ere this night goes o'er, else woman's wit
Cannot o'ertake her wishes.

[She proceeds to arrange seats. Oswald and
Durward come forward in conversation.]

**Osw.** I like thine humor 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 brands his sword
To back his suit, and is a sturdy beggar—
The courtier begs a riband or a star,
And, like our gentle munipera, is provided
With false certificates of health and fortune
Lost in the public service. For your lover
Who begs a sigh, a smile, a lock of hair,
A buskin-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 knave, and feeds
the humor
Of my aunt's husband, for I must not say
Mine honor'd uncle. I will try a question.—
Your man of merit though, who serves the commonwealth,
Nor asks for a requital?—

**Dur.** Is a dumb beggar,
And lets his actions speak like signs for him,
Challenging double gnerdon.—Now, I'll show
How your true beggar has the fair advantage
Over all the tribes of cloak'd mendicity
I have told over to you.—The soldier's laurel,
The statesman's riband, and the lady's favor,
Once won and gain'd, are not held worth a farthing
By such as longest, loudest, cantad for them;
Whereas your charitable halfpenny, 1
Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,
as worth two farthings, and, in times of plenty,
Will buy a crust of bread.

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**Fio.** (interrupting him, and addressing her fa-
ther.) 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 cloaks are ragged, sure their worth i. equal
Whether at first they were of silk or woolen.

Ele. Thou art scarce consistent.
This day thou didst 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 mean while seated himself]
But this is more.—A better countenance,
Fair fall the hands that sous'd it!—than this log's,
Or prettter provender than these same sausages,
(But by what good friend sent hither, shall be name-
less,)

[Ant.]

Doubtless some youth whom love hath made pro-
[Smiling significantly at Eleanor and Flora]
No prince need wish to peek at. Long, I ween,
Since that the nostrils of this house (by metaphor
I mean the chimney's) smelt a steam so grateful—
By your good leave I cannot daily longer.

[Helps himself]

**Osw.** (places Durward above Gullcrammer.)
Meanwhile, sir,
Please it your faithful learning to give place
To gray 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 com-
pany of others,
It had been better fashion. Time has been,
I should have told a guest at Devorgowl,
Bearing himself thus forward, he was saucy.

[He seats himself, and helps the company
and himself in dumb-show. There should
be a contrast betwixt the precision of his aristocratic civility, and the rude under-
breeding of Gullcrammer.]

**Osw.** (having tasted the dish next him.) Why
this is venison, Eleanor!

**Gul.** Eke! 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 am I sure, that be it what it will,
It is not half so good as sausages,
Or as a sow's face sous'd.
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Osw. Eleanor, whence all this?—
E. Let. Wait till to-morrow,
You shall know all. It was a happy chance,
That furnish'd us to meet so many guests.

[Fill's wine.]

Try if your cup be not as richly garnish'd
As is your treacher. 1
Kar. (apart.) My aunt adheres to the good cau-
tious maxim
If—' Eat your pudding, friend, and hold your
tongue.'
Osw. (tastes the wine.) It is the grape of Bor-
deuex.
Such dainties, once familiar to my board,
Have been estranged from long.

[He again fills his glass, and continues to
speak as he holds it up.]

'All 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
cross 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 mortal sorrows for a season,
And leave, instead, a gay delirium.
Methinks my brain, unused to such gay visitants,
The influence feels already!—we will revel!—
Our banquet shall be loud!—it is our last.
Katleen, thy song.
Kar. Not now, my lord—I mean to sing to-
night
For this same moderate, grave, and reverend cler-
gymen;
I'll keep my voice till then.

Elle. Your round refusal shows but cottage
breeding.

Kat. Ay, my good aunt, for I was cottage nur-
tured,
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 Claver'se with his Cavaliers,
Abjuring the new change of government,
Forcing his fearless way through timorous friends,
And enemies as timorous, left the capital
To remorse 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 murmure
The crowds before us, in their sullen wrath,
And those whom we had pass'd, gathering fresh
courage,
Cried havoc in the rear—we minded them
E'en as the brave bark minds the bursting bil
lows,
Which, yielding to her bows, burst on her sides,
And ripple in her wake.—Sing me that strain,

[To Leonard]

And thou shalt have a meed I seldom tender,
Because they're all I have to give—my thanks.

Leo. Nay, if you'll bear with what I cannot
help,
A voice that's rough with hollowing to the hounds
I'll sing the song even as old Rowland taught me.

Air—"The Bonnets of Bonny Dundie'ns.'

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,

"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns

to be broke;

loped through the city. Being asked by one of his friends, who
stopped him, ' Where he was going? he waved his hat, and is
reported to have answered, ' Wherever the spirit of Morose
shall direct me.' In passing under the walls of the Castle, he
stopped, scrambled up the precipice at a place difficult and dan-
gerous, and held a conference with the Duke of Gordon at a
postern-gate, the marks of which are still to be seen, though
the gate itself is built up. Hoping, in vain, to infuse the vige
of his own spirit into the Duke, he pressed him to retire with
him into the Highlands, raise his vassals there, who were nu-
erous, brave, and faithful, and leave the command of the
Castle to Winram, the lieutenant-governor, an officer on whom
Dundee could rely. The Duke concealed his tidiness under
the excuse of a soldier. ' A soldier,' said he, ' cannot in hon-
or quit the post that is assigned him.' The novelty of the sign
 drew numbers to the foot of the rock upon which the confes-
sence was held. These numbers every minute increased, and, in
the end, were mistaken for Dundee's adherents. The Con
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, ducce man, said, "Just e'en let
him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dun-
dee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down, the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ink carline was flying and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they look'd cottie and sue,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
cramm'd
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd:
There was spite in each look, there was fear in
each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowl's of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;

"Let Mons Meg and her narrows speak two
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 Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of
me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands be-
yond Forth,
If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs in
the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three,
Will cry hoigh! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of baren'd bul-l
hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles be-
side;
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 clash'd, and the horsemen rode
on,

looks fierce and sullen, as if they felt disdain at their former
concurrence. This unexpected sight increased the noise and
tumult of the town, which grew loudest in the square adjoin-
ing to the house where the members were confined, and ap-
peared still louder to those who were within, because they
were ignorant of the cause from which the tumult arose, and
cought contagion from the anxious looks of each other. After
some hours, the doors were thrown open, and the Whig mem-
ers, as they went out, were received with acclamations, and
those of the opposite party with the threats and curses of a
prepared populace. Terrified by the prospect of future alarms,
many of the adherents of James quitting the Convention,
and retired to the country; most of them changed sides; only a
very few of the most resolute continued their attendance."—

1 Previous to 1784, the Grassmarket was the common place
of execution at Edinburgh.
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!

ELE. Katleen, do thou sing now. Thy uncle’s cheerful;
We must not let his humor ebb again.
KAT. But I’ll do better, aunt, than if I sung,
For Flora can sing blithe; so can this huntsman,
As he has shown e’en now; let them duit 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 eyes are laughing near,
And in the goblet’s bosom clear
The cares of day are drown’d;
When puns are made, and buffoons quaff’d,
And wild Wit shoots his roving shaft,
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh’d,
Then is our banquet crown’d,
Ah gay,
Then is our banquet crown’d.

When glee’s are sung, and catches troll’d,
And bashfulness grows bright and bold,
And beauty is no longer cold,
And age no longer dull;
When chimes are brief, and cocks do crow,
To tell us it is time to go,
Yet how to part we do no’ know,
Then is our feast at full,
Ah gay,
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 Armor, which falls with a crash.* All rise in surprise and fear except Gullcrammer, who tumbles over backwards and lies still.]

Osw. That sounded like the judgment-peat—the bull trembles with the volley.

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**THE DOOM OF DEVORGΟIL.**

**DUR.** Happy those
Who are prepared to meet such fearful summons.—
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 armor 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 armor.) This may inform us.

[As they read the manuscript, they talk of the feast and 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 haggard
Upon a point of learning?
Leo. Here is the man of letter’d dignity,
Even in a piteous case.

[Drags Gullcrammer forward.
Osw. Art wakings craven? canst thou read this scroll?
Or art thou only learn’d in sousing swine’s flesh,
And prompt in eating it?
Gul. Eh—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 parchment
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 thy husband.
He breaks no contradiction—'tis his fault,  
And in his wrath he's dangerous.

Gul.(looks at the scroll, and matters as if reading.)  
Hastyboth hotch-potch—
A simple matter this to make a rout of—
Ten rashersen bacon, with-mash venison,
Sausages soused-face—Tis a simple catalogue  
Of our small supper—made by the grave sage
Whose presence knew this night that we should  
feast
On venison, hash'd sow's face, and sausages,
And hung his steel-coat for a supper-bell—
For, 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 palterest!  
Expound the scroll to me!

Gul. You're over hasty;
And yet you may be right too—'tis Samaritan,
Now I look closer out, and I did take it  
For simple Hebrew.

Dun. 'Tis Hebrew to a simpleton,
That we see plainly, friend—Give me the scroll.

Gul. Alas, good friend! what would you do  
with it?

Dun. (takes it from him.) My best to read it, sir
—The character is Saxon,
Used at no distant date within this district;
And thus the tenor runs—nor in Samaritan,
Nor simple Hebrew, but in wholesome English:
—Devorgoil, thy bright moon waneth,
And the rust thy harness staineth;
Servile guests the banquet soil
Of the once proud Devorgoil.

But should Black Erick's armor fall,
Look for guests shall scare you all!
They shall come ere peep of day,—
Wake and watch, and hope and pray.

Kat. (to Flora.) Here is fine foolery—an old wall
shakes
At a loud thunder-clap—down comes a suit
Of ancient armor, when its wasted braces
Were all too rotten to sustain its weight—
A beggar cries out, Miracle! and your father,
Weighing the importance of his name and lineage,
Must needs believe the dotard!

Flora. 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 w se Gullerammer. I'll go prepare me.

Flora. I have not Katleen's spirit, yet I hate

This Gullerammer too heartily, to stop
Any disgrace that's hasting towards him.

Osw. (to whom the beggar has been again read
ing the scroll.)
'Tis a strange prophecy!—The silver moon,
Now waxing sorely, is our ancient bearing—
Strange and unfitness 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 virtues and increase of cheer;
And his, more guests to eat what we have here—
An increment right needless.

Osw. Get thee gone;
To kennel, hound!

Gul. The hound will have his bone.

[ Takes up the platter of meat, and a flask
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 Fl. aa with a lamp
Osw. The owl is fled.—I'll not to bed to-night;
There is some change impending over this house,
For good or ill. I would some holy man
Were here, to counsel us what we should do!
You witless thin-faced gull is but a cassock
Stuff'd out with chaff and straw.

Dun. (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 por-
ture of devotion, and the scene closes.

ACT III.—SCENE i.

A ruinous Ante-room in the Car. w. Enter Kar
leens, fantastically dressed as p. of the Character
of Cockledemon, with a v'w on a. her hand.

Kat. I've scarce had & x, 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—

[Calla
Blackthorn, make haste!

Of his high birth and house, must needs believe
him,}"
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Enter Blackthorn, half dressed as Owlspliege.

Bla. Here am I—Blackthorn in the upper half,
Much at your service; but my nether parts
Are goblinized and Owlspliegled. I had much ado
To get these trankums on. I judge Lord Erick
Kept a good house, and starved his quondam bar-
ner. [coming;
Kat. Peace, ass, and hide you—Gullcrammer is
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!
Bla. This Gullcrammer shall have a bob extra-
ordinary
For my good comrade's sake.—But tell me, Kat-
leen,
What dress is this of yours?
Kat. A page's, fool!
Bla. 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 is there nothing, then, save rank im-
posture,
In all these tales of goblinry at Devorgoil?
Kat. My aunt's grave lord thinks otherwise, sup-
posing
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 armor
To court the levin-bolt—
Bla. And a kind husband, Kathleen,
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 the woodbine round its latticed casement,
The linnet's sure to build 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—be ready at the signal.
Bla. And shall we talk of that same cottage,
Kat. Yea
At better leisure? I have much to say
In favor 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 Apart-
ament. He enters, ushered in by Flora, who sits
on the table a flask, with the lamp.

Flo. A flask, in case your Reverence be athirst
A light, in case your Reverence be afear'd:
And so sweet slumber to your Reverence.
Gul. Kind Mistress Flora, will you?—eh! eh! eh!
Flo. Will I what?
Gul. Tarry a little?
Flo. (smiling) Kind Master Gullcrammer,
How can you ask me aught 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?—I—I am not tim-
orous.
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—
Till to the hall again.
Flo. You'll do your pleasure.
But you have somehow moved my father's ange,
And you had better meet our playful Owlsplie-
ge—
So is our goblin call'd—than face Lord Oswald.
Gul. Owlspliege!—
It is an uncouth and outlandish name,
And in mine ear sounds fiendish.
Flo. Hush, hush, hush!
Perhaps he hears us now—(in an under tone)—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 hebdonald put on this morning.
Flo. Why, you need fear no goblins. But this
Owlspliege
Is of another class:—yet has his frolic.
Cuts hair, trims beards, and plays amid his antics.
The office of a sinful mortal barber
Such is at least the rumor.
Gul. He will not cut my clothes, or scar my face,  
Or draw my blood  
Fto. Enormities like these  
Were never charged against him.  
Gul. And, Mistress Flora, would you smile on me,  
If ’twick’d by the fond hope of your approval,  
I should endure this venture?  
Fto. 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!—on second thoughts I will not—  
I’ve thought on it, and will the mortal cudgel  
Ratlier 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.  
Fto. But you shall not,  
Believe me, sir, you shall not; he is desperate,  
And better far be trimm’d by ghost or goblin,  
Than by my sre in anger; there are stores  
Of hidden treasure, too, and Heaven knows what,  
Buried among these ruins—you shall stay.  
Apart.) And if indeed there be such sprite as  
Owlspiegk,  
And lacking him, that thy fear plague thee not  
Worse than a goblin, I have miss’d my purpose,  
Which else stands good in either case.—Goodnight, sir.  
[Exit, and double-locks the door.  
Gul. Nay, hold ye, hold!—Nay, gentle Mistress Flora,  
Wherefore this ceremony?—She has lock’d me in,  
And left me to the goblin!—(Listening.)—So, so, so!  
I hear her light foot trip to such a distance,  
That I believe the castle’s breadth divides me  
From human company. I’m ill at ease—  
But if this citadel (laying his hand on his stomach)  
Were better victual’d,  
It would be better manned.  
[Sits down and drinks.  
She has a footstep light, and taper ankle.  
[Chuckles,  
Ah! that ankle! yet, confound it too,  
But for those charms Melchisedek had been  
Swung in his bed at Mucklewham—I say,  
Confound her footstep, and her instep too,  
To use a cobbler’s phrase.—There I was quant.  
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  
E’en 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 lays aside his cloak, and brushes as from habit, starting at every moment;  
ties a napkin over his head; then  
shrinks beneath the bed-clothes. His  
starts once or twice, and at length seems to go to sleep. A bell tolls once. He  
leaps up in his bed.  
Gul. I had just coax’d myself to sweet forgetfulness,  
And that confounded bell—I hate all bells,  
Except a dinner bell—and yet I lie, too,—  
I love the bell that soon shall tell the parish  
Of Gabblegoose. Melchisedek’s incumbent—  
And shall the future minister of Gabblegoose,  
Whom his parishioners will soon require  
To exercise their ghosts, detect their witches,  
Lie shivering in his bed for a pert goblin,  
Whom, be he switch’d or cocktail’d, horn’d or  
pol’d,  
A few tight Hebrew words will soon send packing  
Tush! I will rouse the parson up within me,  
And bid defiance.—(A distant noise.) In the  
name of Heaven,  
What sounds are these!—O Lord! this comes of rashness!  
[Draws his head down under the bed-clothes  
Owlspiegel.  
Cockledemoy!  
My boy, my boy—  
Cockledemoy.  
Here, father, here.  
Owlspiegk.  
Now the pole-star’s red and burning,  
And the witch’s spindle turning,  
Appear, appear!  
Gul. (who has again raised himself, and listens with great terror to the Duet.) I have heard  
of the devil’s dam before,  
But never of his child. Now, Heaven deliver me  
The Papists have the better of us there,—  
They have their Latin prayers, cut and  
And pat for such occasion, I can ask  
On naught but the vernacular.  
Owlspiegk.  
Cockledemoy!  
My boy, my boy,  
We’ll sport us here—
COCKLEDEMOY.
Our gambols play,
Like elf and fay;

OWLSPIEGLE.
And domineer,

BOTH.
Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the morning appear.

COCKLEDEMOY.
Lift latch—open clasp—
Shoot bolt—and burst hasp!

[The door opens with violence. Enter Blackthorn as Owlspiegle, fantastically dressed as a Spanish Barber, tall, thin, enamated, and ghostly; Kateleen, as Cockledemoy, attends as his Page. All their manners, tones, and motions, are fantastic, as those of Goblins. They make two or three times the circuit of the Room, without seeming to see Gullcrammer. They then resume their Chant, or Recitative.

OWLSPIEGLE.
Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?
Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?

COCKLEDEMOY.
No; for the weather is stormy and foul.

OWLSPIEGLE.
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?

COCKLEDEMOY.
Oh! no! she has claws, and I like not that.

Guu. I see the devil is a doting father,
And spoils his children—tis the surest way
To make cursed imps of them. They see me not—
What will they think on next? It must be own'd,
They have a dainty choice of occupations.

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 mows. At length Cockledemoy jumps on the bed. Gullcrammer raises himself half up, supporting himself by his hands. Cockledemoy does the same, grins at him, then skips from the bed, and runs to Owlspiegle.

COCKLEDEMOY.
I've found the nest,
And in it a guest,
With a sable cloak and a taffeta vest;
He must be wash'd, and trimm'd, and dress'd,
To please the eyes he loves the best.

OWLSPIEGLE.
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.

OWLSPIEGLE (sharpening his razor.)
The sword this is made of was lost in a fray
By a squire, 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 capkin.)
And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair.
At an usurer's funeral I stole from the heir
[Dies something from a vial, as going to make suds.
This dew-drop I caught from one eye of his mother
Which wept while she ogled the parson with t'other.

BOTH.
For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
OWLSPIEGLE (arranging the lather and the basin.)
My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicatar 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 lawn

BOTH.
For ah of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Hallow, hallow,
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 af-
flecting an air of composure. The Gob-
lins receive him with fantactic ceremony.

Gentlemen, 'tis your will I should be trimm'd—
'E'en do your pleasure.

(They point to a seat—he sits.)

Think, howsoever,
Of me as one who hates to see his blood;
Therefore I do beseech you, signior,
Be gentle in your craft. I know those barbers,
One would have harrows driven across his visonary,
Rather than they should touch it with a razor.

OWLSPIEGLE shelves GULLCRAMMER, while COCKLEDE-
MOY sings.

Father never started hair,
Shaved too close, or left too bare—
Father's razor slips as glib
As from courtly 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.

Craving your pardon, sir—What! sit again?
My hair lacks not your scissors.

[OWLSPIEGLE insists on his sitting.

Nay, if you're peremptory, I'll ne'er dispute it,
Nor eat the cow and choke upon the tail—
'En trim me to your fashion.

[OWLSPIEGLE cuts his hair: and shaves his
head, ridiculously.

COCKLEDEMOY (sings as before)

Hair-breadth escapes, and hair-breadth shades,
Hair-brain'd follies, ventures, cares,
Part when father clips your hairs.
If there is a hero frantic,
Or a lover too romantic—
If threecourse seeks second spouse,
Or fourteen lists lover's vows,
Bring them here—for a Scotch boddle,
OWLSPIEGLE shall trim their noodle.

[They take the napkin from about GUL-
CRAMMER's neck. He makes bows of
acknowledgment, which they return fan-
tastically, and sing—

Thrice crow'd hath the blackcock, thrice croak'd
hath the raven,
And Master Melchisedek Gullcrammer'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 acquit
Even with the barber's pence the barber's ser-
vice?

[They shake their heads.

Or if there isught else that I can do for
you,
Sweet Master Owlsiegle, or your loving child,
The hopeful Cockle'moy?

COCKLEDEMOY.

Sir, you have been trimm'd of late,
Smooth's your chin, and bald your pate;
Lest cold rheums should work you harm,
Here's a cap to keep you warm.

GUL. Welcome, as Fortunatus' willing cap,
'Fort was a cap that I was wishing for,
(There I was quaint in spite of mortal terror.)

[As he puts on the cap, a pair of ass's ears
disengage 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 Gull-
CRAMMER, who returns their salutation

OWLSPIEGLE descends by the trap-door

COCKLEDEMOY springs out at a window

SONG (without.)

OWLSPIEGLE.

Cocklede moy, 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 now,  
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.*  
Wh'ch way didst thou take?  
*Cockledemoy.*  
I have fallen in the lake—  
Help, father, for Beelzebub's sake.

**Gul.** The imp is drown'd—a strange death—  
A devil,—  
O, may all boys take warning, and be civil;  
Respect their loving sires, endure a chiding,  
Nor roam by night on dragon-lilies a-riding!

**Cockledemoy (sings).**  
Now merrily, merrily, row I to shore,  
My bark is a bean-shell, a straw for an our.

**Owlspiegle (sings).**  
My life, my joy,  
My Cockledemoy!  

**Gul.** I can bear this no longer—thus children  
are spoild.  
[Strikes into the tune.]

Master Owlspiegle, hoy!  
He deserves to be whipp'd little Cockledemoy!  
[Their voices are heard, as if doing 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.  This is strange,  
now,  
When they were here, I was not half so frighten'd  
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 finest'!—all, was wont to scare me.  
Now am I with the devil hand and glove;  
His soap has lather'd, and his razor shaved 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, waste and ruinous. The moonlight  
is at times seen through the shafted windows. Enter Katleen 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 long-bow and merry musket fail me.—  
But, hark ye, pretty Katleen.  
**Kat.** What should I hearken to  
**Bla.** Art thou not afraid,  
In these wild halls while playing teigned goblins,  
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 may say that Oswald's grandfather,  
The black Lord Erick, walks his penance round?  
Credit me, Katleen, these half-monk'd'd col  
unus  
Have in them all things very fiendish,  
and, if you'll take an honest friend's advice,  
The sooner that you change their shatter'd splen  
dor  
the snug co'tage that I told you of,  
I'll leave me, it will prove the blither dwelling.  
**Kat.** If I c'er see that cottage, honest Black  
thorn,  
I'll leave me, it shall be from other motive  
That fear of Erick's spectre.  
**Bla.** [A rustling sound is heard—  
I heard a rustling sound—  
Ut in my life, there's something in the hall,  
Katleen, besides us two!]  
**Bla.** A yeoman thou,  
A foe or, and frighten'd! I am sorry  
I gave the fool's-cap to poor Gullcrasser,  
And let thy head go bare.  
[The same rustling sound is repeat'd—  
**Bla.** Why, are you mad, or hear you not  
sound!  
**Kat.** And if I do, I take small heed of it.  
Will you all w a maiden to be bolder  
Than you, with heard on chin and sword at  
girdle?  
**Bla.** Nay, if I had my sword, I would not  
care;  

1 "Cowards, upon necessity, assume  
A fearful bravery; thinking by this face  
To fasten in men's minds that they have courage."  
*Shakespeare.*  

2 I have a notion *it a can be managed so as to repre-  
sent imperfect, or Fluny, moonlight, upon the plan of the  
Eidotheskon.*
Though I ne'er 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 of the pillars.

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 was 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?
[As they 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 Her-
mit, or Palmer.

Pal. Ho! ye who thread by night these wilder-
ning scenes,
In garb of those who long have slept in death,
Fear ye the company of those you 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!
Pal. 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 pre-
cincts.

Kat. Whate'er thou art, be answer'd—Know,
I will not
Descend the kinswoman 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 re-
solve—
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.

Pal. Maid, before thy courage,
Girt built on innocence, even beings of nature
More powerful far than thine, give place and
way;

Take then this key, and wait the event with cour-
age.
[He drops the key.—He disappears grad-
ally—the moonlight failing at the same
time.

Kat. (after a pause.) 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 haste,
If that 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 mystery
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 no 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—
Katleen, (who has somewhat gathered her spirits,
in consequence of his entrance, comes behind
and touches him; he starts.) Brave sir!
I'll spare you that rash leap—You're a bold woods-
man!
Surely I hope that from this night henceforward
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 frightened.
Kat. Thou art a fool to ask me to thy cottage,
And then to show me what slight expense
Of manhood I might master thee and it.
Bla. I'll take the risk of that—This goblin busi-
ness
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.

[&c.]
THE DOOM OF DEVORGÖIL.

SCENE IV.

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—that 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.

Osw. 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 your prattle? [To Flora.]

Flora. Safe in the goblin-chamber.

Ele. The goblin-chamber! Maiden, wert thou frantic—if his Reverence Have suffered harm by waspish Owlspiegel, Be sure thou shalt abye it.

Flo. Here he comes, Can answer for himself!

Enter Gullcrramer, in the fashion in which Owlspiegel had put him: having the foot's-ep on his head, and towel about his neck, &c. His manner through the scene is wild and extravagant, as if the fright had a little affected his brain.

Dur. A goodly spectacle!—Is there such a goblin, To Osw.) Or has sheer terror made him such a figure?

Osw. There is a sort of wavering tradition Of a malicious imp who teased all strangers; My father wont to call him Owlspiegel.

Gul. Who talks of Owlspiegel!
He is an honest fellow for a devil,
So is his son, the hopeful Cockle'moy.

(Sings.)

"My hope, my joy,
My Cockle'moy!"

Leo. The fool's bewitch'd—the goblin hath furnish'd him
A cap which well befits his reverence wisdom.

Flo. 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 were a foul reflection On any fiend of sense and reputation,
To filch such petty wares as his poor brains.

Dur. What saw'st thou, sir? What heard'st thou?

Gul. What wasn't I saw and heard?
That which old graybeards,

Who conjure Hebrew into Anglo-Saxon,
To cheat starved barons with, can little guess at.

Flo. If he begin so roundly with my father,
His madness is not like to save his bones.

Gul. Sirs, midnight came, and with it came the goblin.
I had repose 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.

Flo. Sausageian sound'd face; that much of you Hebrew

Even I can bear in memory.

Gul. 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 Syriac;
I flank'd my Greek with Hebrew, and compell'd him—

[A noise heard]

Osw. 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 courser's trampling feet.

Voices (without.)

We come, dark riders of the night,
And fit before the dawning light.
Hill and valley, far a Kent,
Shake to hear our chargers' hoof;
But not a foot-stamp on the green
At morn shall show where we have been.

Osw. 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—
Single shadowy form alone
Is hovering on the drawbridge—far apart;
Fits through the tempest banners, horse, and rider
In darkness lost, or dimly seen by lightning—
Hither the figure moves—the bolts revolve—
The gate uncloes to him.

Ele. Heaven protect us!

The Palmer enters—Gullcrramer runs off.

Osw. Whence and what art thou for what end come hither?

Pal. I come from a far land, where the storm
Howls y.n.
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
knelt to——

Pal. Abbot of Lanercost, I bid thee peace!

Uninterrupted let me ask thee errand;

Bar. Of Devorgoil, son of the bold, the proud,
The warlike and the mighty, wherefore weart thou
The habit of a peasant? Tell me, wherefore
Are thy fair halls thus waste—thy chambers bare—
Where are the tapestrys, where the conquer'd
Trophies, and gilded arms, that deck'd the walls
Of once proud Devorgoil?

[He advances, and places himself where the
Armor 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 naught remains,
Save that the cruelty outvied the valor
Of those who wore them.

Pal. Degenerate as thou art,
Knowest thou to whom thou say'st this?

[He drops his mantle, and is discovered
armed as nearly as may be to the suit
which hung on the wall; all express
terror.

Osw. It is himself—the spirit of mine ancestor!
Exs. Tremble not, scot, but hear me!

[He strikes the wall; it opens, and
discovers the Treasure-Chamber.

There lies piled
The wealth I brought from wasted Cumberland,
Enough to reinstate thy ruin'd fortunes—
Cast from thine high born brows that peasant bonnet,

Throw from thy, noble grasp the peasant's staff,
Of all, with raw 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 ere 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!
Els. Urge him not, father; if the sacrifice

1 MS. — 'And be as rich as ere was Devorgoil,
When Devorgoil was richest.'

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
Have knit together, close as summer saplings
Are twined in union by the eddying tempest.—

Spirit of Erick, while thou hast his shape,
I'll answer with no ruder conjuration
Thy impious counsel, other than with these words
Depart, and tempt me not!

Exs. Then fate will have her course.—Fall, mas-
svive grade,

Yield them the tempting view of these rich trea-
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 Aglionby, whose mighty wealth,
Ravish'd in evil hour, lies yeander 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. Caze 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 Aglionby—Behold him
In that young forester, unto whose hand
Those bars shall yield the treasures of his house,
Destined to ransom yours.—Advance, young Leon
ard,
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 orthographized—Q. u, a, y.
The lake is overflow'd!—a quay, a beat,
Oars, punt, or sculler, is all one to me! —
We shall be drown'd, good people!!!

Enter Kateleen and Blackthorn.

Kat. Deliver us
Haste, save yourselves—the lake is rising fast. 3

3 If it could be managed to render the rising of the lake a ris-
file, it would answer well for a coup-de-théâtre.
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Bll. 'T has risen my bow's height in the last five minutes,
   And still is swelling strangely.
   Gul. (who has stood astonished upon seeing them.)
   We shall be drown'd without your kind assistance.
   Oswald. (looking from the shut-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 here?
   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.
   [Oswald puts it into the lock, and attempts to turn it—a loud clap of thunder.
   Flo. The lake still rises faster.—Leonard, Leonard,
   Canst thou not save us?
   [Leonard tries the lock—it opens with a violent noise, and the Portvullis rises.
   A loud strain of wild music.—There may be a chorus here.
   Oswald enters the apartment, and brings out a scroll.
   Ito. The lake is ebbing with a wondrous haste
   & late 't rises—the drawbridge is left dry!
   Osw. This may explain the caus

   (Gullcrammer 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 unguard'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 fool's-cap of thine
   Is reverend as a mitre.
   Gul. Thanks, mighty baron, now no more & one!—
   I will be quaint with him, for all his quips. [Aside
   Osw. Nor shall kind Katleen lack
   Her portion in our happiness.
   Kat. Thanks, my good lord, but Katleen's fate
   is fix'd—
   There is a certain valiant forester,
   Too much afraid of ghosts to sleep aughts
   In his lone cottage, without one to guard him.—
   Lcno. If I forget my comrade's faithful friendship
   May I be lost to fortune, hope, and love!
   Dun. Peace, all! and hear the blessing which
   this scroll
   Speaks unto faith, and constancy, and virtue

   No more this castle's troubled guest,
   Dark Erick's spirit hath found rest
   The storms of angry Fate are past—
   For Constancy defies their blast.
   Of Devorgoil the daughter free
   Shall wed the Heir of Aglonby;
   Nor ever more dishonor soil
   The rescued house of Devorgoil!

   [Sneb wed with Dacre's injured hat
   [The silver moon of Devorgoil.
Auchindrane; or, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY

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 Feud. 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 chanted of the grave.

The loftier, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of our forefathers, while the cauldrons of our day bend to Mammon, the measiest of the spirits who fell. The criminals, therefore, of former times, drew their hellish inspiration from a loftier source than is known to modern villains. The fever of unsated ambition, the phrenzy of ungratified revenge, the perfervidum ingenium 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.

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 unconscientious,—a Richard the Third in private life, inaccessible 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 Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassillis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme,—

"Twixt Wigtown and the town of Ayr,
Portpatrick and the Cruises of Cree,
No man need think for to hide there,
Unless he court Saint Kennedy."

Now, Mure, of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law Barganie, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassillis, 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 Barganie'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 ruined 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 most false and treacherous on 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 Barganie (for old Barganie, Auchindrane's father-in-law, was dead), whom he persuaded to brave the Earl of Cassillis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassillis, 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 shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassillis, made a precipitate attack on the Earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, 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 neuter in this quarrel, considering his connection with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honorable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, 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 favored his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant 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 Duppill, 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 he would attend to any business 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 dispatched 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 dismissed the messenger Dalrymple, cautioning the lad 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 slain Gilbert of Barganie, Thomas Kennedy of Drumurghie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloncaird, a kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane, 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 purse, containing a thousand marks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.
The revenge due for his uncle’s murder was keenly pursued by the Earl of Cassillis. As the murderers fled from trial, they were declared outlaws; which doom, being pronounced by three blasts of a horn, was called “being put to the horn, and declared the king’s rebel.” Mure of Auchindranie 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 Cullayne’s journey, and the place at which he meant to halt. 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 then be proved that persons so nearly connected with him as Kennedy and Cloncaird had left his house, and committed the murder at the very spot which Cullayne 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 Skelmorly, 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, Auchindranie, instead of flying, like his agents Drumurghie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassillis’s friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the reach 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 returned to some of his friends in Ayrshire. Mure no sooner heard of this than he again obtained possession of the boy’s person, and a second time concealed him at Auchindranie, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Bucelouch’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, Auchindranie’s fears were exasperated into phrensy, when he found this dangerous witness, having escaped from all the perils of climate and battle, 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 Auchindranie, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Nether lands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with, the fears of such a man as Auchindranie, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeldyman, tenanted by a vassal and connection of his called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o’clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with him probably thought that, in either event, his purposes would be attained, by ‘killing two birds with one stone.’ On the other hand, however, it is but doing justice to the Master’s acquaintance and the experience acquired under his quondam preceptor, Auchindranie, that we should likewise conjecture that, on his part, he would hold firm possession of the bond, to be used as a checkmate against his brother, should he ‘think fit after wards to turn his heel upon him, or 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 Cassillis, Lord Kennedey, etc., bindis and oblige us, that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Bromptoun, with his complices, taking the Laird of Auchindranie’s life, that we will make good and thankful payment to him and thame, of the sume of twelv moneth merkis, yeirle, togerther with corn to sech hores, ay and quhills we resawis thame in household with our self: Beginning the first payment immediately after their committing of the said deed. Atour, howsoever we resawis thame in household, we shall pay to the two serving gentilmen the feis, yeirle, as our aum household servandis. And heiro we oblis us, upoun our honour. Subscriyvit with our hand, at Maybole, the first day of September, 1602.

JOHNE ERICK OF CASSILLES.

AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

aim 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 appointed for the meeting. When Bannatyne and Dalrymple came to the appointed spot, Auchindrane met them, accompanied by his eldest son, James. Old Auchindrane, having taken Bannatyne aside, imparted his bloody purpose of riddling himself of Dalrymple for ever, by murdering him on the spot. His own life and honor were, he said, endangered by the manner in which this inconvenient witness repeatedly thrust himself back into Ayrshire, 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 Auchindrane 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 consciences, to refuse to be necessary 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 days, the dead body was, by the 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 Auchindrane 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 met with foul play from the bold 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 Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer, was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the phrenomenon 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 Auchindrane.

It is certain, however, that Auchindrane 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, the whole country would 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 neighbor, would not plead 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 Garrieburne, 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 Garrieburne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Cullayne, and beat off the assailants wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand so that he wellnigh lost the use of it.

But though Auchindrane’s purpose did not entirely succeed, he avoided himself of it to circulate a report, that if he could obtain 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 decidedly of opinion that the Mures, both father and son, were alike guilty of both crimes, and used intercession with the Earl of Abercorn, as a person of power in those western counties, as well as in Ireland, to arrest and transmit them to prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the Earl's exertions, old Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane 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 neighboring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the mean time to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and bravely 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, postponed, 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 of 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 torture with the utmost firmness, and by the constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence, he spread so favorable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was censured 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 privy counsellors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the mean while, 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 Cullayence. But though the event had shown 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 Pennyce was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchmul, a connection of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennyce; 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 complicated 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 Pennyce, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated 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 Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed 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 behavior seemed sincere and simple, that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The wretched accomplice 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 honor God by confessing the crime he had committed. Mure the elder, on the other
AUCHINDRANE: OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

and, 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 exhorted Bannatyne in his turn to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehood against him.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne’s confession, all three were found guilty. The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayney, 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 both executed. The younger was affected by the remonstrances of the clergy who attended him, and he confessed the guilt of which he was accused. The father, also, was at length brought to avow the fact, but in other respects died as inimical 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, seems to have busied himself much 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 mysterious villainies, 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 fascicules of Mr. Robert Pitscairn’s very interesting publications from the Scottish Criminal Record.

The family of Auchindrane did not become extinct on the death of the two homicides. 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 (mourning-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 neighborhood. 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 (halilif) 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 half character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JOHN MURE OF AUCHINDRANE, AN AYRSHIRE BARON
He has been a follower of the Regent, Earl of the story of Auchindrane; and where Mr. Pitscairn’s important services to the history of his profession, and of Scotland, are justly characterized. (1833.)

“Sir Walter’s review of the early parts of Mr. Pitscairn’s Accusation and Criminal Trials had, of course, much gratified the editor, who sent him, on his arrival in Edinburgh, the proof-sheets of the Number then in hand, and directed his attention particularly to its details on the extraordinary case of Mure of Auchindrane, a. d. 111. Scott was so much interested with these documents, that he resolved to found a dramatic scene on their terrible story, and the result was a composition far superior to any of his previous attempts of that nature. In deed, there are several passages in his ‘Ayrshire Tragedy’—especially that where the murdered corpse floats upright in the wake of the assassin’s bark—(an incident suggested by a memorable chapter in Lord Nelson’s history) which may bear comparison with any thing but Shakespeare. Yet I doubt whether the prose narrative of the preface be not, on the whole, more dramatic than the versified scenes. It contains by the way, some very striking allusions to the recent crimes of Gill’s Hill and the West Port.”—LOCKHART, vol. ix. p. 334
Morton during the Civil Wars, and hides an oppressive, ferocious, and unscrupulous disposition, under some pretenses to strictness of life and doctrine, which, however, never influence his conduct. He is in danger from the law, owing to his having been formerly active in the assassination of the Earl of Cassilis.

Philip Mure, his Son, a wild, debauched Profligate, professing and practising a contempt for his Father's hypocrisy, while he is as fierce and licentious as Auchindrane himself.

Gifford, their Relation, a Counsellor.

Quemin Blane, a Youth, educated for a Clergyman, but sent by Auchindrane to serve in a Band of Auxiliaries in the Wars of the Netherlands, is lately employed as Clerk or Comptroller to the Regiment—Dissolved, however, and on his return to 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 greater consequence than at present). He, too, has been disbanded, but cannot bring himself to believe that he has lost his command over his Regiment.

Abraham, Williams, Jenkin, and Others, Privates dismissed from the same Regiment in which Quentin and Hildebrand had served. These are mutinous, and are much disposed to remember former quarrels with their late Officers.

Niel MacLellan, Keeper of Auchindrane Forest and Game.

Earl of Dunbar, commanding an Army as Lieutenant of James I. for execution of Justice on Offenders.

Guards, Attendants, &c.

Marion, Wife of Niel MacLellan.

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-famished Tower are seen on the right hand, overhanging the 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 struggling forward with their knapsacks and bundles. Hildebrand, the Sergeant, belonging to the Party a stout elderly man, stands by the boat, as if supposing the disembarkation. Quentin remains apart.

Abraham. Farewell, the flats of Holland, and right welcome

The cliffs of Scotland! Fare they well, black beer

And Schiedam gin! and welcome twopenny, Oatcakes, and unsqueaugh!

Williams (who wants an arm.) Farewell, the gallant field, and "Forward, pikemen!"

For the bridge-end, the suburb, and the lane;

And, "Bless your honor, noble gentleman,

Remember a poor soldier!"

Ann. My tongue shall never need to smooth itself

To such poor sounds, while it can boldly say,

"Stand and deliver!"

Wil. Hush, the sergeant hears you!

Ann. And let him hear; he makes a bblende yonder,

And dreams of his authority, forgetting

We are disbanded men, d'rel'min his halberd

Has not such influence as the beadle'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.

Ann. I scorn them both. I am too stout a Scotsman

To bear a Souther's rule an instant longer

Than discipline obliges; and for Quentin,

Quentin the quillman, Quentin the comptroller,

We have no regiment now; or, if we bad,

Quentin's no longer clerk to it.

Wil. For shame! for shame! What, shall we, comrades jair thus,

And on the verge of parting, and nor 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.

Ann. Ay, they sing light whose task is tell us money,

When dollars clink for each.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Que. I've done with counting silver; honest Abraham, as thou, I fear, with poaching thy small share on't. But lend your voices, lads, and I will sing As blikey as yet if a town were won; As if upon a field of battle gained, Our banners waved victorious.

[He sings and the rest bear chorus.

SONG.
Hither we come,
Once slaves to the trim,
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 Spaniard to go a-campaigning.

Dick Hathorn doth vow
To return to the plough,
Jack Steele to his anvil and hammer;
The weaver shall find room
At the white-wapping loom,
And your clerk shall teach writing and grammar.

Abb. And this is all that thou canst do, gay Quentin?
To swagger o'er a herd of parish brats,
Cut cheese or dibble onions with thy poniard,
And trim the sheath into a ferula?
O'er 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 e'en as fairly tired of this same fighting,
As the poor cur that's worried in the shambles
By all the mastiff dogs of all the butchers;
Wherefore, farewell sword, poniard, petronel,
And welcome poverty and peaceful labor.

Abb. Clerk Quentin, if of fighting thou art tired,
By my good word, thou'rt quickly satisfied,
For thou'lt seen but little out.

Wil. Thou dost belie him—I have seen him fight
Bravely enough for one in his condition.

Abb. What, he? that counter-casting, smock-faced boy?
What was he but the colonel's scribbling drudge,
With men of straw to staff the regiment roll;
With crip cringes unjust to cheat his comrades,
And cloak false musters for our noble captain!

MS.—"I've done with counting dollars," &c.

He bid farewell to sword and petronel!
He should have said, farewell my pen and dish.
These, with the resin used to hide erasures,
Were the best friends he left in camp behind him.

Que. The sword you scoff at is not far, but soon
The threats of an unmanner'd mutineer.

Sen. (interposes.) We'll have no brawling—
Shall it e'er be said,
That being comrades six long years together,
While gulping down the frowsy fogs of Hollan1,
We tilted at each other's throats so soon
As the first draught of native air refresh'd them?
No! by Saint Dunstan, I forbid the combat.
You all, methinks, do know this trasty halberd;
For I opine, that every back amongst you
Hath felt the weight of the tough ashen staff.
Endlong or overthwart, Who is it wishes
A remembrance now?

[Kisses his hallett.

Abb. Comrades, have you ears
To hear the old man bully? Eyes to see
His staff reared o'er your heads, as o'er the hounds
The huntsman cracks his whip?

Wil. Well said—stout Abraham has the right
I tell thee, sergeant, we do reverence thee,
And pardon the rash honors thou hast caught,
Like wiser men, from thy authority.
'Tis ended, however, 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.

Sen. Is't come to this, false knives? And think you not,
That if you bear 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 shoulders do record them. At a word,
Will you conform, or must we part our company?

Sen. Conform to you? Base dogs! I would not lead you
A bolt-flight farther to be made a general.
Mean mutineers! when you swell'd off the drags
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. Skink it round,
If you have any left, to the same tune,
And we may find a chorus for it still.

Add. We lose our time.—Tell us at once, old man,
If thou wilt march with us, or stay with Quentin?
Ser. Out, mutineers! Dishonor dog your heels!
Add. Willful 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 to-
gether.

Que. Faith, a poor heron I, 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 chanced 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 is-
land,
Barring each port and inlet that we aim'd at,
Hath wafted thee to harbor; 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,
Awakes some young dream of infancy.
Yet such is my hard hap, I might more safely
Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Afric's desert,
Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe,
Down'd to draw poison from my nurse's bosom.

Ser. Thou dream'st, young man. Unreal terrors
haunt,
As I have noted, giddy brains like thine—
Flights poetical, and imaginative—
To whom a min strel whm 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.

MS.—'Quentin. My short tale
Grows mystic now. Among the deadly fends
Which curse our country, something once it
chanced

Ser. And I will hear thee willingly, the rather
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 may'st advantage me.

Que. May 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 may'st freely tell.
Que. I was an orphan boy, and first saw light
Not far from where we stood—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 had 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 humble, whom they love to point to
As objects not unworthy their protection,
Whose progress is some honor 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 could'st read thy grammar or thy psalms.
Thou hast been valued couldst thou scorn a har
ness,
And dress a steed distinctly.

Que. My old maste,
Held different doctrine, as least it seem'd so—
But he was mix'd in many a deadly feud—
And here my tale grows mystic. I became,
Unwitting and unwilling, the depositary
Of a dread secret, and the knowledge of
Has wreck'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 Scot
land,
And live or die within a distant land.

Ser. Ah! thou hast done a fault in some wild
maid,
As you wild Scotsmen call them.

Que. Comrade, may,
Mine was a peaceful part, and happ'd by chance
I must not tell you more. Enough, my presenc
Brought danger to my benefactor's house,
Tower after tower conceal'd me, willing still

That I unwilling and unwitting, witness'd;
And it became my benefactor's will,
That I should breathe the air of other climes.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

To hide my illomen'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 alliances.
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, had been kind
Through full six years of warfare, and assign'd me
More peaceful tasks than the rough front of war,
For which my education little suited me.

Sir. Ay, therein was Montgomery kind indeed;
Nay, kinder than you think, my simple Quentin.
The letters which you brought to the Montgomery,
Pointed to thrust thee on some desperate service,
Which should most likely end thee.

Que. Bore I such letters?—Surely, comrade, 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.

Sir. Ay, but thy better angled wrought for good,
Whatever ill thy evil fate designed thee.
Montgomery pitied thee, and changed thy service
In the rough field for labor in the tent,
More fit for thy green years and peaceful habits.

Que. Even there his well-mean'd kindness injur'd me.

My comrades hated, undervalu'd me,
And whatsoever of service I could do them,
They guerdon'd with ingratitude and envy—
Such my strange doom, that if I serve a man
At deepest risk, he is my foe for ever!

Sir. Hast thou worse fate than others if it were so?
Worse even than me, thy friend, thine officer,
Whom ye 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 lepersies,—they think you poor.

Sir. They think like lying villains then, I'm rich,
And they too might have felt it. I've a thought—
But stay,—what plans your wisdom for yourself?

Que. My thoughts are wellnigh 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.

Sir. 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 copyright can keep two quiet inmates,
And I am childless. Will thou be my son?

Que. Nay, you can only jest, my worthy friend!
What claim have I to be a burden to you?

Sir. The claim of him that wants, and is in danger,
On him that has, and can afford protection:
Thou would'st not fear a foeman in my cottage,
Where a stout mastiff slumber'd on the hearth,
And this good halberd hung above the chimney!
But come—I have it—thou shalt earn thy bread
Duly, and honorably, and usefully.
Our village schoolmaster hath left the parish,
Forsook the ancient schoolhouse with its yew-trees,
That lurk'd beside a church two centuries old.
So long devotion took the lead of knowledge
And since his little flock a shepherdless,
'Tis 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 foredoom'd of heavy

Sir. Thou talk'st in riddles to me.

Que. If I do
'Tis that I am a riddle to myself.

I yielded to take service in the legion
Which lately has discharged us. Stout Mun.
Our colonel, hath been kind though five years' warfare.
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 descent when the falcon
Seeks 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, sung, and caroll'd,
To gain some interest in my comrades' bosoms.

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,
Last 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 muster-roll—that man wert thou.

Que. See'st thou, my friend, you brook dance
down the valley,
And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny waterfall, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage,—
Where, think'st thou, is its source, the bonny brook?

It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gayety,
Which I have laid before you in its sauciness.

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 congé.

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 baffled me—the winds and waves,
With force resistless, 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 instinct'er, his native lair,
Though his heart he's art it is but to die there.

Ser. 'Tis false, by Jerven, young tutor! Thy same despair
Though showing resignation in its manner,
Is but a kind of covert cowardice.

Wise men have said, but though our stars incline,
They cannot force us—Wisdom is the pivot,
And if he cannot cross, he may evade them.
You lend an ear to idle anguries.
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 lowest, on you galliot's prow
I stood varnack'd, and gazed upon the hand,
My native land—each cape and cliff I knew.

"Behold a new world," I said, "your destined victim!"
So great the sentenced criminal the headman,
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, re-
quired me;
See me now here, ye winds, whose plaintive wait,
On yonder distant shores, appear'd to call me—
Summon'd, behold 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 bigburr
Why seek his presence?

Que. Wherefore doth 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 coil'd adder's prey,
Resist the fascination and be safe
Thou goest not near this Baron—if thou goest,
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 lordship,
You shall henceforth tread English land, and never
Thy presence shall alarm his conscience more.

Que. T'were desperate risk for both. I will far rather
Hastily guide thee through this dangerous promontory
And seek thy school, thy yew-trees, and thy churchyard—
The last, perchance, will be the first I visit.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

SIR. 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 resisted;
’Tis better to escape them. Many a pressage,
Too rashly braved, becomes its own accomplish
ment.
Then let us go—but whither? My old head
As little knows where it shall lie to-night,
As youka mutineers 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 i, 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.

SIR. But are there none within an easy walk
Give lodgings here for hire? for I have left
Some of the Don’s piastres (though I kept
The secret from you gulls), and I had rather
Pay the fair reckoning I can well afford,
And my host takes with pleasure, than I’d cum-
ber
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.

SIR. 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 is it changed since I have left it,
at we should fail to find a harborage.

Enter ISIL 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——
SIR. You’re slow, and hesitate. I will be
spokesman.—

GOOD even, my pretty maiden—canst thou tell us,

"M.S. " Gallant and grim, may be but ill-instructed "

Is there a Christian house would render strangers
For love or guerdon, a night’s meal and lodging?—
ISA. Full surely, sir; we dwell in you old house:
Upon the cliff—they call it Chapel-doun.

[Points to the building
Our house is large enough, and if our supper
Chance to be scouted, 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
Ninraid and Bloodlass are cross to strangers,
But gentle when you know them.

[Exit, and is seen partially ascending to the Castle.

SIR. 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.

SIR. Likeness! of whom? I’ll warrant thee of one
Whom thou hast loved and lost. Such fantasies
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 maids that view’d me with some glance of favor
But my fate carr’d me to other shores,
And she has since been bedeck’d. I did think on’t
But as a bubble burst, a rainbow vanished;
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 feature
Like to the maid I spoke of—that is all.

SIR. She bounds before us like a gamestone
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 Fugl friend’s, viewing the scena,
Would take his oaths 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 well-nigh forgot the art to climb
Unless assisted by thy younger arm.

[They go off as if to ascend to the Tower
the SERGEANT leaning upon QUENTIN.
SCENE II.

Some 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
Some share our food and shelter, if thy father
Were here to welcome them; but, Isabel,
He waits upon his lord at Auchinrane,
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 visitors
What time her husband’s absent.—(Apart.) My poor child,
And if thou’rt wedded to a jealous husband,
Thou’d 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 weeping.

Mar. Out, little spy! thy father never chides;
O, 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?

Isa. 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 welcome,
surely,
Wearing no quality along with him
Which can alarm suspicion.—Well, the other?

Isa. A young man, gentle-voiced and gentle-eyed,
[smiling on;]
Who looks and speaks like one the world has
But smiles when you, seeming that he feels
Joy in your joy, though he himself is sad.
Brown hair, and downcast looks.

Mar. (alarmed) ’Tis but an idle thought—it cannot be!
[Listening.
I hear his accents—It is all too true—
My terrors were prophetic!

U’ll compose myself,
And then accost him firmly. Thus it must be.

[She retires hastily into the Tower.

Que. One effort more—we stand upon the level.
I’ve seen thee work thee up glads and cavalier
Steeper than this ascent, when cannon, culverine, Musket, and hackbut, shower’d their shot upon thee,
And form’d, with ceaseless blaze, a fiery garland
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.

Sen. Truly thou speak’st. I am the tardier
That I, in climbing hither, miss the fire, [ing—
Which went to tell me there was death in loiter
Here stands, methinks, our hostess.

[He goes forward to address Marion. Que.

Sen. 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
Amply enough to pay our journey homeward.

Mar. We keep no house of general entertain
ment,
But know our duty, sir, to locks like yours,
Whiten’d and thinned by many a long campaign.
Ill chance that my husband should be absent—
(Apart.)—Courage alone can make me struggle
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 find on your return, a wife and mother.
Thine old acquaintance, Quentin, is my mate—
Stout Niel MacLellan, ranger to our lord,
The Knight of Auchinrane. 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 warn’d of temper,
And think, 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 rust within your cottage
And gladly wait return of Niel MacLellan,
To clasp his hand, and wish him happiness.
Some rousing 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—

[Of hope
Que. No! do not fear. The brightest gleams
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.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

MAR. (come 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 I

A winding Apartment in the Castle of Auchindrane. Servants place a Table, with a flask of Wine and Drinking-cups.

Enter Murr of Auchindrane, with Albert Gifford, his Relation and Visitor. They place 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 disdained 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 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 A' 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 Murr; 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 crowd has still three strings on't; The balladbear, 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 st 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 unkiss'd, his pedigree unknown; So did our ancestors, and so must we. 

Auch. All this is freely granted, worthy kinman; And prithee 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 feel 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, things which must be At our decease—the downfall of our family, The loss of land 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 crow's the loudest in the company. He's mesh'd, too, in the snare's of every female Who deigns to cast a passing glance on him— Licentious, disrespectul, rash, and profiteg.
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. A fool I may have been—but not a mad man; 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 honor, of his peace destr: n'd. And, while obeying, mutter threats of vengeance But now the humor of an idle youth, Disgusting trusted followers, sworn dependents, Plays football with his honor and my safety. 
Gif. I'm sorry to find discord in your house, For I had hoped, while bringing you cold news, To find you arm'd in union 'gainst the danger. 

AUCH. What can man speak that I would shrift to hear, And where the danger I would deign to shun? ['He rises

What should appal a man inured to perils,
There is no terror in the tale for me—
Go speak of ghosts to children!—This Earl Gilbert
(God sain him) loved Heaven's peace as well as I
did,
And we were wondrous friends wheresoe'er we met
At church or market, or in burrows town.
Midst this, our good Lord Gilbert, Earl of Cassilia
Takes purpose he would journey forth to Edin-
burgh.
The King was doing gifts of abbey-lands,
Good things that thirsty house was wont to fish for
Our mighty Earl forsook his sen-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 nags and eat their breakfas'—
The morning rose, the small birds croak'd sweetly
The corks were drawn, the pasty brooks incision—
His lordship jests, his train are choked with laugh-
ter;
Wher—wondrous change of cheer, and most un
look'd for,
Strange epilogue to bottle and to baked meat!—
Flash'd from the greenwood half a score of care-
bines,
And the good Earl of Cassilia, in his breakfast,
Had nooning, dinner, supper, all at once,
Even in the morning that he closed his journey;
And the grim sexton, for his chamberlain,
Made him the bed which rests the head for ever.
Gr. Told with much spirit, cousin—some there
are
Would add, and in a tone resembling triumph.
And would that with these long-establish'd facts
My tale began and ended! I must tell you,
That evil-deeming censures of the events,
Both at the time and now, throw blame on thee—
Time, place, and circumstance, they say, proclaim
thee,
Alike, the author of that morning's ambush.
Aucn. Ay, 'tis an old belief in Carrick 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 bound to prove the
charge
They are so prompt in making. They have clamor
Enough of this before, to show their malice.
But what said these coward pickthanks when I
came
Before the King, before the Justicers,
Rebutting all their calumnies, and daring them
To show that I knew aught of Cassilia's journey—
Which way he meant to travel—where to halt—

"There is no terror Cassina in your threats."

Shakespeare
AUCHINDRANE: OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

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 hang'd before them in the court,
And I ad nade the best of them to lift it,
And prove such charge a true one—Did I not?
(2) I saw your gauntlet lie before the Kennedys,
Whose look on it as men do on an adder,
Lunging to crush, and yet afraid to grasp it.
Not an eye sparkled—not a foes advanced—
No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal symbol.

Auch. Then, wherefore do the bidders murmur now?
Wish they to see again, how one bolder Mure
Can huffle and defy their assembled valor?
Gir. No; but they speak of evidence suppress'd.

Auch. Suppressed!—what evidence?—by whom suppress'd?
What Will-o'-Wisp—that idiot of a witness,
Is he to whom they trace an empty voice.
Put cannot show his person?

Gir. 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 murderer's Earl,
With friendly greetings, telling of his journey,
The hour 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 be propose by such strange confidence?
In one who sought it not?

Gir. His purposes were kindly, say the Kennedys—
Desiring you would meet him where he halted,
Offering to undertake whatever 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 n'en
Of the new court—and I am but a fragment
Of stout old Morton's faction. It is reason
That such as I be rooted from the earth,
That they may have full room to spread their branches.
No doubt, 'tis easy to find strolling vagrants
To prove whate'er they prompt. This Quentin Blane—

Did you not call him so?—why comes he now?

And wherefore not before? This must be answer'd—

—(abruptly)—

Where is he now?

Gir. Abroad—they say—kidnap'd,
By you kidnapp'd, that he might die in strangers.
But orders have been sent for his discharge,
And his transmission hither.

Auch. (assuming an air of composed.) When
They preface such witness, counsel Girardine.
We'll be prepared to meet it. To the council
The King doth ill to throw his royal sceptre
In the accuser's scale, ere he can know
How justice shall incline it.

Gir. Our sagacious 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 quench'd:"
Thus urging prosecution less for slaughter,
Than that, being done against the King's command,
Treason is mix'd with homicide.

Auch. Ha! ha! most true, my cousin
Why, well considered, '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 retain'd the evil,
When the King's touch had bid the sores be heal'd
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 was no friendship, feud, or journey
No hate, no ambush, and no Earl of Cassilis,
Than dream amonsted Majesty has wrong'd!—

Gir. Speak within doors, cousin.

Auch. O, true—(aside) I shall be tray myself
Even to this half-crate fool.—I must have room,
Room for an instant, or I suffocate.—

Cousin, I prithee call our Philip hither—
Forgive me; 'twere more meet I summon'd him Myself; but then the sight of yonder revel
Would chase my blood, and I have need of coolness.

Str. I understand thee—I will bring him straight.

[Exit]

A va, And if thou dost, he's lost his ancient trick
To fathom, as he went, his five-pint flagons.—
This space is nine—O for the power to fill it
Instead of senseless rage and empty curses,
With the dark spell which witches learn from fiends,
That smites the object of their hate afar,
Nor leaves a token of its mystic action,
Stealing the soul from out the unscathed body.
As lightning melts the blade, nor harms the scabbard!
—Tis vain to wish for it—Each curse 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 faster the more close he grasps it!—

If I had time, this Scottish Solomon,
Whom some call son of David the Musician,\(^1\)
Might find it perilous work to march to Carrick.
There's many a feud still slumbering in its ashes,
Whose 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 seas as wide as Logan's. So the King—
I shaw! He is here again—

Enter Gifford.

Gir. I heard you fame
The King, my kinsman; know, he comes not hither.

Auc. (affecting indifference) Nay, then we need not break our barrels, cousin,
For purchase us new jerkins.—Comes not Philip?
Gir. Yes, sir. He tarries but to drink a service
To his good friends at parting.

Auc. Friends for the beadle or the sheriff-officer.
Well, let it pass. Who comes, and how attended,
Since James designs not westward?

Gir. 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 sentence.
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:
Ireland and Galloway offer you convenience
For flight, if flight be thought the better remedy;
To face the court requires the consciousness
And confidence of innocence. You alone
Can judge if you possess these attributes.

[Aside. A noise behind the scene.]

Auc. 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...]

* The licentious tale which ascribed the birth of James VI. to an intrigue of Queen Mary with Rizzio.

head-piece, wears a sword and dagger, with
pistols at his girdle. He appears to be
affected by liquor, but to be by no means
intoxicated.

Auc. You scarce have been made known to
one another,
Although you sate together at the board.—
Son Philip, know and prize our cousin Gifford.

Plt. (tastes the wine on the table.) If you had
prized him, sir, you had been loth
To have welcomed him in bastard Allan's:
I'll make amends by pledging his good journey
In glorious Burgundy.—The stirrup-cup, he!
And bring my cousin's horses to the court

Auc. (draws him aside.) The stirrup-cup! He
doeth not ride to-night—
Shame on such churlish conduct to a kinsman!

Plt. (aside to his father.) I've news of pressing
import.
Send the fool off.—Stay, I will start him for you.
(To Gir.) Yes, my kind cousin, Burgundy is better
On a night-ride, to those who thread our moors,
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 shagged sea-weed.
When the good skipper and his careful crew
Have had their latest earthly draught of brine,
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.

Auc. Thou'rt mad, son Philip!—Gifford's no
intruder,
That we should ril him hence by such wild rants;
My kinsman hither rode at his own danger,
To tell us that Dunbar is hast'ning to us,
With a strong force, and with the King's com-
misision,
To enforce against our house a hateful charge,
With every measure of extremity.

Plt. And is this all that our good cousin tells
us?
I can say more, thanks to the ragged regiment,
With whose good company you have upbraided us.
On whose authority, I tell thee, cousin,
Dunbar is here already.

Gir. Already?
I'm, Yes, gentle coz. And you, my sire, be
hasty
In what you think to do.

Auc. I think thou darest n.t jest on such a
subject,
Where hast thou these fell tidings?

Plt. Where you, too, might have heard them
noble father,
Save that your ears, mail'd to our kinsman's lips,
Would list no coarser acccents. O, my soldiers,
My merry crew of vagabonds, for ever!
Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore
Upon this coast like unregard'd sea-weed,
They had not been two hours on Scottish land,
When, lo! they met a military friend,
An ancient fougier, known to them of old,
Who, warm'd by certain toasts of searching wine,
Informed his old companions that Dunbar
Left Glasgow yesterday, comes here to-morrow;
Himself, he said, was sent a spy before,
To view what preparations we were making.

Auch. (to Giff.) If this be sooth, good kinsman,
Thou must claim
To take a part with us for life and death,
Or speed from hence, and leave us to our fortune.

Giff. In such dilemma,
Believe me, friend, I'd choose upon the instant—
But I lack harness, and a steed to charge on,
For mine is overtired, and, save my page,
There's not a man to back me. But I'll be
To Kyle, and raise my vassals to your aid.

Ph. 'Twill 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 cougers feed in my wide stalls,
The best of them is yours to speed your journey.

Ph. Stand not on ceremony, good our cousin,
When safety signs, to shorten courtesy.

Giff. (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'll fain—

Ph. 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 neighborhood of jeopardy!

[He loys aside the appearance of twixt
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?

Ph. Sir, good gamesters play not
Till they review the cards which fate has dealt them,
Computing thus the chances of the game;
And woefully they seem to weigh against us.

Auch. Exile's a passing ill, and may be borne;
And I when Dunbar and all his myrmidons
Are eastward turn'd, we'll seize our own again.
They told me, that a quarrel happ'd at landing,
And that the youngest and an ancient sergeant
Had left their company, and taken refuge
In Chapeldonan, where our ranger dwells;¹
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;
3 but laugh, if thou hast list for merriment,
To amke 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.

Aueh. Ti's 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,
Frolics and fawns, as if the friend of man,
But seizes on his victim like a tiger.

Pun. 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 to-night
Within our power:—to-morrow in Dunbar's,
And we are then his vict'rs.²

Aueh. He is in ours to-night.³

Pun. He is. I'll answer that MacLellan's trysty.

Aueh. Yet he replied to you to-day full rudely,
Pun. Yes! the poor knave has got a handsome wife,
And is gone mad with jealousy.
Aueh. 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!

Pun. Most reverend sire, you talk of ancient morals,
Precis'd on by Knox, and practised by Glencairn;⁴
Respectable, indeed, but somewhat musty
In these our modern nostrils. In our days,
If a young baron chance to leave his vassal
The sole possessor of a handsome wife,
'Tis sign he loves his follower; and, if not,
He loves his follower's wife, which often proves
The surer bond of patronage. Take either case:
Favor flows in of course, and vassals rise.

¹ MS.—“In the old tower where Niel MacLellan dwells.
And therefore laugh no more,” &c.
² MS.—“And we are then in his power.”
³ MS.—“He's in our power to-night.”
⁴ Alexander, fifth Earl of Glencairn, for distinction called
The Good Earl,” was among the first of the peers of Scot-
and who concurred in the Reformation, in aid of which he
acted a conspicuous part, in the employment both of his
sword and pen. In a remonstrance with the Queen Regent,
he told her, t. st “If she violated the engagements which she

Aueh. Philip, this is infamous,
And, what is worse, impolitic. Take example:
Break not God's laws or man's for each temptation
That youth and blood suggest. I am a man—
A weak and erring man;—full well thou know'st
That I may hardly term myself a pattern
Even to my son;—yet thus far will I say,
I never swerved from my integrity,
Save at the voice of strong necessity,
Or such overpowering view of high advantage
As wise men liken to necessity,
In strength and force compulsive. No one saw me
Exchange my reputation for my pleasure,
Or do the Devil's work without his wages.
I practised prudence, and paid tax to virtue,
By following her behests, save where strong reason
Compell'd a deviation. Then, if preachers
At times look'd sour, or elders shook their heads,
They could not term my walk irregular;
For I stood up still for the worthy cause,
A pillar, though a flaw'd one, of the altar,
Kept a strict walk, and led three hundred horse.

Pun. Ah, these three hundred horse in such
rough times
Were better commendation to a party
Than all your efforts at hypocrisy,
Betray'd so oft by avarice and ambition,
And dragg'd to open shame. But, righteous father
When sire and son unite in mutual crime,
And join their efforts to the same enormity,
It is no time to measure other's faults,
Or fix the amount of each. Most moral father,
Think if it be a moment now to weigh
The vices of the Heir of Auchindraue,
Or take precaution that the ancient house
Shall have another heir than the sly courtier
That's gaping for the forfeiture.

Aueh. We'll disappoint him, Philip,—
We'll disappoint him yet. It is a folly,
A wilful cheat, to cast our eyes behind,
When time, and the fast flitting opportunity,
Call loudly, nay, compel us to look forward:
Why are we not already at MacLellan's,
Since there the victim sleeps?

Pun. Nay, soft, I pray thee
I had not made your piety my confessor,
Nor enter'd in debate on these sage councils,
Which you're more like to give than I to profit by

had come under to her subjects, they would consider them
selves as absolved from their allegiance to her.” He was
author of a satirical poem against the Roman Catholic, en-
titled “The Hermit of Allanmit” (Loretto).—See HALLAD'S
Chronicle of Scottish Poetry.—He assisted the Reformers
with his sword, when they took arms at Perth, in 1539; had
a principal command in the army embossed against Queen
Mary, in June, 1567; and demolished the altar, broke the
images, tore down the pictures, &c., in the Chapel-royal of
Holyrood-house, after the Queen was conducted to Lochave.
He died in 1574.
Could I 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?—

... Tis cared for. Mark, my father, the convenience

And from mean company. My agents

are at my hand, like a good workman’s tools,

And if I mean to do 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 near us, Instant I sent MacLellan, with strong charges

To stop him for the night, and bring me word,

Like 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 buzzes in his nightcap,

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! 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, [tance

Whom he might well suppose at no great dis-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’ practices,—

So far I'm an economist in guilt,

As you my sire advise. But on the road

To old Montgomery’s he meets his comrades, They nourish grudge against him and his dollars,

And things may hap, which counsel, learn’d in law, Shall Robbery and Murder. Shou’d I live, He has seen naught that we would hide from him.

Auch. Who carries the forged letter to the veteran?

Phil. 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 in stantly.

Dunbar shall see us use sharp justice here; As well as he in Teviotdale. You are sure You gave no hint nor impulse to their purpose? Phil. It needed not. The whole pack op’d 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 then goest not. He bears a 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 natural I guarantee thy safety.—I’ll ride with thee. Phil. Even as you will, my lord. But, pardon me,—

If you will come, let us not have a word Of conscience, and of pity, and forgiveness; Fine words to-morrow, out of place to-night. Take counsel then, leave all this work to me,

Call up your household, make fit preparation, In love and peace, to welcome this Earl Justician As one that’s free of guilt. Go, deck the castle As for an honor’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 naught thou canst discover.”

Auch. Yet goest thou not alone with that MacLellan! He deems thou bearst will to injure him, And seek’st occasion suitting to such will. Philip, thou art irreverent, fierce, ill-nurtured, Stain’d with low vices, which disgust a father; Yet ridest thou not alone with yonder man,— Come weal, come woe, myself will go with thee.

[Exit, and calls to horse behind the scene Phil. (alone.) Now would I give my fleetest 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 happen’d Yet strong through Nature’s universal reign
The link which binds the parent to the offspring:
The she-wolf knows it, and the tigress owns it.
So that dark man, who, shunning what is vicious,
Ne'er turn'd aside from an atrocity,
Hath still some care left for his helpless offspring.
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. Ach-
dronke and Philip, as if dismounted from their
horses, come forward cautiously.

Pnm. The nags are safely stow'd. Their noise
might scare them;
Let them be safe, and ready when we need them,
The business is but short. We'll call MacLehan,
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!—

Avcn. Too furious boy!—alarm or noise undoes
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 nobles,
And are allied with them, take this lad's life,—
His peasant life,—unless to quench his evidence,
Taking such pains to rid him from the world,
Who would, if spared, have fix’d a crime upon us?
Pnm. Well, I do own me one of those wise folks,
Who think that when a deed of fate is plan'd,
The execution cannot be too rapid.
But do we still keep purpose? 'Is't determined
He sails for Ireland—and without a wherry!—
Salt water is his passport—is it not so?
Avcn. 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 harbor there?
Pnm. With all my heart. It is small honor to me
To be the agent in a work like this.—
Yet this poor caitiff, 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 Blair.
And not more necessary is its death
To our accommodation—so we slay it
Without a moment's pause or hesitation.

Avcn. 'Tis not, my son, the feeling call'd ro-
morse,
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 thun-
ders
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'rt the man?"
Yet did my solid purpose, as I listen'd,
Remain unshaken as that massive rock.
Pnm. Well, then, I'll understand 'tis not ro-
morse,—
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.
Avcn. In Ireland he might live afar from us.
Pnm. Among Queen Mary's faithful partisans,
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.

Avcn. 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 laugh'd at—
Of prankish 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 raise his
rhymes.
Pnm. I marvel that your memory has room
To hold so much on such a worthless subject.
Avcn. 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!
Put. Indeed!—then have we had our midnight ride
To wonder at little purpose.

Acc. 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!
Thea shalt not from thy brother take the life,
The precious gift which God alone can give!—

Put. Here is a worthy gueorden 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 palsy—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 young clerk shall be disposed upon;
Unless you would ride home to Auchindrane,
And bid them rear the Maiden in the court-yard,
That when Dunbar comes, he have taught to do
But bid us kiss the cushion and true headman.

Acc. It is too true—There is no safety for us,
Consistent with the unhappy wretch of us,
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.

Put. 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.

Acc. I will know naught of it, hard-hearted boy!

Put. Hard-hearted! Why—my heart is soft as yours;
But then they must not feel remorse at once,
We can't afford such wasteful tendereness:
I can mouth 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.

Acc. Do thou the deed—I cannot look on it.

Put. So be it—walk with me—MacLellan brings him.
The boat lies moor'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.

Acc. Let us withdraw—for should he spy us suddenly,
He may suspect us, and alarm the family.

Put. Fear not, MacLellan has his trust and confidence,
Bought with a few sweet words and welcomes home.

Acc. But think you that the Ranger may be trusted?

Put. I'll answer for him.—Let's go float the shalloop.

[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 slumbers

Somewhat untimely.

Que. Do not think so, friend.
These six years past I have been used to stir
When the reveille rung; 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 '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 wave,
That I am glad to leave my feverish hair,
Although my hostess smooth'd my couch 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 gameous, Master Quentin,

Being roused from sleep so suddenly as you were
Que. Why, there's the jest o'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 sergeant,
And up gets Hildebrand, and off he trudges.
I can't but laugh to think upon the grin
With which he doff'd the kerchief 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 transitory,
And you may live with me a month or more,
And never see me smile. Then some such strife
As yonder 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 settled in our quarters,
With full intent to let the sun be high
Till we should leave our beds—and first the one
And then the other's summor'd briefly forth,
To the old tune, "Black Bandsmen, up and march!"—

Mac. Well! you shall sleep anon—rely upon it—
And make up time misspent. Meantime, methinks,
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 silvan tasks,
Which oft you have permitted me to share,
Till days that we were rivals?

Mac. You have memory
Of that too?—

Que. Like the memory of a dream,
Deception 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.

Mac. 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 see
him.
Say, I'm just landed on my native earth;
Say, that I will notumber it a day;
Say, that my wretched thread of poor existence
Shall be 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 Auchindran
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 butumber'd with his chain,
And I am weary out—I will not see him.

Mac. You must and shall—there is no remedy
Que. Take heed that you compel me not to find
one.

I've seen the wars since we had strife together.
To put my late experience to the test
Were something dangerous—Ha, I'm betray'd!

While the latter part of this dialogue is
passing, Auchindran and Philip en-
ter on the Stage from behind, and sud-
denly present themselves.

Auch. What says the runagate?

Que. (laying aside all appearance of resistance;
Nothing, you are my fate;
And in a shape more fearfully 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 battle,
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 at's,
Is that sweet word of country! The poor exile
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 heathly 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 reck
Upon his rights and pleasure! Who am I—
Thou abject, who am I, whose will thou thwartest?

Ph. Well spoke, my pious sir. There goes re-
morse!

1 MS.—"The strain of foreign music jar his ear."
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHEIRE TRAGEDY.

Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.

Qu. 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's that would deign to think upon thy life?
I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou may'st sojourn for some little space,
Having due means of living dealt to thee,
And when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.

Qu. N. ble 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 mother,
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 gayly as the bird
That scours to meet the morning.
Grant me but this—to show no darker thoughts
Are on your heart than those your speech expresses!

Pm. A modest favor, 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!

Qu. I obey.—Then farewell, Scotland,
And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that mercy,
Which mortal deserts not!—

Auch (speaks aside to his Son.) What signal
Shall let me know 'tis one?—

I'm. When the light is quench'd,
Your fears for Quentin Blane are at an end. —

(To Qu.) Come, comrade, come, we must begin our voyage.

Qu. But when, O when to end it!

[He goes off reluctantly with Philip and MacLellan. AUCHINDRANE stands looking after them. The moon becomes 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,
And moon has sunk before the deepening clouds;

I cannot on the murky beach distinguish
The shalllop from the rocks which lie beside it
I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,
Nor trace the sullen brow of MacLellan;
Yet still that caitif's visage is before me,
With chattering teeth, mazed look, and bristling hair,
As he stood here this moment!—Have I changed
My human eyes for those of some night prowler
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 vanished
When'er he stood a living man before me;
Then my antipathy awakened within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.—How they linger!
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 infallible supplies the reason—
And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!
Their boat now walks the waves; a single gleam,
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 sparkle
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 hide 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 MacLellan, 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 MacLellan's wife, in search of him
Or of her lover—of the murderer,

2 "In that moment, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll."

Byron— The Glase.
Or of the murder'd man.—Go to, Dame Marion,
Men have their hunting-gear to give an eye to,
Their snares and trackings for their game. But
women
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 wakening.
Come, dame, go back—back to your bed again.

Mar. Hear me, my lord! there have been sights
and sounds
That terrified my child and me—Groans, screams,
As if of dying seamen, came from ocean.
—
A corpse-light danced upon the crested waves
For several minutes' space, then sunk at once.
When we retired to rest we had two guests,
Besides my husband Neil—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 Maclellan, I should scarce be satisfied
To find thee wandering here in mist and moonlight;
When silence should be in thy habituation,
And sleep upon thy pillow.

Mar. Good my lord,
This is a holyday.—By an ancient custom
Our children seek the shore at break of day
And gather shells, and dance, and play, and sport
them
In honor of the Ocean. Old men say
The custom is derived from heathen times. Our
Isabel
Is mistress of the feast, and you may think
She is awake already, and impatient.
To be the first shall stand upon the beach,
And bid the sun good-morrow.

Auch. Ay, indeed? Longer such dregs of heathendom among you!
And hath Knox preach'd, and Wishart died, in vain?

Fare notice, I forbid these sinful practices,
And will not have my followers mingle in them.

Mar. If such your honor's pleasure, I must go
And lock the door on Isabel; she is wilful,
And voice of mine will have small force to keep her
From the amusement she so long has dream'd of.
But I must tell your honor, the old people,
That were survivors of the former race,
Prophesied evil if this day should pass
Without due homage to the mighty Ocean.

Auch. Folly and Papistry.—Perhaps the ocean
Hath had his morning sacrifice already;
Or can you think the dreadful element,
Whose frown is death, whose roar the dirge of
navies,
Will miss the idle pageant you prepare for?

I've business for you, too—the dawn advances—
I'd have thee lock thy little child in safety,
And get to Auchindrane before the sun rise.
Tell them to get a royal banquet ready,
As if a king were coming there to feast him.

Mar. I will obey your pleasure. But my host
band—

Auch. I wait him on the beach, and, if ne'er, him is
To share the banquet.

Mar. But he has a friend, Whom it would ill become him to intrude
Upon your hospitality.

Auch. Fear not; his friend shall be made welcome too,
Should he return with Neil.

Mar. He must—he will return—he has no option.

Auch. (Apart) Thus rashly do we deem of
others' destiny—
He has indeed no option—but he comes not.
Begone on thy commission—I go this way
To meet thy husband.

[Maries goes to her Tower, and after en
tering it, is seen to come out, lock the
doors, and leave the Stage, as if to execute
Auchindrane's commission. He, ap-
parently going off in a different direc-
tion, has watched her from the side of
the Stage, and on her departure speaks.

Auch. Fare thee weal, fair woman,
Most dangerous of spites—then prying, prating,
Spying, and telling woman! I've cut short
Thy dangerous testimony—hated word!
What other evidence have we cut short,
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, accompa-
nied with an Officer and two Pikemen.

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, halber.

And well it happens, since your leader seeks
This Quentin Blaine, 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
Dispatches into Holland for this Quentin.

Ser. I left him two hours since in ye under 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 you, dear traitor.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

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 sanger was most likely privy; such men as he hang on our fiercer barons, the ready agents of their lawless will; boys of the belt, who aid their master’s pleasures, and in his moods no’er scruple his injuncions. But haste, for now we must unkennel Quentin; I’ve strictest charge concerning him.

Ser. Go up, then, to the tower.
You’ve younger limbs than mine—there shall you find him.
Lounging 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 chanced next, and thou shalt have thy freedom.

Isa. After you went last night, my father grew moody, and refused to dress his clothes, or go to bed, as sometimes he will do when there is aught to chase him. Until past midnight, he wond’r’d to and fro, then call’d the stranger, 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 naught 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 corps’-lights were dancing on the waves; and at one o’clock, just as the Abbey steeple toll’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. Auchindrane 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.

[Execut separately]

SCENE II.

Scene changes to a remote and rocky part of the Sea-beach.

Enter Auchindrane, meeting Philip.

Auch. The devil’s brought his legions to the beach, that won’t to be so lonely; morions, lances, show in the morning beam as thick as glow-worms.

At summer midnight.

Phu. I’m right glad to see them, be they whoe’er they may, so they are mortal. 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. Phu. ‘Tis done, if man can do it; but I doubt if this unhappy wretch have Heaven’s permission to die by mortal hands.

Auch. Where is he?—where’s MacLellan?
Phu. In the deep—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!—ne be it
to all that menace ill to Auchindrane, or have the power to injure him!—Thy words are full of comfort, but thine eye and look...
I used my dagger, and 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,
To sink an argosy.

Put. But now resolve you what defence to make
If Quentin's body shall be recognized;
For 'tis ashore already; and he bears
Marks of my handiwork; so does MacLellan.

Auch. The concourse thickens still—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. Wom. How well she dance's it, the brave little maiden! 

Vil. Ay, they all quake it from their very cradle,

These willing slaves of credulity Auchindranse.

But now I hear the old man's reign is ended;
'Tis well—he has been quite long enough.

Second Vil. Finay, 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. Tishaw, it is but a sea-gull on the wing.

Between the wave and sky.

Second Vil. And if it be, he bears him like a live one,

its legs. Between two or 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 for the bottom of the sea, and was coming as fast as he could to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an incident was listened to as a tale of idle credulity. The King, indeed, was born to sea, had not proceeded far before a body was distin its dead, and floating, 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 superstition to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive Christian burial. Life of Nelson, chap. vi.

MS — "And, baited by my slave I used my dagger."
Not prone and werttering 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 gazing to  
seaward, while an object, imperfectly  
seen, drifts towards the Beach, and at  
length arrives among the rocks which  
border the tide.]

Third Vil. Perhaps it is some wretch who needs  
assistance;  
Jasper, make in and sec.  
Second Vil. Not I, my friend;  
E'en take the risk yourself, you'd put on others.  
[Hildebrand has entered, and heard the  
two 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 at-  
tempting 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—'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 Blane! Poor youth, his gloomy  
boodings  
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 blush 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 eart were stabb'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 vein.  
At the approach of what holds lease from his  
Of all that parents can transmit to children.  
And here comes one to whom I'll vouch the cir-  
cumstance.

The Earl of Dunbar enters with Soldiers and oth-  
ers, having Auchindrane and Philip prisoners.  
Dun. Fetter the young ruffian and his traitor-  
father!  
[They are made secure.]

Auch. 'Twas a lord spoke it—I have known  
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 mid-  
night  
Is spirited away. Then lights are seen,  
And groans are heard, and corpses come ashore  
Mangled with daggers, while (to Philip) your  
Sage  
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 the child's approach, because the daughter  
Of one the abettor of the wicked deed.  
All this, and other proofs corroborative,  
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!  
Philip. 'Tis fitter that we both should die,  
Leaving no heir behind.—The piety  
Of a bless'd saint, the morals of an anchorite,  
Could not atone thy dark hypocrisy,  
Or the wild prodigacy I have practised.  
Ruind our house, and shatter'd be our towers.  
And with them end the curse our sins have mer-  
ited?  

1 Ms.—"His unbleeded wounds." &c.
2 *"The poet, in his play Auchindrane, displayed real  
magic power, and soothed all those who cried out before for  
a more direct story, and less of the retrospective. Several of  
the poems are conceived and executed with all the powers of the  
best parts of 'Waverley.' The verse, too, is more rough, natu-  
ral, and nervous, than that of 'Haldon Hill,' but, noble as  
the effort was, it was eclipsed so much by his splendid wom-  
ces, that the public still complained that he had not done his  
best, and that his genius was not dramatic."—ALLAN CUN-  
nOHN. —Othnianum. 11th Dec. 1833.
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 Veihmä" (the Secret Tribunal), which fills the sixth volume of the "Sagen der Vorzeit" (Tales of Antiquity), by Beit Weber. The drama must be termed rather a raficimento 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.1

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 prudent to place the fifth act and the parade and show of 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 honor of the bassin. 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 dispute, and received a coup de grace from the joint efforts of the late lamented Mr. Canning and Mr. Freer. 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 longer have any opportunity of correcting the pieces 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 amidst the beauties of more valuable articles.2

Abbotsford, 1st April, 1829.

DAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

RUDIGER, Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior
GEORGE OF ASPEN, his sons to Rudiger.
HENRY OF ASPEN,

1 George Wächter, who published various works under the pseudonym of Beit Weber, was born in 1763, and died in 1837. —Ed

THE HOUSE OF ASPEN.

Rodric, 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 Rodric.

Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to the former husband of the Baronesse of Aspen, disguised as a minstrel.

DUKE OF BAVARIA.

WICKERD, REYNOLD, CONRAD, Page of Honor to Henry of Aspen.

Martin, Squire to George of Aspen.

Hugo, Squire to Count Rodric.

Peter, an ancient domestic of Rudiger.

FATHER LUDOVIC, Chaplain to Rudiger.

MEN.

ISABELLA, formerly married to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, now wife of Rudiger.

GERTRUDE, Isabella’s niece, betrothed to Henry.

SWORDS, Judges of the Invisible Tribunal, &c. &c.

Scene.—The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Friesenhaus, and the adjacent country.

The House of Aspen.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An ancient Gothic chamber in the Castle of Ebersdorf. Spears, crosbibles, 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 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 Rodric, and their father must lie here like a worm-eaten manuscript in a convent 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 syllables cold "How is it with you?" and shut 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 knightly 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 Arnheim was the joy of her companions, and breathed life where ever she came. Thy father married thee to Arnolf 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 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 cheerfulness vanished since thou hast become Lady of Aspen? Dost thou repent of thy love to Rudiger?

Isa. Alas! no! 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 stormy 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 endowed 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. It will not know repose.

Rud. Well, well—God’s peace be with Arnolf 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 Maltingen?

Run. 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.

Then shall we have tidings of George and

Wic. (Enter Wickerd.) How now, Wickerd? Have you come to blows yet?

Wic. Not yet, noble sir.

Run. Not yet—shame on the boys' dallying—what wait they for?

Wic. The foe is strongly posted, sir knight, upon the Wolfshill, near the ruins of Griefenhans; 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.

Run. (attempts to rise hastily.) Saddle my black barb, I will head them myself. (Sits down.) A murrain on that stumbling room! I had forgot my dislocated bones. Call Reynold, Wickerd, and bid him take all whom he can spare from defence of the castle—(Wickerd is going)—and ho! 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 bestrode. When we lay before Ascalon, indeed, I had a bright bay Persian—Thou dost not heed me.

Isa. Forgive me, dear husband; are not our sons in danger? Will not our sins be visited upon them? Is not their present situation—

Run. Situation? I know 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 Griefenhans in ruins, here the Wolfshill; and here the marsh on the right.

Isa. The marsh of Griefenhans!

Run. Yes; by that the boys must pass.

Isa. Pass there! (Apart.) Avenging Heaven!—and is upon us!

[Exit hastily.]

Run. 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 Rodger, pass and repass in and out, as if preparing for an excursion.

Wickerd 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 cawling think'st thou? Reynold is not as ready for a skirmish as thou!

Wic. Nay, nay: I did but jest; but, by my sooth, it were a shame should our youngsters have yoked with Count Roderic before we graybeards come.

Rey. Heaven forefend! Our troopers are but saddling their horses; five minutes more, and we are in our stirrups, and then let Count Roderic 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 Maltingen 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—I say nothing—but let him look to it.

Rey. And how fare our young lords?

Wic. Each well in his humor.—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 matching a chestnut out of the fire. Now Baron Henry wept 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 favorite.

Rey. Ay—Martin, formerly the squire of Arnold 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 Arnold 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 knave 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 favor.

Rey. His appearance reminds her of her first husband, and thou hast well seen that makes her ever sad.
Wit. 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, I say mark me, Reynolds—[Eagle sounds—

F. K. A truce to your preaching! To horse! and a blessing on our arms! Wit. St. George grant it! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The gallery of the Castle, terminating in a large balcony commanding a distant prospect.—Voices, 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—there are the iron-handed warriors who shall tell Roderic what it will cost him to force thee from my protection—[Flourish without—Rudiger stretches his arms from the balcony.] Go, my children, and God's blessing with you. Look at my black barb, Gertrude. That horse shall let daylight in through a phalanx, were it twenty pikes deep. Shame on it that I cannot mount him! Seeest thou how fierce old Reynold looks?

Ger. I can hardly know my friends in their armor. [The bugles and kettle-drums are heard as at a greater distance.

Rud. Now 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-gray is Wicker—a hardly 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. Alas! the voice of war that calls the blood into your cheeks chills and freeze mine.

Rud. Say not so. It is glorious, my girl, glorious! See how their armor glistens as they wind round you 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 bestrode."

Fill me a bowl of wine, Gertrude; and do thou, Peter, call the minstrel who came hither last night.—[Sings.]

"Off rode the host, a, dash, a, sal
And stroked his whiskers, tra, la, la."—

(Peter goes out.—Rudiger sits 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 Bertram as a minstrel, with a boy bearing his harp.—Also Peter.

Rud. Thy name, minstrel?
Ber. Minthold, so please you.
Rud. Art thou 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 sayest thou, Isabella?
Isa. I marked him not.
Rud. Nay, in sooth you are too anxious. Cheer up. And thou, too, my lovely Gertrude: in 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 honor and ladies' love—ha, minstrel? Ber. So please you—also to punish crimes.
Rud. Out upon it! wou'dst have us 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 know I how many 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 round slain in a forest: the poniard was left in
the wound, and bore this label—"Thus do the invi-
sible 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 battlements; there we
shall soonest descry the return of our warriors.

[Exit Rudiger, with Gertrude and Peter.]

Isa. Minstrel, send the chaplain hither. (Exit Ber-
tram.) Gracious Heaven! the guileless innocence of
my niece, the manly honesty of my up-
right-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 mid-
night, who boast to avenge the hidden guilt, and
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
mights?

Isa. Their absence and their danger.

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; perad-
venture 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 Eter-
nal Mercy for the soul of one who—Oh, only
Heaven knows how much they need 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 mendicant
in my train has power to good me to madness!

Lud. Hearken to me, daughter; thy crime
against Arnolf of Ebersdorf 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 ages of the bitterest penance, that tears
of the dearest blood, can erase such guilt. Prove
but that to me, and I will build thee an abbey
which shall put to shame the fairest fame in Chris-
tendum.

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 un-
lawful, 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
Ebersdorf, and to have lived formerly in this cas-
tle. He inquires much after Martin, 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 honor the
servants of God, but I foster not the praying 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 no such birds roost
in convent-walls?

Lud. Lady, I understand you not.

Isa. 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?

Isa. (sharply.) Except Martin! who saved the
life of my son George? Do as I command thee.

[Exit.]

Manet 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 abso-
lution, 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 shrewdly 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 1.

A woodland prospect.—Through a long avenue, half grown up by brambles, are discerned in the background the ruins of the ancient Castle of Griesenhaus. 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. Lie 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 back 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 knowest—Sware 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 nature.

Mar. Hear me, then. I was the squire, the beloved and favorite attendant, of Arnolf of Ebersdorf. Arnolf was savage as the mountain bear. He loved the Lady Isabel, but she required 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! ay, bloody services! for they commenced—do not quit my hand—they commenced with the murder of my master. (George quits his hand, and stands agast 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! Martin. (the fever of thy wound has distracted thee.

Mar. No! I am not mad! Would to God I were! Try me! Yonder is the Wolfshill—yonder the old castle of Griesenhaus—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 the utmost agitation, and some times stands over Martin with his hands clasped to gether.) 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 impenitent, as he lived; and went—where I am shortly to go. You do not speak?

Geo. (with exertion.) 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; (A* attempts to rise, and falls heavily. A loud alarm.)

Enter Wicked, 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. The old grumbler is crazy with his wounds. Martin, if thou hast a spark of reason 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 George has turned the day; he fights more
like a fiend than a man: he has unhorsed Roderic,
and slain six of his troopers—they are in head-
long flight—the hemlock marsh is red with their
gore! (Marty gives a deep groan, and faints.)
Away! away! (They hurry off, as to the pur-
suit.)

Enter Roderic of Maltingen, without his helmet,
his arms disordered and broken, holding the
truncheon of a spear in his hand; with him,
Baron Wolfstein.

Ron. 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 thicket.

Ron. Why took he not my life, when he robbed
me of my honor 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
outhe 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—(sees Martin.)

Ron. 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. (reviving.) Leave me not! leave me not.
Baron George! my eyes are darkened with agony!
I have not yet told all.

Wolf. The old man takes you for his master.

Ron. What wouldst thou tell?

Mar. Oh, I would tell all the temptations by
which I was urged to the murder of Ekersdorf!

Ron. Murder!—this is worth marking. Proceed.

Mar. I loved a maiden, daughter of Arnulf's
steward; my master seduced her; she became an
outcast, and died in misery—I vowed vengeance
and I did avenge her.

Ron. Hadst thou accomplies?

Mar. None, but thy mother.

Ron. 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.

Ron. (breaks into a transport.) Fortune! thou
hast repaid me all! Love and vengeance are my
own!—Wolfstein, recall our followers! quick, sound
my bugle—(Wolfstein sounds.)

Mar. (stares wildly round.) That was no note
of Aspen—Count Roderic of Maltingen—Heaven
what have I said!

Ron. What thou canst not recall.

Mar. Then is my fate decreed! 'Tis as it should
be! this very place was the prison gather'd-tis
retribution!

Enter three or four soldiers of Roderic.

Ron. Secure this wounded trooper; bind his
wounds, and guard him well; carry him to the
ruins of Griefenhans, 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!

Ron. Hope, joy, and triumph, once again are ye
mine! Welcome to my heart, long-absent visit-
ants! One lucky chance has thrown deviation
into the scale of the house of Maltingen, and As-
pen kicks the beam.

Wolf. I foresee, indeed, dishonor to the family
of Aspen, should this wounded squire make good his
tale.

Ron. And how think'st thou this disgrace will
fall on them?

Wolf. Surely, by the public punishment of Lady
Isabella.

Ron. And is that all?

Wolf. What more?

Ron. Short-sighted 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.

Ron. 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 fa-
ther—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?

Ron. If not, he becomes forsworn, and, by our
law, must die. Either way my vengeance is com-
plete—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.

Ron. Deep as the wounds I have borne from
this proud family. Rudiger slew my father in bat-
tle—George has twice baffled and dishonored my
arms, and Henry has stolen the heart of my be-
lowed; 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
THE HOUSE OF ASPEN.

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— 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, Reynolds, 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 little less than miraculous.

Rev. By'r Lady, when Baron 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 budged else from hence.

Geo. Heedless 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 treacher-shifter.

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 perished there.

Geo. How— out of his senses! Did he speak to thee?— (approachingly.)

Wic. Yes, noble sir.

Geo. Dear Henry, step for an instant to yon tree— thou wilt see from thence if the foe rally upon the Wolfshill. (Henry retires.) And do you stand back to (the soldiers.)

(Wickerd forward.

Geo. (with marked apprehension.) What did Martin say to thee, Wickerd?— tell me, on thy allegiance.

Wic. Mere ravings, sir knight— offered me his sword to kill you.

Geo. Said he ought of killing any one else?

Wic. No; the pain of his wound seemed to have brought on a fever.

Geo. (claps 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 (said.) Wickerd, think not on what I said— the best of the battle had charred 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 crossbowmen, and sear the woods towards Griesenhaus, 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 he clew himself up like a dormouse. Hen. I think he must be prisoner.

Geo. Heaven forefend! Take a trumpet, ensign (to an attendant); ride to the castle of Maltingen, and demand a parley. If Martin is prisoner, offer any ransom: offer ten— twenty— all our prisoners in exchange.

Eus. 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.

Honor acquiring, Valor inspiring,
not a page would leave the skirts of the fugitives

till they were fairly beaten into their holds; but

had the boys lost the day, the stragglers had made

for the castle. Go to the window, Gertrude: seest

thou any thing?

Gen. I think I see a horseman.

Isa. A single rider? then I fear me much.

Gen. It is only Father Ludovic.

Run. A plague on thee! didst thou take a fat

friar on a mule for a trooper of the house of Aspen?

Gen. But yonder is a cloud of dust.

Run. (cagerly.) Indeed!

Gen. It is only the wine sledges going to my

aunt's convent.

Run. The devil confound the wine sledges, and

the mules, and the monks! Come from the win-

dow, and torment me no longer, thou seer of

strange sights.

Gen. Dear uncle, what can I do to amuse you?

Shall I tell you what I dreamed this morning?

Run. Nonsense: but say on; any thing is better

than silence.

Gen. 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!

Gen. Do but think of my terror—and Minhold

the minstrel played all the while, to drown your

screams.

Run. And old Father Ludovic danced a sar-

band, with the steeple of the new convent upon

his thick skull by way of mire. A truce to this

nonsense. Give us a song, my love, and leave thy

dreams and visions.

Gen. What shall I sing to you?

Run. Sing to me of war.

Gen. 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.

Run. Then sing a song of mirth.

Isa. Dear husband, is this a time for mirth?

Run. Is it neither a time to sing of mirth nor of

sorrow? Isabella would rather hear Father Ludovi-

c chant the "De profundis."

Gen. 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.1

Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,

Weak were the whispers that waved the 

wood,

1 Compare with "The Maid of Toro" ante 630
As a fair maiden, bewilder’d in sorrow,
Sigh’d to the breezes and wept to the flood.—
 Saints, from the mansion of bliss lovely bending,
Virgin, that hearest 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 wild rattle,
And the chaise’s wild clamor came leading 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 thy 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!
Gen. 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.
Rud. Joy! joy! they come, and come victorious.
(Then the chorus of the war-song is heard without.) Welcome! welcome! once more have my old eyes seen the banners of the house of Maltingen trampled in the dust.—Isabella, branch our oldest casks: 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 he is crossing the drawbridge. Hast thou no greetings for me, Gertrude? (Goes to her.)
Gen. I joy not in battles.
Rud. But she had tears for thy danger.
HEN. Thanks, my gentle Gertrude. See, I have brought back thy scarf from no inglorious field.
Gen. It is bloody!—(shocked.)
Rud. Dost start at that, my girl? Were it his own blood, as it is that of his foes, thou shouldst 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. (rushes 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.) Dares she bestow a blessing? Oh Martin’s tale was phrensy!
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 phrensy then!
ISA. Gertrude, my love, assist me to disarm the knight. (She loosest and takes off his casque.)
Gen. There is one, two, three, hacks, and none has pierced the steel.
Rud. Let me see. Let me see. A trusty casque!
ISA. Else hast thou gone.
ISA. I will reward the armorer with its weight in gold.
Geo. (aside.) She must be innocent,
Gen. And Henry’s shield is hacked, too! Let me show it to you, uncle. (She carries Henry’s shield 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 thy 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...
possessions, for his ransom. Never shall I know
decise till these walls, or till the grave secures him.
Geo. (apart.) Guilty! Guilty!

Enter Peter.

Pet. Hugo, squire to the Count of Maltingen,
has arrived with a message.
Rt.o. 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 tribute. (He falls on his mother's neck, and weeps bitterly.)

Isa. George! my son! for Heaven's sake, what dreadful phrensy!

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 even-handed, stern, and impartial justice. Was it not a dreadful vow?

Isa. (with an affectation of composure.) 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, you think, 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 my duty.

Isa. My son! my son!—Mercy! Mercy! (Clings to him.)

Geo. Is it then true?

Isa. What?

Geo. 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. Mistaken coward! I little knew on what terrors I ran, to avoid one moment's agony—Thou hast the secret!

Geo. Knowest thou to whom thou hast told it?

Isa. To my son.

Geo. No! No! 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! Judgiler! Judgiler! 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—(weeps.)

Geo. (struggling for breath.) Nature will have utterance: mother, dearest mother, I will save you or perish! (throws himself into her arms.) Thus 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 stoic 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. Hark! One—two—three. Roderic, thou art speedy! (Apart.)

Isa. (opens 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, by the cord and by the steel, to appear this night before the avengers of blood, who judge in secret and avenge in secret, like the Doity. As thou art innocent or guilty, so be thy deliverance."—Martin, Martin, thou hast played false!

Isa. Alas! whither shall I fly?

Geo. Thou cannot fly; instant death would follow the attempt; a hundred thousand arms would be raised against thy life; every mouth which thou didst
drink, the very breeze of heaven that fanned thee, would come beaded 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 dagger should drink my blood. (Puts the poniard 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 patient; 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.

Hugo. 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.

Hugo. And I the Count says to you, that he will not ransom your wounded squire, though you would down weigh 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?

Hugo. Not as it seems to me. He is weak through loss of blood; but since his wound was dressed he ran both stand and walk. Our Count has a notable balsam, which has recruited him much.

GEO. Enough—I will send the priest.—(Exit GEO.) 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 aid 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, Minnold. 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 bai'd 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 Roderic, 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 labor to execute my promise, when thou shalt have leisure to unfold thy history.

BER. I will do as you direct. Is the life of thy squire in danger?

GEO. It is, unless thou canst accomplish his release.

BER. I will essay it. [Exit.

GEO. Such are the mean expedients to which George of Aspen must now resort. No longer can I debate with Roderic in the field. The depraved—-the perjured 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.
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The wood of Griesenhans, 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 reconnoitering party.

Wolf. They mean to improve their success, and will push their advantage far. We must retreat betimes, Count Roderic.

Ron. 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.

Huga. Noble sir, how shall I tell what has happened?

Ron. What?

Huga. Martin has escaped.

Ron. Villain, thy life shall pay it! (Strikes at Hugo—is held by Wolfstein.)

Wolf. Hold, hold, Count Roderic! Hugo may be blameless.

Ron. Reckless slave! how came he to escape? Hugo. Under the disguise of a monk's habit, whom by your orders we brought to confess him.

Ron. Has he been long gone?

Huga. 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.

Ron. Where is the treacherous priest?

Hug. He waits his doom not far from hence.

[Exit Hugo.

Ron. Drag him hither. The miscreant that matched the morsel of vengeance from the lion of Woltingen, shall expire under torture.

Re-enter Hugo, with Bertram and Attendants.

Ron. Villain! what tempted thee, under the garb of a minister of religion, to steal a criminal from the hand of justice?

Ben. I am no villain, Count Roderic; and I only aided the escape of one wounded wretch whom thou didst mean to kill basely.

Ron. Liar and slave! thou hast assisted a murderer, upon whom justice had sacred claims.

Ben. I warn thee again, Count, that I am neither liar nor slave. Shortly I hope to tell thee I am once more thy equal.

Ron. Thou! Thou!—

Ben. Yes! the name of Bertram of Ebersdorf was once not unknown to thee.

Ron. (astonished.) Thou Bertram! the brother of Arnold of Ebersdorf, first husband of the Bar- oness Isabella of Aspen?

Ben. The same.

Ron. Who, in a quarrel at a tournament, many years since, slew a blood-relation of the emperor and was laid under the ban?

Ben. The same.

Ron. Am I who has now, in the disguise of a priest, aided the escape of Martin, squire to George of Aspen?

Ben. The same—the same.

Ron. Then, by the holy cross of Cologne, thou hast set at liberty the murderer of thy brother Arnold!

Ben. How! What! I understand thee not!

Ron. Miserable plotter!—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 murderer Arnold!

Ben. Can this be so, Wolfstein?

Wolf. I heard Martin confess the murder.

Ben. Then am I indeed unfortunate!

Ron. What, in the name of evil, brought thee here?

Ben. 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—Hell 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 Saracen in Spain and Palestine.

Ron. But why didst thou return to a land where death attends thy being discovered?

Ben. 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.

Ron. And what prevailed on thee to undertake to deliver Martin?

Ben. George, though I told not my name, engaged 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 pre-
venting attendance upon his sick-bed, and an in-
spection of his body
Ber. My vengeance shall be dreadful as its
cause! The usurpers of my inheritance, the rob-
ers of my honor, the murderers of my brother,
shall be cut off, root and branch!
Ron. Thou art, then, welcome here; especially
if thou art still a true brother to our invisible
order.
Ber. I am.
Ron. There is a meeting this night on the busi-
ess of thy brother's death. Some are now come.
I must dispatch them in pursuit of Martin.

Enter Hugo.
Hug. The foes advance, sir knight.
Ron. Back! back to the ruins! Come with us,
Bertram; on the road thou shalt hear the dread-
ful 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 of the minstrel?
Wic. None.
Geo. Then he has betrayed me, or is prisoner—
misery 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-na-
tured. Thy mind cannot even support the burden
which mine must bear, far less wilt thou appro
the means I shall use to throw it off.
Hen. Try me.
Geo. I may not.
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 be-
come 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 ye not banded in secret to
punish those offenders whom the sword of justice
cannot reach, or who are shielded from its strokes
by the buckler of power?
Geo. Such is indeed the purpose of our frater-
nity; but the end is pursued through paths dark,
intricate, and slippery with blood. Who is he that
shall tend 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 diest this morning a free
man. No one could say to thee, "Why dost thou
so?" Thou layest thee down to-night the veriest
slave that ever tugged at an ear—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 chap-
ter. Show him this signet and this letter; tell
him that matters will be this night discussed con-
cerning the house of Aspen. 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 thou 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 precat
THE chapell at Ebersdoril, an auecal Gothic building.

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 summits: 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 staid one day at least. In some, aunt, I hate this place; it reminds me of my dream. See, yonder was the spot where methought they were burying you alive, below yon 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 parting 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 exclaim behind the monument.)

SCENE III.

The Wood of Grielenhaus.—A watch-fire, round which sit Wickerd, Conrad, and others, in their watch-coaks.

Wic. The night is bitter cold.

CON. Ay, but thou hast lined thy doublet well with old Rhenish.

Wic. True; and I'll give you warrant for it. (Sings.)

(RHEN-WEIN LIED.)

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 fringes and furs, and many a rabbit skin, sirs,

Bedeck your Saracen;

He'll freeze without what warms our hearts with
in, 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 wert ever a jovial soul.

Enter a trooper and two men.

Wic. Hast thou made the rounds, Frank?
Frank. Yes, up to the hemlock marsh. It is a stormy night; the moon shone on the Wolfshill, 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 singing 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 bogey bears? 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 tother sup of Rhenish to fence against the horrors of the tale.

Con. It is about my own uncle and godfather, Albert of Horshelm.

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 benighted, and came to a lone house on the edge of a forest: he and his followers knocked repeatedly for entrance in vain. They forced the door, but found no inhabitants.

Frank. And they made good their quarters!

Con. They did: and Albert 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 wither'd leaves.

So on. Conrad. Your uncle was a wise man.

Con. That's more than gray hairs can make either folks.

Wic. Ha! 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.)

Wic. The croaking of a frog, who has caught cold in this bitter night, and sings rather more hoarsely than usual.

Frank. Wickerd, thou art surely no Christian (They sit down, and close round the fire.)

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?

Com. See you figure coming from the thicket?

Enter Martin, in the monk's dress, much disorder'd: his face is very pale and his steps slow.

Wic. (tevelling his pike.) Man or devil, which thou wilt, thou shalt feel cold iron, if thou hast a foot nearer. (Martin stops.) Who art thou? What dost thou seek?

Mar. To warm myself at your fire. It is deadly cold.

Wic. See there, ye cravens, your apparition is a poor benighted monk: sit down, father. (They place Martin by the fire.) By heaven, it is Martin —our Martin! Martin, how fares it with thee! We have sought thee this whole night.

Mar. So have many others (vacantly.)

Con. Yes, thy master.

Mar. Did you see him too?

Con. Whom? Baron George?

Mar. No! my first master, Arnolf 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 wilt return this night to my service!"

Wic. Wrap thy cloak around him, Francis; he is distracted with cold and pain. Dost thou not recollect me, old friend?

Mar. Yes, you are the butler at Ebersdorf: vor
have the charge of the large gilded cup, embossed with the figures of the twelve apostles. It was the favorite goblet of my lady, the master.

Con. By our lady, Martin, thou must be distracted indeed, to think our master would intrust Wickes 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 areas. (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 Matlingen?
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 villany are rife and rank as ever.
Wic. The old complaint.
1 Mem. No! 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 slumbers 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.
2 Mem. 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 groaned under 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 blood-stained handsevery 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.
Con. Be patient, good Martin.
Wic. And where was the miscreant seized?
1 Mem. In the name of the Invisible Judges, I charge ye, impede us not in our duty.
2 Mem. Thanks. (They approach the fire, and regard Martin very earnestly.)
Con. Hear ye any news abroad?
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...are your hearts free from malice, and your hands from blood-guiltiness?  

[All the Members incline their heads.  
Ron. 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. 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! vengeance!  

Ron. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance?  
Accuser. Upon a brother of this order, who is perjurer, and perjured to its laws.  

Ron. 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 son whom he loved as 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?  

Ron. Accuser, come before the altar; lay thy hand upon the dagger and the cord, and swear to the truth of thy accusation.  

Acc. (his hand on the altar.) I swear!  
Ron. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury, should it be found false?  

Acc. I will.  

Ron. Brethren, what is your sentence?  

[The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.  

Eldest Mem. Our voice is, that the perjured shall be punished.  

Ron. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.  

Acc. George, Baron of Aspen.  

[Another 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! gage 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 deny the charge?  
Mem. Then would I never trust man again.  
Acc. Hear him, then, bear witness against himself (throws back his mantle.)  

Ron. Baron George of Aspen!  
Geo. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-accused.  

Ron. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from injustice, or that condition alone, thy brethren may save thy life.  

Geo. Thineest 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!  

Ron. 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 cruelty. 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 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 sanctuary.  

Ron. Brethren, sworn upon the steel and upon the cord, to judge and to avenge in secret, without favor 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.  

Ron. Speak your doom.  

Eldest Mem. George of Aspen has declared him self perjured;—the penalty of perjury is death!  

Ron. Father of the secret judges—Eldest among those who avenge in secret—take to thee the steel and the cord;—let the guilty no longerumber the land.  

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?  

Ron. 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 instantly enters the sanctuary.}
ELDEST JUDGE. (from behind the scene.) Dost thou forgive me?

[Enter the old judge from the sacristy.]

He lays on the altar the bloody dagger.

RON. HAST thou done thy duty!

ELDEST MEM. I HAVE. (He faints.)

RON. He swoons. Remove him.

He is assisted off the stage. During this four men enter the sacristy, and bring out a bier covered with a pall, which they place on the steps of the altar.

A deep silence.

RON. Judges of evil, doomling 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!

RON. Enough has this night been done.—(He rises and brings Pertram forward.) Think what thou dost.—George has fallen—it were murder to slay 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.

RON. (resumes his seat.) Upon whom callest thou for vengeance?

BER. Upon Isabella of Aspen.

RON. 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 ISABELLA, the veil still wrapped around her head, led by her conductor. All the members muffle their faces.

RON. Uncover her eyes.

[The veil is removed. ISABELLA looks wildly round.]

RON. Knowest thou, lady, where thou art? ISA. I guess. RON. Say thy guess. ISA. Before the Avengers of blood. RON. Knowest thou why thou art called to their presence?

ISA. No.

RON. Speak, accuser.

BER. I impeach thee, Isabella of Aspen, before this awful assembly, of having murdered, privily and by poison, Arnolf of Ebersdorf, thy first husband.

RON. Canst thou swear to the accusation?

BER. (his hand on the altar.) I lay my hand on the steel and the cord, and swear.

[Enter Isabella of Aspen, thou hast heard thy accusation. What canst thou answer? ISA. That the oath of an accuser is no proof of guilt! RON. Hast thou more to say? ISA. I have. RON. Speak on. ISA. Judges invisible to the sun, and seen only by the stars of midnight! I stand before you, accused of an enormous, daring, and premeditated crime. I was married to Arnolf when I was only eighteen years old. Arnolf was wary and jealous; 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.

RON. 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. 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 be down-weighed 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! know me for Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to him thou didst murder. Call her accomplice, Martin. Ha! 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.

RON. Dost thou know the accuser, lady?

ISA. (reasuming 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 RODERICK) Then I call upon thee and William of Wolfstein to bear witness to what you know.

RON. 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.

RON. Retire, lady.

[ISABELLA is led to the sacristy]
Isa. (in going off.) The ground is slippery—Heavens! It is floated with blood!
[Exit into the sacristy.]

Ron. (apart to Bertram.) Whom dost thou mean to call?
[Bertram whispers.]

Ron. This goes beyond me. (After a moment's thought.) But be it so. Maltingen shall behold Aspen hallowed in the dust. (Aside.) 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.

Ron. Knowest thou where thou art, and hast no arm?

Rud. 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.

Ron. It regards the punishment of perjury and the discovery of murder. Art thou willing to assist us?

Rud. Most willing, as is my duty.

Ron. What if the crime regard thy friend?

Rud. I will hold him no longer so.

Ron. What if thine own blood?

Rud. I would let it out with my poniard.

Ron. 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 staggers towards it.)

Rud. 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 gainsay 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 honor of Aspen, or lay his bloody body beside his brother's.

Rud. Rush and insensate! Hear first the cause.

Ber. The dis-honor of thy house.

Isa. (from the sacristy.) Never shall he hear it till the author is no more! (Rudiger attempts to rush towards the sacristy, but is prevented. Isabella rise a wounded, and throws herself on George's body.)

Isa. Murdered for me—for me! my dear, dear son!

Rud. (still held.) Cowardly villains, let me loose! Maltingen, this is thy doing! Thy face thou wouldst disguise, thy deeds thou canst not! I defy thee to instant and mortal combat!

Isa. (looking up.) No! no! endanger not thy life! Myself! myself! I could not bear thou shouldst know—Oh! (Dies.)

Ron. Oh! let me go—let me but try to stop him, and I will forgive all.

Ron. Drag him off and detain him. The voice of lamentation must not disturb the stern deliberation of justice.

Ron. Bloodhound of Maltingen! Well seems thy base revenge! The marks of my son's lance are still on thy craven crest! Vengeance on the band of ye!

[Rudiger is dragged off to the sacristy.]

Ron. Brethren, we stand discovered! What is to be done to him who shall desecry our mystery?

Rud. He must become a brother of our order, or die!

Ron. 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! (Murders 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. (Faint 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!

Ron. (to another.) Do thou—and succeed to the rank of him who has disobeyed. Remember your oath! (Member takes the dagger, and goes irresolutely forward; looks into the sacristy, and comes back.)

Mem. He has fainted—fainted in anguish for his wife and his son, the bloody ground is strewn with his white hairs. torn by those hands that have fought for Christendom. I will not be your butcher. (Throws down the dagger.)

Ber. Irresolute and perplexed, the robber of my inheritance, the author of my exile, shall die.

Ron. Thanks, Bertram. Exceed, 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 ducal 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.]

Ron. The Duke of Bavaria! I am lost.

Duke. (sees the bodies.) I am too late—the victiims! I a fallen.
HEN. (who enters with the Duke.) Gracious Heaven! O George!

Run. (from the sacristy.) Henry—it is thy voice—save me! [Henry rushes into the sacristy.

Duke. Roderic of Maltingen, descend from the seat which thou hast dishonored—(Roderic leaves his place, which the Duke occupies.)—Thou standest accused of having perverted the laws of our order; for that, being a mortal enemy to the house of Aspen, thou hast abused thy sacred authority to wander to thy private revenge; and to this Wolfstein has been witness.

Ron. 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 pushing Roderic from him.) If after two days thou darest to pollute Bavarian ground by thy footsteps, be it at the peril of the steel and the cord (Roderic rises.) 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 advances forward.

Ron. 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!

Ron. 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 shalt thou never more enter; lance shalt thou never more wield (draws his sword.) With this sword wast thou dubbed a knight; with this sword I dishonor 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 honorless and rightless; the funeral obsequies shall be performed for thee as for one dead to knightly honor and to fair fame; thy spurs shall be hacked from thy heels; thy arms baffled and reversed by the common executioner. Go, fraudulent and dishonored, 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 honor of the House of Aspen.

(Curtain slowly falls.)
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