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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1858.
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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 relege, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini.

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 1832, 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.—En.

Introduction to Edition 1830.

A poem of nearly thirty years' standing may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself 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 "The Lay is the best of all possible comments on the Border Minstrelsy."—British Critic, August, 1830

² Published in 4to (£1 5s.), January, 1805.
lished the translations from Bürger, I was an insu-
lated 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 Themis
is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else,
of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will
not readily consent to share her authority, and
erstly 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 nullus est pulvis, tamen excute nullum." 1

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-
ing fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis
was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirta-
tion with the Musea, 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. 2 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 consoled
himself on having established with Mistress Anne
Page: "There was no great love between us at
the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease
it on farther acquaintance." I became sensible that
the time was come when I must either buckle 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 fift-
teenth year, my health, originally delicate, had
become extremely robust. From infancy I had
labored under the infirmity of a severe lameness,
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 of
toil 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-
nies through parts of the country then not very ac-
cessible, gaining 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, withdrew 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 Justice by
the title of Lord Jeffrey.—Ed.
silvan sports also, with some success, and with great
delight. But these pleasures must have been all
resigned, or used with great moderation, had I
determined to regain my station at the bar. It was
even doubtful whether I could, with perfect charac-
ter as a jurisconsult, retain a situation in a vol-
unteer 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 constit-
ution 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
profession.

On the other hand, my father, whose feelings
might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had
been for two or three years dead, so that I had no
control to thwart my own inclination; and my in-
come being equal to all the comforts, and some of
the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an irk-
some 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,
It seemed to me that the circumstances which
chiefly affected their happiness and character, were
those from which Horace has bestowed upon au-
thors the epitaph 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
on without his suffering the most acute torture,
such as a man must endure from musquitoes, by
whose stings he suffers agony, although he can
rush 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,
to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves
ridiculous during their lives, to become the still
more degraded objects of pity to future times.

Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the
genius of the distinguished persons who had 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 beset
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 tem-
ptation 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
lusious draughts, until he is unable to endure
wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I re-
solved to stick by the society of my commis,
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 satire.
I therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple
brass of Horace, of which those of my profession
are seldom held deficient, against all the roving
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-
plicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record
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 friend 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 imprudence, 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 halloos 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 accompaniment of every grinding 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 dilatation 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 wilderness of the ancient ballad. But accident dictated both a theme and measure, which decided the subject, as well as the structure of the poem.

The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, 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

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1 Thus it has been often remarked, that, in the opening couplets of Pope’s translation of the Iliad, there are two syllables forming a superfluous word in each line, as may be observed by attending to such words as are printed in Italics.

2 "Achilles’ wrath to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumber’d, heavenly goddess, sing;"
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. Thr. 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 be was to obey; and thus the goblin story, according to several critics as an expression of 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 poetical effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmorland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken.

I was already acquainted with the "Joan of Arc," the "Thalaba," and the "Metrical 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 mescolanza 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, a hope, that I did not write an unfriendly review on Mr. Coleridge's productions.

On this subject I 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.

1 The Duchess died in August, 1814. Sir Walter Scott's lines on her death will be found in a subsequent page of this collection.—En.
2 This was Mr. Beattie of Mickledeer, 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 clergymen, 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 reiterated surprise at his wonderful memory. "No, sir," said old Mickledeer; "my memory is good for little, for I cannot retain what ought to be preserved. I can remember all these stories about the auld riding days, which are of no earthly importance; but were you, reverend sir, to repeat you best sermon in this drawing-room, I could not tell you half an hour afterwards what you had been saying about." 3 Two volumes, royal octavo. 1801.
4 Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron, p. 309.
5 Sir Walter, elsewhere, in allusion to "Coleridge's beautiful and tantalizing fragment of Christabel," says, "Has not our own imaginative poet cause to fear that future ages will desire to summon him from his place of rest, as Milton longed

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

Notes to the Abbot.—En.
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 proficiency. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own at least, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge—

"Mary, mother, shield us well."

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their 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 hearers 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 goldenMean;  
Her sisters two, Extremities,  
Strive her to banish clean."  

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 canto's, might remind the reader, at intervals, of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of cadre, 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 imprimatur of Mr. Francis Jeffrey, who had been already for some time distinguished by his critical talent.

The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at 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 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered 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.

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 adventurous Minstrel, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox.

1 One of these, William Erskine, Esq. (Lord Kinnedder), I often had occasion to mention; and though I may hardly be thanked for disclosing the name of the other, yet I cannot but state that the second is George Cranston, Esq., now a Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Cornewell. 1831.—[Mr. Cranston resigned his seat on the Bench in 1839.]

2 Book II. Canto II.

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

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
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

weeks after the poem appeared, was repeated by her to Mr. William Stewart Rose, who, of course, communicated it forthwith to the author; and not long after, the Minister, in conversation with Scott's early friend, the Right Hon. William Dundas, signified that it would give him pleasure to find some opportunity of advancing the fortunes of such a writer. "I remember," writes this gentleman, "at Mr. Pitt's table in 1805, the Chancellor asked me about you and your then situation, and after I had answered him, Mr. Pitt observed—'He can't remain as he is,' and desired me to 'look to it.'"—Lockhart. Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 229.

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, 750 copies; but this was soon exhaust-

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.

Abbotsford, April, 1830.

ed, and there followed an octavo impression of 1500; in 1806, two more, one of 2000 copies, another of 2550; in 1807, a fifth edition of 2000, and a sixth of 3000; in 1808, 3350; 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 1000. A fourteenth impression of 2000 foolscap appeared in 1825; and besides all this, before the end of 1836, 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. 226.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

To the Right Honorable Charles Earl of Dalkeith, This Poem is Inscribed by the Author.


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 infirm and old;

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

1 "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 those 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 Diomed and Ulysses to seize the chariot and horses of Phaethus, 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 steath-dog, the beacon-fires, the Jedwood-axes, the mass-croppers, the yell of the slogman, and all the irregular warfare of predatory expeditions, or feuds of hereditary vengeance, are far more captivating to the imagination than a park of artillery and battalions of well-drilled soldiers."—Annual Review, 1804.

2 "It must be observed, that there is this difference between the license of the old romancer, and that assumed by Mr. Scott: the aberrations 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-

Dolence. Mr. Scott sets out with the intention of diversifying his journey by every variety of motion. He is now at a trot now at a gallop; may, he sometimes stops, as it to 'Make graceful caprioles, and prance Between the pillars.' A main objection to this plan is to be found in the shock which the ear receives from violent and abrupt transitions. On the other hand, it must be allowed, that as different species of verse are individually better suited to the expression of the different ideas, sentiments, and passions, which it is the object of poetry to convey, the happiest efforts may be produced by adapting to the subject its most congenial structure of verse."—Critical Review, 1805.

3 "From the novelty of its style and subject, and from the spirit of its execution, Mr. Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel kindled a sort of enthusiasm among all classes of readers; and the concurrent voice of the public assigned to it a very exalted rank, which, on more cool and dispassionate examination, its numerous essential beauties will enable it to maintain. For vivid richness of coloring and truth of costume, many of its descriptive pictures stand almost unrivalled; it carries us back in imagination to the time of action; and we wander with the poet along Tweedside, or among the wild glades of Ettrick Forest."—Monthly Review, May, 1808.

4 "We consider this poem as an attempt to transfer the refinements of modern poetry to the matter and the manner of
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 borne,  
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;  
No longer courted and caress'd,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpromeditated 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 tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower  

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

'Sing Erceldoun, and Cowdenknowes,  
Where Homes had ance commanding,  
And Drygrange, wi' the milk-white ewes,  
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing.  
The bird that flies through Redpath trees  
And Gledewood banks each mornow,  
May chant and sing—Sweet Leader's haughs  
And Bonny home of Yarrow.  
'But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage  
His grief' while life endareth,  
To see the changes of this age  
Which fleeting time procureth;  
For many a place stands in hard case,  
Where blyth the folks kent nac sorrow,  
With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,  
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow,'"

2 "This is a massive square tower, now unroofed and ruinous, surrounded by an outward wall, defended by round flanking turrets. It is most beautifully situated, about three miles from Selkirk, upon the banks of the Yarrow, a fierce and picturesque stream, which unites with the Etricke about a mile beneath the castle—"  

3 "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 Audibwick, 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 Etricke. Various grants occur in the records of the Privy Seal, bestowing the keeping of the Castle at Newark upon different barons. There is a popular tradition that it was once seized, and held out by the outlaw Murry, 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 Minstrels (vol. i. p. 308). Upon the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., the Castle of Newark, with the whole forest of Etricke, 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 Bucelenech had seized upon these lands. Indeed, the office of keeper was latterly held by the family of Bucelenech, and with so firm a grasp, that when the Forest of Etricke was dispecked, they obtained a grant of the Castle of Newark in property. It was within the courtyard of this castle that General Lesly 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 Bucelenech family for more than a century; and here, it is said, the Duchess of Monmouth and Bucelenech 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. — Schetky's Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

4 "Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representa-"
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his lungs, 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 humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the case,
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 plying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according gleam
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;

live of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

1 Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the Duchess.
2 Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.
3 Mr. W. Dundas (see Litt. of Scott, vol. ii. p. 296), says, that Pitt repeated the lines, describing the old harper's embarrassment when asked to play, and said,—This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry.
4 '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

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

5 See Appendix, Note A.

6 '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 ferocity with romantic honor. The representations contained in those performances, however, are, for the most part, too rude and naked 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 this appears to be done more by accident than design; and he wanders away immediately into all sorts of ridiculous or unhithering 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
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall;¹
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all:
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Bucceleuch.

IV.

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

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
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:²
A hundred more fed free in stall:—
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight?
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,

*Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Warke-worth, 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
Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell?—
When startled burghers fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dunedin⁴
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
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 enmity?
Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed charity?
No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchions slew;
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot?⁵

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 Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear?⁶

Hall (Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii, p. 5), to claim the protection
of "Auld Bucceleuch" and the ensuing scene (page 9).

"The Scots they rode, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steadillie!
And ayie the over-word o' the thrang
Was—'Rise for Branksome readdie!,'" &c.

Compare also the Ballad of Kinmont Willie (vol. ii, p. 33),
"Now word is gane to the bandel keeper,
In Branksome ha' where that he lay,'" &c.—Ed.

¹ There are not many passages in English poetry more impersive than some parts of Stanzas vii. viii. ix.—JEFFREY.
² See Appendix, Note B.
³ See Appendix, Note C.
⁴ See Appendix, Note D, and compare these stanzas with the description of Jamie Telfer's appearance at Branksome.
⁵ 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 Ladye dropp'd nor sigh nor tear."
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 moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII.
At the sullen, mooming sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And, from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both sire and knight
Swore 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-swing'd oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

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 deft and 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?"—

Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee—
"And if I live to be a man,
My father's death revenged shall be!"
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.
All loose her negligent attire,
All loose 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 mingled tide:
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye.
Dared she to seek 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 Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed.

XI.
Of noble race the Ladye came,
Her father was a clerk of fame,
Of Bethune's line of Picardie;*
He learn'd the art that none may name,
In Padun, 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's hall;†
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!*

XII.
And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air;†
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.

1 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.)
2 See Appendix, Note H.
See Appendix, Note I.
XVII.
MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
In utter darkness round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim;
Orion's studded belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
Ill may I 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 unearthy voices cease,
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 rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
She raised her stately head,
And her heart throb'd high with pride:
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride!"

XIX.
The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with jocund 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 frolic 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 preditory forade.
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.—En.

XXI.
A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee:
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds;
In Eske or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one.
Alike to him was tide or time,
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 be 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 lorn!
Better hast 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,
Wer't 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 at Carlisle. The neck-verse, is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, Miserece mei, &c., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy. ["In the rough but spirited sketch of the
XXV.
Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past,
Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,1
And soon the Teviot side he won,
Eastward the woodbine path he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He pass'd the Peep of Goldilands,
And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand;
Dimly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round;3
In Hawick twinkled many a light;
Behind him soon they set in night;
And soon he spurr'd his coursier keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.4

XXVI.
The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark;—
"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."—
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoin'd,
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 Horslichill;
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-girth and corslet-band,
And loosen'd in the sheath his brand.
On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint;
Where Barnhill hew'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 horn!
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 Riddell's fair domain,3
Where Ail, from mountains freed,

marauding Borderer, and in the naïveté of his last declaration, the reader will recognize some of the most striking features of the ancient ballad.1—Critical Review.
1 Barbecue, the defence of the outer gate of a feudal castle.
2 Post, a Border-tower.
3 See Appendix, Note R.
4 See Appendix, Note S.
5 An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.

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 barded* 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 daggled by the dashing spray;
Yet through good heart, and Our Ladye'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;6
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 Buccleuch's retiring clan,
Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear
Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.
In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the luted heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Mero's rose, and fair Tweed ran:
Like some tall rock with ichens gray,
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds10 were in Mero sung
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fall,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the winds alone.
But when Mero he reach'd, 'twas silence all;
He meetly stabilized his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.11

6 See Appendix, Note T.
7 Ibid. Note U.
8 Barded, or barbled,—applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armor.
9 Haldon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleuch and Angus, which is called to this day the Skirmish Field.—See Appendix, Note D.
10 Lauds, the midnight service of the Catholic church.
11 See Appendix, Note V.
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 wouldst view fair Melrose aight, 1
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 blood and ivory;
When silver edges the imaginry,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile; 2
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.: struck full loud, and struck full long.

1 "In the description of Melrose, which introduces the Second Canto, the reader will observe how skillfully the Author calls 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 tawding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, 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 enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventale, 4
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.
"The Ladyle 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 rear'd;
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, darest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide!
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn;
For three-score years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known.
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
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 Bucheleuch family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, Baron of Murdieson and Rankeith (now Bucheleuch), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forest, pro salute animae sua.—Chartulary of Melrose, 25th May, 1415.
5 Aventale, visor of the helmet.
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray: 1
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;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since
By
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was
high:
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister’d round, the garden lay;
The pillar’d arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead. 2

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 look’d forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.
By a steel-clenched postern door,
They enter’d now the chancel tall;
The darken’d roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small:
The key-stone, that lock’d each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells 3 were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clusters shafts so trim,

With base and with capital flourish’d around. 4
Seem’d bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.
Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar’s bower;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburn! 5
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.
The moon on the east oriel shone 6
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated 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 brandish’d,
And trampled the Apostate’s pride.
The moonbeam kiss’d the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain. 9

XII.
They sate them down on a marble stone; 10
(A Scottish monarch slept below);
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone:
"I was not always a man of woe;
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, 11
example, and most of the prologues to the cantos. The cos-
tume, too, is admirable. The tone is antique; and it might
be read for instruction as a picture of the manners of the mid-
dle ages." — "November 2, 1805.—We are perfectly enchanted
with Walter Scott’s Lay of the Last Minstrel. He is surely
the man born at last to translate the Oid. Are not the good
parts of his poem the most Homeric of any thing in our lan-
guage? There are tedious passages, and so are there in Ho-
1 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 Waldeve,
one of the early abbots, who died in the odor of sanctity.
10 See Appendix, Note 2A.
11 See Appendix, Note 2B.
A wizard, of such dreaded name,
That when, in Salamanca’s cave, 1
Him listed 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 Eldon hills in three, 3
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

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

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 laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel pass’d,
The banners waved without a blast"—
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll’d one !—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne’er spur’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.
5 Orig.—A bar from thence the warrior took.
6 "The agitation of the monk at the sight of the man whom

XX.
Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle’s bloody plain,
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 exquisitely wrought."—Critical Review
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 these, 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 clasp'd, 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, hie thee hence," the Father said,  
"And when we are on death-bed laid,  
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,  
Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"—  
The Monk return'd him to his cell,  
And many a prayer and penance sped;  
When the convent met at the noontide bell—  
The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!  
Before the cross was the body laid,  
With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 H.
2 A mountain on the Border of England, above Jedburgh.
3 "How lovely and exhilarating is the fresh, cool morning landscape which relieves the mind after the horrors of the spell of tomb!"—Anna Seward.
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 swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare!

XXIX.
And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy;
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow;
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a 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 Cranston, 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 reprovo;
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 eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,¹
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 glens, but rarely trod,
He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranston's knee.
Lord Cranston was some whit dismay'd;
'Tis said that five good miles he made,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.
Use lessens marvel, it is said:
This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid;
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock:
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
And often mutter'd "Lost! lost! lost!"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,²
But well Lord Cranston served he:
And he of his service was full fair;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
As it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranston's Goblin-Page.

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

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 I.
² The idea of the imp domesticate himself with the first person he met, and subjecting himself to that one's authority, is perfectly consonant to old opinions. Ben Jonson, in his play of "The Devil is an Ass," has founded the leading incident of that comedy upon this article of the popular creed. A fiend, styled "Pug", is ambitious for figuring in the world, and petitions his superior for permission to exhibit himself upon earth. The devil grants him a day-rule, but clips it with this condition,—

"Satan—Only thus more, I bind you
To serve the first man that you meet: and him

" 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 to the scareness of his diet. Mr. Scott's goibin, though "waspish, arch, and litherlie," proves a faithful and honest retainer to the lord, into whose service he had introduced himself. This sort of inconsistence seems also to form a prominent part of the diabolic 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 chastiser of wrongs, and the scourge of the infidels.

² See Appendix, Note 2 K.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream, Their horses prance, their lances gleam. They came to St. Mary's lake ere day; But the chapel was void, and the Baron away. They burn'd the chapel for very rage, And cursed Lord Cranston's Goblin-Page.

XXXIV.
And now, in Branksome's good green wood, As under the aged oak he stood, The Baron's courser pricks his ears, As if a distant noise he hears. The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high, And 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 rein; 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 slyly smiled the observant page, And gave the wither'd hand of age A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine, The blood of Yezel scorched vine, He raised the silver cup on high, And, while the big drop fell'd his eye, Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long, And all who 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.

And that I might not sing of love?— How could I to the dearest theme, That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream, So foul, so false a recreant prove! How could I name love's very name, Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

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

III.
So thought Lord Cranston, as I ween, While, pondering deep the tender scene, He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green. But the page shout'd wild and shrill, And scare 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 armor 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 coursers seem'd to know That each was other's mortal foe, And snorted fire, when wheel'd around, To give each knight his vantage-ground.

V.
In rapid round the Baron bent; He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer; The prayer was to his patron saint, The sigh was to his ladye fair. Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd, Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid; But he stoop'd his head, and couched his spear, And spurr'd his steed to full career.

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

* The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in its foot, with an emphatic bonler motto, Thou shalt want ere I saw.
The meeting of these champions proud
Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.
Stern was the dint 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 flinders 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 re'in'd his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lies senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound
And there beside the warrior 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 abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corset off he took,
The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride:—
He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

IX.
The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp:
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasp, that iron band,

Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
Till he smear'd the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read:
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a lady seem a knight;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
All was delusion, nought was truth.

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 Doloraine.

From the ground he rose dismay'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 hot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.

XL
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.
Whate'er he did of grammare,—
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 Mages and delusion

3 A shepherd's hut.
4 See Appendix, Note 2 M.
5 Ibid. Note 2 N.
6 Magie
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Scein'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 dissolv'd the spell,
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vild,
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 scowl'd on the startled child,
And darted through the forest wild;
The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
And laugh'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost! lost!"

XIV.
Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
And frighten'd as a child might be,
At the wild yell and visage strange,
And the dark words of grammar,
The child, amidst the forest bower,
Stood rooted like a lily flower;
And when at length, with trembling pace,
He sought to find where Branksome lay,
He fear'd to see that grisly face,
Glares 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 barks! and barks! the deep-mouthed barks
Comes nigher still, and nigher:
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiously,
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd '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 hoarsely bay'd,
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-dog's ire;
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro;
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer 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 bugle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baldric tied;
And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

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

XVIII.
He would not do the fair child harm,
But held him with his powerful arm.
That he might neither fight nor flee,
For 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 Bucleuch;
And if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,
And every Scot from Esk to Tweed;
And if thou dost not let me go,
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
"Pll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!"—

XX.
"Gramercy, for 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't make them work upon the Border.
Meantime be pleased to come with me,
For good Lord Daere 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 Brancombe still he seem'd to stay,
For so the Dwarf his part did play;
And, in the shape of that young boy,
He wroth the castle much annoy.
The comrades of the young Buceleuch
He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew;
Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
He lighted the match of his bandelier, 1
And woefully scorched the hackbuteer. 2
It may be hardly thought or said,
The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guess'd,
That the young Baron was possess'd!

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

XXIII.
She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood; 3
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 clotted gore,
And sav'd the splinter o'er and o'er. 4
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'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. 5
So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
'Twas near the time of curfew bell;
The air was mild, the wind was calm,
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;
'En the rude watchman, on the tower,
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
The hour of silence and of rest.
On the high turret sitting lone,
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;
Touch'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 Penchryst Pen,
That rises slowly to her ken,
And, spreading broad its wavering light,
Shakes its loose tresses on the night?
Is yon red-glare the western star?—
O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war!
Scarse could she draw her tightened breath,
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 hanglhy sound,
Rock, wood, and river rung around
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,
And startled forth the warriors all;

1 Bandelier, belt for carrying ammunition.
2 Hackbuteer, musketeer.
3 See Appendix, Note 2 C.
4 Ibid. Note 2 R.
5 "As another illustration of the prodigions improvement which the style of the old romance is capable of receiving from a more liberal admixture of pathetic sentiments and gentle affections, we insert the following passage [Stanzas xxiv. to xxvii.], where the effect of the picture is finely assisted by the contrast of its two conclusions." —Jeffrey.
Far downward, in the castle-yard,
Full many a torch and cresset glared;
And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost;
And spears in wild disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.
The Seneschal, whose silver hair
Was redd'n'd by the torches' glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud:—
"On Penchryst glows a bale\[^1\] of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!"
Mount, mount for Branksome,\[^2\] 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,\[^3\]
Elliotis 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.\[^4\]

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

XXIX.
The ready page, with hurried hand,\[^4\]
Awaked the need-fire's\[^5\] slumbering brand,
And ruddy blush'd the heaven:
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,
All flaming and uneven;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff were seen;
Each with warlike tidings fraught;

Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleam'd on many a dusky torn,\[^6\]
Haunted by the lonely earn;\[^7\]
On many a caire's\[^8\] gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw;
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowe\[^8\] them for the Border.

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

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

Ceased the high sound—the listening throng
Applaud the Master of the Song;
And marvel much, in helpless age,
So hard should be his pilgrimage.
Had he no friend—no daughter dear,
His wandering toil to share and cheer;

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\[^1\] See Appendix, Note 2 S.
\[^2\] Mount for Branksome was the gathering word of the Scots.
\[^3\] See Appendix, Note 2 T.
\[^4\] We absolutely see the fires kindling, one after another, in the following animated description. — Annual Review, 1804.
\[^5\] Need-fire, beacon.
\[^6\] Tern, a mountain lake.
\[^7\] Earn, a Scottish eagle.
\[^8\] Bowre, make ready.
\[^9\] Protection money exacted by freebooters.
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO FOURTH.

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

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.

1 "Nothing can excel the simple concise pathos of the close of this Canto—nor the touching picture of the Bard when, with assumed business, 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 our mourning sympathy is exchanged for the thrill of pleasure!"—AnNA Seward.

2 "What luxury of sound in this line!"—AnNA SewARD.

3 Origi. — "Since first they rolled their way to Tweed."—The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killierankie.

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.)

5 There are several other detached passages of equal beauty.

No son to be his father's stay,
And guide him on the rugged way!
"Ay, once he had—but he was dead!"—
Upon the harp he stoo'd his head,
And busied himself the strings withal,
To hide the tear that fain would fall.
In solemn measure, soft and slow,
Arose a father's notes of woe.1

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 Graeme.2

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 peal's rude battlement;
And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
While ready warriors seized the spear.
From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
Which, curling in the rising sun,
Show'd southern ravage was begun.3

IV.
Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood;
Watt Tinlim,4 from the Liddel-side,
Comes wading through the flood."5
Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
At his lone gate, and prove the lock;
It was but last St. Barnabright
They sieged him a whole summer night,
But fled at morning: well they knew,
In vain he never twang'd the yew.
Right sharp has been the evening shower,
That drove him from his Liddel tower;
And, by my faith," the gate-ward said,
"I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."6

V.
While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman7
Enter'd the echoing barbacan.

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

3 See Appendix, Note 2 V.

4 Ibid. Note 2 W.

5 Ibid. Note 2 X.

6 "And when they cam to Branksome ha',
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,
Till up and spak him anid Buceleuch,
Said—'Wha's this brings the fraye to me?'
'It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Dolhead,
And a harried man I think I be,'" &c.


7 An inroad commanded by the Warden in person.

8 "The dawn displays the smoke of ravaged fields, and shepherds, with their flocks, flying before the storm. Tolings 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 rougher cast than Dolaine. The portrait of the rude retainer 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-clothed serf³ was all their train;  
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'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 batter'd morion on his brow;  
A leather jack, as fence enow,  
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 hardy partner bore.  

VI.  
Thus to the Ladye did Tinlim show  
The tidings of the English foe:—  
"Belted Will Howard" is marching here,  
And hot Lord Dacre,⁶ with many a spear,  
And all the German hackbut-men,⁷  
Who have long lain at Askerton:  
They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,  
And burn'd my little lonely tower:  
The fiend receive their souls therefor!  
It had not been burnt 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 Akeshaw, and Fergus Gzreme,  
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 Fastern's night."  

VII.  
Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,  
Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale;  
As far as they could judge by ken,  
Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand  
Three thousand armed Englishmen—  
Meanwhile, full many a warlike band  
From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,  
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.  
There was saddling and mounting in haste,  
There was pricking o'er moor and lea;  
He that was last at the trysting-place  
Was but lightly held of his gaye ladye.⁸  

VIII.  
From fair St. Mary's silver wave,  
From dreary Gamesleigh's dusky height  
His ready lances Thirlstane brave  
Array'd beneath a banner bright.  
The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims,  
To wreak his shield, since royal James,  
Encamp'd by Fuh's mossy wave,  
The proud distinction grateful gave,  
For faith 'mid feudal jars;  
What time, save Thirlstane alone,  
Of Scotland's stubborn barons none  
Would march to southern wars;  
And hence, in fair remembrance worn,  
You sheaf of spears his crest has borne;  
Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—  
"Ready, aye ready," for the field?  

IX.  
An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,  
With many a moss-trooper, came on;  
And azure in a golden field,  
The stars and crescent graced his shield,  
Without the bend of Murdieston.¹⁰  
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,  
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower:  
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,  
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;  
In the dark glen, so deep below,  
The herds of plunder'd England low;  
His bold retainers' daily food,  
And bought with danger, blows, and blood.  
Marauding chief! his sole delight  

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.  
² Bondman.  
³ As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendor in decorating and ornamenting their females.—See Lesley de Moribus Limitaneorum.  
⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.  
⁵ Ibid. Note 3 A.  
⁶ Musketeers. See Appendix, Note 3 B.  
⁷ The four last lines of stanza vii. are not in the 1st Edition—Ed.  
⁸ See Appendix, Note 3 C.  
⁹ Ibid. Note 3 D.
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 Dinny'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.²
Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,³
Come trooping down the Todshaw hill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sire 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 seignior to claim:
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot⁴ he sought,
Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought."
"Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
Oft has he helped me at pinch of need;
Lord and Earl though thou be, I, traitor,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."—
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed 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 he be.
In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke,
Saying—"Take these traitors to thy yoke;
For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold:
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan
If thou leavest on Esk a landed man;

But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
For he lent me his horse to escape upon."
A glad man then was Branksome bold,
Down he flung him the purse of gold;
To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
He left his merrymen 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 clear,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross;
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 Pentoun-linn,
And all his riders came lightly in.
Then had you seen a gallant shock,
When saddles were emptied, and lances broke
For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
A Beattison on the field was laid.
His own good sword the chieftain drew,
And he bore the Galliard through and through;
Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill,
The Galliard's-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-awair,⁵

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.
A satirical piece, entitled "The Town Elogues," which made much noise in Edinburgh shortly after the appearance of the Minstrelsy, has these lines:
"A modern author spends a hundred leaves,
To prove his ancestors notorious thieves.—Ed.

² Stanzas x, xi. xii. were not in the First Edition.
³ See Appendix, Note 3 E.
⁴ The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot, or Herezeld.
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 Ladye 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 clift;
The red-cross, on a southern breast,
Is broader than the raven’s nest;
Thou, Whisthale, 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 Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shriek’d, and shed full many a tear,
And moan’d and plain’d in manner wild.
The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That went 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 faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinlim, 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 Tinlim had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omen’d elish freight,
He bolted, sprang, and rear’d amain,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlim mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross’d,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure changed, like form in dream,
And flad, and shouted, “Lost! lost! lost!”
Full fast the urchin ran and laugh’d,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlim’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 Tinlim, much aghast,
Rode back to Bransome fiery fast.

XVI.
Soon on the hill’s steep verge he stood,
That looks o’er Bransome’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 courser’s neighing he could ken,
A measured tread of marching men;
While broke at times the solemn hum,
The Almyn’s sullen kettle-drum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the cope appear;
And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII.
Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
Spurr’d their fleet courser’s loosely round;
Behind, in close array, and fast,
The Kendal archers, all in green,
Obedient to the bugle blast,
Advancing from the wood were seen.
To back and guard the archer band,
Lord Dacre’s bill-men were at hand:
A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
With kirtles white and crosses red,
Array’d beneath the banner tall
That stream’d o’er Acre’s conquer’d wall;
And 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 mercenaires, 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;
They were not arm’d like England’s sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all frounced and broider’d o’er,
And morsing-horns¹ 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 See Appendix, Note 3 G.
³ Powder-flasks.
XIX.
But louder still the clamor grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard’s chivalry;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear,
Brought up the battle’s glittering rear:
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen;
With favor in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his lady-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!”

XX.
Now every English eye, intent
On Branksome’s armed towers was bent;
So near they were, that they might know
The strainèd harsh of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleam’d axe, and spear, and partisan;
Falcon and cuiver,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 gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opens, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.
Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o’er his breast-plate spread;
Unbroken by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser’s 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
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

XXII.
“Ye English warden lords, of you
Demands the Lady of Buccleuch,
Why, ‘gainst the truce of Border tide,
In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
And all ye mercenary band,
Upon the bounds of fair Scotland?
My Ladye reads you with 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 heartbeats 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 Buccleuch.
Obesiance 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 beseech your rank and birth
To make your towers a flames-firth.4
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason’s pain.
It was but last St. Cuthbert’s even
He prick’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 warrison;6
And storm and spoil thy garrison:

11 The stanzas, describing the march of the English forces,
and the investiture of the castle of Bransholme, display a great
knowledge of ancient costume, as well as a most picturesque
and lively picture of feudal warfare."—Critical Review.
2 Ancient pieces of artillery.
3 A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the
ancient Borderers, who were wont, when any one broke his
word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless
villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much
dreaded. See Lesley.
4 An asylum for outlaws. 5 See Appendix, Note 3 H.
6 Plundered. 7 Note of assault.
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred."

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

XXVI.
"Say to your Lords of high emprise,"
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain;¹
Or else he will the combat take
'Gaint Musgrave, 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,²
When English blood swell’d Ancram’s ford;³
And but Lord Daer’s steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubb’d a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome’s line,
God be his aid, and God be mine;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room.
Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake⁴ dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie."

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

XXVIII.
"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said,
"What treason has your march betray’d!"
What make you here, from 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-schew;⁵
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddell’s northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
Beneath the eagle and the rood,
And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with haughty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I’ve wander’d long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country’s wrong;
And hard I’ve spurr’d all night, to show
The mustering of the coming foe."

XXIX.
"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
"For soon you rest, 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, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

XXX.
"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or forny slack,
Saw the blanche lion c’er fall back?⁶
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 Ladye made,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine,"⁶
In single fight, and, if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he’s cross’d,
'Tis but a single warrior lost:

¹ Orig.—"Say to thy Lords of high emprise."
² See Appendix, Note 3 I.
³ Ibid. Note 3 K.
¹ nebke, the watching or corpse previous to interment
⁶ Weapon-schew, the military array of a county.
⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 M.
⁸ Ibid. Note 3 N.
The rest, retreating as they came,  
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame.”

XXXI.
Ill could the haughty Daer brook  
His brother Warden’s sage rebuke;  
And yet his forward step he staid,  
And slow and sullenly obey’d.  
But ne’er 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, Braikome’s Lord,  
Shall hostage for his clan remain:  
If Deloraine fail good Musgrave,  
The boy his liberty shall have.  
Howe’er it falls, the English band,  
Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm’d,  
In peaceful march, like men unarm’d,  
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,  
On 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,1 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-laws;2  
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 plied,  
And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,  
The Bard of Reull he slew.  
On Teviot’s side, in fight 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 should I tell the rigid doom,  
That dragg’d my master to his tomb;  
How Ousenam’s maidens 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 before;  
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,  
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused: the listening dames again  
Applaud the hoary Minstrel’s strain.  
With many a word of kindly cheer,—  
In pity half, and half sincere,—  
Marvell’d the Duchess how so well  
His legendary song could tell—  
Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;  
Of feuds, whose memory was not;  
Of forests, now laid waste and bare;  
Of towers, which harbor now the hare;  
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.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 O.  
2 See Appendix, Note 3 P.
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 duteous 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.

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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 cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make maun;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loyed groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groan, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

II.

Not that, in sooth, '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 shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier:
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,

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Mourns 'er the field he heaped with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps again,
And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
Still sparkled in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory ëer:
His groans the lonely caverns fill,
His tears of rage impel the rill:
All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
The terms of truce were scarcely made,
When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
The advancing march of martial powers.
Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
And trampling steeds were faintly heard;
Bright spears above the columns dun,
Glanced momentary 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, dreaded name! 3
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,
Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne 4
Their men in battle-order set;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet. 8
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammormore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!" 8

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 stir.—"Spear-heads above the columns dun."—Ed.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 Q.
3 In the first edition we read—
"Vails not to tell what hundreds more
From the rich Merse and Lammormore," &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 fatal battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife, Isabel, daughter of Hoppingle of Galsheidis (now Pringle of Whitebank). They were called the Seven Spears of Wedderburne.
5 See Appendix, Note 3 R.
6 Ibid. Note 3 S.
And how a day of fight was ta'en
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine;
And how the Ladycy pray'd them dear,
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary Seneschal
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armor free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry Daer rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
How these two hostile armies met?
Deeming it was no easy task
To keep the truce which here was set;
Where martial spirits, all on fire,
Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
By habit, and by nation, foes,
They met on Teviot's strand;
They met and sate them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land:
The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
Still in the mailed gauntlet 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.

VII.

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

VIII.

The blithesome signs of wassell 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 flares of ruddy lustre shone;
Nor less the gilded rafters rang
With merry harp and beakers' clang:
And frequent, on the darkening plain,
Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
As bands, their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill watchword of their clan;
And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
Douglas or Daer's conquering name.

IX.

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

X.

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

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

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where courser's clang, and stamp, and snort,
Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now still as death; till stalking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his tread,—
A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?—
Secure, as if in Ousenham bower,
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 slumbers 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 urchin page;
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage:
But O! what magic's quaint 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 urchin had
To bring this meeting round;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no joy is found;
And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
Sorrow, and sin, and shame;
And death to Cranstoun's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle lady bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell

1 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.
   The Giaour.

The heart of them that loved so well.
True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
If it is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
To tell you of the approaching fight.

XIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
The pipe's shrill port 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 boast,
About the knight each favor'd most.

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame;
For now arose disputed claim,
Of who should fight for Deloraine,
'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Threlstaine:?
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 craved the combat due.
The Dame her charm successful knew; And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Lady's silken rein
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
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slash'd and lined;

3 It may be noticed that the late Lord Napier, the representa-
tive of the Scotts of Threlstane, was Lord Lieutenant of
Selkirkshire (of which the author was sheriff-depute) at the
time when the poem was written; the competitor for the hon-
or of supplying Deloraine's place was the poet's own ances-
tor.—Ed.

4 See Canto III. Stanza xxiii.
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined;
His 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 palfrey 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 broider'd reins.
He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror all unguess'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 rued the boy his present plight,
So much he long'd to see the fight.
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,
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke:

XIX.
ENGLISH HERALD.
Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
Good knight and true, and freely born,
Amen's from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteful 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 cons-

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 sayeth, that foul treason's stain,
Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his coat;
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 helm's 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 clashing,
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 choke's in blood—some friendly hand
Undo the visor's barred band,
Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
And give him room for life to gasp.—
O, bootless aid!—haste, holy Friar!
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!

ducted according to the strictest ordinances of chivalry, and
delineated with all the minuteness of an ancient romance.
The modern reader will probably find it rather tedious; all out
the concluding stanzas, which are in a loftier measure—
"'Tis done! 'tis done!" &c.—JEFFREY.

4 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 half'd 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 faltering 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 o'er 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 plumèd 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
Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
And often press'd him to her breast;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throb'd at every blow;

| Orig.—"Unheard he prays;—'tis o'er! 'tis o'er!"

Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,
Though low he kneeling 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 Ladie would the feud forego,
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 clasp 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 dight,
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 Ladie 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 woe's,
And how his bosom fell and rose,
While he and Musgrave banded blows.—
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell:
One day, fair maids, 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,¹
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 heartie:
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 ne'er bore grudge for stalgwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he look'd down,
Grief darken'd on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown;
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made.

XXIX.
"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!
I ween, my deadly enemy;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'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 Snaffles, spur, and spear,²
Thou wert the best to follow gear!
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase couldest wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray!³

The spectral appariion of a living person.
"The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazons had, the snaffle, spur, and spear."³
Poly-Albion, Song 13.

I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."⁴

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 levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrane's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now 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, loads the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

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

The Aged Harper, howsoe er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised 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 rushes 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 sentiments which it conveys, some of the fame tres orations of the Mort Arthur."⁵

Critical Review
The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, centred 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 poetick child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er unite 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 me, 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,
Battle and banquet both they shared.

IV.

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 pipe, they strike the string,
They dance, they revel, and they sing,
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

V.

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

VI.

Some bards have sung, the Ladie high
Chapel or altar came not nigh;
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
So much she fear'd each holy place.
False slanders these:—I trust right well
She wrought not by forbidden spell;
For mighty words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour:
Yet saucy I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.
But this for faithful truth I say,
The Ladie by the altar stood,
Of sable velvet her array,
And on her head a crimson hood,
With pearls embroidered and entwined,
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;
A merlin sat upon her wrist
Held by a leash of silken twist.

The spousal rites were ended soon:
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,
And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste
Marshall'd the rank of every guest;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share:
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,

1 "The Lady of the Lake has nothing so good as the address to Scotland."—McIntosh.
2 The preceding four lines now form the inscription on the monument of Sir Walter Scott in the market-place of Kelkirk.—See Life, vol x. p. 297.
3 The line "Still lay my head," &c., was not in the first edition.—Ed.
4 See Appendix, Note 3 X.
5 Ibid. Note 3 Y.
And princely peacock’s gilded train, 1
And o’er the bear-head, garnish’d brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary’s wave; 2
O’er 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 psalterly:
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff’d,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh’d;
Whisper’d young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perch’d on beam,
The clamar join’d with whistling scream,
And flapp’d their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-bounds’ yells.
Round go the flasks 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 Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humor highly cross’d,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill; 3
A hot and Hardy Rutherford,
Whom men call Dickon Draw-the-sword.
He took it on the page’s saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose:
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But hit his glove, 4 and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrade, cold, and drench’d in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman’s lyme-dog found;
Unknown the manner of his death,

1 See Appendix, Note 3 Z.
2 There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary’s lake, at the head of the river Yarrow. See Wordsworth’s Yarrow 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 Thorleshope, 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 bounds and hawks are not the least important personages of the drama, are again happy imitations of those authors from whose rich but unpollished ore Mr. Scott has wrought much of his most exquisite imagery and description. A society, such as that assembled in Branxholm Castle, inflamed with national prejudices, and heated with wine, seems to have contained in itself sufficient seeds of spontaneous disorder; but the goblin page is well introduced, as applying a torch to this 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 butters.”—Critical Review 1805

Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath,
But ever from that time, ’twas said,
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.
The dwarf, who fear’d his master’s eye
Might his foul treachery espy,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revel’d as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlin, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes; 5
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard’s merry-men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
“A deep carouse to you fair bride!”
At every pledge, from vat and pail,
Foam’d forth in floods the nut-brown ale;
While shout the riders every one:
Such day of mirth ne’er cheer’d their clan,
Since old Buceleuch the name did gain,
When in the cleuch the buck was taken. 6

IX.
The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember’d him of Tinlin’s yew,
And swore, it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how 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 bodkin pierced him to the bone;
The venom’d wound, and festering joint,
Long after nedd that bodkin’s point.
The startled yeoman swore and spun’d,
And board and flagons overturn’d;
Riot and clamar wild began;
Back to the hall the Urchins ran;
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 Græme,
The Minstrel of that ancient name;¹
Was none who struck the harp so well,
Within the Land Debatable;
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 GRÆME.²
It was an English ladye bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)³
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When she 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 sire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and len,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
And he swore her death, ere he would see
A Scottish knight the lord of all!

XII.
That wine she had not tasted well,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.)
When dead, in her true love’s arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all!

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all!

And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)¹

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 haughty 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?
His 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 Naworth’s iron towers,
Windsor’s green glades, and courtly bowers,
And faithful to his patron’s name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William’s foremost favorite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAYER.⁶
’Twas All-soul’s eve, and Surrey’s heart birth
high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence.”—JEREFREY.

¹ See Appendix, Note 4 D.
² See Appendix, Note 4 E.
³ Ibid. Note 4 F.
⁴ First Edit.—“So sweet their harp and voices join.”
⁵ “The second song, that of Fitztraver, the bard of the no
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 bight 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 implements of magic might;
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almages, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

XVIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-ermit 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 loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O’er her white bosom stray’d her 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 glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children’s latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotick 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 Fitztraver’s song;
These hated Henry’s name as death,
And those still held the ancient faith,—
Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
Rose Harold, bard of brave St. Clair;
St. Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
Had with that lord to battle come.
Harold was born where restless seas
Howl round the storm-swept Orcades;¹
Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway
O’er isle and islet, strait 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 whilest, 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 these 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 barks the dragons of the wave;
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale;
And many a Runic column high
Had witness’d grim idolatry.
And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn’d many a Saga’s rhyme uncouth,
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous cull’d,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
Of those 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,
Ranazz’d the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrench’d from corpses hold
Waked the deaf tomb with war’s alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!
With war and wonder all on flame,

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1 See Appendix, Note 4 G. 2 Ibid. Note 4 H.
3 The chiefs of the Vékingr, or Scandinavian pirate, as-
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and Greenwood tree,
He learnt a milder minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

XXIII.

Harold.

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

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

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

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheugh:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

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

"Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindeay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'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 most expressively told, without one word of
distinct narrative."—Jeffrey.

2 This was a family name in the house of St. Clair, Henry
St. Clair, the second of the line, married Rosabelle, fourth
dughter of the Earl of Stratheyne.

3 See Appendix, Note 4 N.

4 Inch, isle.

5 First Edit. "A wet shroud roll'd."


8 See Appendix, Note 4 N.

9 First Edit. "But the ke'pie rung and the mermaids sung."

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the cope-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak
And seen from cavern'd Hawthorne's

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs unco'en'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail
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
Lie buried within that proud chapel—
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

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

XXIV.

"So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,"
Scarce mark'd the guests the darken'd hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all:
It was not eddying mist or fog,
DRAIN'd by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbor's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast,

10 "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. Frier) 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 aware
of your having ancient authority for such a practice; but
though the attempt was a bold one, inasmuch 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 union 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—Lettres, vol. ii
pp. 219, 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! found!”

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 trophied 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 smouldering smoke,
As on the elvish page it broke.
It broke, with thunder long and loud,
Dismay’d the brave, appall’d the proud,—
From sea to sea the larum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled wadgers 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, “Glynin, come!”
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had slung 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 din’d each lofty look.

But none of all the astonish’d train
Was so dismay’d as Deloraine;
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
’Twas fear’d his mind would ne’er return;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the spectre-bound in Man.
At length, by fits, he darkly told
With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
That he had seen, right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp’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;²
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael’s restless sprite.
Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
To some bless’d saint his prayers address’d:
Some to St. Modan made their vows,
Some to St. Mary of the Lowes,
Some to the Holy Rood 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,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic’s aid.

¹ 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 rickety tombs 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 undignified and improbable 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. He is not a trickly spirit, like Ariel, with whom the imagination is irresistible enamoured, nor a tiny minarch, like Oberon, disposing of the destinies of mortals; he rather appears to us to be an awkward sort of a mongrel between Peck and Caliban, of a servile and brutal nature, and limited in his powers to the indulgence of petty malice, 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 Gilpin Horner 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 than the aged minstrel recited 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 can lay hold of for paring the ‘Lay’ of this ungraceful intruder.⁴ We would also move for a quo warranto against the Spirits of the River and the Mountain; for though they are come of a very high lineage, we do not know what lawful business they could have at Branksome Castle in the year 1550.—JEF. ² See Appendix, Note 4 O. ³ Ibid. Note 4 P. ⁴ See the Author’s Introduction to the ‘Lay,’ p. 12.
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-chief, 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 not a breath,
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 hallow’d side,
And there they knelt them down;
Above the supplicant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the letter’d stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnish’d niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown’d.

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 kneel’d;
With holy cross he sign’d them all,
And pray’d they might be safe in hall,
And fortunate in field.
Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,

And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells toll’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 Irae, Dies Iilla,
Solvit Saeclum in Pavilla;
While the pealing organ rung:
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Futhers 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!

Husnr’d is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No; close beneath proud Newark’s tower,
Arose the Minstrel’s lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden, hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter’d wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So pass’d the winter’s day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,

For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in,” &c.
Wordsworth’s Yarrow Visited.

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 Etrick. For the other places named in the text, the reader is referred to various notes on the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border—Ed.
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throatsles sung in Hallhead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh;  
And flourish'd, broad, Blackundro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,

1 Origin.—"And grain wassel green on Carterhaugh."
2 The arch allusions which run through all these Introduc-
tions, without in the least interrupting the truth and graceful
pith of their main impression, seem to me exquisitely char-
acteristic of Scott, whose delight and pride was to play with
the genius which nevertheless mustered him at will. For, in
truth, what is it that gives to all his works their unique and
marking charm, except the matchless effect which sudden
effusions of the purest heart-blood of nature derive from their
being poured out, to all appearance involuntarily, amidst dic-
tion and sentiment cast equally in the mould of the busy
world, and the seemingly habitual desire to dwell on nothing
but what might be likely to excite curiosity, without too much
toiling deeper feelings, in the saloons of polished life? Such
outbursts come forth dramatically in all his writings;
but in the interludes and passionate parentheses of the Lay
of the Last Minstrel we have the poet's own inner soul and
temperament laid bare and throbbing before us. Even here,
indeed, he has a mask, and he tries it—but fortunately it is a
transparent one.

"Many minor personal allusions have been explained in the
notes to the last edition of the 'Lay.' It was hardly neces-
sary even then to say that the choice of the hero had been
ddicted by the poet's affection for the living descendants of the
Baron of Cranstoun; and now—none who have perused the
preceding pages can doubt that he had dressed out his
Margaret of Branxome in the form and features of his own
first love. This poem may be considered as the 'bright con-
summate flower' in which all the dearest dreams of his youth-
ful fancy had at length found expansion for their strength,
spirit, tenderness, and beauty.

"In the closing lines—

'Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone;
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in diligence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No!—close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrel's humble bower; &c."

—in these charming lines he has embodied what was, at
the time when he penned them, the chief day-dream of Aschiel.
From the moment that his uncle's death placed a considerable
sum of ready money at his command, he pleased himself, as
we have seen, with the idea of buying a mountain farm, and
becoming not only the 'sherrif' (as he had in former days
delighted to call himself), but 'the landlord of the eain and the

"The large quotations we have made from this singular
poem must have convinced our readers that it abounds equal-
ly with poetical description, and with circumstance curious
to the antiquary. These are farther illustrated in copious and
very entertaining notes: they, as well as the poem, must be
particularly interesting to those who are connected with Scott-
ish families, or conversant in their history. The author has
managed the versification of the poem with great judgment,
and the most happy effect. If he had aimed at the grave
and stately cadence of the epic, or any of our more regular

And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt 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 roll'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 Tintinn, Black John, Fries-
thaugh, Scrogg, and other Scottish names, or to have spoken
of the lyke-wake, and the slogan, and driving of cattle, which
Pope and Gray would have thought as impossible to introduce
into serious poetry, as Boileau did the names of towns in the
campaigns of Louis IV. Mr. Scott has, therefore, very judici-
ously thrown in a great mixture of the familiar, and varied
the measure; and if it had not the finished harmony, which,
in such a subject, it were in vain to have attempted, it has
great ease and truth, and never turns 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 regu-
lar 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 finished modulation and uniform dignity.
We now take our leave of this very elegant, spirited, and stri-
king 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 perusal of the whole. The
whole night journey of Deloraine—the opening of the Wizard's
tomb—the march of the English battle—and the parley 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 boun-
fit to apprize 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 Otterburnes,' or 'the Dark Knight of Liddessale,' and feel
the elevating power of great names, when we read of the tribes
that mustered to the war, 'beneath the crest of Old
Dubran and Hephburn's mingled banners.' But we really
cannot so far sympathize with the local partialities of the author,
as to feel any glow of patriotism or ancient virtue in hearing of
the Todrig or Johnston clans, or of Ellists, Armstrongs, and
Tintinns; still less can we relish the introduction of Black
Jack of Alklistane, Whitslade the Hawk, Arthur Fire-the
Brass, Red Roland Forster, or any other of those worthies, who

'Sought the beaves that made their broth,
In Scotland and in England both,'
into a poem which has any pretensions to seriousness or dig-
nity. The ancient metrical romance might have admitted
these homely personalities; but the present age will not
energy them; and Mr. Scott must either sacrifice his Border
prejudices, or offend all his readers in the other part of the
empire."—Jeffrey.
APPENDIX.

Note A.

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

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Mardistone, 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 of the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the harmony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert ii. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ridderdorff, confirmed by Robert III., 3d May, 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange between Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, complained much of the injuries which he was exposed to from the English Borderers, who frequently plundered his lands of Branksome. Sir William Scott instantly offered him the estate of Mardistone, in exchange for that which was subject to such egregious inconvenience. When the bargain was completed, he dryly remarked, that the castle in Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale; and proceeded to commence a system of repri- mands 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 blanche for the payment of a red rose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful 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 21st February, 1443; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanarkshire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

After the period of the exchange with Sir Thomas Inglis, 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 inroads 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, its 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 Branxholme Knight or of Sir William Scott of Kirkurd Knight began ye work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 year quha departit at God's plesure ye 17 April 1574." On a similar compartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscrip- tion, "DAME MARGARET DOUGLAS his spouse comple-

Tit the foresaid work in October 1576." Over an arched door is inscribed the following moral verse:—

In bard, ly necht, nature, hes, brought, gat, sal. lest. ay.

Therefore, serve. God. keip, tell, ye. red thy, fame. sal. necht, belch.

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 Chambers, 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 Ogivy, Esq., of Hartwoodmyres, 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 anciently surrounded by wood, as appears from the survey of Roxburghshire, made for Pont's Atlas, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. This wood was cut about fifty years ago, but is now replaced by the thriving plantations, which have been formed by the noble proprietor, for miles around the ancient mansion of his forefathers.

Note B.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall.—P. 19.

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

"No baron was better served in Britain;
The barons of Buckleigh they kept their call,
Four and twenty gentlemen in 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 bell rung and the trumpets sounded;
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 all name:

Satchells, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this solitary spot; an extraordinary circumstance, as little or no corn grows within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchells says it was used to print corn for the hounds of the chieftain.
There's men alive, elder than I,
They know if I speak truth, or lie.
Every pensioner a room did gain,
For service done and to be done;
This let the reader understand,
The name both of the men and land,
Which they possessed, it is of truth,
Both from the Lairds and Lords of Buccleugh.17

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

1 Room, portion of land.

NOTE C.

— with Jedwood-axe at saddlebow.—P. 19.

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

NOTE D.

They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scoop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,
Threaten Branksome's lordly towers,
From Workworth, or Nuworth, or merry Carlisle.—P. 19.

Branksome Castle was continually exposed to the attacks of the English, both from its situation and the restless military disposition of its inhabitants, who were seldom on good terms with their neighbors. The following letter from the Earl of Northumberland to Henry VIII. in 1533, gives an account of a successful inroad of the English, in which the country was plundered up to the gates of the castle, although the invaders failed in their principal object, which was to kill, or make prisoner, the Laird of Buccleuch. It occurs in the Cotton MS. Caliz, b. viii. f. 222.

"Pleaseth yt your most gracious highness to be advertised, that my comptroller, with Raynald Carnaby, desyred licence of me to invade the realme of Scotland, for the annoyance of your highness enemies, where they thought best exploit by thynge might be done, and to have to concur with theynge the inhabitants of Northumberland, suche as was towrdes me according to thyre assembly, and as by thyre discretion vpone the same they shulde thinke most convenient; and soo they dyde meet vpone Monday, before night, being the iii day of tnis instant monethe, at Wawhouse, upon Northe TYne water, thorow Tyndall, where they were to the number of xv e men, and soo invadet Scotland at the hour of viii of the clock a'night, at a place called Whelo Caussy; and before xi of the clock dyd send forth a foray of Tyndall and Ryddalsid, and laide all their force on a bushment, and actively did set vpone a towne called Brankshele, where the Lord of Bucloog dwellithe, and purposed themyselves with a trayne for hym lyke to his accustomed manner, in ryssyng to all frayes; albeite, that kyght he was not at home, and so they byrt the said Branhcolm, and other townes, as to say Whichestre, Which estro-helme, and Whelley, and haid ordered themyselv, so that sundry of the said Lord of Bucloog's servants, who dyd issue fourthe of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not leve one house, one stak of corne, nor one shrey, without the gate of the said Lord Bucloog vnbrynt; and this, armynge and flayned, supposing the Lord of Bucloog to be within iii or iii nylys to have trayne him to the bushment; and soo in the bryking of the day dyd the forry and the bushment mete, and reculed homeward, making therye way westward from therye invasion to be over Lyddersdaill, as intending if the fray frome theyre font entry by the Scots watchers, or otherwyse by warning, shuld have bene gven to Gedworth and the coun-try of Scotland thebreough of therye invasion; whiche Ged- worth is from the Wholes Caussy vi miles, that thereby the Scots shulde have comen further vnto thyme, and more out of ordre; and soo upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Lyddersdaill, as well accompling the inhabitants of the same to be, with their brether highnes Bucloog to enforce thynge the more thereby, as soo to put an occasion of suspect to the Kinges of Scotts, and his consnal, to be taken anent thyme, amonges themyselves, made proclamations, commanding, upon payne of dethe, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdaill, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglysman vnto thyme, and soo in good ordre abowte the hour of ten of the clock before none, vppon Tewisday, dyd pass through the said Lyddersdaill, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitarts there to my servauntes, under the said ass- surance, offering themyselv with any service they couthe make; and thus, thanks be to Godde, your highness' subjects, abowte the howe of xii of the clock at none the same daye caine into this your highnesse realme, bringing wt thyme aboute xii Scottsmen prisoners, one of thynge named Scot, of the sur- name and kyn of the said Lord of Bucloog, and of his house- hold; they brought alsoe nowe, and above lx horse and mares, keeping in safevtie frome losse or hurte all your said high- nesses subjects. There was also a towne, called Newbygynge, by diverse fomten of Tyndall and Ryddalsid, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was slayne ii Scottsmen of the said town, and many Scotts there hurte; your highness subjects was xii myles within the grounde of Scotland, and is from my house at Werkworth, above lx miles of the most evil passage, where great swans doth ly; heretofore the same townes now bynt hath not at any tyme in the mynd of man in any warrs beene enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were thereto more encouraged for the better advanceme of your highness service, the said Lord of Bucloog beyng always a mortal enemy to this your Gracees realmes, and he dyd say, within xiii days before, he woulde see who dars lyttle naer hym; wt many other cruel words, the knowledge whereoof was cer- tainly haid to my said servauntes, before theyer enterprice mad vpon him; most humbly beseeching your majesty, that youre highness thanks may concur vnto thyme, whose names be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the payn- full and diligent service of my pore servaunt Wharton, and thus, as I am most bounden, shall dispose wt them that be under me fy . . . . annoyance of your highness enemies."—In remem- brance of this foray, Buccleuch, with other Border chiefes, se- assembled an army of 3000 riden, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Bramish. They batted, or defeated, the English for ce opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey.—Pinker- ton's History, vol. ii. p. 318.
Bards long shall tell,  
How Lord Walter fell.—P. 19.

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

In the year 1526, in the words of Piscocittie, "The Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; wherefore the King (James V. then a minor) was heavily displeased, and would fain have been out of their hands, if he might by any way; And, to that effect, wrote a quiet and secret letter with his own hand, and sent 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 Melross, at his home passing, and there to take him out of the Douglass hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the land (rest) of his lords, as he thinks expedient.

"This letter was quickly 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 changes 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 homecoming. And so he brought with him six hundred spears, of Liddesdale, and Annandale, and countrymen, and clans thereabout, and held themselves quiet while that the King returned out of Jedburgh, and came to Melrose, to remain there all that night.

"But when the Lord Hume, Cessford, and Fernyhurst (the chiefs of the clan of Kerr), took their leave of the King, and returned home, then appeared the Lord of Buccleuch in sight, and his company with him, in an arrayed battle, intending to have fulfilled the King's petition, and therefore came stoutly forward on the back side of Halden hill. By that the Earl of Angus, with George Douglas, his brother, and sundry other of his friends, seeing this army coming, they marveled 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; they, and said to the King in this manner, 'Sir, you is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unbeset your Grace from the gate' (i.e. interrupt your passage). 'I vow to God they shall either fight or flee: and ye shall tarry here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put you thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' The King tarried still, as was devised; and George Douglas with him, and sundry other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the late (rest) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buccleuch, who joyed and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Darneliner, either against other, with uncertain victory. But at the last, the Lord Hume, hearing word of that matter how it stood, returned again to the King in all possible haste, with him the Lairds of Cessford and Fernyhirst, to the number of fourscore spears, and set freshly on the lap and wing of the Laird of Buccleuch's field, and shortly bare them backward to the ground; which caused the Laird of Buccleuch, and the rest of his friends, to go back and flee, whom they fol—

1 Dunvegar, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of Skirmish Field. (See the Xmasday of the
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

NOTE F.

While Cesford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick bonats the line of Scott,
The slaugther'd chief's, the mortal jar,
The havoc of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!—P. 19.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scots and the Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel. This indenture is printed in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards. Such pactsions 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 Mauny, 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 Mauny had, at a great tournament, unhorsed, and wounded to the death, a Gascon knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinman was Bishop of Combray. For this deed he was held at feud by the relations of the knight, until he agreed to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased. But as he returned through the town of Ryol, after accomplishment of his vow, he was beset and treacherously slain, by the kinsman of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lowly tomb of his father; and, having read the inscription, which was in Latin, he caused the body to be raised, and transported to his native city of Valenciennes, where masses were, in the days of Froissart, duly said for the soul of the unfortunate pilgrim.—Chronicle of Froissart, vol. I. p. 123.

NOTE G.

With Carr in arms had stood.—P. 20.

The family of Ker, Kerr, or Carr, 1 was very powerful on the Border. Fynes Morrison, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Preston-Grange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cesford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruinous. Tradition affirms that it was founded by Halbert, or Habby Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburghre represents Kerr of Cesford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cesford and Fairnhurst.

NOTE H.

Lord Cranstoun.—P. 20.

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

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

NOTE I.

Of Bethune's line of Picardy.—P. 20.

The Bethun's 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 Due de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country. 2 The family of Bethune, or Beaumont, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates: namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glence X, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Ba señal, widow of Sir Walter Scott, of Bracksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to murder her husband. One of the placards preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Barnley's murder the 'Erle of Bothwell, Mr. James Balfour, the person of Fliske, Mr. David Chalmers, black Mr. John Spens, who was principal deviser of the murder; and the Quene, assenting thatio, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Buckluch.'

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 studies in Italy, to have acquired some knowledge of the cabal, 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 soil!—P. 20.

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

NOTE M.

The wheelless forms of air.—P. 20.

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

2 This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1800, when the poem was originally written. 1821.
with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant baron, having returned from the Holy Land to his castle of Drummedzlar, 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 wis bestowed upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drummedzlar, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits are also ascribed, in Scotland, the—"Airy tongues, that syllable men’s names, On saunds, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

When the workmen were engaging in erecting the ancient church of Old Deer, in Aberdeenshire, upon a small hill called Bissau, they were surprised to find that the work was impeded by supernatural obstacles. At length, the Spirit of the River was heard to say, "It is not here, it is not here That ye shall build the church of Deer; But on Tappilery, 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 commenced.—MACPARRANE’S MISS. 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 supersitions 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 none 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 parque their calling.

Fuller includes, among the wonders of Cambertie, “The moss-troopers: so strange in the condition of their living, if considered in their Original, Incrassae, 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 warlike people. They are called moss-troopers, because dwelling in the mosses, and riding in troops together. They dwell in the bounds, 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. Height. 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 their fathers’ copy. They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in sudden plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night, and perchance many again next day. They may give for their motto, vicitor ex rapto, stealing from their honest 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! Sallath into their quarters!"

"3. Height. A morting, forty years since, to some thousand. 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 Nuyworth. 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 themselves, and all have one purse.

"4. Decay. Caused, by the wisdom, valor, and diligence of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who routed these English Tories with his regiment. It is severity unto them will not only be excused, but commended, by the judicious, who consider how our great lawyer by false pretences, and who are solemnly outlawed. BRAXTON, lib. viii., cap. 21. —Ex tunc gerunt caput lupinum, ista quod sive deuma inquisitione rite percutat: sicut suum judicium portent; et merito sine legem percutat, qui sequatur legem vivere recusandam.”—Thenceforward (after that they are outlawed), they wear a wolf’s head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, &c who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law."

"5. Ruine. Such was the success of this worthy lord’s severity, that he made a thorough reformation among them; and the ring-leaders being destroyed, the rest are reduced to legal obedience, and the whole will continue.”—FULLE’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.
—Fame the Unicorn’s pride, Exalt the Crescent and the Star.—P. 21.

The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford were, Vert on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns’ heads erased argent, three mullets azuré; crest, a unicorn’s head, erased proper. The Scots of Buccleuch bore, Or, 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 immemorially possessed by the Buccleuch family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the crown until 1543. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. Satchell mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen-pensioners of the family, “William Scott, commonly called Cut-at-the-Black, who had the lands of Nether Deloraine for his service.” And again, “This William of Deloraine, commonly called Cut-at-the-Black, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassendean.” The lands of Deloraine now give an earl’s title to the descendant of Henry, the second surviving son of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Mommouth. I have endeavored to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterized the Borderers of his day; for which I can only plead Froissart’s apology, that, “it behoveth, in a layage, some to be slylike and outrageous, to maynytyme and ares to pleynges.” As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to transcribe, from the same author, the speech of Amalgot Marcell, a cantain of the Adventurous Companions
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

A robber, and a pillager of the country of Avergune, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honorable military life under the banners of the Earl of Arranmagae. But "when he remembered all this, he was sorrowful; his treasurer thought he would not ransom; he wento dayly to serche for newe pyllages, whereby enuised his profyte, and then he sawe that allie was closed foro hym. Then he sayde and imseyned, that to pyll and to robbe (all things considered) was a good lyfe, and so repentated hym of his good doing. On a time, he said to his old companioy, Sirs, there is no sporte nor glory in this worlde amongst men of warre, but to use seche lyfe as we have done in tyme pae. What a joye was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and sometyme found by the way a rich pricro or merchant, or a custo of molesters of Mont-pellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymene, et l enganes, of Bessyers, of Théolus, or of Carcassone, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peltre ware conyngue foro the faves, or laden with speeryc fro Burges, fro Danes, or fro Alynsaundre; whatsoever we met, all was ours, or els ransomed at our pleasure; dayly we gat newe money, and the vignaynes of Avergune, and of Lymoseyn dayly proyded and brought to our castell whete. melee, good wynes, beffes, and fatte muttons, poulcyne, and wythke foule: We were ever furnaryshed as tho we had beene Knages. When we rode forth, all the countrier troubled foro fear: all we ours couraged and conyngue. How tok we Carlisst, and the Lee of Campenye, and I Pera of Bernouy took Caluayt, how dyd we scale, with lyttel ayle, the strong castell of Minjquell, pertaying to the Elye Dolphon: I kept it not past five dayes, but I received for it, on a feyre table, fyre thousande frankes, and forgeau one thousande foro the love of the Elye Dolphon's children. By my fayth, this was a fayre and a good lyfe! wherefo I repite myselfe sore decaied, in that I have rendered up the for:rezae of Aloys; for it wold have kep fro all the escride, ac. the daye that I gave it up, it was furnaryshed with wyryties, v. have been kep seven yeres without any re- turypling. Thir Elye of Arrynake hath decaied me: Oylve Barke, and Prett le Bernouys, showed to me how I shulde repente myselfe: e. r. tyme I sore repente myselfe of what I have done."


NOTE Q.


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

"Rycyth to the burn thai passyt ware, Bot the slenth-hund made stinching thar, And waurerlyt lang tymge ta and fra, That he na certaine gate cooth ga; Till at the last that John of Lorne Persenvit the hund the slenth had lorne,"

The Bruce, Book viii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating finesse of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:--"The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border slenth-bratch, or blood-hound.

"In Gelderland there was that brateth bred, Sikr of scent, to follow them that fled; So was he used in Exe and Littledeall, While (i. e. till) sicr gut blood no fleeting might avall."

In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affection to be so, would go farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body:

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood, No farther would fra time she found the blood."

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gok! 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 rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled 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 Gok, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, diluted to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes,

"Trust ryght wele, that all this be soothinde, Supposing it to be no point of the creed."

The Wallace, Book v.

Mr. Ellis has extracted this tale as a sample of Henry's poetry.


NOTE R.


This is a round artificial mound near Hawick, which, from its name (Moat, Ang. Siz. Consilium, Council), 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 Hassenedan, belonged formerly to a family of Scotta, thus commemorated by Statchellas:--

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

NOTE T.

On Minto-crags the moonbeams 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 Barnhills' Bed. This Barnhills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remnants 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 situa-
tion. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hartfort, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter BArn Hills, and of Minto-
crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the
present Lord Minto,3 was the author of a beautiful pastoral
song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is
usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot
has descended to his family.

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook:
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove:
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow!

"Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide world secure me from love.
Ah, fool, 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!

"Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to reprieve!
Poor shepherd, Amynta, no more can be thine!
Why 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!"

NOTE U.

Ancient Riddell's fair domain.—P. 22.

The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the
village called Riddell, or Ryedale, part of which still bears the
latter name. Tradition carries their antiquity to a point
extremely remote; and is, in some 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 1396, and filled with the bones of a man of gi-
gantic 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 authen-
tic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of 'ancient
Riddell':—
Ist, A charter by David I. to Walter Rydale, Sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Lilliescleive,
&c., of which his father, Gervasius de Rydale, died possessed.
2dly, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Wal-
ter de Rydale, knight, in favor of his brother Anschiilt of Ri-
dale, dated 8th April, 1153.
3dly, A bull of Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Rydale, be-
quathing to his brother Anschiilt the lands of Lilliescleive,
Whitstanes, &c., and ratifying the bargain between Anschiilt
and Hustredus, concerning the church of Lilliescleive, in conse-
quence of the mediation of Malcolm II., and confirmed by a
charter from that monarch. This bull is dated 17th June, 1169.
4thly, A bull of the same Pope, confirming the will of Sir
Anschiilt of Rydale, in favor of his son Walter, conveying the
said lands of Lilliescleive and others, dated 10th March, 1130.
It is remarkable, that Lilliescleive, otherwise Rydale, or Riddell,
and the Whitstanes, have descended, through a long train of
ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the
person of Sir John Buchanan Riddell, Bart. of Riddell, the
legal descendant and representative of Sir Anschiilt.—These
circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work.2

NOTE V.

But when Melrose he reach'd 'twas silence all;
He weakly stabb'd his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.—P. 22.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was formed
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 next Canto, there
are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in stone,
with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust
our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so
hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulation.
This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks
were of the Cistercian order. At the time of the Reformation,
they shared the general reproach of sensuality and irregularity,
thrown upon the Roman churchmen. The old words of Goul-
sheids, a favorite Scotch air, ran thus:—

O the monks of Melrose made guile kail,3
On Fridays when they fasted.
They wanted neither beef nor ale,
As long as their neighbors' lasted

NOTE W.

When buttocks and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of bone and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.

Then view St. David's ruin'd pile.—P. 22.

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

NOTE X.

For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to pater an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.—P. 24.

"The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about
religious matters. Colville, in his Paracensesi, or Admonition,
states, that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking
distant journeys to convert the Heathen, 'as I wold wis at
God that ye wold only go bot to the Heiles and Borders of our
own realm, to gain our swin countrymen, who, for lack of
preaching and ministiration of the sacraments, must, with tyne,
becum either infidells, or athikis.' But we learn, from Lm-
ley, that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly tol-
led their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a
plundering expedition.

1 Grandfather to the present Earl. 1819.
2 Since the above note was written, the ancient family of Riddell have
parted with all their Scotch estates.—Ep.
3 Kail, Broik.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

NOTE Y.

So had he seen, in fair Castle,
The youth in glittering squadrums start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurled the unexpected dart.—P. 24.

"By my faith," said the Duke of Lancaster (to a Portuguese squire), "of all the feats of arms that the Castell yans, and of their country doth use, the castynghe of their dorses best pleaseth me, and gladly I wolde se it: for, as I hear say, if they strike one aghike, without he be well arméd, the dart will pierce him throught."—By my faith, sir," said the squyre, "ye say truth; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us derely, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skrymish, Sir John Lawrence of Cougne was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head perced all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sacket stopped with slyke, and passed throught his body, so that he fell down dead."—Froissart, vol. ii. ch. 44.—This mode of fighting with darts was imitated in the military game called Juego de las canas, which the Spaniards borrowed from their Moorish invaders. A Saracen champion is thus described by Froissart: "Among the Sarazens, there was a yonge knight called Agadinger Dolyferne; he was always well mounted on a redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the ayre. The knights seemed to be a good man of armes by his dedes; he bare always of usage three fethered darts, and ryche well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his head. His apparell was blakke, and his owne courour browne, and a good horseman. The Crosten men say, they thoughte he dyd such deeds of armes for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved entirely the King of Thune's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inheretory to the realme of Thune, after the disease of the kyng, her father. This Agadinger was sone to the Duke of Olyferne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or nat; but it was shewed me, that this knight, for love of the sayd ladye, during the siege, did many feats of armes. The knyghtes of France wold fayne have taken hym; but they could not attrape nor inclose him; his horse was so swift, and so rety to his hand, that alwaies he escaped."—Vol. ii. ch. 71.

NOTE Z.

And there the dyeying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn.
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!—P. 24.

The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt 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 batayles and encounterys that I have made mention of here before in all this hystory, great or smalle, this bataylle that I treat of nowe was one of the forest and best foughten, without cowardes or faynte hertes: for there was nyther knyghte nor squyer but that dyde his devoyre, and foughte hande to hande. This bataylle was lyke the bataylle of Becherell, which was valiantly fought and endured." The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. His obsequy was done reverently, and on his body layde a touche of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym."—Froissart, vol. ii. p. 155.

NOTE 2 A.

DARK KNIGHT OF LIDDLESDALE.—P. 24.

William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddlesdale, 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 Dalhousie, 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 his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. It is said, the miserable captive prolonged his existence for several days by the corn which fell from a granary above the vault in which he was confined. 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 chieflain, William, Earl of Douglas, in revenge, according to some authors, of Ramsay's murder; although a popular tradition, preserved in a ballad quoted by Godersof, and some parts of which are still preserved, ascribes the resentment of the Earl to jealousy. The place where the Knight of Liddesdale was killed is called, from his name, William-hope, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Godersof, was carried to Lindend 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 east o'er dune.—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 painsibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the frame-work of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the

The riche and pure him menyte bath,
For of his dede was makil shak.'
meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of beautiful forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance. Sir James Hall’s Essay on Gothic Architecture is published in The Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions.

Note 2 C.
— *Th’ondrous Michael Scott.*—P. 24.

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetic anarchism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1490; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chemistry. 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. *Dempster Historia Ecclesiasticae.* 1627, lib. ii. p. 495. Lesly characterizes Michael Scott as "singularia philosophiae, astronomiae, ac medicinae laude prestans; discriminarum minissimae magiae recessus indagasse." Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard:—

"Quell altro che ne’ fianchi è cosi poco,
Michele Scotto fu, o vero amante
Delle magiche fronde eppur il gioco."

*Inferno.* Canto xxmo.

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mythical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labor and antiquity is ascribed, either to the authority of *Auld Michael,* of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial; some contend for Home Coltrame, 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. Satoshills, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chanced to be at Baugh under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lance-lot Scott, showed him an extract from Michael Scott’s works, containing that story:—

"He said the book which he gave me
Was of Sir Michael Scott’s historie;
Which historie was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no man dare it do.
Young scholars have pick’d out something
From the content, that dare not read within,
He carried me along the castle then,
And shew’d his written book hangeing on an iron pin.
His writing pen did seem to me to be
Of hardened metal, like steel, or accanne;
The volume of it did seem so large to me,
As the book of Martyrs 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 agoe;
For Mr. Michael’s name does terrifie each one."—

*History of the Right Honorable Name of Scott.*

Note 2 D.
Salamanca’s cave.—P. 25.

Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favorite residence of magicians. Pope Sylvester, who actually imported from Spain the use of the Arabian manuscripts, was supposed to have learned there the magic, for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of his age.—*William of Malabur,* lib. ii. cap. 10. There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city, they were held in a deep cavern; the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand.—*D’AUTON ON LEARNT INVELSITY.* p. 45. These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:—

"Questo città di Tolletto solea
Tenere studio di negromanzia,
Qui vi di magica arte si leggea
Pubblicamente, e di perornanzia;
E molti geomanti da seve
Experimenti assi d’ ritornalia
E d’ altre false opinioni di sceloci
Come e fattore, o spesso batter gli occhi."

Il Morgenate Miggioere, Canto xxv. St. 239.

The celebrated magician Mangis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Arista, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as we learn from *L’Histoire de Mangis D’Augment.* He even held a professor’s chair in the necromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, "*qu’on tous les sept ans d’enchantement, des charmes et conjurations, il n’y avoit meilleur maistre que lui; et en tel renom qu’on le baisoit en chaise, et l’appeloit maistre Magius.*" This Salamancan Domondaniel is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader inquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult *Les faictes et processex du noble et vaillant Herculex,* where he will learn, that the fable of his aiding Atlas to support the heavens, arose from the said Atlas having taught Hercules, the noble knight-crusant, the seven liberal sciences, and in particular, that of judging astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, *"maximus unus ducat 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 unfurled, there rushed forth so dreadful a whirlwind, that hitherto no one had dared to penetrate into its recesses. But Roderic, threatened with an invasion of the Moors, resolved to enter the cavern, where he expected to find some prophetic intimation of the event of the war. Accordingly, his train being furnished with torches, so artificially composed that the tempest could not extinguish them, the King, with great difficulty, penetrated into a square hall, inscribed all over with Arabian characters. In the midst stood a colossal statue of brass, representing a Saracen wielding a Moorish mace, 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 striking, until he read, inscribed on the right hand, *"Wretched Monarch, for thy evil hast thou come hither;"* on the left hand, *"Thou shalt be dispossessed by a strange people;"* on one shoulder, *"I invoke the name of Hagar;"* on the other, *"I do mine office."* When the King had deciphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its execrable, 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 mystic cavern. The conquest of Spain by the Saracens, and the
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 sent the reapers to the house, one after another, to see what had delayed their provision; but the charm caught each as they entered, and losing all idea of returning, they joined in the dance and chorus. At length the old man himself went to the house; but as his wife's frolic with Mr. Michael, whom he had seen on the hill, made him a little cautious, he entertained 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 humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance.—This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been cautions for inaccuracy in doing so.—A similar charm occurs in Huan de Bourdeaux, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called the Caliph Vathiek.

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

Note 2 E.
The bells would ring in Notre Dame.—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 cauld, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honor to the infernal architect.

Michael next ordered that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchantor conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

Note 2 F.
The words that eleft Eildon hills in three.—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 Licetius investigates the subject in a treatise, De Leucro Antiqvarum Rerum; published at Venice, 1621. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero. Thewick was supposed to be composed of asbestos. 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 lights to magical skill.—Disquisitiones Magicae, p. 38. In a very rare romance, which is 'treaty of the life of Virgilius, and of his death, and many maravilies that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wycherafte and nygramaneye, through the helpe of the devyls of hell,' mention is made of a very extraordinary procession of these mystic lamps was employed. It
The Baron’s Dearth! his courser held.—P. 27.

The idea of Lord Cranstoun’s Goblin 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 Todhavill, in Eskedale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and stayed for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground (that is, 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 didst thou say? 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 goblin. By the way, Moffat told, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and stood 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 tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, ‘Ah, hah, Will o’ Moffat, you strike sais!’ (viz. sore.) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by, 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 he said, he often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.’—To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word tint! tint! tint! Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Re-to Marin, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner, on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited; and that many persons of very good stock, and considerable information, are well known to express absolute faith in the tradition.

Note 2 I.

Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up, and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled; and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian.—Hickswood’s Hierarchie p. 480, quoted from Sebastian Coharrawias Croze.

Note 2 H

Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frozen’d.—P. 26.

William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Old Ray 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.
NOTE 2 K.

But the Lady of Brawsome gather'd a band
Of the best that would ride at her command.—P. 27.

"Upon 25th June, 1557, Dame Janet Beaumont Lady Buc-
eleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, delituit (ac-
cused) for coming to the Kirk of St. Mary of the Lawes, to the
number of two hundred persons bodin in force of 'weire' (arrayed
in armor), and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in or-
der to apprehend the Laird of Cranstoun for his destruction." On
the 29th July, a warrant from the Queen is presented, dis-
charging the justice to proceed against the Lady Bucleuch with
new calling—Abridgment of Books of Ad Journal, in
Advocates' 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 war-
like array, with jackes, helmets, and other weapons, and march-
ing to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lawes, for the slaughter
of Sir Peter Cranstun, out of ancient feud and malice pre-
 pense, and of breaking the doors of the said kirk, is repelled
by the Archbishop of Glasgow. The bail given by Robert
Scott of Allanhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnfute, Robert Scott
in Howfurde, Walter Scott in Todshawfute, Walter Scott
younger of Synton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert
Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said
Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Wolf, and Walter Scott,
son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wyensy in Eck-
ford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forfeited.
On the same day, Walter Scott of Synton, and Walter Chis-
holme of Chisholme, and William Scott of Harden, became
bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstun, and his
knighted and servants, should receive no injury from them in
future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallohill, Alex-
ander Stuart, uncle to the Laird of Trakwhare, John Murray
of Newhall, John Fairly, residing in Selkirk, George Tait,
younger of P., John Pennyck of Pennyke, James Rams-
say of Cokpen, the Laird of Paislye, and the Laird of Hender-
tounce, were all severally fined for not attending as jurors;
being probably either in alliance with the accused parties, or
dreading their vengeance. Upon the 29th of July following,
Scott of Synton, Chisholme of Chisholme, Scott of Harden,
Scott of Howpaille, Scott of Burnfute, with many others, are
ordered to appear at next calling, under the pains of treason.
But no farther procedure seems to have taken place. It is
said, that, upon this rising, the kirk of St. Mary was burnt by
the Scotts.

NOTE 2 L.

Like a book-bosom'd priest.—P. 29.

"At Unthank, two miles N. E. from the church (of Eves),
there 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
Melrose or Jedburgh, to baptize and marry in this parish; and
from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they
were called by the inhabitants, Book-a-bosomes. There is a
man yet alive, who knew old men who had been baptized by
these Book-a-bosomes, and who says one of them, called Hair,
used this parish for a very long time."—Account of Parish of
Eves, apud 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 eyesight 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 Falséhope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of
glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Fa' im-
putes the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with
that git jury leader:—

"Sae soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast the glamour o'er her."

It was formerly used even in war. In 1531, when the Duke
of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples,
the necromancer offered to make the aire so thynke, that they,
within shall thynke that there is a great bridge on the sea (by
which the castle was surrounded) for ten men to go a front;
and when they within the castle see this bridge, they will be
so afrayed, that they shall yelde 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
assay it?"—"Syr, 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 nought, 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
'Syr, for godesake, let the master assay his cunning: we shall
leave making of any signe of the crosses on us for that tyme,'

The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recog-
nized in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle
into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by
persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magic-
al 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 I will that
Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wors
to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shall
never do enchantment to deceyve hym, nor yet none other. I
would nat that in tymne to come we shulde be reproachend
that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many
noble knights and squyres assembled, that we shulde do any
thing eyen enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemies be
suche craftie. Then he called to him a servaunt, and said, 'Go,
and get me a hangman, and let him stryke of this master's
heed without delay; ' and as soone as the Erle had command-
ed it, incontinent it was done, for his heed was stryken of
before the Erle's tent.'—Frissart, vol. i. ch. 301, 399.

The art of glamour, or other fascination, was anciently a
principal point 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 Scottis Border, vol. iv. p. 106. In a strange allegorical
poem, called the Houlat, written by a dependent of the house
of Douglas, about 1453-3, the jay, in an assembly of birds,
plays the part of the juggler. The feats of glamour are thus
described:—

"He gart them see, as it seint in samyn houre,
Hunting at herdis in holts so hair;
Some sailand on the see schipis of toure,
Bennis battalland on burd briss as a bair:
He coulde carye the coup of the kingis des,
Syne leve in the stede,
But a black burnwed;
He coulde of a henis heide
Make a man me."
Nobilis of nutchelles, and silver of sand.
Thus joukith with juxters the jaw-lane ja,
Fair ladies in ringis,
Knights in caraliugus,
Bayth damis and single,
It semyth as so.'

**NOTE 2 N.**

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

Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's **Sedulius-
mus Triumphatus**, mentions a similar phenomenon.

"I remember an old gentleman in the country, of my ac-
quaintance, an excellent justice of peace, and a piece of a
mathematician; but what kind of a philosopher he was, you
may understand from a rhyme of his own making, which he
commended to me at my taking horse in his yard, which rhyme is this:—

'Ens 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 nimby as one may observe a dry leaf whisked
round the corner of an orchard-walk 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 logie, H. (calling me by my Christian name); to
which I replied, this is reason, father L. (for so I used and
some others to call him); but it seems you are for the new
lights, and immediate inspiration, which I confess he was as
little for as for the other; but I said so only in the way of
drollery to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpa-
ble experience would move him; and being a bold man, and
fearing nothing, he told me he had used all the magical cer-
emonies 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 lie 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 went 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 pleasted; but yet all my
arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him;
wherefore, after severa. reasons of this nature, whereby I
would prove to him the soul's distinction from the body, and
its immortality, when nothing of such subtle consideration did
any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to
do, though it melts the world, on the fuzzy consistence of the
seaband.—"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 busi-
ness:—"Do you remember the clap on your back when your
servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? I assure your-
self," says I, 'father L., that goblin will be the first to bid you
welcome into the other world.' Upon that his countenance
changed most sensibly, and he was more confounded with this
rubbing up his memory, than with all the rational or philoso-
phical argumentations that I could produce."

**NOTE 2 O.**

The running stream dissolved the spell.—P. 30.

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can
exist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook
between you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in
perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *T urn of Shantler* turns en-
tirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of
antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wisa-
could, by spells, convert earthen cloths, or stones, into fat pigs,
which they sold in the market, but which always reasumed
their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across
a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish, for a
very good reason. "Geni ista speramus non solvant deci-
dmas."—*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud deum Scrip-
tores*, p. 1076.

**NOTE 2 P.**

He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee.—P. 30.

Imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his
followers:

"A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good:
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill;
Their baules and sword sets with studis athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheens were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft.
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft."

_Poly-Albion, Song 26._

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned
counter to the law of arms. In a tilt between Gawain Mi-
chael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman,
"they met at the spear poyntes radely; the French squyer
justed right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too lowe, for he
strak the Frenchman depe into the thigh. Wherewith the
Erie of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so wers all
the other lards, and sayde how it was shamefully done."—
*Froissart*, vol. i. chap. 306. Upon a similar occasion, "the
two kneytis came a fote ech to ech other rudeley, with their
spmares low conchus, to styke ech other within the four
quarters. Johan of Castell-Morant strik the English squyer
on the brest in such wyse, that Syr Wyllyam Fermoneto
stombled and bowed, for his fote a lyttel sayled him. He
hele his speere lowe with both his handes, and coude nat
amenite it, and striak Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant in
the thigh, so that the speere went clene through, that the heed
was seen a handfull on the other syde. And Syr Johan with
the stroke repled, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knightes
and squeryes were ryghte soore displeased, and saydie how it was
a foule stroke. Syr Wylam Fermoneto excused himselfe, and
sayde how he was sowne of thatadventure, and howe thay tf
he had knowneth that it shulde have bene so, he wolde never
have begone it; sayenge how he could nat amenite it, by cause
of glumung of his fote by constraynt of the great stroke that
Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant had given him."—*Froissart*,
vol. i. chap. 372.
Note 2 Q.

"She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she staunch'd the blood."—P. 31.

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

"Tom Potts was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good;
He bound his handkerchief on the wound,
And with some kinds of words he staunched the blood." 

Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, Lond. 1791, p. 131.

Note 2 R.

"But she has tau'en the broken lance,
And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er."—P. 31.

Sir Kenelm Digby, in a discourse upon the cure by sympathy, pronounced at Montpellier, before an assembly of nobles and learned men, translated into English by R. White, gentleman, and published in 1658, gives us the following curious surgical case:

"Mr. James Howel (well known in France for his public works, and particularly for his Dendrologie, translated into French by Moins, Bandouni) coming 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 blade of the sword of one of the combatants, while with his right hand he laid hold of the blade of the other. They, being transported with fury one against the other, struggled to rid themselves of the hindrance their friend made, that they should not kill one another; and one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves and muscles of Mr. Howel's hand; and then the other disengaged his hilts, and gave a cross blow on his adversary's head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded on the back of his hand as he had been before within. It seems some strange constellation reign'd 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 prayed me to view his wounds; 'for I understand,' said he, 'that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions, and my surgeon apprehend 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 insupportable, 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 my manner of curing, because he would think it, perdurance, either ineffectual or superstitious. He replied, '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, Hagaose el mielagro y bagualo Mahoma—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 bloody garter was laid 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 he ailed? 'I know not what ailes me,' but I finde that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which had taken away the inflammation that tormented me before."

'I replied,' 'Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate tempert 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 it his hand were 'twixt coles of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time: for I knew the reason of this new accident, and would provide accordingly; for his master should be free from that inflammation, it may be before he could possibly return to him; but in case he found no ease, I wished him to come presently back again; if not, he might forbear coming thereon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed.'—Page 6.

The King (James VI) obtained from Sir Kenelm 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 metallurgical smite at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm Digby. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of use in these terms:—"And that which is more strange— they can remedy anie stranger with that verte sword wherewith they are wounded. Yea, and that which is beyond all adoration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the partie shall feele no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downwards, thereupon the partie wounded shall feele intolerable pain." I presume that the success acceded to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the Enchanted Island, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the Tempest:—

"Ariel. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,
Till I have time to visit him again.—Act V. sc. 2.

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

"Hipp. O my wound pains me!
Mir. I am come to ease you. [She unrolls the sword]
Hipp. Alas, I feel the cold air come to me;
My wound shoots worse than ever.
Mir. Does it still grieve you? [She wraps and anoints the sword]
Hipp. No. I think's there's something laid just upon it.
Mir. Do you find no ease?
Hipp. Yes, yes' upon the sudden all this pain is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased!"
Note 2 S.

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

Bale, beacon-fagot. The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh, by signs, lights, and flags, by day, and, by night, by bonfires: the 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 taintenings to be watched and maid at Eggerhope (Eggerstand) Castell, fra they se the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Soutra Edge, sail as the fire of Eggerhope Castell, and mark taintenings in like manner: And then may all Louthaine be warned, and in special the Castell of Edinburgh; and their four fires to be made in like manner, that they in Fif, and fra Striveling east, and the east part of Louthaine, and to Dunbar, all may see them, and come to the defence of the realme." These beacons (at least in latter times) were a "long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barel."—Stevenson's History, vol. ii. p. 701.

Note 2 T.

Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise.—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 wardenship to his son, that had married his 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 fees being 1000 merks yearly, he would part it with me, and I should have the half. This his noble offer I accepted of, and went with him to Carlisle; where I was no sooner come, but I entered into my office. We had a stirring time of it: and few days past over my head but I was on horseback; either to prevent mischief, or take advantage, and to being the Border in better quiet than it had been in times past. One memorable thing of God's mercy shewed unto me, was such as I have good cause still to remember it.

"I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scottishmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Gremes relieved. This Greme dwelt within five miles of Carlisle. He had a pretty house, and close by it a strong tower, for his own defence, in time of need.—About two o'clock in the morning, I took horse in Carlisle, and not above twenty-five in my company, thinking to surprise the house on a sudden. Before I could surround the house, the two Scots were gotten in the strong tower, and I could see a boy riding from the house as fast as his horse could carry him; I little suspecting what it meant. But Thomas Carleton came to me presently, and told me, that if I did not presently prevent it, both myself and all my company would be either slain or taken prisoners. It was strange to me to hear this language. He then said to me, 'Do you see that boy that rideth awa 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 townsmen; for without foot we could do no good against the tower. There we staid some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in 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 prisoners, but we might see 400 home within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed, and stood at gaze. Then had I more to do than ever; 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 our uncles, and our own sins; 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 feud 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 lie 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 sending 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 home. 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 U.

On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chief's lie hid.—P. 32.

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

Note 2 V.

For pathless march and mountain cell,
The peasant left his lonely shed.—P. 33.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army.—(Minstrelsy of the
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Scottish Border, vol. i. p. 293.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous rocks of the Teviot at Sunlawns, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundleaie, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Esk, at Gorton and Hawthornfell, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always secure places of concealment. "In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Nidder), George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's . . . . . . happened upon a cave in the grounde, the mouth whereof was so wound with the fresh print of steps, that he seemed to be cetrayne there wear some folke within; and gone done to trie, he was readily received with a hakebut or two. He left them not yet, till he had known whethar thei wolde be content to yield and come out; which they fondly refusing, he went to my lord's grace, and upon utterance of the thynge, got licence to deale with them as he could; and so returned to them, with a score or two of pioners. Three victes had their cave, that they were warned herwherefore he first stopt up on; another he fill'd full of strawe, and set it a fyrer, whereat they within cast water space; but it was so wel manytyned without, that the fyer prevayled, and thei within Feyn to get them belyke into smoother parler. Then devyed we (for I hap to be with him) to stop the same up, whereby we should eyther smother them, or fynd out their ventes, if he thadi any moe; as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we moughte see the fume of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not but thinke they must needs get them out, or smoother within: and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd the tone, we thought it for certain thei wear sure of the toother."—Patten's Account of Somerset's Expedition into Scotland, and Dalvayl's Fragments.

NOTE 2 W.
Show'd southern range 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. 179, the reader may estimate the nature of the dreadful war which was occasionally waged upon the Borders, sharpened by mutual cruelties, and the personal hatred of the wardens, or leaders. Some Scottish Barons, says the Earl, had threatened to come within "three miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye and gife me light to put on my clothes at myndight; and also the said Marke Carr said there openly, that sayng they had a governor on the Marches of Scotland, as well as they had in England, he shuld kepe your highness instructions, gyffyn unto your garyson, for making of any day-forre; for he and his friends wolde barne enough on the nyght, lettynge you noes safe here defyne a notable acte at thyre pleasures. Upon whiche, in your highe name, I commandet dowe watcche to be keppe on your Marches, for comyng in of any Scotts.—Nevertheless, upon Thursday at night last, came thrythe light horsemen into a litlle village of myne, calle Whittel, having not past sex houses, lying towards Ryddesdale, upon Shilbotel More, and there wold haue fyred the said houses, but ther was no fyre to get there, and they forgote to brungle any wirthe thynge; and took a wyf being great with chylde in the towne, and said to her, When we can not gav the lad lyght, yet we shall doo this in spighte of hym; and gyve her ill mortal wounds upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger; whereupon the said wyf was dead, and the childe in her belye is loste. Beseeching your most gracious hirness to reduce unto your gracious memory this wyful and shamefull murde, done within this your highe realme, notwithstanding all the inhabitants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gave waranye by becons into the country afoare theyeme, and yet the Scotsmen dyde escape. And uppon cereteine knowledgewe to my brother Cliftforthe, and me, had by crediblle persons of Scotland, this abonynable act not only to be done by dyverse of the Mershe, but also the afore named persons of Thyvidail, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Earle of Murey, upon Friday at night last, let slip. O of the best horemen o' Glendalill, with a parte of your higheines subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dawgias, who came into Ingland agayn in the dawning of the day; but afoare theye reteame, they dyd mar the Earl of Murrels provisions at Coldingham; for they did not only burne the said town of Coldingham, with all the come thereunto belonging, which is esteemeed worthe cii marke sterling; but also burned twa townes nyye adjoyning thereunto, called Blanrerdertg and the Black Hill, and toke xiii persons, lx horse, with ce 3ed of catail, which, nowse, as I am informand. bathe not only been a staye of the said Erle of Murrels not coming to the Borden as yet, but also, that none Inlande man will adventure they self upon the Marches. And as for the tax that shulde have been grantedy for finding of the said iii hundred men, is utterly denied. Upon which the King of Scotland departted from Edynburgh to Stirling, and as yet there doth remayn. And also I, by the advice of my brother Cliftforth, have devyseyd, that within this iii nightes, Godde willing. Kelsey, in like case, shall be breet, with all the corn in the said town; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garyson in nyght unto the Borders. And as I shall atteigne further knowledge, I shall not fail to satisfye your higheenes, according to my most bounden dutee. And for this burning of Kelsey is devyseyd to be done secretly, by Tyndall and Ryddia dalle. And thus the holy Trynite and * * your most royal estate, with long lyf, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. At Werkworth, the xxi day of October." (1532.)

NOTE 2 X.
Watt Tlinium.—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 Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a sutor, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewes内容简介, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated, and forced to fly. Watt Tlinium pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tlinium dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult:—"Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels riap, and the seams ries."—"If I cannot sew," rejoined Tlinium, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,—"If I cannot sew, I can yerk."1

NOTE 2 Y.
Bilchope Stag.—P. 34.

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

"Bilchope brase for bucks and rams, And Caric haugh for swine, And Tarmes for the good bull-trout, If he be ta'en in time." 2

The bucks and roes, as well as the old swine, are now extinct; but the good bull-trout is still famous.

1 Riep, creak. — Riev, tear.

2 Yerk, to twitch, as shoemakers do, a securing the stitches of their work.
kept for the King's Majesty, or otherwise to be disposed, and taken from the profits of the enemy. And in like manner the house of Carlaverock to be used." Repeated mention occurs of the Almains, in the subsequent correspondence; and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulties of providing these strangers with the necessary "victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumfrisses be."—History of Cumberland, vol. i. Introd. p. 151. From the battle-pieces of the ancient Flemish painters, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to an assault with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the Mirror for May, 1711, p. 121.

"Their pleated garments therewith well accord,
All jadge and frount, with divers colours deckt"

Note 3 C.

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

Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gammeluch, &c., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch, at the head of Yarrow. It appears, that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the King wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-lys, similar to the treasure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, Ready, eye 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 Thirlestane.

James Rex.

We James, by the grace of God, King of Scottis, consider- and the flint and guid servis of of right trust friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha command to our host at Soutera- edge, with three score and ten launces on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to gang to us into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake at all our bidding; for the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitle command and charge our lion herald and his deputies for the time beand, to give and to grant to the said John Scott, one Border of fleure de lis about his coate of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and alane an bundell of launces above his helmet, with this words, Readdy, ny Readdy, that he and all his afterrunners may bruk the samne as a pledge and talken of our guld will and kyndnes for his true worthines; and thir our letters seen, ye nes was failtie to doe. Given at Fάlla Muire, under our hand and privy casket, the xxvil day of July, m e and xxii xde. By the King's gnes special orderance.

"Jo. Aikins."

On the back of the charter is written, "Edin. 14 January, 1713. Registered, conform to the sett of parliament made anent probative wits, per M Kailie, pror. and produced by Alexander Bothwick, servant to Sir William Scott of Thirlestane. M. L. J."

3 See the original.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

NOTE 3 D.

An aged Knight, to danger steed'd,
With many a moss-trooper came on;
And sure in a golden field,
The stars and creasent grac'd his shield,
Without the bend of Marldeslon.—P. 34.

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buceleuch, who flourished before the estate of Marldeslon was acquired by the marriage of one of those chieftains with the heiress, in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scots upon the field; whereas those of the Buceleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage.—See Gladstaine of Whitalae's MSS., and Scott of Stobies Petigree, Newcastle, 1733.

Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes, some of which have been published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; others in 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 descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a snaky rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band, that they must ride for a supply of provisions. He was married to Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow. He possessed a very extensive estate, which was divided among his five sons. There are numerous descendants of this old marauding baron. The following beautiful passage of Leyden's Scenes of Infamy, is founded on a tradition respecting an infant captive, whom Walter of Harden carried off in a predatory incursion, and who is said to have become the author of some of our most beautiful pastoral songs:

"Where Borthia hoarse, that loads the meads with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot'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-girt Harden, far-above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail,
A hardy race, who never shrank from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,
Here fix'd his mountain home— a wide domain,
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;
But what theiggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

"The winning harvest-moon shone cold and bright;
The waxier horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the massey portals wide were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rang.
What fair, half vill'd, leans from her latticed hall,
Where red the waving gleams of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strew'd the ground,
Here, ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,
And from the hurried heap an infant drew.

"Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While balefulteary Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view:

In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

"His are the strains whose wandering echoes thin;
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill;
When evening brings the merry folding home,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly leaves o'er Harden's bier:
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom;
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unshrung."
Note 3 H.
That 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 Eske, inside Salom, on the 23th day of March, 1334, betwixt noble lords and mighty, Sirs Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, a truce is agreed upon until the 1st day of July; and it is expressly accorded, "If any stellis authur on the ta part, or on the tothyr, that he shall be hanguet or heofbrit; and gif any company stellis any gudes within the triex beforeysayd, ane of that company sall be hanguet or heofbrit, and the remnant sall restore the gadys stolen in the dubbe."—History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, Introd. p. xxxix.

Note 3 I.

Dorlaine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain.—P. 38.
In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath. The form of excusing hills, or indictments, by Border-oath, ran thus: "You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of Paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are what art sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recettng of any of the goods and chattels named in this bill. So help you God."—History of Cumberland, Introd. p. xiv.

Note 3 K.
Knighthood he took of Douglas’ sword.—P. 38.
The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honor of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indiscriminate exercise of this privilege. Among others, he knighted the witty Sir John Harrington, whose favor at court was by no means enhanced by his new honors.—See the Naves Antiquae, 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 death of the Earl of Angus in the battle of Berwick. The fact is attested, both by a poetical and prose account of the engagement, contained in an ancient MS. in the Advocates’ Library and edited by Mr. Dalzell, in Godly Songs and Balaets, Edin. 1605.

Note 3 L.
When English blood swell’d Ancran’s ford.—P. 38.
The battle of Ancram Moor, or Penicuikhe, was fought A. D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley.

Note 3 M.

For who, in field or forest, slack,
Saw the blanke 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 nomme de guerre. Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet, The Boar of York. In the violent slain on Cardinal Wolsey, written by Roy, commonly, but erroneously, imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the Beautiful Swan, and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the White Lion. As the book is extremely rare, and the whole passage relates to the emblematical interpretation of heraldrty, 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 felda, Sheweth the eruit of the red man, Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan, Mortal enemy unto the White Lion, Carter of Yorke, the ylde butcher’s sonne, The six bulles holdes in a felde blacke, Betokeneth his storty furioseness; Wherefore, the godly lyght to put abacke, He byngeth in his dyvysh darknes; The bandog in the miderd doth expresse The mastiff eurre bred in Ypwich towne, Gnawenge with his teth a kinges crowne. The cloubbe signifieth plynay his tirany, Covered over with a Cardinall’s hatt, Wherein shall be fulflied the prophecy, Arpe np. Jacke, and put on thy salatt, For the tymse is come of bagge and walatt, The temporall chevalry thus throwen doune, Wherefore, prest, take hede, and beware thy crowne."

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

Note 3 N.
Let Musgrave meet fierce Dorlaine
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 1558, the well-known Kirkaldy of Grange fought a duel with Ralph Eves, brother to the then Lord Evre, in consequence of a dispute about a prisoner said to have been ill-treated by the Lord Evre. Pitcorttive gives the following account of the affair:—"The Lord of Ivers his brother provoked William Kirkaldy of Grange to fight with him, in singular combt, on horseback, with spears; who, keeping the appoint- ment, accompanied with Monsieur d’Ossel, lieutenant to the French king, and the garrison of Haymouth, and Mr. Ivers, accompanied with the governor and garrison of Berwick, it was discharged, under the pain of treason, that any man should come near the champions within a flight-shot, except one man for either of them, to bear their spears, two trumpets, and two lords to be judges. When they were in readiness, the trumpets sounded, the heralds cried, and the judges let them go. They then encountered very fiercely; but Grange struck his spear through his adversary’s shoulder, and bare 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 innocenc:e—
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

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

THE GROUNDS OF THE QUARREL.

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

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

"3. He chargeth 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 permission, will prove it true as before, and each set his hand to the same.

(Signed) "THOMAS MUSGRAVE.

"LANCELOT CARLETON."

Note 3 O.

He, the jocnal harper.—P. 39.

The person here alluded to, is one of our ancient Border minstrels, called Rattling Roaring Willie. This sobriquet was probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the old 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." Ramsey, who set no value on traditionary lore, published a few verses of this song in the Ten Table Miscellany, carelessly 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 worthlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the text.

"Now Willie's gone to Jeddart,
And he's for the rood-day; 1
But Stobs and young Falam\nThey 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 find him sleeping sound.

"Stobs light off his horse,
And never a word he spak,
Till he tied Willie's hands
Pfu' fast behind his back;
Fur' fast behind his back,
And down beneath his knee,
And drink will be dear to Willie,
When sweet milk\ rules him die" 3

The lasses of Ousenam Water Are raving and riving their hands
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair:
His beauty was so fair,
And cunning 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 regulation runs thus:—"Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December, 1468, Earl William Douglas assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers, that best knowledge had, at the college of Lincluden; and there he caused these lords and Borderers boldly to be sworn, the Holy Gospel 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 Earl William, seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and

1 The day of the Rood-fair at Jedburgh.
2 Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, and Scott of Falam\n3 A shortened pun on his antagonist's name.
Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borders; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare, he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their godly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl William, and, lords, and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming."

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**Note 3 Q.**

The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,  
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name.—P. 40.

The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, 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.

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**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 Beaufort, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him 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.

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**Note 3 S.**

And shouting still, a Home! a Home!—P. 40.

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, 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 war-cry, of this powerful family, was, "A Home! a Home!" It was anciently placed in an escrol above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased gules, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine.

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

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**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 a very popular sport throughout 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 Carly, 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 inscription on 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.

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**Note 3 U.**

'Twice trace and war, such sudden change  
Was not in frequent, 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 invasions 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 outposts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostilities; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borderers, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherishing too intimate a connection. Froissart says of both nations, that 'Englishmen on the one party, and Scottes on the other party, are good men for warre; for when they meet, there is a harde fight without sparynge. There is no house between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure, be, 'aye on ech other; and when they be well beaten, and yat the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorifye se in theyre deede of armes, and are so joyfull, that such as be taken they shall be reasonned or that they go out of the fede; so that shortly ech of them is so content with other, that 'at, at their departureg, curtysles they will say, God thank you.'—BERNEKES' Froissart, vol. ii. p. 153. The Border meetings of trace, 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 Reidesquair. [See Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 15.] Both parties came armed to a meeting of the warden, yet they intermix fearedly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:

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

In the 8th stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borderers on each side were led to regard their neighbors.

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**Note 3 V.**

on the darkening plain,  
Loud hallo, whoop, or whistle van,  
As bands their stragglers to regain,  
Give the shrill watchword of their clan.—P. 41.

Patten remarks, with bitter censure, the disorderly conduct of the English Borderers, who attended the Protector Somerset on his expedition against Scotland. "As we wear then a setting, and the tents a setting up, among all things els commendable is our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an intolerable disorder and abuse: that whereas always, both in all towns of war, and in all camps of armies, quietness and stillness, without noise, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why), our northern prikers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enormitie (as thought me), and not unlike (to be playes) unto a masterles honest howling in a kie way when he hath lost him be waited upon, sum hoopyng, sum whistle, and most with crying, A Berwyke! a Berwyke! A Fenwyke, a Fenwyke! A Bulmer! a Bulmer! or so otherwisse as theyr captins names wear,
never lin'de these troublous and dangerous noyses all the nyghte longe. They said, that they did it to find their captain and fellows; but if the soldierr of our other countrys and sheres had used the same maner, in that case we should have oft times had the state of our campone nether than in the case of a dissolute hantygyn, than the quiet of a well ordered armry. It is a feat of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left.

Well,' and, "It is a devyl conjured out of the body of a certeyne man, and lanswished here tylly the day of judgment, without that I be delivered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyver me out of this payn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of negromanye, and how that shalt come by it lightly, and know the practye therein, that no man in the seyence of negromayne shall passe the. And moreover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that shalt have alle thy deseire, whereby merckeke is a great syfle for so lytly a doyng. For ye may also thus all your power fenyds halpe, and make ryche your enemies.' Torough that great promye was Virgilius tempted; he had the fayl show the bokes to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed him. And then Virgilius pulle out a borde, and there was a lytelle hole, and therewith wrang the devyl out lyke a yeff, and cam and sate before Virgilius lyke a bygge man; whereof Virgilius was astonyed and marveyled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out of so lyttel a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, 'Bluesy! ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?—' Yea, I shall well,' said the devyl. —'I holde the best plant that I have, that ye shall not do it.'—'Well,' sayd the devyl, 'thereto I consent.' And than the devyl wrange himselfe into the lyttel hole agene; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyverd the hole aseyne with the borde close, and so was the devyl beyled, and myght nat there come out aen, but abydeth syyly styll thynere. Than callde the devyl dredefully to Virgilius, and sayd, 'What have ye done, Virgilius?—Virgilius answered, 'Helpe thee styll to thy day appoynted;' and fro thens forth abydeth he there. And so Virgilius became very connyng in the practye of the black seyence.'

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

'Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte mrye hyn, and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belonginge to it; and so he dill by his cunninge, and called it Napells. And the fyna- tion of it was of egges, and in that town of Napells he made a tower with lilli corners, and in the toppie he set an apell upon an iron yardes, and no man camde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thoroughe that yrn set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stakke upon a chyne, and so hangeth it still. And when the egge styreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake: and when the egge brake, then shulde the towne sinke. Whan he had made an ende, he lette call it Napells.' This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, and appears from the very title of the one "Le Saint Esprit au droit désir," instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to be held annually at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the grotto of Virgil.—Montfaucon, vol. ii. p. 329.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Note 3 Y.
_A merlin sat upon her scrist, Held by a lease 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 baron. See LATIHAM on Falconry.—Godscroft relates that when Mary of Lorraine was regent, she pressed the Earl of Angus to admit a royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon. To this he returned no direct answer; but, as if apostrophizing a goshawk, which sat on his wrist, and which he was feeding during the Queen's speech, he exclaimed, "The devil's in this greasy 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 peaceck's gilded train, And o'er the hoar-head garnished brave._—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 spirits 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 vows to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies." The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendor. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colors and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.—PINKERTON's History, vol. i. p. 432.

Note 4 A.
_Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Huntihill._—P. 47.

The Rutherfords of Huntihill 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 Dew-the-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Huntihill, 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 Raid of the Reid-square, but which apparently is lost, except the following lines:

"Baill Rutherford he was tu' stout, With all his nine sons him about, He brought the lads of Jedburgh out; And baally fought that day."

Note 4 B.
—bit his glove._—P. 47.

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

sidered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakspeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard 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 had 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 unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk, in 1721.

Note 4 C.
_Since old Buckleuch the name did gain, When in the clough the buck was taken._—P. 47.

A tradition preserved by Scott of Statchells, who published, in 1868, A true History of the Right Honorable 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 Rankleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydoune, received them joyfully, on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then King of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-henge to the glen now called Buckleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankleburn 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 Craus-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 above, 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 save the ranger be, If thou obey command; And for the buck thou stoutly brought To us up that steep heath, Thy designation ever shall Be John Scott in Buckleuch."

"In Scotland no Buckleuch was then, Before the buck in the clough 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 came; ships, became theives, and went abroad under the conduct of their more puissant men, both to enrich themselves, and to fetch in maintenance for the week: and falling upon towns unforfeited, or scantily inhabited, rifled them, and made them a base habitation; being a matter at that time nowhere in disgrace, but rather carrying with it some something of glory. This is manifest by some that dwell upon the continent, amongst whom, so it be performed nobly, it is still esteemed as an ornament. The same is also proved by some of the ancient poets, who introduced men questioning of such as such, by all coasts alike, whether they be theives or not; as a thyng neverthelesse scorned by such as were asked, nor upbraided by those that were desirous to know. They also robbed one another, within the same land; and much of Greece used that old custome, as the Locrizes the
The Buccenoch arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether 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-horn. The supporters, now two ladies, were formerly a hound and beak, or, according to the old terms, a hart of teesh and a hart of greene. The family of Scott of Howespaisley and Thistlecast long retained the bugle-horn; they also carried a bent bow and arrow in the sinister cantle, 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 **Anne,** applying to the female supporters.

**Note 4 D.**

*old Albert Graeme, The Minstrel of that ancient name.*—P. 48.

"John Graeme, second son of Malice, Earl of Montech, commonly surnamed John with the Bright Sword, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides), 'They were all stark moss-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland and 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 recorded of a mother to her son (which is now become proverbial), 'Ride, Rowley, houge's 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 Graemes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their dependences extended both into England and Scotland, with impunity; for as bothward accosted them the proper subjects of their own kindred, neither inclined to demand reparation for their injuries from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them.—See a long correspondence on this subject between Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, in Introduction to History of Cumberland. The Debateable Land was finally divided between England and Scotland, by commissioners appointed by both nations."

**Note 4 E.**

The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall.—P. 48.

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

"She lean'd 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'."

_Accompanians_, and those of the cantiment in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron ramhead with the people of that cantiment, from their old trade of tilling—*Hone's* _Thuridiana_, p. 4, Lond.

1 See various notes in the Minstrelry.

2 The tomb of Sir William St. Clair, on which he appears sculptured in armor, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roisin chapel. The person who shows it always tells the story of his hunting match, with

**APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.**

_Their name, and style, the book doth say, John gained them both into one day.'—_WATT's _Bellenden._

_Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?—_P. 48.

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honor to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1556; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne.

The song of the supposed bard is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking-glass, the lovely Gernhide, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon aouch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

**Note 4 F.**

_The storm-swept Oribades:_

_Where erst St. Clair held princely sway, O'er 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 Walderne Compte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Seemly St. Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Caemmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding descendants to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Pentland, Cowlend, Carlaine, and several others. It is said a large addition was obtained from Robert Bruce, on the following occasion:—The King, in following the chase upon Pentland-hills, had often started a 'white faunch deer,' which had always escaped from his hounds; and he asked the nobles, who were assembled around him, whether any of them had dogs, which they thought might be more successful. No courtier would affirm that his hounds were fleeter than those of the king, until Sir William St. Clair of Rosline unceremoniously said, he would wager his head that his two favorite dogs, _Help_ and _Hold_, would kill the deer before she could cross the March-burn. The King instantly caught at his unwary offer, and betted the forest of Pentland-moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, except a few ratchs, or slow-hounds, to put up the deer; while Sir William St. Clair, posting himself in the best situation for slipping his dogs, prayed devoutly to Christ, the blessed Virgin, and St. Katherine. The deer was shortly after roused, and the hounds slipped; Sir William following on a gallant steed, to cheer his dogs. The hind, however, reached the middle of the brook, upon which the hunter threw himself from his horse in despair. At this critical moment, however, Hold stopped her in the brook; and Help, coming up, turned her back, and killed her on Sir William's side. The King descended from the hill, embraced Sir William, and bestowed on him the lands of Kintoun, Loguen-brow, Ennecraig, &c., in free forrester. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St. Kathereine 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 Rosline's flight made him petition, and that in the last emergency, he shouted, "Help, Hand, any ye may."

Or Roisin will lose his head this day."

If this couplet does him no great honor as a poet, the conclusion of the story does him still less credit. He set his foot on the dog, says the narrator, and killed him on the spot, saying he would never again put his neck in such a risk. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the coxcomb posture of the hound on the monument.

This adventurous huntsman married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Sear, Earl of Orkney and Strathmire, 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 domain of Ravenscraig; or Ravenheuch, were conferred on William Saintclair, Earl of Caithness.

Note 4H.

Still note 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 Caithness about 1613, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney.

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

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

Note 4I.

Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl’d,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world.—P. 49.

The formungour, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions 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. In the battle between the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the Ragnarockr, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

Note 4J.

Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell.—P. 49.

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

Note 4K.

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 corp’se hold.—P. 49.

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

Note 4M.

—Castle Ravenheuch.—P. 50.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated betwixt Kirkaldy 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 Erkine (now Earl of Roslyn), representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Rodlin.

Note 4N.

Scorn’d all on fire within, around,
Deep sarrowy and alter’s pale;
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And gimmer’d all the dead men’s mail.—P. 50.

The beautiful chapel of Rodlin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1440, by William St. Clair, Prince of
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

James, Duke of Oldenburg, Earl of Caithness and Strath-.

unie Lord St. Chair, Lord Niddesdale, Lord Admiral of the

Scotch Sea, Lord Chief Justice of Scotland, Lord Warden

of the three Marches, Baron of Roslin, Pentland, Pentland-

muir, &c., Knight of the Cookie, and of the Garter (as is

affirmed); High Chancellor, Chamberlain, and Lieutenant

of Scotland. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godcroh,

might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he

resided in princely splendor, and founded the chapel, which in

its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain

awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited

permission to do them hurt; aud, for that reason, forebode

swearing and all profound discourse, while in its company. Bu-

though they endured the shock of such a guest when altogether

in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the

custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of

the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the capta. to

whose apartment, as I said before, the way led through the

church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to

succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should ac-

company him that went first, and by this means no man would

be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention, that

the Mauthke Doog was always seen to come out from that pas-

sage 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 drunken, 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 they said, the more resolute he seemed, and

spoke that he desired nothing more than that the Mauthke Doog

would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a

very reprobe manner for some time, he snatched up the keys,

and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his de-

parature, 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 untreated by

all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do

that, to make some signs, by which they might understand

what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be

got from him, only that, by the distorsion of his limbs and

features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is

common in a natural death.

"The Mauthke Doog was, however, never after seen in the

castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage;

for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about three score years since; and I

heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then bairn

on his head."—WALDRON'S Description of the Isle of Man, p. 107.

Note 4. O.

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

The ancient castle of Pee-town, in the Isle of Man, is sur-
rounded by four churches, now ruins. Through one of these
chapluns there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of
the gloom. This was closed over: "They say, that an apparition, called, in the Manx

language, the Mauthke Doog, in the shape of a large black

spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peet-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 sol-

ders, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the

sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at

Note 4. P.

St. Bride of Douglas.—P. 51.

This was a favorite sainit of the house of Douglas, and of the

Earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following

passage:—"The Queen-regent had proposed to raise a rival

noble to the ducal dignity; and discoursing of her purpose with

Angus, he answered, 'Why not, madam! we are happy that

have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge

man'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 Drake!'—So she desisted from prosecut-

ing of that purpose."—GODCROFT, vol. ii. p. 131.
Marmion:
A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.¹
IN SIX CANTOS.

Also! 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.

LEIDEN.

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 banks 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,² in his mansion of Ashestiel, which was unoccupied, during his absence on military service in India. The house was adequate to our accommodation, and the exercise of a limited hospitality. The situation is uncommonly beautiful, by the side of a fine river, whose streams are there very favorable for angling, surrounded by the remains of natural woods, and by hills abounding in game. In point of society, according to the heartfelt phrase of Scripture, we dwelt “amongst our own people;” and as the distance from the metropolis was only thirty miles, we were not out of reach of our 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, 1808.
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 Spenecer 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 superannuated 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 of 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 and friend, which happened at this time, led me to alter my prudent determination, which had been, to use great precaution in sending this poem into the world; and made it convenient at least, if not absolutely necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," 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 blacked paper, an apology for including me in his satire, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."a 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.
2 "Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan.
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, 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 join thy state romances,
Though 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 near, their former laurels fade.
Let such forgo the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain.
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard.
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long 'Good-night to Marmion.'"

to the persons concerned, could afford matter of
cease to any third party. I had taken no usual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value
of my merchandise—I had never haggled a mo-
ment about the bargain, but accepted at once
what I considered the handsome offer of my pub-
lishers. 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 so far beyond their expectation, as to induce
them to supply the Author's cellars with what is
always an acceptable present to a young Scottish
housekeeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret.
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
to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, of
whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavoring
to scratch out a living with my pen. God help the bear, if hav-
ing little else to eat, he must not even suck his own paws. I
can assure the noble imp 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
not born to live by his literary talents or success.'—Life, vol.
iii., p. 195. —See also Correspondence with Lord Byron 1809,
pp. 393-398.

1 "Marmion was first printed in a splendid quarto, price
one guinea and a half. The 2000 copies of this edition were
all disposed of in less than a month, when a second of 3000
copies, in 8vo., was sent to press. There followed a third and
a fourth edition, each of 3000, in 1809; a fifth of 3000, early
in 1810; and a sixth of 3000, in two volumes, crown 8vo.,
I have, nevertheless, always been of opinion, that
corrections, however in themselves judicious, have
a bad effect—after publication. An author is nev-
er so decidedly condemned as on his own confes-
sion, and may long find apologists and partisans,
until he gives up his own cause. I was not, there-
fore, inclined to afford matter for cease out of my
own admissions; and, by good fortune, the
noe ty of the subject, and, if I may say so, some
force and vivacity of description were allowed to
atone for many imperfections. Thus the second
experiment on the public patience, generally the
most perilous,—for the public are then most apt
to judge with rigor, what in the first instance they
had received, perhaps, with imprudent generosity,
—was in my case decidedly successful. I had the
good fortune to pass this ordeal favorably, and the
return of sales before me makes the copies amount
to thirty-six thousand printed between 1808 and
1825, besides a considerable sale since that period.1
I shall here pause upon the subject of "Marmion",
and, in a few prefatory words to "The Lady of the
Lake," the last poem of mine which obtained
eminent success, I will continue the task which I
have imposed on myself respecting the origin of
my productions.

ABBOTSFORD, April, 1830.

with twelve designs 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 1813; 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 Fliedden
Field."—LOCKHART, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 66.
Marmion.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD MONTAGU, \textsuperscript{1}
dc. dc. dc.
THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have 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, 9th September, 1513.

Ashestiel, 1808.

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO
WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, ESQ. \textsuperscript{2}
Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

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

An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Draws over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed:
No more, beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sunbeam shines;
In meek despondency they eye
The wither'd sword and wintry sky,

was composed at Mr. Rose's seat in the New Forest, 
Ibid. vol. iii. p. 10.

\textsuperscript{1} Lord Montagu was the second son of Henry Duke of Buckingham, by the only daughter of John last Duke of Montagu.
\textsuperscript{2} For the origin and progress of Scott's acquaintance with Mr. Rose, see Life, vols. ii. iii iv. vi. Part of Marmion
\textsuperscript{3} MS.—"No longer now in glowing red
The Ettrick-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 cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

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

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

To mute and to material things
New life revolting summer brings;¹
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?²
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;³

And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O Purr, thy hallow'd tomb!
Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart!⁴
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gadite wave;⁵
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, Hafia,⁶ 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,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,⁷
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,⁸
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the free
man's laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,⁹
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 'chance 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 introduction. The lines are certainly pleasing; but they fail, in our estimation, far below that beautiful simile of the Tweed which he has introduced into his former poem. The Ai, ai, rai malaka of Moscahis 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 — "Tug'd at subjection's cracking rein."
Thy strength had propp'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,1
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
With Palfure's unalter'd mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till in his fall, with 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,2
Convok'd the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear—
He, who preserved them, Prrr, 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,3
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most;
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave,

1 MS.—"Yet 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 wit 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 April, 1837, 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 employed, and wanted most," &c.—
were added accordingly. I have heard, indeed, that they came from the Marquis's own pen. Ballantyne, however, from some inadvertence, had put the sheet to press before the revision, as it is called, arrived in Edinburgh, and some few copies got abroad in which the additional couplets were omitted. A London

Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.

Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke a groan,
"All peace on earth, good-will to men."
If ever from an English heart,
O, here let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,4
Record, that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouched to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,
Was barter'd by a timorous slave.
Even then dishonor's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colors to the mast!
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honor'd grave,
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.5

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Thiers was no common party race,6
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of Prrr and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave

journal (the Morning Chronicle) was stupid and malignant 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 Heber's that Scott had thought it worth his while to contradict the absurd charge in the newspapers of the day.—Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 61.

4 MS.—"And party passion'd soul's aside."
5 "The first epistolary effusion, containing a threnody on Nelson, Pitt, and Fox, exhibits a remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarrel 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 offence 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 one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounced over the grave of his villain hero, Marmion.—Jeffrey.
6 MS.—"Thiers was no common courtier race."
E'er framed 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 lee.
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 grave³ the tear,
’Twill trickle to his rival’s bier;
O’er Pitt’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?”⁴

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 tributary strain!
Though not unmark’d from northern dime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel’s rhyme;
His Gothic harp has o’er you rung;
The Bard you deign’d to praise, your deathless
names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder’d fancy still beguile!
From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart!
For all the tears e’er sorrow drew,
And all the raptures fancy knew,
And all the keener rush of blood;
That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,
Were here a tribute mean and low,
Though all their mingled streams could flow—
Woe, wonder, and sensation high,
In one spring-tide of ecstasy!—
It will not be—it may not last—
The vision of enchantment’s past:

MS.—“And force the pale moon from the sky,”

⁴ Reader! I remember when thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deem’d him such.
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face;
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between, which flow’d all free,
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they—the rivals!—a few feet
Of sullen 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 wild,
The gambols of each frolic child,
Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
Of Tweed’s dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,
Thus Nature disciplines her son;
Meeter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day,
In plucking from yon 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 pall,
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,⁵
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 Morgann’s fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons’ force,
Holds converse with the unburied corse;⁶
Or when, Dame Ganore’s grace to move

Which dashes all! a calm unstormy wave
Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old
Of ‘dust to dust,’ but half its tale untold;
Time tempts not its terrors.”—

Byron’s Age of Bronze

³ “If but a beam of sober reason play,
Lo! Fancy’s fairy frostwork melts away.”

Rogers’s Pleasures of Memory

⁵ MS.—“Though oft he stops to wonder still
That his old legends have the skill
To win so well the attentive ear,
Perchance to draw the sigh or tear”

⁶ 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 sallow man, and unconfess'd,  
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,  
He might not view with waking eye.  

The mightiest of British song  
Scorn'd not such legends to prolong:  
They gleam through Spenser's elxin dream,  
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;  
And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round again,  
But that a ribald King and Court  
Bade him toll on, to make them sport;  
Demanded for their niggard pay,  
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,  
Licentious satire, song, and play:  
The world defrauded of the high design,  
Profaned 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 feeble 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 akept:  
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 Boldredwood 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 Oriana, foil'd in fight  
The Necromancer's felon might;  
And well in modern verse hast wove  
Partenopex's mystic love:  
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,  
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

---

**Marmion.**

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**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,

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1 See Appendix, Note B.  
2 Ibid. Note C.  
3 MS.—"Lycenious song, lampoon, and play."  
4 MS.—"The world defrauded of the bold design,  
And queen'd the heroic / fire, and marr'd the  
Profaned the heavenly / lofty line."  

Again,  
"Profaned his God-given strength, and marr'd his lofty line,"  
In the MS., the rest of the passage stands as follows:—  
"Around him wait with all their / charms,  
Virtue only warms; / scarce his passion tells;  
Mystery, half seen and half conceal'd;  
And Honor, with unsnapted 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.

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10 The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.  
11 See Appendix, "ote D.  
12 William Rufus.  
13 "The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.  
14 Appendix, Note E.  
15 Ibid. Note F.  
16 In the MS., the first line has "hoary keep;" the fourth  
"donjon steep;" the seventh "ruddy lustre."  
17 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 burre’d;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Tinning 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 Horncliffe-hill a plump\(^5\) 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!”

Then to the Castle’s lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unburre’d,

Raised the portcullis’ ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unperr’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 stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal’d\(^4\)
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,
Sear’d sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aught,
Who checks at me, to death is right.\(^7\)
Blue was the charger’s broder’d rein;
Blue ribbons deck’d his arching mane;
The knightly housing’s ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp’d with gold.

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

\(^{1}\) “Evening blaze.”
\(^{2}\) This word properly applies to a flight of water-fowl; but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse.
\(^{3}\) “There is a knight of the North Country, Which leads a lusty plump of spears.”—Budden Field.
\(^{4}\) MS.—“A welcome shot.”
\(^{5}\) MS.—“On his brown cheek an azure scar Bore token true of Bosworth war.”

\(^5\) “Marmion is to Deloraine what Tom Jones is to Joseph Andrews: the varnish of higher breeding nowhere diminishes theprominence of the features; and the minion of a king is as light and sneivy 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.”—George Ellis.
\(^6\) See Appendix, Note G.
\(^7\) Ibid. Note H.
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-steed.
The last and trustiest of the four,
On high his forkly pennon bore;
Like swallow’s tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter’d the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazon’d 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 rung.
Their dusty 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 linstock yare,
For welcome-shot prepared:
Enter’d the train, and such a clang,²
As then through all his turrets rang,
Old Norham never heard.

X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourish’d brave,

² MS.—“The most picturesque of all poets, Homer, is frequently
minute, to the utmost degree, in the description of the dresses
and accoutrements of his personages. These particulars, often

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

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts 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 Scrivelbye,
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 behold 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.

See Appendix, Note I.

² MS.—“One bore Lord Marmion’s lance so strong,
Two led his sumpter-mules along,
The third his palfrey, when at need.”

³ MS.—“And when he enter’d, such a clang
As through the echoing turrets rang.”

⁴ See Appendix, Note L

⁵ Ibid. Note K

⁶ MS.—“Cleave his shield.”
His foeman's scutcheon tied.
Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight!
Room, room, ye gentle gos,
For him who conquer'd in the right,
Marmion of Fontenaye!

XIII.

Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord,
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.

He led Lord Marmion to the seas,
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 Thirwallis, and Rifleys all?"
Stout Willimondweck,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw."

Scantily Lord Marmion's ear could brook
The harper's barbarous lay;
Yet much he praised the pains he took,
And well those pains did pay:
For lady's suit, and 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-plate well;
Seldom has pass'd a week but giust
Or feats of arms befell:
The Scots can rein a mettled steed;
And love to couch a bear;—
Saint George! a stirring life they lead,
That have such neighbors near.
Then stay with us a little space,
Our northern wars to learn;
I pray you, for your lady's grace!
"Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

XV.
The Captain mark'd his alter'd look,
And gave a squire the sign;
A mighty wassail-bowl he took,
And crown'd it high in wine.
"Now pledge me here, Lord Marmion:
But first I pray thee fair,
Where last thou left that page of thine,
That used to serve thy cup of wine,
Whose beauty was so rare?
When last in Raby 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-steed;
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?
Or was the gentle page, in sooth,
A gentle paramour?

XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest;
He roll'd his kindling eye,
With pain his rising wrath suppress'd,
Yet made a calm reply:
"That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,
He might not brook the northern air.
More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,
I left him sick in Lindisfarne."

Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,
Why does thy lovely lady gay
Disdain to grace the hall to-day?
Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
Gone on some pious pilgrimage?—
He spoke in covert scorn, for fame
Whisper'd light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.
Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied,

Is come, I ween, of lineage high,
And of thy lady's kin.
That youth, so like a paramour,
Who longed for shame and pride,
Was erst, in Witton's lordly bower
Sir Ralph de Witton's bride." "

6 See Note 2 B, canto I. stanza 1.
7 MS.—"Whisper'd strange things of Heron's dame.
8 MS.—"The Captain gay replied."
"No bird, whose feathers gayly flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide:
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower;
And better loves my lady bright
To sit:—liberty and light.
Ir. air Queen Margaret's bower
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or bant,
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She'll stoop when she has tired her wing."—1

XVIII.
"Nay, if with Royal James's bride
The lovely Lady Heron bide,
Behold me here a messenger,
Your tender greetings prompt to bear;
For, to the Scottish court addrest,
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 Ayton tower."—2

XIX.
"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,
Norham can find you guides enough;
For here be some have prick'd as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the bees of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their hoods."—3

XX.
"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried,
"Were I in warlike wise to ride,
A better guard I would not lack,
Than your stout forayers at my back;
But, as in form of peace I go,
A friendly messenger, to know,
Why through all Scotland, near and far,
Their King is mustering troops for war,
The sight of plundering Border spears
Might justify suspicious fears,
And deadly feud, 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 want,
But still may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege, we have not seen:
The mass he might not sing or say,
Upon one stinted meal a-day;
So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,
And pray'd for our success the while.
Our Norham vicar, woe betide,
Is all too well in case to ride;
The priest of Shoreswood—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 Bughtrig found him with his wife;
And John, an enemy to strive,
Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl hath deeply swore,
That, if again he venture o'er,
He shall shrive 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, woe 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 N.
4 Ibid., Note P.
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 snore his fill,
Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill:
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
"Nephew," quo't Heron, "by my say,
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, mists, 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 stout Saint George of Norwich merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.
He knows the passers of the North,
And seeks for shrines beyond the Firth;
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!" quo't 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 cend,
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 mumur'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—
Frier 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 ayes, and two credos."—

XXVII.
"Let pass," quo't Marmion; "By my say,
This man shall guide me on my way,
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer" to the Castle-hall."
The summon'd Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl overhung his face;
we think, are of this description; and this commemoration of
Sir Hugh Heron's troops, who
'Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,' &c.
The long account of Friar John, though not without merit,
offends in the same sort, nor can we easily conceive, how any
one could venture, in a serious poem, to speak of
—'the wind that blows,
And warms itself against his nose.'"—Jeffery.
* See Appendix, Note R.
7 Ibid. Note S.
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloths of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII.
When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
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 sat,
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 toil can roughen form and face,
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,
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,
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,
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can phrensied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore?
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb 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 drain'd 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 wassel roar,
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),
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 rang 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 presentment of the mysterious Palmer is laudable."—Jeffrey.
2 MS.—"And near Lord Marmion took his seat."
3 MS.—"Hard toil can after form and face.
And want can quench youthful grace,
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall.
But this poor Palmer knew them all."
4 MS.—"Happy whom none such woes befell."
5 MS.—"So he would ride with morning tide."
6 See Appendix, Note T.
7 Ibid. Note U.
8 MS.—"The cup pass'd round among the rest."
9 MS.—"Soon died the merry wassel 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 Edit.
Tilt 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 MARRIOTT, A.M.

"Ashiel, Ettrick Forest.
The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourish'd 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 compeers—
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 long the rowan⁴ to the rock,
And through the foliage show'd his head,
With narrow leaves and berries red;
What pines on every mountain sprung,
O'er every dell what birches hung,
In every breeze what 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 lurking 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;

While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by, through gay green-wood,
Then oft, from Newark's⁵ riven tower,
Sallied a Scottish monarch's power:
A thousand vassals mustered round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent,
Guard every pass with crossbow bent;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falconers hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the lea the gazehounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratself's⁶ bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant greyhounds strain;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebus below;
While all the rocking hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter's cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely.⁷

Of such proud huntings, many tales
Yet linger in our lonely dales,
Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,
Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow;⁸
But not more blithe than silvan court,
Than we have been at humbler sport;
Though small our pomp, and mean our game,
Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.
Remember'st thou my greyhounds true!
O'er holt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leach there never sprang,
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.
Nor dull, between each merry chase,
Pass'd by the intermittent 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 bowers, untenantied Bowhill!⁹
No longer, from thy mountains dun,

¹ Mountain-ash.
² See Appendix, Note V.
² "The second epistle opens again with 'chance and change:' but it cannot be denied that the mode in which it is introduced is new and poetical. The comparison of Ettrick 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 forest 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 by the idea."—Monthly Review.
³ MS.—"Slow they roll'd forth upon the air."
⁴ How broad the ash his shadows flung:
⁵ How to the rock the rowan clang.
⁵ See Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.
⁶ Slowhound.
⁷ The Tale of the Outlaw Murray, who held out Newark Castle and Ettrick Forest against the King, may be found in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. i. In the Macfarlane MS., among other causes of James the Fifth's charter to the burgh of Selkirk, is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outlaw.
⁸ A seat of the Duke of Buccleuch on the Yarrow, in Ettrick 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 Chieftain of the Hills!"
No fairy forms, in Yarrow’s bowers,
Trip o’er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elws whose Janet saw
By moonlight dance on Carterhangh;
No youthful Baron’s left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff’s lonely chase,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon;¹
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace;²
Though if to Syllphid 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 deafern’d ear
Grows quick that lady’s step to hear;
At midnight she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot;
Pensive she turns her humming wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans’ meal;
Yet besees, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they’re fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended lord³ is gone,
And left us by the stream alone.
And much I miss those sportive boys,⁴
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 wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I call’d his ramparts holy ground;⁵
Kindled their brows to hear me speak;
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot, long endure;

Mr. Marriott was governor to the young nobleman here
¹ said to, George Henry, Lord Scott, son to Charles, Earl of
² Dalkeith (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry),
³ and who died early in 1808.—See Life of Scott, vol. iii.
⁴ pp. 59-61.
⁵ The four next lines on Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, after-
⁶ wards Duchess of Buccleuch, were not in the original MS.
⁷ The late Alexander Pringle, Esq. of Whybank—whose
⁸ beautiful seat of the Yair stands on the Tweed, about two
⁹ miles below Ashstiel, the then residence of the poet.
¹⁰ The sons of Mr. Pringle of Whybank.

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.³
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 stifled soon by mental broils,
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
‘Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone St Mary’s silent lake;³
Thou 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 sand⁶
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill’s huge outline you may view;⁹
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,

³ There is, on a high mountainous ridge above the farm
of Ashstiel, a foss called Wallace’s Trench.
⁶ MS.—And youth shall ply the sail and oar.
⁷ See Appendix, Note W.
⁹ MS.—At once upon the (silent) brink ;
And just a line of pebbly sand.¹³
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but hulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stillly 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 pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,²
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.³
'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;"¹
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower;
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;⁴
On which no sunbeam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divine)—
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,⁵
And ever stoop again to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave;
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,

I 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 airy 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 tale had all its sway;⁶
And, in the bittern's distant shrick,
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,⁷
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 displease:
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-
skena.⁸
There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mist and the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemn'd to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchantor's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where deep, deep down, and far within,
Teils with the rocks the roaring limb;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,

⁴ See Appendix, Note Y.
⁵ MS.—"Spread through broad mist their snowy sail."
⁶ MS.—"Till fancy wild had all her swung."
⁷ MS.—"To from the task my brain I clear'd."
⁸ See Appendix, Note Z.
White as the snowy charger's tail,
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
To many a Border theme has rung: ¹
Then list to me, and thou shalt know
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

**Marmion.**

**CANTO SECOND.**

**The Cloister.**

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 curf'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,³
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
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 maidens,
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 beneficite;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray;
Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Rear'd o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil,
Disorder'd by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance, because such action graced
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.

III.
The Abbess was of noble blood,
But early took the veil and hood,
Ere upon life she cast a look,
Or knew the world that she forsook.
Fair too she was, and kind had been
As she was fair, but ne'er had seen
For her a timid lover sigh,
Nor knew the influence of her eye.
Love, to her ear, was but a name,
Combined with vanity and shame;
Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all
Bounded within the cloister wall:
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rule the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dover,⁴
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 cell,
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,

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 MS.—" Twas she that gave her ample dover
’Twas she, with carving rare and quaint,
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 fled.
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 glided by.
She saw them not—’twas seeming all—
Far other scenes her thoughts recall,—
A sun-scorn’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 uncontroll’d,
The shaggy monarch of the wood,
Before a virgin, fair and good,
Hath pacified his savage mood.
But passions in the human frame,
Oft put the lion’s rage to shame;
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,
With sordid avarice in league,
Had practis’d with their bowl and knife,
Against the mourner’s harmless life.
This crime was 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 nuns’ delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth’s priory and bay;
They mark’d, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They pass’d the tower of Widderington,¹
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet-isle their beads 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;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, mark’d they there,
King Ida’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 girdled in the Saint’s domain:
For, with the flow and ebb, its style
Varies from continent to isle;
Dry-shod, o’er sands, twice every day,
The pilgrims to the shrine find way;
Twice every day, the waves efface,
Of staves and sandall’d feel the trace.
As to the port the galley flew,
Higher and higher rose to view
The Castle with its battled 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,
Secur’d by the wind’s eternal sway,
Open to rovers fierce as they,
Which could twelve hundred years withstand
Winds, waves, and northern pirates’ hand.
Not but that portions of the pile,
Rebuilt in a later style,

¹ See the notes on Chevy 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 roundled, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar;
According chorus rose:
Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
Banner, and cross, and 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 hale 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 made,
Suppose the Convent banquet made:
All through the holy dome,
Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,
Wherever vestal maid might pry,
Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye,
The stranger sisters roam:
Till fell the evening camp 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;²
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed 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 fall,
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;⁴
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,
The monks fled forth from Holy Isle;
O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore
They rested them in fair Melrose;
But though, alive, he loved it well,
Not there his relics might repose;
For, wondrous tale to tell!
In his stone-coffin forth he rides,
A ponderous bark for river tides,
Yet light as gossamer it glides,
Downward to Tilmouth cell.
Nor long was his abiding there,
For southward did the saint repair;
Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw
His holy corpse, ere Wardlaw
Hail'd him with joy and fear;
And, after many wanderings past,
He chose his lordly seat at last,
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,
Looks down upon the Wear:
There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade,
His relics are in secret laid;
But none may know the place,
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace.

XV.

Who may his miracles declare!
Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 C. ² Ibid. Note 2 D. ³ Ibid. Note 2 E. ⁴ Ibid. Note 2 F.
(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 tolls 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 storm⁴
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,
Counsel was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell:
Old Colwulf⁵ 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;
Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,
As reach’d the upper air,
The hearers bless’d themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoan’d their torments there.

XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,
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 clew
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprang;
The grave-stones rudely sculptured o’er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The mildew-drops fell one by one,
With tinkling splash, upon the stone.
A cresset,⁶ in an iron chain,⁷
Which-served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seem’d to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three;
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;⁸
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shown
By the pale cresset’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:
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth’s haughty Priess⁹
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 H. ³ Ibid. Note 2 I.
⁴ MS. — "Seem only when the gathering storm."
⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 K.
⁶ Antique chandelier.
⁷ MS. — "Suspended by an iron chain,
A cresset show’d this dark domain."
⁸ MS. — "On stony table lay."
⁹ See Appendix, Note 2 L.
Obscured her charm, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prior's command,
A Monk undid the silken band,
That tidi her treasee 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 glistering fair),
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespeak 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.¹

XXII.
Her comrade was a sorcid soul,
Such as does murder for a need;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, sen'd and foul,
Feels not the import of his deed;
One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires²
Beyond his own more brute desires.

¹ "The picture of Constance before her judges, though more labored than that of the voyage of the Lady Abbess, is not, to our taste, so pleasing; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular."—JEFFREY.

² "I sent for 'Marmion,' because it occurred to me there might be a resemblance between part of 'Parisina,' 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 imitate that which is imitable. I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford whether I ought to say anything upon it. I had completed the story on 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 to Mr. Murray, Feb. 3, 1816.—Compare:

"... Parisina's fatal charms
Again attracted every eye—
Would she thus hear him doom'd to die?
She stood, 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 savagist of deeds;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their night's no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch's 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,
Wailed her doom without a tear.

XXIII.
Yet well the luckless wretch might shrink,
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 eyelids 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 her curdled blood;
But every now and then a tear
So large and slowly gather'd slid
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 grieving in the tone."

³ In some recent editions this word had been erroneously printed "inspires." The MS. has the correct line.

"One whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires"
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 rise,  
To speak the Chapter’s doom,          
On those the wall was to enclose,     
Alive, within the tomb;³       
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 arm’d herself to bear,²  
It was a fearful sight to see  
Such high resolve and constancy,  
In form so soft and fair.²

¹See Appendix, Note 2 M.  
²MS.—“A feeble and a flutter’d streak,  
Like that with which the mornings break  
In Autumn’s sober sky.”  
³“Mr. S. has judiciously combined the horror of the punishment with a very beautiful picture of the offender, so as to heighten 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.  
⁴MS.—“And mạnh’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.”  
⁵MS.—“I speak not now to sue for grace,  
For well I know one minute’s space  
Your mercy so sore would grant;  

XXVII.
“I speak not to implore your grace,”²  
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 pittance vain,  
Vain are your masses too.—  
I listen’d to a traitor’s tale,  
I left the convent and the veil;  
For three long years I bow’d my pride,  
A horse-boy in his train to ride;  
And well my folly’s meed he gave,  
Who 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 claim,  
Whose fate with Clare’s was plighted,  
For he attains that rival’s fame  
With treason’s charge—and on they came,  
In mortal lists to fight.  
Their oaths are said,  
Their prayers are pray’d,  
Their lances in the rest are laid  
They meet in mortal shock;  
And, barks! the throng, with thundering cry,  
Shout ‘Marmion, Marmion!’ to the sky,  
De Wilton to the block!’  
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide³  
When in the lists two champions ride,  
Say, was Heaven’s justice here?

Nay do I speak your prayers to gain;  
For if my penance be in vain,  
Your prayers I cannot want.  
Full 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 meed 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 wretch by his side,  
Had wander’d Europe o’er.”³  
⁶MS.—“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.

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

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

XXXII.
Fix’d was her look, and stern her air;
Back from her shoulders stream’d her hair
The locks that won her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem’d to rise more high;
Her voice, 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 judgea three;
Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell—
The butcher-work that there befell;
When they had glided 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 take
(Such speed as age and fear can make),
And cross’d themselves for terror’s sake,
As hurrying, tottering on:
Even in the vesper’s 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 call 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 sprang up on Cheviot Fell,

1 The MS. adds—“His schemes reveal’d, his honor gone.”
2 MS. —“And, witness of priests’ cruelty.”
3 MS. —“Stared up {aspiring } from her head.”
4 UNCARING

See Note 2 M on Stanza xxv, ante, p. 102.

5 MS.—“From that dark penance vault to day.”
6 MS.—“That night amidst the vesper’s swell,
They thought they heard Constantia’s yell,
And bade the mighty bell to toil,
For welfare of a passing soul.”
Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO

WILLIAM ERKINE, ESQ.

Ashesiel, Ettrick Forest.

Like April morning clouds, that pass,
With varying shadow, o'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;
Pleased, 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?—
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme

To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse
For many an error of the muse,
Oft hast thou said, "If, still misspent,
Thine hours to poetry are lent,"
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,
Quaff from the fountain at the source;—
Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb
Immortal laurels ever bloom;
Instructive of the feeble bard,
Still from the grave their voice is heard;
From them, and from the paths they shew'd,
Choose honor'd guide and practised road;
Nor ramble on through brake and maze,
With harpers rude of barbarous days.

"Or deem'st thou not our later time
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick's venerable hearse?
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valor bleeds for liberty!—
Oh, hero of that glorious time,
When, with unrival'd light sublime,—
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia, and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes,—
The star of Brandenburgh arose!
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
Forever quench'd in Jena's stream.
Lamented Chief!—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of Heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth.
Lamented Chief!—not thine the power,
To save in that presumptious hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield!
Valor and skill 'twas thine to try,
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seemed thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princeloms reft, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness wos thou couldst not heal!
On thee relenting Heaven bestows

Hay Donaldson, to which Sir Walter Scott contributed note

1 "The sound of the knell that was rung for the parting soul
of this victim of seduction, is described with great force and solemnity."—Jeffrey.

2 The whole of this trial and doom presents a high-wrought scene of horror, which, at the close, rises almost to too great a pitch."—Scott Mag., March, 1808.

3 William Erskine, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-depute of the Orkneys, became a Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Kinmedder, 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

4 See a notice of his life and character by the late Mr.
For honor'd life an honor'd close,  
And when revolves, 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 teach,  
Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:  
Alike to him, the sea, the shore,  
The brand, the bridge, or the car:  
Alike to him the war that calls  
Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,  
Which the grim Turk, besmeard 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 Alexandria'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 Avon's holy shore,  
Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er;  
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,  
With fearless hand and heart on flame!  
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,  
And sweeted it with a kindred measure,  
Till Avon swans, while rung the grove  
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,  

MS.—"For honor'd life an honor'd close—  
The boon which falling heroes crave,  
A soldier's death, a warrior's grave.  
Or if, with more exulting swell,  
Of conquering chiefs thou lov'st to tell,  
Give to the harp an unheard strain,  
And sing the triumphs of the main—  
Of him the Red-Cross hero teach,  
Dauntless on Acre's bloody beach,  
And, worser of tyrannic power,  
As dauntless in the Temple's tower:  
Alike to him, the sea, the shore,  
The brand, the bridge, or the car,  
The general's ey'ry the pilot's art,  
The soldier's arm, the sailor's heart.  
Or if to touch such chord be thine," &c.  

Scott seems to have communicated fragments of the poem very freely during the whole of its progress. As early as the 29th January, 1807, I find Mrs. Hayman acknowledging, in the name of the Princess of Wales, the receipt of a copy of the Introduction to Canto III., in which occurs the tribute to her royal highness's heroic father, mortally wounded the year before at Jena—a tribute so grateful to her feelings that she herself shortly after sent the poet an elegant silver vase as a memorial of her thankfulness. And about the same time the Marchioness of Abercorn expresses the delight with which both she and her lord had read the generous verses on Pitt and Fox in another of those epistles."—Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 9  
Sir Sidney Smith.  
Sir Ralph Abercromby.  
Joanna Baillie.  

"As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,  
Receives the lurking 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 Ruling Passion, came:  
Each vital humor which should feed 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 plies her dangerous art,  
And pours it all upon the peccant part.  
"Nature is her mother, Habit is her nurse;  
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;  
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;  
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour," &c.  
For Mac's Essay on Man.—Ed.
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
Bennevis 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 wakening hour.

Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, per chance, 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 shutter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power:
And marvell'd as the aged blind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of foray's, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spur'd their horse,
Their southern ripu to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassal-ron't, and brawl.

Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars,

And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slight's, 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-haired sire,
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 grace had been;
Whose doom discording neighbors sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint.
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endur'd, beloved, careless.

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 untrimm'd the eglandine:
Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise
Hath given fresh vigor to my lays;
Since oft thy judgment could refine
6 See notes on The Eve of St. John.
7 Robert Scott of Sandyknows, the grandfather of the Poet.
8 Upon revising the Poem, it seems proper to mention that the line:

"Whose doom discording neighbors sought,
Content with equity unbought!"

have been unconsciously borrowed from a passage in Dryden's
beautiful epistle to John Drilen of Chesterton.—1808. Note to Second Edit.
9 MS.—"The student, gentleman, and saint."

The reverend gentleman alluded to was Mr. John Marus.
CANTO III.

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 forayres were abroad,  
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,  
Had scarcely fall'd to bar their way.  
Oft on the trampling band, from crown  
Of some tall chieft, 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.  
T'o Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;  
His cautious dame, in bower alone,  
Dreaded her castle to unclose,  
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 sprung,  
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,  
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.
Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,  
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;  
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,  
The rafters of the sooty roof  
Bore wealth of winter cheer;  
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,  
And gammons of the tusky 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 hearth.  
His followers mix in noisy mirth;  
Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,  
From ancient vessels ranged aside,  
Full actively their host supplied.

IV.
Their's was the glee of martial breast,  
And laughter theirs at little jest;  
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 hardy 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.

A mister of Mertoun, in which parish Smallholm Tower is situa
ted.

1 MS.—"They might not choose the easier road,  
For many a foray was abroad."

2 See Notes to "The Bride of Lammermoor." Waverley Novels, vols. xiii. and xiv.
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 gleam and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when in comrade’s ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whisper’d forth his mind:—
“Saint Mary! saw’st thou e’er such sight?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene’er the firebrand’s fickle 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 rejoin’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-born 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.

MS.—“Full met their eyes’ encountering glance.”

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 softly 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.

Eleu lоро, &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are having;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O never!

Chorus.

Eleu lоро, &c. Never, O never

XL

Where shall the traitor rest,
He 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.
CHORUS.

Eleu 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.

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XII.

It ceased, the melancholy sound;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear,
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space,
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not; but I ween,
That could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wish'd to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenay.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse! Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they 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 rung,
Such as in numeries 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 spok),
"The death of a dear friend."

1 See Appendix, Note 2 O.
2 Ms. — "Marmion, whose pride I could never brook,
Whose thought soul could never brook,
Even from his King, a scornful look."
3 Ms. — "But tired to hear the furious maid."
4 Ms. — "Incensed, because in wild despair."
To aid remorse's venom'd thrones,
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 mien!
How changed these timid looks have been,\(^1\)
Since years of guilt, and of disguise,
Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,
Phrensy for joy, for grief despair;
And I the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!—
Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
"I on its stalk had left the rose!
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love!—
Her convent's peaceful solitude
Is now a prison harsh and rude;
And, pent within the narrow cell,
How will her spirit chafe and swell!
How brook the stern monastic laws!
The penance how—and I the cause!—
Vigil and scourge—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, shed
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 Vennachar obey,
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
From Scotland's simp'le land away,\(^2\)
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 memorial move
(For marvels still the vulgar love),
And, Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the host thus gladly told:—

XIX.

The Most'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.\(^3\)
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 clamor and affray
Of those dread artisans of hell,
Who labor'd under Hugo's spell,
Sounded 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 must'rd 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,\(^4\)
Above Norwegian warriors grim,\(^5\)
Savage of heart, and large of limb;
Threatening both continent and isle,
Bute, Arran, Cunningham, and Kyle.

How will her ardent spirit swell,
And chafe 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, 1
Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight;
His mantle lined with fox-skins white;
His high and wrinkled forehead bore
A pointed cap, such as of yore
Clerks say that Pharaoh’s Magi wore;
His shoes were mark’d with cross and spell,
Upon his breast a pentacle; 2
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man’s skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combat, and retrograde, and trine; 3
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 seldom 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 vassal’s 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 rattling cloud,
Can read, in fix’d or wandering star,
The issue of events afar;
But still their sullen aid withhold,
Save when by mightier force control’d.
Such late 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 know’st thy might,
As born upon that blessed night; 4
When yawning graves, and dying groan,
Proclaim’d hell’s empire overthrown,—
With untaught valor shalt compel
Response denied to magic spell.— 5
‘Graemer, ’ quoth out Monarch free,
‘Place him but front to front with me,
And, by this good and honor’d brand,
The gift of Cæur-de-Lion’s hand,
Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,
The demon shall a buffet bide.’— 6
His bearing bold the wizard view’d,
And thus, well pleased, his speech renew’d—
‘There spoke the blood of Malcolm!’ mark:
Forth, pacing hence, at midnight dark,
The rampart seck, whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine elfin foe to see,
In guise of thy worst enemy:
Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
Upon him! and Saint George to speed! 7
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate’er these airy sprites can show—
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.’

XXIII.
“Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone, and arm’d, forth rode the King
To that old camp’s deserted round: 2
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 betide 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; 9
Halted, and blew a gallant blast;
And on the north, within the ring,
Appeard the form of England’s King,
Who then, a thousand leagues afar,
In Palestine waged holy war:
Yet arms like England’s did he wield,

1 See Appendix, Note 2 R
2 Ibid. Note 2 S.
3 MS.—“Bare many a character and sign,
Of planets retrograde and trine.”
4 See Appendix, Note 2 T.
5 MS.—“With untaught valor mayst compel
What is denied to magic spell.”
6 MS.—“Bicker and buffet he shall bide.”
7 MS.—“Seek that old camp which
Yon trench that as a crown
To that encampment’s haunted round.”
8 MS.—“Alone, and arm’d, rode forth the King.”
9 MS.—“The southern gate our 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 mame'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 cover'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 pore,
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 quell'd the Dane;
But yearly, when return'd the night
Of his strange combat with the sprite,
His wound must bleed and smart;
Lord Gifford then would 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.

1 Edward I., surnamed Longshanks.
2 MS.—To be fulfill'd 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 pore;
   Triumphant, from the vanquish'd shore.'
3 For an account of the expedition to Copenhagen in 1801, see Southey's Life of Nelson, chap. vii.

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

XXVI.
The quainths 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 redline;
      For pillow, underneath each head,
      The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor;
   Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
   The dying flame, in fitful change,
   Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.
Apart, and nestling in the bay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarcely, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
   And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
   His master Marmion's voice he knew.

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

4 See Appendix, Note 2 U.
5 A wooden cup, composed of staves hooped together.
6 MS.—"Deep slumbering on the floor of clay,
   Oppress'd with toll and ale, they lay,
   The dying flame, in fitful change,
   Threw on them lights and shadows strange."
7 MS.—"But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
   It spoke—Lord Marmion's voice he knew."
8 MS.—"Come down and saddle me my steed."
XXIX.

"Didst never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who graced my sire’s chapel,
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;[1]
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 bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly 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.
Wonder 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, stir’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 spoke no word as he withdrew;
But yet the moonlight did betray,
The falcon-crest was soil’d with clay;
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,
By stains upon the charger’s knee,
And his left side, that on the moor
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 blithely mark
The first notes of the morning lark.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO

JAMES SKENE, ESQ.[4]

Ashiestiel, Ettrick Forest.

AN ancient minstrel sagely said,
"Where is the life which late we lod?"
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

1 MS.—“I would, to prove the omen right,
   That I could meet this Elfin Knight!”
2 MS.—“Dance to the wild waves’ murmuring.”
3 Yode, used by old poets for went.
4 James Skene, Esq., of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was Cornet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers, and Sir Walter Scott was Quartermaster of the same corps.
5 MS.—“Usheath’d the voluntary brand.”
Somewhat of manners saw, and men;  
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,  
Fever'd the progress of these years,  
Yet low, 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,  
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.  
Earlier than went along the sky,  
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly;  
The shepherd, who in summer sun,  
Had something of our envoy 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  
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
Against the casement's tinkling pane;  
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,  
To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
Are warnings which the shepherd ask  
To dismal and to dangerous task.

1 MS.—"And noon-tide mist, and flooded mead."  
2 Various Illustrations of the Poetry and Novels of Sir Walter Scott, from designs by Mr. Skene, have since been published.
3 MS.—"When red hath set the evening sun,  
And loud winds speak the storm begun."  
4 MS.—"Till thickly drives the flaky snow,  
And forth the hardy swain must go,  
While, with dejected look and whine," &c.
5 MS.—"The frozen blast that sweeps the fells."  
6 MS.—"His cottage window beams a star,—  
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 heath his dogs repine;  
Whistling and cheering them to aid,  
Around his back he wretches 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 fells,  
Stiffens his locks to icicles;  
Oft he looks back, while streaming 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,  
Benumbing death is in the gale:  
His paths, 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,  
Conches 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 kirt's loud revelry,  
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,  
To Marion of the blithesome eye;  
His crook, his scrip, his oateneed  
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."

7 MS.—"The morn shall find the stiffen'd swain:  
His widow sees, at morning pale,  
His children rise, and raise their wail.

Compare the celebrated description of a man perishing in the snow, in Thomson's Winter.—See Appendix, Note 2 V
8 MS.—"Conches upon his frozen breast;"
9 The Scottish Harvest-home.
10 MS.—"His native wild-notes' melody,  
To Marion’s blithely blinking eye."
11 MS.—"Our youthful summer oft we see.
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age;
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy;
But, tureen fires, and loud alarms,
Call'd ancient Pram forth to arms,  
Then happy those, since each must drain
H's share of pleasure, share of pain,—
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given—
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasen'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,3
And bless'd the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer,
And wipe affection's filial tear.
Nor did the actions next his end,8
Speak more the father than the friend:
Scarce had lamented Forbes' paid
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade;
The tale of friendship scarce was told,
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—
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,5
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,—and, 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, unconfined, from grave to gay.
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its truce,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too; 6
Thou 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, ye'ld'd the White.
At either's feet a trusty square,
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 shun'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—

9 MS.—" When light we heard what now I hear."
10 Colin Mackenzie, Esq., of Portmore, one of the Principals in the University of Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, died on 10th September, 1830.—Ed.
11 Sir William Rae of St. Catharine's, Bart., subsequently Lord Advocate of Scotland, was a distinguished member of the Volunteer corps to which Sir Walter Scott belonged; and he, the Poet, Mr. Skene, Mr. Mackenzie, and a few other friends, had formed themselves into a little semi-military club, the meetings of which were held at their family supper-tables in rotation.—Ed.
12 The gentleman whose name the Poet "might not say," was the late Sir William Forbes, of Fualloch, 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 drown'd the whistling wind.
Mirth was within; and Care without
Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.
Not but amid the buxom scene
Some grave discourse might intervene—
Of th' good horse that bore him best,
His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:
For, like mad Tom's, our chiepest 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,
Sem 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.

M a r m i o n.

CANTO FOURTH

The Camp.

I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark
The first notes of the merry lark.
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,
And with their light and lively call,
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.
Whistling they came, and free of heart,
But soon their mood was changed;
Complaint was heard on every part,
Of something disarranged.

Some clamor'd loud for armor lost;
Some brawl'd and wrangled with the host;
"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!"—
Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;
Although the rated horse-boy rare,
Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.
While chafed 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 mine 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 marvell'd at the wonders told,—
Pass'd them as accidents of course,
And bade his chariots sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reck'n'd with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
"Ill thou deserv'st thine hire," he said;
"Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?
Fairies have ridden 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 square,
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,

* MS.—"By Becket's bones," cried one, "I swear.
** See Appendix, Note 9 X.
† MS.—"With bloody cross and fiery brand.
‡ MS.—"They journey'd till the middle day."
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till over head
A vaulted screen the branches made.
"A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said;
"Such as where errant-knights might see
Adventures of high chivalry;
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound; and looks aghast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells,
The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's meed."
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind:
Perchance to show his lore design'd;
For Eustace much had por'd
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall-window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton, or De Worde. ¹
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 trump a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rosshay, came.

In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
That feudal strife had often quell'd,
When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age;
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
As on King's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the vices of the age,
And broke the keys of Rome, ²
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 housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,
Embroider'd round and round.
The double pressure might you see,
First by Achaius 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 unarm'd, around him wait.
Still is thy name in high account,
And still thy verse has charms,
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,
Lord Lion King-at-arms! ³

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 given to shine
The emblematic gem.

¹ MS.—"Upon a black and ponderous tome."
² William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was born at Kent, A.D. 1412, and died in 1491. Wynken de Worde was his successor in the production of those
³ Rare volumes, dark with tarnish'd gold,"
which are now the delight of bibliomaniacs.
⁴ The MS. has "Scotland's royal Lion" here; in line 9th,
Their mutual greetings duly made,  
The Lion thus his message said:—  
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply swore!  
Ne'er to knit faith with Henry more,  
And strictly hath forbid resort  
From England to his royal court;  
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,  
And 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* 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 totter'd keep,  
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.  
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,  
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,  
Scutcheons of 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 unbraced,  
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.  
Still rises unpair'd below,  
The court-yard's graceful portico;  
Above its cornice, row and row  
Of fair hewn 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 whom we 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 dams,  
To welcome noble Marmion, came;  
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,  
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold;  
For each man that could draw a sword  
Hac march'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—Demna!  
'Twas a brave race, before the name  
Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame.

XIII.
And here two days did Marmion rest,  
With every rite that 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 swore," &c.  
2 See Appendix, Note 2 Z; and, for a fuller description of  
   Crichton Castle, see Sir Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Prose  
3 MS.—"Her lazy streams repine."  
4 MS.—"But the huge mass could well oppose."  
5 MS.—"Of many a mouldering shield the sense,"  
6 The pit, or prison vault.—See Appendix, Note 2 Z.  
7 See Appendix, Note 3 A.  
8 MS.—"Well might his gentle Lady mourn,  
   Doom'd ne'er to see her Lord's return."
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  
Oft cheer the Baron's moodier fit;  
And, in his turn, he knew to prize  
Lord Marmion's powerful mind, and wise—  
Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,  
And 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-hard
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,  
In travelling so far;  
For that a messenger from heaven  
In vain to James had counsel given  
Against the English war;  
And, closer question'd, thus he told  
A tale, which chronicles of old  
In Scottish story have enroll'd:—

XV.
Sir Mabli 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 linnet's tune,  
How blithe the blackbird's lay!  
The wild-buck-bells from ferny brake,  
The coot 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."

XVI.
"When last this rufhul month was come,  
And in Linlithgow's holy dome  
The King, as wont, was praying;  
While, for his royal father's soul,  
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,  
The Bishop mass was saying—  
For now the year brought round again  
The day the luckless king was slain—  
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,  
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,  
And eyes with sorrow streaming;  
Around him in their stalls of state,  
The Thistle's Knight Companions sate,
Their banners o'er them beaming,  
I too was there, and, sooth to tell,  
Bedesman'd with the jangling knell,  
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
Through the stain'd casement gleaming;  
But, while I mark'd what next befell,  
It seem'd as I were dreaming.  
Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
In azure gown, with cincture white;  
His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—  
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,  
I pledge to you my knighthly 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!

XVIII.

While Lindsay 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 aim  
Was but to make your guest your game;  
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
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 Lindsay 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'd  
To mention but as feverish dreams.

XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread  
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head:  
Fantastic thoughts return'd;  
And, by their wild dominion led,  
My heart within me burn'd;  
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.  
Methought an answer met my ear,—  
Yet was the blast so low and dear,  
So hollow, and so faintly blown,  
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space  
I listen'd, ere I left the place;  
But scarce could trust my eyes,  
Nor yet can think they served me true,
When 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;¹
In single fight, and mix’d affair,
And ever, I myself may say,
Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seem’d starting from the gulf below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook with very fear,
I scarce could couche it right.

XXI.

"Why not my tongue the issue tell?
We ran, our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he ’gainst the shock of hell?—
I roll’d upon the plain.
High o’er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—²
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 stook,
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, fled³
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;
For ne’er, 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
Sunk 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 cumber upper air:

Dead or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."

XXII.

Marvell’d Sir David of the Mount;
Then, learn’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 Bulmer bold,
And train’d him nigh to disallow
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 Rothiemure’s glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomantoul, and Auchmaslaid,
Dromouchty, or Glenmore.⁴
And yet, whate’er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,⁵
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,⁶
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 bowne 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.”

¹ See the traditions concerning Bulmer, and the spectre called Lamdauerg, or Bloody-hand, in a note on canto iii. Appendix, Note 2 U.

² MS.—"Of spotless faith, and bosom bold.”
³ MS.—"‘When mortals meditate within
Fresh guilt or unrepented sin.’

⁴ MS.—"‘I’ve been, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In combat single, or mêlée.’”

⁵ MS.—“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!’”

⁶ MS.—"‘I knew the face of one long dead,
Or who to foreign climes hath fled . . .
Across the fuzzy hills of Braid.
They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,
And climb'd the opposing bank, until
They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.
Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,
A truant boy, I sought the nest,
Or listed, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmvr 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 chinking brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
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 heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;—
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly 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 Hebules, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;

XXVII.
Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreath 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 tugg'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, bandrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew.
Highest and midstmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight
Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,
With toil, the huge and cumbrous 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,—

6 Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them.
7 See Appendix, Note 3 F.
8 MS.—"The standard staff, a mountain pine,
Pitch'd in a huge memorial stone,
That still in monument is shown."''
9 See Appendix, Note 3 G.
10 MS.—"Lord 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 dart,
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 but a vain essay:
For, by Saint George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dim’d their armor’s shine
In glorious battle-fray!"

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,¹
Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX.
Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay’d,
For fairer scene he ne’er survey’d.
When sated with the martial show
That peoples 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 tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!²
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiss’d,
It gleam’d a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law:
And, broad between them roll’d,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Wizars islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds 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!"³
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;⁴
Nor Marmion’s frown repress’d his glee.

XXXI.
Thus while they look’d a flourish proud,
Where mingled trump and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum,
And sackbut 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 Lindesay spok’;⁵
"Thus clamor still the war-notes when
The king to mass his way has ta’en,
Or to St. Katharine’s of Siene,⁶
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.
To you they speak of martial fame;⁷
But me remind of peaceful game,
When blither 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 yon Empress of the North
Sit on her hilly throne;
Her palace’s imperial bowers,
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,
Her stately halls and holy towers—
Nor less," he said, "I moan,
To think what woo mischance may bring,
And how these merry bells may ring
The death-dirge of our gallant king;
Or with the larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
’Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin’s leaguer’d wall.—
But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!"
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 joins you host in deadly stowre,  
That England's dames must weep in bower,  
Her monks the death-mass sing;  
For never saw'st thou such a power  
Led on by such a King.”—  
And now, down winding to the plain,  
The barriers of the camp they gain,  
And there they made a stay:—  
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling  
His hand o'er every Border string,  
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,  
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,  
In the succeeding lay.

Marmion.
INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH
TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

When dark December glooms the day,  
And takes our autumn joys away;  
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,  
Upon the weary waste of snows,  
A cold and profitless regard,  
Like patron on a needy bard;  
When silvan occupation's done,  
And o'er the chimney rests the sun,  
And hang, in idle trophy, near,  
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;  
When wily 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 condemn'd to rest and feed;  
When from our snow-encircled home,  
Searce cares the hardiest step to roam,  
Since path is none, save that to bring

The needful water from the spring;  
When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er,  
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,  
And darkling politician, cross'd,  
Invokes against the lingering post,  
And answer'st housewife sore complains  
Of carriers' snow-impeded ways;  
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;  
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,  
Since on her dusky summit ranged,  
Within its steepy limits pent,  
By bulwark, line, and battlement,  
And flanking towers, and laky flood,  
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,  
Denying entrance or resort,  
Save at each tall embattled port:  
Above whose arch, suspended, hung  
Portcullis spikes with iron prong,  
That long is gone,—but not so long,  
Since, early closed, and opening late,  
Jealous revolved the studded gate,  
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,  
A wicket churlishly 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, withumber'd lower,  
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,  
Thou gleam'st against the western ray  
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old,  
In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,  
She for the charmed spear renown'd

1 MS.—“Their monks dead masses sing.”
2 These Introductory Epistles, though excellent in themselves, are in fact only interpolations 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.
3 This accomplished gentleman, the well-known coadjutor of Mr. Canning and Mr. Fiere in the “Antijacobin,” and editor of “Specimens of Ancient English Romances,” &c., died 10th April, 1815, aged 70 years; being succeeded in his estates by his brother Charles Ellis, Esq., created, in 1827, Lord Seaforth.—Ed.
4 See Introduction to canto ii.
5 See Appendix, Note 3 H.
6 Since writing this line, I find I have inadvertently borrow'd it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in “Caractacus;”

“Britain heard the desolate sound.
She flung her white arms o'er 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 Malbec's guest,1
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,
Erst hidden by the aventail;
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd,
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
Thy who whilom, in midnight flight,
Had marvell'd at her matchless might,
No less her maiden charms approved,
But looking liked, and liking loved.2
The sight could jealous pangs beguile,
And charm Malbec'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 blunt Sir Satyrane;
Nor durst light Parkel 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 seem'st, but lovelier far
Than in that panoply of war.
Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne
Strength and security are flown;
Still, as of yore, Queen of the North!
Still canst thou send thy children forth.
'Neer readier st, alarm-bell's call
Thy burgheurs rose to man thy wall,
Then now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For saxe and turret 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 knoap, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dun-Edin! that eventful day,—
Renown'd for hospitable deed,
That virtue much with heaven may plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to share;
That claim may wrestle blessings down
On those who 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;3
Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,
Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw.4

Truce to these thoughts!—for, as they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to change,
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for tradition's dubions 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 reeky fen,5
And make of mists invading men.
Who loves not more the night of June
Than dull December's gloomy noon!
The moonlight than the fog of frost!
And can we say, which cheats the most?

But who shall teach my harp to gain
A sound of the romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry's ear,6
Famed Beaucere 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?—
O! born, Time's ravage to repair,
And make the dying Muse thy care,
Who, when his scythe the hoary foe
Was poising 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 duldest theme bid flit
On wings of unexpected wit;
In letters as in life approved
Example honor'd, and beloved,—
Dear Ellis! to the bard impart
A lesson of thy magic art,
To win at once the head and heart,—

he remained until August, 1709. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of July, 1730, the same unfortunate Prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts, and remained there until 18th September, 1832.4 MS.—"Than gaze out on the foggy fen!"
1 See "The Fairy Queen," book iii. canto ix.
2 "For every one her blest and every one her loved," SPENSER, as above.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 K.
4 In January, 1796, the exiled Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X of France, took up his residence in Holyrood, where
At once to charm, instruct and mend,
My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, 0!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practise, all can preach,—
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,
And boast affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and manly fortitude.
Enough, the lesson has been given:
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Walked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascut plain,
With wonder heard the northern strain.

Come listen! bold in thy applause,
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws;
And, as the ancient art could stain
Achievements on the storied pane,
Irregularly traced and plann'd,
But yet so glowing and so grand,—
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,
Field, feast, and combat to renew,
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee,
And all the pomp of chivalry.

Marmion

CANTO FIFTH.

The Court.

I.
The train has left the hills of Braid;
The barrier guard have open made
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound,
Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,

Upon the Southern band to stare.
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes;
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vampt 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.

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,
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.
He saw the harder burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,

For visor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burnish'd were their corselets 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,
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.

1 'Come then, my friend, my genius, come along, Oh master of the poet and the song!'
2 At Sunning-hill, Mr. Ellis's seat, near Windsor, part of the first two cantos of Marmion were written.
3 MS.—"The barrier guard the Lion knew, Advanced their pikes, and soon withdrew The slender palisades and few That closed the ter'ed ground;"
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober is 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, scorning danger's name,
In eager mood to battle came,
Their valor like light straw on flame,
A fierce but fading fire.

IV.
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 ease;
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please
Like the loud slogan yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-arm'd prickler 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, marmad the night,
O'er mountain, moss, and moor;
Joyful to fight they took their way,
Scarce caring who might win the day,
Their booty was secure.
These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,
Look'd on at first with careless eye,
Nor marvell'd aught, well taught to know
The form and force of English bow.
But when they saw the Lord array'd
In splendid arms and rich brocade,
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—
"Hist, Ringan! seeest thou there! Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?—
O! could we but on Border side,
By Easedale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Beset a prize so fair!
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glittering hide;
Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,
Could make a kittle rare."

MS.—"Hist, Ringan! seeest thou there!
Canst guess what homeward road they take—
By Easedale glen, or Yetholm lake?
O! could we but by bush or brake
Beset a prize so fair!"

V.
Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of men;
Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,
And wild and garish semblance made,
The checker'd trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd,
To every varying clan;
Wild through their red or sable hair
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare,
On Marmion as he pass'd;
Their legs above the knee were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And harden'd to the blast;
Of taller race, the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet deck'd their head:
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid
A broadsword of unwieldy length,
A dagger proved for edge and strength,
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Isles-men carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamoring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leaves the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
Grunbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

VI.
Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,
And reach'd the City gate at last,
Where all around, a wakeful guard,
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward.
Well had they cause of jealous fear,
When lay encamp'd, in field so near,
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.
As through the bustling streets they go,
All was alive with martial show:
At every turn, with dimming chung,
The armorer's anvil clash'd and rang;
Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel;
Or axe, or falchion, to the side
Of jarring grindstone was applied.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street, and lane, and market-place,
Bore lance, or casque, or sword;
While burghers, with important face,
Described each new-come lord,
Discuss’d his lineage, told his name,
His following; and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high o’erlook’d the crowded street;
There must the Baron rest,
Till past the hour of vespere tide,
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King’s behest.
Meanwhile the Lion’s care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train; n
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindsay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

VII.
Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,
That night, with wassell, mirth, 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 charged, that his array
Should southward march by break of day.
Well loved that splendid monarch eye
The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, 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-ear’d cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail’d 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,
Victorius 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 ga
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James’s manly form to know;
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doff’d, to Marmion bending low,
His broder’d cap and plume.
For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimm’d with the fur of martyn wild;
His vest of changeable 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 baldric 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 ne’er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.
The Monarch’s form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
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, ’mid his mirth, ’twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o’ercast and lower,
If in a sudden turn, he felt

Followings—Feudal retainers.—This word, by the way,
has been, since the Author of Marmion used it, and thought it
called for explanation, completely adopted into English, and
especially into Parliamentary parlance.—Ed.

See Appendix, Note 3 P.

MS,—"Bearing the badge of Scotland’s crown."
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain. ¹
Even so 'twas strange now, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.
O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway.²
To Scotland's Court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
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 Southerland land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's Queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd.
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the 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 wopt 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.⁵
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 play¹
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 steel was the best
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!"—

"I long woot your daughter, my suit you denied:—
And on the righted harp with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rang,
While thus her voice attendant sang."
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the 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 seaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
If ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar!

XIII

The Monarch o'er the siren 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 reign'd disdain:
Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeased surprise;
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment broad,
Which Marmion's high commission show'd:
"Our Borders suck'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 ta'en—
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain;
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

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, did
The third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die
On Lander's dreary flat:
Princes and favorites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat; 3
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 bower,
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. 4

1 See the novel of Redgauntlet, for a detailed picture of some of the extraordinary phenomena of the spring-tides in the Solway Frith.
2 MS.—"And when his blood and heart were high
3 Bell-the-Cat, see Appendix, Note 3 T.
4 See Appendix, Note 3 U.
CANTO V.

MARMION.

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 pursu'd:
"Lord Marmion, since these letters say
That in the North you needs must stay,
While slightest hopes of peace remain,
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,
To say—Return to 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 their motto on his blade,²
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd;
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by St. Stephen,
But e'en this morn to me was given³
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.Æ
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 suddenly took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook:
"Now, by the Bruce's soul, ⁴
Angus, my hasty speech forgive!
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,
I well may say of you,—
That never king did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender and more true, ⁵
Forgive me, Douglas, once again.Æ
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 unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed!
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part.Æ
A stripling for a woman's heart:
But woe awaits a country, when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye!Æ

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd
And tamper'd with his changing mood.
"Laugh those that can, weep those that may,”
Thus did the fiery Monarch say,
"Southward I march by break of day;
And if within Tantallon strong,
The good Lord Marmion tarries long,
Perchance our meeting next may 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 sheaf of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:
Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!Æ
The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—
"Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!Æ
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 befell,
Whose galley, as they sail'd again
To Whithby, by a Scot was ta'en.
Now at Dun-Edin did they bide,
Till James should of their fate decide;
And soon, by his command,
Were gently summon'd to prepare

See App-ndix, Note 3 V.
¹ See Appendix, Note 3 W.
² MS.—" But yester morn was hither driven.Æ
³ The next two lines are not in the original MS.
⁴ "O, Dowglas! Dowglas!
Tendrill and trew.Æ
⁵ The Houiats.
⁶ MS.—" A maid to see her love depart.”
⁷ The ancient cry to make room for a dance or pageant.
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 fear'd 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 guard 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 deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.
Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd;
And thus it fell, that, passing high,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who war'n'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 boring wing
On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrap'd 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 chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry,
To bowne 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 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 availing,
Though I must speak of worldly love,—
How vain to those who wed above!—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion woold!Clara de Clare, of Gloucester'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 despitefully,
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?

1 "There are passages in which the flatness and tediousness of the narrative is relieved by no sort of beauty nor elegance of diction, and which form an extraordinary contrast with the more animated and finished portions of the poem. We shall not affright our readers with more than one specimen of this falling off. We select it from the Abbess's explanation to De Wilton:—"De Wilton and Lord Marmion woold,' &c. (and twenty-two following lines)."—Jeffrey.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 X.
3 Ibid. Note 3 Y.
XXII

"His squre, 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,
Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair,
To give our house her livings fair
And die a vestal vot'ress there.
The impulse from the earth was given,
But bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby'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 vot'ress 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 perfurred nun!
No clerk in all the land, like her,

Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a marvel deem,
That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme
Her lover's nuptial hour;
But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,
As privy to his honor's stain,
Illimitable power:
For this she secretly retain'd
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,
Through sinner's perfidy impure,
Her house's glory to secure,
And Clare's immortal weal.

XXIV.

"Twere long, and needless, here to tell,
How to my hand these papers fell;
With me they must not stay.
Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true!
Who knows what outrage he might do,
While journeying by the way?—
O, blessed Saint, if e'er again
I venturous leave thy calm domain,
To travel or by land or main,
Deep penance 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 Wolsey's hand the papers bring,
That he may show them to the king:
And, for thy well-earn'd meed,
Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,
While priests can sing and read.—
What all'st 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 yon City Cross!
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scytheons seem to rear,
And blazon'd banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
(But now is razed that monument

On its destroyer's drowzy head—
Upon its base destroyer's head—
The Minstrel's malison is said."
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland’s law was sent
In glorious trumpet-chang.
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer’s head!—
A minstrel’s mansion is said.3—
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 confirm’d could ear or eye
Discern of sound or mien.
Yet darkly did it seem, as there
Herald 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 wavering tinge of flame;
It fits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
From midstmost of the spectre crowd,
This awful summons came:— 3

**XXVI.**

A 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 soil’d your hearts within:
I cite you by each brutal lust,
That e’er defiled your earthly dust,—
By wrath, by pride, by fear, 4
By each o’ermastering passion’s tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan!
When forty days are pass’d and gone, 4
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, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle, Ross,
Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—
Why should I tell their separate style;
Each chief of birth and fame,
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,
Fore-doom’d to Flodden’s carnage pile,
Was cited there by name;
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,

---

Of Latterward, and Scriveltbaye;
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,
The self-same thundering voice did say.— 8
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 gray-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 Lindsey, did command,
That nuns should roam at large.
But in that Palmer’s alter’d mien
A wondrous change might now be seen
Freely 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 he feed and stroke
And, tucking up his sable frock,
Would first his mettle bold provoke,
Then sooth or quell his pride.
Old Hubert said, that never one
He saw, except Lord Marmion,
A steed so fairly ride.

**XXVIII.**

Some halfe hour’s march behind, there came,
By Eustace govern’d fair,
A troop escorting Hilda’s Dame,

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1 f. a. Curse.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 Z.
3 Ibid. Note 4 A.
4 MS.—"By wrath, by fraud, by fear."
5 MS.—"Ere twenty days are pass’d and gone,
Before the mighty Monarch’s throne,
I cite you to appear."
6 MS.—"In thundering tone the voice did say."
The Lady Clare
With all her nuns and Clare.
No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
Ever he fear'd to aggravate
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate;
And safer 'twas, he thought,
To wait till, from the nuns removed,
The influence of kinsmen loved,
And suit by Henry's self approved,
Her slow consent had wrought.
His was no flickering flame, that dies
Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,
And lighted oft at lady's eyes;
He long'd to stretch his wide command
O'er luckless Clara's ample land:
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest by that meanness won
He almost loath'd to think upon,
Led him, at times, to hate the cause,
Which made him burst through honor's laws.
If e'er he lov'd, 'twas her alone,
Who died within that vault of stone.

XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw
North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,†
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
Before a venerable pile,‡
Whose turrets view'd, afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle,§
The ocean's peace or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent's venerable Dame,
And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
With her, a loved and 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 Prioresse:
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,
Like them, from horseback to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said,—"Grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part;
Think not discourteous,
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 Gloster's heir:
Nor thinks nor dreams my noble lord,
By slightest look, or act, or word,
To harass Lady Clare.
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman's halls."
He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst fear relieved.
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten'd, grieved;
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,
Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
And call'd the Prioresse to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cistercian 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

MS.—"North Berwick's town, and conic Law."

The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cistercian nuns.

near North Berwick, of which there are still some remains. It was founded by Duncan, Earl of Fife, in 1216.

§ MS.—"The lofty Bass, the Lamb's green isle"
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 trust,
He died his hand before.
God judge 'twixt Marmion and me;
He is a Chief of high degree,
And I a poor recluse:
Yet oft, 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 haste 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, 'on thy cap, and mount thy horse;
The Dame must patience take perchore."—

XXXII.
"Submit we then to ferve," 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,4
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.—

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.—En.
3 For the origin of Marmion's visit to Tantallon Castle, in the Poem, see Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 17.
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 Inchekeith, in order the better to bridle the lords 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, to use the phrase of the time, 'dealed
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 Eustace dried,
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.
Then took the squire her reins,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and deed,
To cheer her stroke in vain.

XXXIII.
But scant 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;#
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 fossa;#
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 descry
The gathering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.
Here did they rest.—The princely care
Of Douglas, why should I declare,
Or say they met reception fair?
Or why the tidings say,
Which, varying, to Tantallon came,
By hurrying posts or fleeter fame,
With ever-varying day?

wth' the (then) Earl of Angus for his consent to the proposed measure. He occupied himself, while she was speaking, in feeding a falcon which sat upon his wrist, and only replied by addressing the bird, but leaving the Queen to make the application. 'The devil is in this greedy gied—she will never be fon.' 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 o' God, Madam! to 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
Etall, and Wark, and Ford; and then,
That Norham Castle strong was ta’en
At that sore marvell’d Marmion;
And Douglas hoped his Monarch’s hand
Would soon subdue Northumberland:
But whisper’d news there came,
That, while his host inactive lay,
And melted by degrees away,
King James was dallying off the day
With Heron’s 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 chase, 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 wont not 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.

Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain—
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck’d the wall;
They gorged upon the half-dress’d steer;
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw’d rib, and marrow-bone:
Or listen’d all, in grim delight,
While Sealsd yell’d out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in phrensy, would they hie,
While wildly-loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the 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 stoled priest the chalice rear:
The damscl 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 mistletoe.
Then open’d wide the Baron’s hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony duff’d his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of “post and pair.”
All hail’d, with uncontroll’d delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge 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;

Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

TO RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

MERTON-HOUSE, Christmas.

Heap 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:

1 MERTON-HOUSE, the seat of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, a beautifully situated on the Tweed, about two miles below DURBURGH ABBEY.

2 See Appendix, Note 4 C.

3 Ibid. Note 4 D.
Then the grim boar's head brawn'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 bating of the boar.¹
The wassle round, in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reck'd; hard by
Plum-portridge 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,'d, with blithesome din;
If unmellidious 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 smutted 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 broth'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 remants 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-grand sire 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 hunting of the boar.
Then round the merry wassel-bowl,
Garnished with ribbons, blithe did trowl,
And the large sirloin st rem'd on high,
Plum-portridge, bare, and savory pie."

² See Appendix, Note 4 E.
³ "Blood is warmer than water,"—a proverb meant to vindicate our family predilections.

⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 F.

⁵ MS.—"In these fair halls, with merry cheer,
Is bid barewell the dying year."


⁷ The MS. adds:—"As boasts old Shallaw 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-languaged lore."

John Leyden M. D., who had been of great service to Sir Walter Scott in the preparation of the Border Minstrelsy, sailed for India in April, 1803, and died at James's August 1811, before completing his 36th year.

"Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His brief and bright career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied love,"
This may I say:—in realms of death
Ulysses meets Aëneas’ wrath;
Æneas, upon Thracia’s shore,
The ghost of murder’d Polydore;
For omens, we in Livy cross,
At every turn, locutus Bos.
As grave and dully 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.”

The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turn’d on Maid’s shore,
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If ask’d to tell a fairy tale: *
He fears the vengeful Elfin King,
Who leaves that day his grassy ring:
Inviable to human ken,
He walks among the sons of men.

Didst e’er, dear Heber, pass along
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle’s nest in air,
Hang o’er the stream and hamlet fair?
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,
A mighty treasure buried lay,
Amass’d through rapine and through wrong
By the last Lord of Franchémont.*

The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits, its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is slung;
Before his feet his 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 began,
And neither yet has lost nor won.
And oft the Conjurer’s words will make
The stubborn Demon groan and quake;
And oft the bands of iron break,
Or bursts one lock, that still 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 clenched the spell,
When Franch’mont lock’d the treasure cell.
An hundred years are pass’d and gone,
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottie say;
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from Heaven;*
That warn’d, in Lithgow, Scotland’s King,
Nor less the infernal summoning;*
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 hoards of various lore,
And furnish twenty thousand more?
Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest
Like treasures in the Franch’mont chest,
While grieple 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 Flodden Field is come.—
Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,
And store of literary wealth.

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* This paragraph appears interpolated on the blank page of the MS.
* MS.—“Which, high in air, like eagle’s nest,
Hang from the dizzy mountain’s breast.”
* See Appendix, Note 4 I.
* Ibid. Note 3 B.
* Ibid. Note 4 A. The four lines which follow are not in the MS.
Marmion.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

I

While great events were on the gale,
And each hour brought a varying tale,
And the demeanor, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
Ho snuff’d the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again,
Herald should come from Terouenne,
Where England’s King in leaguer lay,
Before decisive battle-day;
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the Dame’s devotions share:
For the good Countess ceaseless pray’d
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high 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 mullets 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

MS.—"The tower contain’d a narrow stair,
And gave an open access where."

Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign;
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow
Upon the precipice below.
Where’er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were strongly mann’d;
No need upon the seagirt side;
The steepy rock, and frantic tide,
Approach of human step denied;
And thus these lines and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude.

III

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,
And list the sea-bird’s cry;
Or slow, like noon tide 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 Whitby’s fair,—
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 brockery 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 broder’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

² MS.—"To meet a form so fair, and dress’d
In antique robes, with cross on breast."
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen
A form so witching fair.¹

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 trance'd 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 smiling on her votaries' prayer.²

O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny!
Was it, that, scar'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 I condemn'd to bide
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 Gloster's Earl:
Of such a stem, a sapling weak,³
He ne'er shall bend, although he break:

V.

"But see!—what makes this armor here!"—
For in her path there lay
Targe, corset, helm;—she view'd them near.—
"The breast-plate pierced!—Ay, much I fear,
Weak fence worth thou 'gainst foe-man's spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here.
As these dark blood-gouts say,—
Thus Wilton!—Oh! I not corset's ward,
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard,
On yon disastrous day!"—
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
Wilton himself before her stood!

¹ MS.—"A form so sad and fair,"
² See Appendix, Note 4 K.
³ MS.—"Of such a stem, or branch, { thought } weak,
He ne'er shall bend me, thought he break."
⁴ MS.—"By many a short carcas delay'd."
⁵ "When the surprise at meeting a lover rescued from the
dead is considered, the above picture will not be thought over-

It might have seem'd his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost,
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion's shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display'd:
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all, fatigue, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delay'd,⁴
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and found 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 beadman's shed.⁴
Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,
How thou didst blush, when the old man,
When first our infant love began,
Said we would make a matchless pair:
Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled
From the degraded traitor's bed,—
He only held my burning head,
And tended me for many a day,
While wounds and fever held their sway.
But far more needful was his care,
When sense return'd to wake despair;
For I did fear 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 chalking out the intervening adventures of De Wilton, without bestowing on them any colors at all."—Critical Review.
⁶ MS.—"Where an old beadman held my head."
⁷ MS.—"The banish'd traitor's { humble } 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
On 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 perisb'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 musterb'd Hell
Its plans of dark revenge.

VIII.

"A word of vulgar augury,
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 steed 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 could 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 brand 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;¹
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 fame,
And vindicate De Wilton's name.—
Perchance you heard the Abbess tell
Of the strange pageantry of Hell,
That broke our secret speech—
It rose from the infernal shade,
Or fealty was some juggle play'd,
A tale of peace to teach.
Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,
When my name came among the rest.

IX.

"Now here, within Tantallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Won by my proofs, his fahshion bright
This eve anew shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburne,
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the Dead Douglas won the field.²
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 glen.³
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.

² See the ballad of Otterbourne, in the Border Minstrelsy vol. i. p. 345.
³ Where James encamped before taking past on Flodden
The MS. has—
"The rest were all on Flodden plain,"
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,
Will give De Wilton justice due.
Now meetier far for martial broil,
Firmer ny limbs, and sturdiest by toil,
Once more"—"O Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again,
Trust fate of arms once more?
And is there not an humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A 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 loop-hole, and through embrasure,
Upon Tantallon tower and hall;
But chief where arched windows wide
Illuminate the chapel's pride,
The sober glances fall.
Much was there need; though seem'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 descry²
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Checkering the silver moonshine bright,
A bishop by the altar stood,³
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and roccquet 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 lean'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.⁴
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."—⁴
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 blanches 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 Belt-the-Cat, Earl of Angus. He was author of a Scottish metrical version of the Iliad, and of many other poetical pieces of great merit. He had not at this period attained the mitre.
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."—JEEFFREY.
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:—
"Thou thingsh something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While vs Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:—
"My 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 'twere not for thy hoary 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 meanness 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!
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!"—3
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth,—And dast' thon then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? And
Hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!—4

Lord Marmion tur'd—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

XV.
The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level 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, "and
chase!"
But soon he rein'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name,—
A letter forg'd! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed!"
At first in heart it liked me ill,
When the King praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,6
Save Gawain, no'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 no'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 Stanrig-moor
His troop more closely there he scamm'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,
Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,
Wrapp’d in a gown of sables fair,
As fearful of the morning air;
Beneath, when that was blown aside,
A rusty shirt of mail I spied,
By Archibald won in bloody work,
Against the Saracen and Turk:
Last night it hung not in the hall;
I thought some marvel would befall.
And next I saw them saddled 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 pray
To use him on the battle-day;
But he prefer’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 mount, and outwards ride,
Upon the Earl’s own favorite steed:
All sheathed 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! dastard fool, to reason lost!”
He muttered; “twas nor fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and g. ..as!
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 gloom’d his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
‘Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare’s shrill questions must I shun;
Must 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 them 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 sandal, 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 Tilly 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 bunk 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,

¹ His eldest son, the Master of Angus.
² See Appendix, Note 4 O.
³ From this period to the conclusion of the poem, Mr. Scott’s genius, so long overloaded, 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 Flodden on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand;
His host Lord Surrey lead!
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
—O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skill'd 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 Flodden had been Bannockburne!
The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
And England's host has gain'd the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

XXI.
Are ye the bands met Marmion's eye,¹
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 bowstring to a prentice cap,
Lord Surrey's o'er the Till!—
Yet more! yet more!—how far array'd
They file from out the hawthorn shade,
And sweep so gallant! by
With all their banners bravely spread,
And all their armor flashing high,
Saint George might waken from the dead,

1 MS.—"Are first they met Lord Marmion's eye?"
² MS.—"And all go sweeping by!"
XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;
Their marshal'd lines stretch'd east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation pass'd
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—

The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion said;
‘Here, by this Cross,’ he gently said,
“You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!
Thon wilt not?—well,—no loss my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten pick'd archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed 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,³
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 servers 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 Tunsall, stainless knight;⁴
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.”⁵

“Thanks, noble Surrey!” Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there he paid;

But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of “Marmion! Marmion!” that the cry
Up 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,⁶
All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreathed 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.—
Scarcely could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—⁷
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;⁸
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 shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears⁹
Above the brightening cloud appears;

the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation,—
for breadth of drawing and magnificence of effect,—with that of Mr. Scott's.”⁷—JEFFREY.

¹ This couplet is not in the MS.
² The next three lines are not in the MS.
³ MS.—“And first, the broken ridge of ocean’
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spear-shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight 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 Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight:
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feebler targe aside,
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 waivering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose:
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
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 prayer,—

I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Follow'd by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too:—yet stay'd
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 steed rush'd by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—
The scatter'd van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"—
They fly, or, 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 smear'd with blood and sand;
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion! ...
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly 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."—
"Unnurtur'd Blount! thy brawling cease;
He opens his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

1 In all former editions, Highlandman. Badenoch is the correction of the Author's interleaf copy of the edition of 1830.
2 MS.—"Though there the dauntless mountaineer."
3 MS.—"Fell stainless Tunstall's banner white,
Sir Edmund's lion fell."
4 MS.—"Fitz-Eustace, you and Lady Clare
May for its safety join in prayer."
5 MS.—"Like pine up-rooted from the ground."
6 MS.—"And cried he would return in haste."
7 MS.—"Reprisal, the band of England wings."
8 MS.—"Can that be brave Lord Marmion!"
XXIX.
When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Jinger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's—fly,
To Daere 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, 4
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 he murmur'd,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have n unst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

XXX.
O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the high streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatreds, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man. 4

1 Ms.—"And when he felt the fresher air."
2 Ms.—"Yet my last thought's for England—hie,
To Daere give my signet-ring ... Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey fly."
3 Ms.—"Full on King James's central host."

"The hero of the piece, Marmion, who has been guilty of seducing a nun, and abandoning her to be buried alive, of forgery to ruin a friend, and of perfidy in endeavoring to seduce away from him the object of his tenderest affections, fights and dies gloriously, and is dejected to the injured Clara for 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. It is with pleasure that we extract numbers so harmonious from the discords by which they are surrounded."—Critical Review.

She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,

chant, weary pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
for. the. kind. soul. of. Spital. Greig.
Who. built. tis. cross. and. well.
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
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 shrivel 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 weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle."—

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth,"—he said—"I know
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For, wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,
And doubly cursed my falling 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 stanch 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 lost battle, borne down by the flying,
   Where mingles 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 yon 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 swell’d the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;
A light on Marmion’s visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted “Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!”
Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.
By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle’s deadly swell,

   Might bribe him for delay,
   And all by whom the deed was done,
   Should with myself become his own.
   It may not be!”

1 MS.—“O look, my son, upon this cross,
O, think upon the grace divine,
On saints and heavenly bliss!—
By many a sinner’s bed I’ve been,
And many a dismal parting seen,
But never aught like this.”

2 MS.—“And sparkled in his eye.”
3 The Lady of the Lake has nothing so good as the death of Marmion.—MACKINTOSH.
4 MS.—“In vain the wish—for far they stray,
   And spoil and havoc mark’d their way.
   ‘O, Lady,’ cried the Monk, ‘away!’”
5 MS.—“But still upon the darkening heath.”

For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where’s now their victor yeaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flanders 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 Talmouth 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 dark’ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail’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 bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
"The instant that he fell,
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foeman know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are awol and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

XXXV.
Day dawns upon the mountain's side:
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangied though it be;
Nor to yon Border castle high,
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.
He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
And show'd the scene of carnage wide;
There, Scotland, lay thy bravest pride!"

1 "The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. It is superior, in our apprehension, to all that this author has hitherto produced; and, with a few faults of diction, equal to any thing that has ever been written upon similar subjects. From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden Field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing; and no inter- vention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious; and neither stops to describe dresses and ceremonies, nor to commemorate the harsh names of feudal barons from the Border. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain:
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clench'd within his manly hand,
Beseech'd the monarch slain."
But, O! how changed since you blithe night!—
Gladly I turn me from the sight,
Unto my tale again.

XXXVI.
Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear
(Now vainly for its sight you look;)
'Twixt levell'd when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,
A gaurdon meet the spoiler had!)
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 nico,
His arms and feats were blazed.
And yet, though all was carved 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 dragg'd him to its foot, and died,
Close by the noble Marmion's side.
The spoilers strip'd it and gash'd the slab,
And thus their corpses were mista'nen;
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. 4
but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember."—JEFFREY.

2 "Day gimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmemless head," &c.

3 See Appendix, Note 4 S.

4 Ibid. Note 4 T.

5 "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. Rev
They dug his grave e'en where he lay;  
But every mark is gone;  
Time's wasting hand has done away  
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,  
And broke her font of stone;  
But yet from out the little hill  
Oozes the slender springlet still.  
Oft halts the stranger there,  
For thence may best his curious eye  
The memorable field descry;  
And shepherd boys repair  
To seek the water-flag and rush,  
And rest them by the hazel bush,  
And 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 Flodden's dismal night,  
Wilton was foremost in the fight;  
That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,  
'Twas Wilton mounted him again;  
'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hewn'd,  
Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:  
Unnamed by Hollinshed 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 Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,  
More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke;  
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,  
And Catherin'e'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 Clara."

**L'EBROP.**

**TO THE READER.**

Why then a final note prolong,  
Or lengthen out a closing song,  
Unless to bid the gentle speed,  
Who long have listed to my rede?  
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign  
To read the Minstrel's idle strain,  
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,  
And patriotic heart—as Pitr!  
A garment 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!  

*MS.—"They dug his bed even where he lay."*  
*MS.—"But yet where swells the little hill."*  
*MS.—"If thou shouldst find this little tomb,  
Beware to speak a hasty doom."*  
*MS.—"He hardest press'd the Scottish ring;  
'Twas thought that he struck down the King."*  
*Used generally for tale or discourse.*  
*"We have dwelt longer on the beauties and defects of this poem, than, we are afraid, will be agreeable either to the partial or the indifferent; not only because we look upon it as a misapplication, in some degree, of very extraordinary talents, but because we cannot help considering it as the foundation of a new school, which may hereafter occasion no little annoyance both to us and to the public. Mr. Scott has hitherto filled the whole stage himself; and the very splendor of his success has probably operated as yet rather to deter than to encourage the herd of rivals and imitators; but if, by the help of the good parts of his poem, he succeeds in suborning the verdict of the public in favor of the bad parts also, and establishes an indiscriminate taste for chivalrous legends and romances in irregular rhyme, he may depend upon having as many copyists as Mrs. Radcliffe or Schiller, and upon becoming the founder of a new eschism in the catholic poetical 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 heroics to the wholesome creed of his instructors, and to stop the insurrection 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 any of those who may be misled by its perversion; and, like the curate and the barber in Don Quixote, lament 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. Enkine; 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
eminent), but to combine the charms of _lawful poetry_ with those of wild and romantic fiction. As the first step to this desirable end, we would beg him to reflect that his Gothic models will not bear him out in transferring the loose and shuffling ballad metre to a poem of considerable length, and of complicated interest like the present. It is a very easy thing to write five hundred _ballad verses, stanza pede in una_; but Mr. Scott needs not to be told, that five hundred verses written on one foot have a very poor chance for immortality.”—*Monthly Review*.

“The story,” writes 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,—anywhere 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 lo—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 has too much of the monster, the moral monster, in its composition.”—ibid. p. 45.

“My own opinion,” says Mr. George Ellis, “is, that both the productions are equally good in their different ways: yet, upon the whole, I had rather be the author of Marmion than of the Lay, because I think its species of excellence of much more difficult attainment. What degree of bulk may be essentially necessary to the corporeal part of an Epic poem, I know not; but sure I am that the story of Marmion might have furnished twelve books as easily as six—that the masterly character of Constance would not have been less witching had it been much more minutely painted—and that De Winton might have been dilated with great ease, and even to considerable advantage;—in short, that had it been your intention 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, the number and 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 Theodore and Horatia,—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 any thing 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, virgin charm about the Lay, which we look for in vain through the subsequent volumes 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 feloies_ 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 zeal of curiosity; and they were not, in fact, originally intended to be interwoven 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 1807, as ‘Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest,’ to be published in a separate volume, similar to that of the Ballads and Lyric Pieces; and perhaps it might have been better that this first plan had been adhered to. But however that may be, are there any pages, among all he ever wrote, that one would be more sorry he should not have written? They are among the most delicious portraiturest that genius ever painted of itself,—bruyant, virtuous, happy genius—exulting 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 those Epistles were read by the friends 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 Skene, a Marriott, and an Erskine.”—*Lochart*, vol. iii. p. 55.
APPENDIX

NOTE A.

As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgan’s fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Deep-sighed spells and demons’ force,
Holds converse with the unbodied 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 the rest are here illustrated by more full extracts, but so this curious work is about to be republished, I confine myself to the tale of the Chapel Perilous, and of the quest of Sir Launcelot after the Sangreal.

"Right so Sir Launcelot departed, and when he came to the Chapel Perilous, he alighted downe, and tied his horse to a little gate. And as soon as he was within the church-yard, he saw, on the front of the chapel, many faire rich shields turned up-side downe; and many of the shields Sir Launcelot had scene knights have before; with that he saw staw by him thirtie great knights, more, by a yard, than say man that ever he had seen, and all those grained and gashed at Sir Launcelot; and when he saw their countenance, hee dread them sore, and so put his shield afore him, and tooke his sword in his hand, ready to doe battale; and they were all armed in black harneis, ready, with their shields and swords drawn. And when Sir Launcelot would have gone through them, they scattered on every side of him, and gave him the way; and therewith he waxed all bold, and entered into the chapel, and then hee saw no light, but a dimme lampe burning, and then was he ware of a cope covered with a clothe of silke; then Sir Launcelot stopped downe, and cut a piece of that cloth away, and then it fared under him as the earth had quaked a little, whereof he was afraid, and then hee saw a faire sword lye by the dead knight, and that he gat in his hand, and hied 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 Launcelot, lay that sword from thee, or else thou shalt die.’

‘Whether I live or die,’ said Sir Launcelot, ‘with no great words get yee it again, therefore fight for it and yee list.’ Therewith he passed through them; and, beyond the chappell-yard, there met him a faire damosell, and said, ‘Sir Launcelot, leave that sword behind thee, or thou wilt die for it.’ ‘I will not leave it,’ said Sir Launcelot, ‘for no threats.’ ‘No!’ said she, ‘and ye did leaue that sword, Queen Guenever should ye nere see.’ ‘Then were I a fool and I would leave this sword,’ said Sir Launcelot. ‘Now, gentle knight,’ said the damosell, ‘I require thee to kiss me once.’ ‘Nay,’ said Sir Launcelot, ‘that God forbid!’ ‘Well, sir,’ said she, ‘and thou hadst kissed mee thy life dayes had beene done, but now, alas!’ said she, ‘I have lost all my labour; for I obtained this chappell for thy sake, and for Sir Gawayne: and once I had Sir Gawayne within it; and at that time hee fought with that knight which there lieth dead in yonder chappell, Sir Gilbert the bastard the bastard’s left hand. And so, Sir Launcelot, now I tell thee, that I have loved thee this seven yeares; but there may no woman have thy love but Queen Guenever; but sithen I may not rejoice thee to have thy body alive, I had kept no more joy in this world but to have had thy dead body; and I would have balmed it and served, and so have kept it in my life daies, and daily I should have clipped thee, and kissed thee, in the despite of Queen Guenever.’ ‘Ye say well,’ said Sir Launcelot; ‘Jesus preserve me from your subtile craft, And there with he took his horse, and departed from her.’"

NOTE B.

A sinful man, and uncounseled, He took the Sangreal’s holy quest, 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 sins of the land), suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guilless of evil conversation. All Sir Launcelot’s noble accomplishments were therefore rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Queen Guenever, or Ganore; and in his holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows:—

“But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endless in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventure led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone cross, which departed two ways, in wast land; and, by the cross, was a stone that was of marble; but it was so dark, that Sir Launcelot might not well know what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chappell, and there he wend to have found people. And so Sir Launcelot 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 silke, and there stood a faire candlestick, which bare six great candles, and the candlesticke was of siluer. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, hee had a great will for to enter into the chappell, but he could find no place wher hee might enter. Then hee passing heavie and dismayed. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and tooke off his crosse, and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unloosed his helme, and ungirded his sword, and laid him downe to sleepe upon his shield, before the crosse.

“And so hee fell on sleepe; and, halfe wakynge and halfe sleeping, he saw come by him two palfreyes, both faire and white, the which bare a litter, therein lying a sick knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for hee slept not verely, and hee heard him say, ‘O sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vessel come by me, whereby through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespass!’ And thus a great while complained the knight, and alwaies Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlesticke, with the fire tapers, come before the
rose; but he could see nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessell of the Sangreall, which Sir Laurencet had seen before that time in King Petchour's house. And therewithall the sike knight set him up-right, and held up both his hands, and said, 'Faire sweete Lord, which is here within the holy vessell, take heed to mee, that I may bee hole of this great malydy!' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, and upon his face to so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell, and kissed it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malydy.'

Soo when the holy vessell had been there a great while, it went into the chappelle againe, with the candlestick and the light, so that Sir Laurencet wist not where it came, for he was overtakken with sinne, that hee had no power to arise against the holy vessell, wherefore afterward many men said of him shame. But he tooke repentance afterward. Then the sike knight dressed him up-right, and kissed the cross. Then anon his squire brought him his arme, and asked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thanke God right heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed:

But I have right great mervaille of this sleeping knight, which hath neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath beene here present.'—'I dare it right well say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defouled with some manner of deadly sinne, whereof he has never confessed.'—'By my faith,' said the knight, 'whatsoever he be, he is unhappye; for, as I deeeme, hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, which is entered into the quest of the Sangreall.'—'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and, therefore, by mine asent, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword; and so he did. And when he was cleanse armed, he took Sir Laurencet's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

'Then anon Sir Laurencet awaked, and set himself up-right, and he thought him what hee had there scene, and whether it were dreams or not; right so he heard a voice that 'Sir Laurencet, more hardye than is the stone, and more than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the of the fig-tree, therefore go thon from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when sir Laurencet heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and caused the time that he was borne; for then he deemed never to have more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that hee was so called.'

**NOTE C.**

**And Dryden, in immortal strains, Had raised the Table Round again.**—P. 87.

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blustered by the selfish and worldly pamodiety of his patrons, is contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvanell. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, he adds:

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long laboring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a plot): and having left the state to which the magistrate never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honor of my native country, to which a poet is particularly odliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtfull whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the law ful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel; which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year, for the greatness of the action, and its answerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero, opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal design, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons (whereein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line,—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me.'

**NOTE D.**

*Their theme the merry minstrelsy made, Of Aecapart, and Bevis bold.—P. 87.*

The "History of Bevis of Hampton" is abridged by my friend Mr. George Ellis, with that liveliness which extracts amusement even out of the most rude and unpromising of our old tales of chivalry. Aecapart, a most important personage in the romance, is thus described in an extract:

"This geant was mighty and strong And fell thirty foot was long, He was bristled like a sow; A foot he had between each brow; His lips were great, and hung aside; His eye were hollow, his mouth was wide; Lothly he was to look on than, And like a devil than a man. His staff was a young oak, Hard and heavy was his stroke." *Specimens of Metrical Romances,* vol. ii. p. 130.

I am happy to say, that the memory of Sir Bevis is still fragrant in his town of Southampton; the gate of which is sent nelled by the effigies of that doughty knight-errant and his gigantic associate.

**NOTE E.**

*Day set on Norham's castled steep, And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, &c.—P. 87.*

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence, as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, as it so happened, in which it had not a principal share Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164, it was almost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who added a huge keep, or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keep ing of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to
have been chiefly garrisoned by the King, and considered as a royal fortress. The Greys of Chillingham Castle were frequently the castellans, or captains of the garrison: yet, as the castle was situated in the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, the property was in the see of Durham till the Reformation. After that period, it passed through various hands. At the union of the crowns, it was in the possession of Sir Robert Carey (afterwards Earl of Monmouth), for his own life, and that of two of his sons. After King James's accession, Carey sold Norham Castle to George Home, Earl of Dunbar, for £9000. He curiously Memoir, published by Mr. Constable of Edinburgh.

According to Mr. Pinkerton, there is, in the British Museum, Cal. B. 6, 216, a curious memoir of the Dares on the state of Norham Castle in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable:—

'The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep, lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good Fletcher [i.e. maker of arrows] was required.'—


The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, enclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.

Note F.

The battle-dressed, 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 case of the outward defences being gained, the garrison retreated to make their last stand. The donjon contained the great hall, and principal rooms of state for solemn occasions, and also the prison of the fortress; from which last circumstance we derive the modern and restricted use of the word dungeon. Ducange (voces DUNZO) conjectures plausibly, that the name is derived from these keep being usually built upon a hill, which in Celtic is called Dun. The tower suppose the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence figuratively called Dungeons; thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

Note G.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail and plate of Milan steel.—P. 88.

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—'These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for the combat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have 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, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armorers in Milan, to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed.'—JOHNAS' Froissart, vol. iv. p. 597.

Note H.

Who checks at me, to death is nigh.—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 1399, by Sir William Dalzell, who, as according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers 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,
Whoso pinches at her, his death is nigh,"
In granth.'

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:

"I bear a pie picking at a piece,
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nose!"
In faith.'

This affront could only be expiated by a jest with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unaccompanied, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice:—in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking the hand of the King two hundred pounds, to be forfeited, if, on entering the lists, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the wily Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the loss of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of op- tical 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 Marmion;
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenay,
Of Lutterard, and Scriveldye,
Of Tamworth town 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 Scriveldye, 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 Duke of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 30th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Maza, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the rega
APPENDIX TO MARMION. 157

of Richard L., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tamworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to tide, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall; and there to challenge the combat against any who would gain the Royal title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scivelly 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 chivalrous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beautiful ballad, "The Hermit of Warkworth."—The story is thus told by Leland:—

"The Scottes cam yu to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herbotel, and overran much of Northumberland marches.

"At this time, Thomas Gray and his friends defended Norham from the Scottes.

"It was a wonderful process to declare, what mischeves cam by hunger and assages by the space of xi yeres in Norhumberland; for the Scottes cam yu there, and after they had beg Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen.

"About this tyme there was a great feste made yn Lincolnshire, to which came many gentlemen and ladies; and amongst them one lady brought a heaulme for a man of were, with a very rich creste of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the daungerest place in England, and ther to let the heaulme be seen and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither, within 4 days of comming, cam Philip Moubray, guardian of Berwicke, having yn his bande 40 men of armes, the very flour of men of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, captayne of Norham, seyng this, brought his garrison afore the barriars of the castell, behind whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wearing the heaulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knight, ye be can hither to rese your helmet: mount up your horse, and ride lyke a valiant man to your foes even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body deade or alive, or I myself wy de fyre for it.'

"Whereupon he toke his curse, and rode among the throng of enemies; the which layed sore stripes on him, and pulled him at the last out of his sadel to the grounde.

"Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garrison, lette prick yeu among the Scottes, and so wound them and their horses, that they were overthrowen; and Marmion, sone betau, was hirsl again, and, with Gray, persewed the Scottes yeu chase.

"There were taken 50 horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foote men to follow the chase.'

And in my hand slide schillings tway,' To put his legues to the prieff; For legues of this new-yeir day.'

The heralds, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose fees they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the too upon suitable occasions.

At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of impotence, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable charae rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in staza xxi. p. 91.

NOTE L.

Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Tiewsell, and of Ford,
And Captain of the Hold.—P. 90.

Were accuracy of any consequence in a fictitious narrative, this castellian's name ought to have been William; for William Heron of Ford was husband to the famous Lady Ford, whose stern charms are said to have cost our James V. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron, was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, represented in the text as residing at the Court of Scotland, was, in fact, living in her own Castle at Ford.—See Sir Richard Heron's curious Genealogy of the Heron Family.

NOTE M.

The whiles a Northern Harper rude
Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,—
"How the fierce Thirwallis, and Ridinges all," &c.—P. 90.

This old Northumbrian ballad was taken down from the recitation of a woman eighty years of age, mother of one of the miners of Aston-moor, by an agent for the lead mines there who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Suttees, Esquire, of Mainforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but, when she was a girl, it used to be sung at the merry-makings 'till the roof rung again.' To preserve this curious, though rude rhyme, it is here inserted. The ludicrous turn given to the slaughter marks that wild and disorderly state of society, in which a murder was not merely a casual circumstance, but, in some cases, an exceedingly good jest. The structure of the ballad resembles the 'Fray of Suport,' having the same irregular stanzae and wild chorus.

I.
Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Ridinges, and Thirwalls, and a Ha' set upon Albyans Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmansehagh?
There was Willimotswieck,
And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawlen, and Will of the Wa
I canno' tell a', I canno' tell a',
And mony a mair that the dell may knaw.

II.
The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son,
Ran away afore the fight was begun;
And he ran, and he ran,
And aro' they were done.

3 Pronounced Jekhna.
III.
I cannot tell a', I cannot tell a';
Some got a skelp, and some got a claw;
But they gard the Featherstons hant their jaw,"a
Nicoll, and Allick, and a'.
Some got a hurt, and some got name;
Some had harness, and some got stane.'b

IV.
Ane got a twist o' the craig; 8
Ane got a bunc'h o' the wame; 8
Symy Haw got lamed of 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 sorrowful sight.
Janet, thou donot, 9
I'll lay my best bonnet,
Thos got a new guide-man afore it be night.

VI.
Hoo away lads, hoo away,
We's a' be hangid if we stay.
Take up the dead man, and lay him ahint the biggin.
Here's the Baleiey o' Haltwhistle, 8
Wi' his great bull's pizzle,
That sup'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:—Willi- 
noteswick, the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, is 
situated two miles above the confluence of the Aln and 
Tyne. It was a house of strength, as appears from one ob-
long tower, still in tolerable preservation. 11 It has been long 
in possession of the Blacket family. Hardriding Dick is not 
an epithet referring to horsemanship, but means Richard 
Ridley of Hardriding, 12 the son of another family of that 
name, which, in the time of Charles I., was sold on account of 
excesses incurred by the loyalty of the proprietor, the im-
mediate ancestor of Sir Matthew Ridley. Will of the Wa' seems 
to be William Ridley of Walltown, so called from its situa-
tion on the great Roman wall. Thirlwall Castle, whence 
the clan of Thirlwals derived their name, is situated on the 
small river of Tippel, near the western boundary of North-
umberland. It is near the wall, and takes its name from the 
rampart having been thirtled, i. e. pierced, or breached, in its 
vicinity. Featherston Castle lies south of the Tyne, towards 
Alnemoor. 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 Feathe-
sters, productive of such consequences as the ballad narrates.
24 Oct. 22ldi Henrici Rdi. Inquisitione capit. apud Hautke-
thle, sup visum corpus Alexandri Featherston, Gen. apud 
Grensthaugh Jenelvis interfecti, 22 Oct. per Nicolaum Ridi-
ey De Unthank, Gen. Magon Riddle, Nicolaum Ridley, 
et alios ejusdem nominis. Nor were the Featherstons without 
their revenge for 36to Henrici Stri, we have—Ulgatorio Nic-
lai Petherston, ac Thome Nyxon, &c. &c. pro homocidio 
Will. Riddle de Morale.

1 Slep signifies slap, or rather is the same word which was originally spelled o' lap.
2 Hold their jeen, a vulgar expression still in use.
3 Got stolen, or, were plundered; a very likely termination of the fray.
4 Neck. 5 Punch. 6 Belly. 7 Bellowing.
8 Bully ash. The border bard calls her so, because she was weeping 
for her slain husband: a term which he seems to think might be soon 
re-adored.
9 The Ballif of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was

Note N.
James ball'd the cause of that mock prince, 
Workbeck, that Flemish counterfeiter,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we rased old Ayton tower.—P. 91.

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, 
is well known. In 1496, he was received honorably in Scot 
land; and James IV., after confessing upon him in marriage 
his own relation, the Lady Catharine Gordon, made war on 
England in behalf of his pretensions. To retaliate an 
invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at 
the head of considerable forces, but retreated, after taking the 
considerable fortress of Ayton. Ford, in his Dramatic Chron-
icle of Perkin Warbeck, makes the most of this inroad:

"SURREY.
"Are all our bravest enemies shrank back, 
Hld in the foggis of their distemper'd climate, 
Not daring to behold our color wave 
In sight of this infected ayre? Can they 
Looke on the strength of Candrestine defact? 11
The glory of Heydonhall devasted; that 
Of Edlington cast downe; the pile of Fulden 
Otrethowe: And this, the strongest of their forts, 
Old Ayton Castle, yeecked and demolished, 
And yet not peep abroad? The Scotch are bold, 
Hardie in battale; but it seems the cause 
They undertake considered, appears 
Unjoynted in the frame on'."

Note O.

I know,
Norkham can find you guided here;
For here be some ha's prick'd a far,
On Scottish ground, as to Drumbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Rotham's ale,
And driven the beeses of Lauderdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods;
And given them light to set their hoods.—P. 91.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, Norkham, and 
Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very ahabable 
neighbors to Scotland. Sir Richard Maitland of Edlington 
rode a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Courser," when 
his barony of Bythe, in Lauderdale, was harri'd by Rowland 
Foster, the English captain of Wark, with his e-m-an-y, to 
the number of 300 men. They spoiled the poofest knight of 5000 
sheep, 200 nolt, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of 
his house of Bythe, worth 100 pounds Scots (£28 8s. 8d.), 
and everything else that was portable. "This spoil was 
committed the 16th day of May, 1570 (and the said Sir Richard 
was three-score and fourteen years of age, and grown blind), 
in time of peace; when none of that country tippens [expected] such a thing." — The Blind Baron's Comfort" consists in a string of 
verbs on the word Bythe, the name of the land thus despoiled. 
Like John Littlewit, he had "A conceit left in his m'ery a 
miserable conceit."

The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the 
Borderers jokingly intimated the burning a house. Wha
over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irrever-
ence by the moss-trouping poet.

30 An iron pot with two ears.
31 Willimoteswick was, in prior editions, confound with Ridley Hall, 
situated two miles lower, on the same side of the Tyne, the hereditary 
seat of William C. Lowes, Esq.
32 Ridley, the bishop and martyr, was.wielding to some authorities 
born at Hardridding, where a chair was, e'er erved, called the Bishop's 
Chair. Others, and particularly his biog is r, 33 and nameake, Dr. Gloc-
ter Ridley, assign the honor of the martyr birth to Williamotescwic.
the Maxwells, in 1655, burned the Castle of Lochwood, they said they did so to give the Lady Johnstone "light to set her hood." Nor was the phrase inapplicable; for, in a letter, to which I have mislaid the reference, the Earl of Northumbor- and writes to the King and Council, that he dressed himself at midnight, at Warkworth, by the blaze of the neighboring villages burned by the Scottish marauders.

Note P.
The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein
The wildest war-horse in your train.—P. 91.
This churchman seems to have been akin to Welsh, the
tear of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish
mourners in 1549. "This man," says Hollinshed, "had
many good things in him. He was of so great stature, but
well set, and mightily compact: He was a very good wrest-
ler; shot well, both in the long bow and also in the cross-
bow; he handled his hand-gun and piece very well; he was
a very good woodman, and a handle, 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
courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest
parentage, being borne at Peneverin in Cornwall; and yet, in
this rebellion, an arch-captain and a principal doer.—Vol. iv.
p. 928, 4to edition. This model of clerical talents had the
misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church."
Popery is, with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain some of the superstitions connected with it. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some 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 various notes to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.]

Note V.
The scenes are desert now, and bare, Where flourished once a forest fair.—P. 94.

Ettrick Forest now a range of mountains sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disarmed, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copees soon arise without any planting. When the King hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1598, James V. 1 made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and freeholders, that they should compeer at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the King where he pleased, to danont the thieves of Tiviodale, Amandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of that country; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased: The whilk the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the gentlemen of the Highland, did, and brought their hounds with them in like manner, to hunt with the King, as he pleased.

1 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 Meggintz, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounds; that is to say, Grammar, Pappertlaw, St. Mary-laws, Carlawick, Chapel, Ewinoores, and Loaghope. I heard say, he slow, in those bounds, eighteen score of harts. 2

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 services in Scotland, enumerates the services of hunting, hosting, watching, and warding, as those which were in future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given an account of the mode in which these hunting was conductcd in the Highlands of Scotland, in the seventeenth century, having been present at Bremmar upon such an occasion:—

1 There did I find the truly noble and right honourable lords, John Erskine, Earl of Mar; James Stuart, Earl of Marroy; George Gordon, Earl of Euing, son and heir to the Marquis of Huntley; James Erskine, Earl of Buchan; and John, Lord Erskine, son and heir to the Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my last assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, knight of Abercairny, and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man, in general, in one habit, as if Lycurgus had been there, and made laws of equality; for once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom (for their pleasure) do come into these Highland countries to hunt; where they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlanders, who, for the most part, speak nothing but Irish; and, in former time, were those people which were called the Red-shanks. Their habit is—shoes, with but one sole n-piece; stockings (which they call short hose), made of a warm stuff of diverse colours, which they call tartan; as for breeches, united many of them, or their forefathers, never wore any; but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of; their garters being bands or wraths 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, knitt with two knots, about their necks: and thus are they attired. Now their weapons are—long bowes and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, darks, and Lobcher 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, then will they disdain to hunt or willingly to bring in their dogs; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habit, then are they conquered with kindness, and the sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes But to proceed to the hunting:—

My good Lord of Marr having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the Castle of Kindrochit. It was build by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting-house), who reigned in Scotland when Edward the Confessor, Harold, and Norman William, reigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature, but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures,—which made me doubt that I should never have seen a house again.

Thus, the first day, we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages, built on purpose to lodge in, which they call Lomarches. 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 bain: many ketles and pots boiling; and many spits turning and windling, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked; sodden, roast, and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, marl-crots, heat-cocks, coper-kellers, and terragants; good ale, sacke, white and claret, tent (or allegant), with most potent aquavite.

All these, and more than these, we had continually in such parainous abundance, caught by falconers, fowlers, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to viatual our camp, which consisteth of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: Five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring, or chase in, the deer in many herds (two, three, or four hundred in a herd), to such or such a place, as the noblemen shall appoint them; then, when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to the middle, through burns and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of the bad cook, so these tinkhell men do lick their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a harquebus or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had stayd there three hours, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appearing; and then all the tinkhell men (making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the tinkhell, are chased down into the valley where we lay; then all the valley, on each side, being way-laid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhoundes, they are all let loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer; that with dogs, guns, arrows, darks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain; which after are disposed of, some one way, and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us, to make merry withall, at our rendezvous.

Note W.
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake.—P. 95

This beautiful sheet of water forms the reservoir from which

1 Pitcottie's History of Scotland, folio edition, p. 142.
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 flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

Near the lower extremity of the lake, are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in later days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lillias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Twa sides," 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 lacuoso) 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 Cramstoans; but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, 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 Bínram's Corse, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chantry. His story much resembles that of Ambrosio in "The Monk," and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designed the Ettrick 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 crowns round dark Loch-skene.—P. 96.

Loch skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the eaves, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height, and 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 Whity's cloister'd pile.—P. 97.

The Abbey of Whity, in the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A. D. 637, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumbeland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards ruined by the Danes, and rebuilt by William Percy, in the reign of the Conqueror. There were no nuns there in Henry the Eighth's time, nor long before it. The ruins of Whity Abbey are very magnificent.

Note 2 B.
—-St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle.—P. 97.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumbeland, 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 swelled up in the superior fame of St. Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the see. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massive. In some places however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumbeland, from which it is about three miles distant.

Note 2 C.
Then Whity's nuns exulting told
How to their house three Barons bold
Must minister service do.—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 Whity: "In the fifth year of the reign of Henry II., after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Uglebarney, then called William de Bruce; the Lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freelorder called Alston, did, on the 16th of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood, or desert place, belonging to the Abbot of Whity; the place's name was Eskdale-side; and the abbots name was Sedman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boarstaves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wildboar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and her mitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whity, 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 boxes standing at bay without. The gentlemen, in the thick of the wood, being just behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth; and within they found the boar lying dead: for which, the gentlemen, in a very great fury, because the hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their bear-stakes, whereby he was severely hurt, so that it shall be shown to 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 their 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-hedge, which is in E Eskdale-side, the same day at sunrising, and there shall the abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know where to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten staves, eleven stout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you, or some of you, with a knife of one penny piece: and you. Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Aliston, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as afores

aid, 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 hour 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 brin, each stake one yard from the other, and so yethem 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 better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, Out on you! Out on you! Out on you! for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat, and earnestly beg, that you may have lives and goods preserved for this service; and I request of you to prom

ise, by your parts in Heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as is aforesaid requested: and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man.'—Then the hermit said, 'My soul longeth for the Lord: and I do as freely forgive these men my death as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words: 'In manu tuae, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis velim redemisti me, Domine veritas

tis. Amen.'—So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1193, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

'This service,' it is added, 'still continues to be performed with the prescribed ceremonies, though not by the proprietors in person.' Part of the lands charged therewith are now held 'by a gentleman of the name of Herbert.'

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### Note 2 D

A Saxon princess once did dwell,

The lovely Elededil.—P. 99.

She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 653, against Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Elededil, 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.

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### Note 2 E

of thousand snakes, each one

Was changed into a coil of stone,

When holy Hilda pray'd;

They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,

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 snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbes's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists, Anomnlad.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: 'It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighboring fields hereabouts: a relation I should not have made, if I had not received it from some credible men. But those who are less inclined to heap superition, attribute it to some occult quality in the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such as they say is betwixt wolves and scylarions. 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. Charleston, 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.

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### Note 2 F

His body's resting-place, of old,

How oft their Patron changed, they told.—P. 99.

St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of his sepulchre, one of the most movable and unreasonable saints in the Calendar. He died a. D. 682, in a hermitage upon the Farne Islands, having resigned the bishopric of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, about two years before.1 He was brought to Lindisfarne, where it remained until a descent of the Danes, about 793, when the monastery was nearly destroyed. The monks fled to Scotland with what they deemed their chief treasure, the relics of St. Cuthbert. The Saint was, however, a most capri
cious fellow-traveller; which was the more intolerable, as, like Sintad's Old Man of the Sea, he journeyed upon the shoulders of his companions. They paraded him through Scotland for several years, and came as far west as Whithern, in Galloway, whence they attempted to sail for Ireland, but were driven back by tempests. He at length made a halt at Norham; from thence he went to Melrose, where he remained

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1 He renamed the bishop of Lindisfarne, which, owing to bad health, he again relinquished within less than three months before his death.—

Raine's St. Cuthbert.
APPENDIX TO MARMION.

jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed
David's army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were
the Gaelwegians, 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' Caedilens, vol. i. p. 622; a most laborious and
interesting publication, from which considerable
defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the
Scott 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, on his assurance, set upon the conquest of the
Saint. As to William the Conqueror, he
swept before him, and, when the revolt of the
Northumbrians, in 1066, had forced the monks to fly once
more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, how-
ever, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance
accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indescribable
assistance, that, notwithstanding
was a sort of dignified dinner prepared for him, he fled with
out eating a morsel (where the monkish historian seems to have
thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance),
and never crossed his bridge till he got to the river Tees.

NOTE 2 I.
Saint Cuthbert sits, and tells to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.—P. 100.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his life,
such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since
his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those
En trochis which are found among the rocks of Holy Island,
and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at
this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain
rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps
credited in former days; at least the Saint's legend contains
some not more probable.

NOTE 2 K.
Old Colwulf.—P. 100.

Colwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished
in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for
the venerable Bede dedicated to him his "Ecclesiastical His-
tory." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to
Holy Island, where he died in the odor of sanctity. Saint Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance
vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded
among his memorabilia, that, finding the air of the island raw
and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto con-
strained them to milk water, with the comfortable privilege of
using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objec-
tion, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended,
by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cell.
These penitential vaults were the Geissen-gewölbe 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 unchristian corpses were then seldom permitted to pollute the choir. They also served as places of meeting for the chapter, when measures of uncommon severity were to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penances, or undergoing punishment.

NOTE 2 L.

Tynemouth’s naughtiy Friarises.—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 nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin: But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII., is an anchoremony. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Coltingham, 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, Abel, 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 vizards in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pitance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, Vade in Pacem, 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 Coltingham, 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 imured nun.

[The Edinburgh Reviewer, on st. xxxii. post, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is made in pace—not part in peace, but go into peace, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mitimus to another world.]

NOTE 2 N.

The village inn.—P. 107.

The accommodations of a Scottish hospitie, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar’s admirable tale of “The Friars of Berwick.” Simon Lawder, “the gay ostler,” seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a bolt 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, or daised that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should pre- sume to lodge anywhere except in these hostellaries; and that no person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, un- der the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitiosity. But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find re- ception 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 “dead-bell,” explained by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend’s decease. He tells a story to the purpose in the “Mountain Bard,” p. 26.

[“O lady, ’tis dark, an’ I heard the dead-bell! An’ I daren’ gae yonder for gowd nor fee.”

“By the dead-bell is meant a tinkling in the ears, which our peasantry in the country regard as the secret intelligence of some friend’s decease. Thus this natural occurrence strikes many with a superstitious awe. This reminds me of a trilling anecdotce, 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 finger, which caused a loud shrill sound. I then overheard the following dialogue:—

‘B. Ah, mercy! the dead-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 Midgehope to-night.’—B. I would not go for all the world! I shall warrant it is my poor brother Wat; who knows what these wild Irishies may have done to him!’—Hoggo’s Mountain Bard, 3d Ed. pp. 31-2.”]

NOTE 2 P.

The Gobin-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 Burm gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment: “Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient castle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that ‘Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1627; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country Bo-Hall, i. e. Holgboblin 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 Hopes-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 Genera

1 James I. Par' amend I. cap. 24; Parliamenti III. cap. 66.
Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset."—Statistical Account, vol. xii.—I have only to add, that, in 1737, the Goblin Hall was tenanted by the Marquis of Tweeddale's falconer, as I learn from a poem, by Boyse, entitled "Retirement," written upon visiting Yester. It is now rendered inaccessible by the fall of the stair.

Sir David Dalynmple's authority for the anecdote is in For-
dun, whose words are,—"A. D. McCCLVIII. Hugo Giffard
de Yester moritur; ejus castrum, vel saltum cecum, et
dongonum, arte daemonico antiquae relationes furtur fabri-
ficatues: nam ibidem habetur mirabilia specus subterraneas,
opere mirifico constructas, magno terrarum spatio prote-
latas, qui communiter Bo-Mall appellatas est." Lib.
X. esp. 21.—Sir David conjectures that Hugh de Giffard must
either have been a very wise man, or a great oppressor.

NOTE 2 Q.

There floated Haco's banner trim
Above Norweyen warriors grim.—110.

In 1533, Haco, King of Norway, came into the Frith of Clyde with a powerful armament, and made a descent at Largs, in Ayshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 24th October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Ork-
nay, 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 con-
tain bones and urns.

NOTE 2 R.

The wizard habit strange.—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 lappets on each side, and far within.
Their gowns are long, and surced with fox-skins, under which
they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their
girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names,
with crosses, trines, and circles inscribed on them. Their
shoes should be of new russet 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 Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, an-
nexed to Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witches, edition 1655.

NOTE 2 S.

Upon his breast a pentacle.—111.

"A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners,
according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with char-
acters. This the magician extends towards the spirit 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. 68.

NOTE 2 T.

As born upon that blessed night,
When yawning graves and dying groan
Proclaim'd Hell's empire overthrown.—111.

It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on
Christmas, or Good Friday have the power of seeing spirits,
both to combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and amputated 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 effectual 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 retract.

The most singular tale of the kind is contained in an extract communicated to me by my friend Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, in the Bishopric, who copied it from a MS. note in a copy of Burton's, "On the Nature of Spirits, 8vo. 1694," which 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 an hundred years older, and was said to be, E librum Comment. Duemil, per T. C. extract., whom I believe to have been Thomas Crockett, Esq. barrister, who held several offices under the see of Durham a hundred years ago. Mr. Gill was possessed of most of his manuscripts." The extract, which, in fact, suggested the introduction of the tale into the present poem, runs thus:

"Rem miram hujusmodi qua nostris temporibus eventit, testi viro nobili a fide dignissimo, exanrare haurunt pipiget. Radulphus Balmer, cum e castris, qua tunc temporis prope Norham posita erant, oblationis causa, exissit, ac in ulteriori Tueda rigid praelum cum canibus leporaris insae- quecurat, forte cum Scoto quadam nobili, sibi antieke, ut videbat, familiariter cognito, congressus est; ac, ut fas orat inter similium, flagrante bello, brevisissimi interroga- tiones mora interposuit, alter utro sic inicito incitari causis animo imitari poterit. Noster, primo occasus, eque praec- cernito hostis impetu labante, in terram eversus pectore et capite fauso, sanguinem, mortuo simulis, evocavit. Quem ut se aggre habentem comiter allocatur est alter, pollicite- que, modo auxilion non abnegaret, monitique obtinemus ab omni rerum sacrorum cognitione abstineret, nec Dee, Despares, Virgini, Sancto uilo, prope aut eova offerret vel socio esse compararet, se brevi cum sapum validaque resi- tutionem esse. Prae angore obviam conditionis accepta est: ac veteris illae nescio quid ossaum murmuris insurrumissum, pro premia manu, dicto cito in pedes sum ut ante sube- vobit. Noster autem, maxima prae rei inaudita novitate orminis perculcus, Mi Jesu! exclamavit, vel quid simile; ac subito resipicit nec hostem nec uelam alium conspicit, equo solum gravissimo nuper exha afflictum, per sumnum vacem in rivo flave puntum. Ad castra itaque mirabundus reverteres, fidei dubium, rem primo occluvetit, dein, con- tecto bello, Consaciore suo totam asseruit. Deliaeoria pra- cul dubio res tota, ac male veteranior illius opitur fraud, qua heminem Christianum ad vitiem tale auxilium pellic- ret. Nomen inuenisse illius (nobilis illius ac clares) reticen- dum ducet, cum hand dubium sit quin Diabolum, Deus permit- tente, formam quam imbuerit, immo angiui lucis, sacro ocule Dei teste, posses asservere." The MS. chronicle, from when Mr. Crockett took this curious extract, cannot now be found in the Chapter Library of Durham, or, at least, has hitherto escaped the researches of my friendly correspondent.

Lindesay is made to allude to this adventure of Ralph Balmer, as a well-known story, in the 4th Cant, Stanza xxi. p. 121.

The northern champions of old were accosted peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on the subject, in BARTOLI- NUS, De Causis contempta Mortis a Danis, p. 253.

Note 2 V.

Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain,
The morn may find the stifled swain.—P. 114.

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which these lines were written, suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Amshead.

Note 2 W.

Frier Rush.—P. 115.

Sir William Forbes of Pitligo, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Beattie," whom he befriended and patronized in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published, before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend, to whom this introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

Note 2 X.

Frier Rush.—P. 116.

Alias, "Will o' the Wisp." This personage is a scurrying demon, or espirit follet, who, once upon a time, got admittance 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,—

"She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by Frier's lantern led."  

"The history of Frier 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 Scot; in his "Discovery of Witches." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Beloe's "Antiquities of Literature," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

Note 2 Y.

Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
Lord Lion King-at-Arms.—P. 117.

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindesay's Works, by Mr. George Chalmers, has probably introduced him to many of my readers. It is perhaps to be regretted, that the learned Editor had not bestowed more pains in elucidating his author, even although he should have omitted, or at least reserved, his disquisitions on the origin of the language used by the poet.

Then played I twenty springis perquirre,
Quilkil was great pleasur for to hear;'

Vol. i. p. 7, 257.

Mr. Chalmers does not inform us, he note or glossary, what is meant by the King " movyn pa, da, lyn, upon the lute;" but any old woman is
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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. I am uncertain if I abuse poetical license, by introducing Sir David Lindsay in the character of Lion-Herald, sixteen years before he obtained that office. At any rate, I am not the first who has been guilty of this antithesisism for the author of Fading Flowers, but discharges Dallemount, which can mean nobody but Sir Dav-id de la Mont, to France, on the message of defiance from James IV. to Henry VIII. It was often an office imposed on the Lion King-at-arms, to receive foreign ambassadors; and Lindsay himself did this honor to Sir Ralph Sadler in 1539-40. Indeed, the oath of the Lion, in its first article, bears reference to his frequent employment upon royal messages and embassies.

The office of heralds, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the Kings-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionately solemn. In fact, it was the ministration of a royal coronation, except that the anointment was made with wine instead of oil. In Scotland, a namesake and kinsman of Sir David Lindsay, inaugurated in 1592, "was crowned by King James with the ancient crown of Scotland, which was used before the Scottish kings assumed a close crown; and, on occasion of the same solemnity, dined at the King's table, wearing the crown. It is probable that the coronation of his predecessor was not less solemn. So sacred was the herald's office, that, in 1515, Lord Drummond was by Parliament declared guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited, because he had struck with his fist the Lion King-at-arms, when he reproved him for his follies.1 Nor was he stored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation.

NOTE 2 Z.

Crichton Castle.—P. 118.

A large ruinous 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 portico, 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. Scotland will bear witness, that Os, da, lyn, are the first efforts of a child to say, "Where's David Lindsay?" and that the subsequent words begin another sentence—

"— Upon the lust
Then played I twenty springe presenpes." &c.

In another place, "Justing lumis," i.e. looms, or implements of tillage, is facetiously interpreted "playful limbus." Many such minute errors could be pointed out; but these are only mentioned incidentally, and not as diminishing the real merit of the edition. The record expresses, or rather is said to have expressed, the cause of forfeiture to be,—"Ex quo rustam, armarum Regem pugno violatam donec et de impelte eae signifies the place, "See Notes on Hereditary Pastries, chap. xvi.; and LASTIAX HISTORIA AS ANNARUM 1515."

1 Eo in Scotland, formerly, as still in some parts of Greece, the great chieftains required, as an acknowledgment of their authority, that those who passed through their lands should repair to their castle, to explain the purpose of their journey, and receive the hospitality suited to their rank. It is suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that Pas, da, lyn, ought rather to be interpreted, play, Davy Lindsay.

Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The sofats are ornamented with twining corugle and rosettes; and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheld in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1446. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruin shows the contrary. In 1543, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James I., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Mar-garet, 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 fortresses of Stew-art, 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 Callender, Baronet. It were to be wished the proprietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and wintering castle; although, perhaps, there are very few ruins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon vault, called the Massy More. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracen origin. It occurs twice in the "Epitola Itinerario" of Tollus. "Casa subterranea, sine, at Mauri appellant, Marmora, " p. 147; and again, "Cynuturn omnes Captivi sub noctum in ergastula subterranea, qua Turca Algerian vocant Marmoras," p. 243. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.2

NOTE 3 A.

Earl Adam Hepburn.—P. 118.

He was the second Earl of Bothwell, and fell in the field of Flodden, where, according to an ancient English poet, he disingenuously himself by a furious attempt to retrieve the day—

"Then on the Scottish part, right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,
And stepping forth, with stomach good,
Into the enemies' throng he thrust;
And Bothwell! Bothwell! cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to ensue,
To neglect this was held disloyalty in the great, and insolence in the inferior traveller; and so strictly was the etiquette insisted on by some few lords, that the Lord Oliphant is said to have planted guns at his castle of Newstyle in Angus, so as to command the high road, and compel all resting passengers to do this act of homage.

"It chanced when such ideas were predominant, that the Lord of Crichton Castle received intelligence that a Southern chieftain of high rank, none 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 Baron paraded the disconsolate trumpery with a body of horsemen, made him prisoner, and confined him in the dungeon, where he himself and his vassals feasted upon the good cheer which had been provided. With the morning, however, came reflection, and anxiety for the destination feud which impended, as the accursed consequences of Sir William's unseasonable proceeding. It is said, that, by way of amende honorable, the Baron, upon the second day, placed his compelled guest in his seat of honor in the hall, while he himself retired into his own dungeon, and thus did at once penance for his rashness, satisfied 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 Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii. pp. 192-3.—Ed.

1 Eo in Scotland, formerly, as still in some parts of Greece, the great chieftains required, as an acknowledgment of their authority, that those who passed through their lands should repair to their castle, to explain the purpose of their journey, and receive the hospitality suited to their rank. It is suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that Pas, da, lyn, ought rather to be interpreted, play, Davy Lindsay.

2 It is by no means an uncommon idea, that Pas, da, lyn, ought rather to be interpreted, play, Davy Lindsay.
But there he caught a welcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him threw.
Thus Haburn through his hardy heart
His fatal foe in conflict found," &c.


Adam was grandfather to James, Earl of Bothwell, too well known in 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 Placottic with characteristic simplicity:—"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 meet at the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there 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 disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so nastily, conform to the charge of the King's proclamation.

"The King came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Connell, 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 at the kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen 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 slye red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets, a which ran down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speaking 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 groffing on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: Sir King, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou doest, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that pasteth with thee. Further she bade thee meet with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thine theirs: for, if thou do, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame."

"By this man had spoken thir words unto the King's grace, the evening-song was near done, and the King passed 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 vanisht away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blick of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could so more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindsay, Lyon-herald, and John Inglis the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the King's grace, were standing presently beside the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have spiered further tidings 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 information of our Sir David Lindsay: "In ies (i.e., qui proprius est), fait David Lindesey, Montauus, homo spectata

fei et probitatis, nee a literarum studio alius, et cujus totius vite temor legiussine a mentiendo aberrat; a quo nisi ego hae ut tradis, pro certis accepissem, ut vulgatam van- nis rumoribus fabulum, omnissius eram."—Lib. xii. The King's throne, in St. Catherines's aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with twelve stalls for the Knights Companions of the Order of the Thistle, is still shown as the place where the apparition was seen. I know not by what means St. Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated moni
tor 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 Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle or an imposture. Mr. Pinkerton plausibly argues, from the caution against incontinence, that the Queen was privy to the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient to detain King James from his impolitic war.

Note 3 C.

The wild-buck bells.—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 VIII., Sir Thomas Wortley, built Wantley Lodge, in Wanmilie Forest, for the pleasure (as an ancient inscription testifies) of "listening to the hart's bell."

Note 3 D.

June saw his father's overthrow.—P. 119.

The rebellion against James III. was signalized 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, fled out of the field, fell from his horse as it started at a woman and waterpiper, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Stirling, and hearing the monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. See a following note on stanza ix. of canto v. The battle of Sauchie-barn, in which James III. fell, was fought 15th June, 1488.

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 wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James V. 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 simila

1 Buchs. 2 Long. 3 Checka. 4 Ashling. 5 Middle.
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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 Burntisland Links. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word Har, signifying an army.

Note 3 F.

Pavilions.—P. 122.

I do not exactly know the Scottish mode of encampment in 1513, but Patten gives a curious description of 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 other tents with posts, as the usual 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 be-set (after their fashion), for the love of France, with fleur-de-lys, some of blue buckram, some of black, and some of some other colours. These white ridges, as I call them, that, as we stood on Faxy dye 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 cambric in dede, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather cymbys 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, whereas two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two ends beneath stack in the ground, an ell asunder, standing in fashion like the bowes of a sowes yoke; over two such bowes (one, as it were, at their head, the other at their feet), they stretched a sheet down on both sides, whereby their cabin became roofed like a ridge, but skant shut at both ends, and not very close beneath on the sides, unless their sticks were the shorter, or their wives the more liberal to lend them larger 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 were hapt in horses dung."—

Paten's Account of Somerset's Expedition.

Note 3 G.

—in proud Scotland's royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.—P. 122.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double pressure round the shield, mention, counter fleur-de-lysed or turged and armed aure, was first assumed by Echanius, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Archy, little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregarius 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 ingestions and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epi-

that here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the proposed distinction.

Note 3 I.

Since first, when conquering York arose,
To Henry meek she gave repose.—P. 125.

Henry VI., with his Queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton. In this note a doubt was formerly expressed, whether Henry VI. came to Edinburgh, though his Queen certainly did; Mr. Pinkerton inclining to believe that he remained at Kirkcudbright. 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 1363. 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 disconsolate monarch and his family, called forth on Scotland the encomium of Molinet, a contemporary poet. The English people, he says,—

"Un royaume, le ciel en destinant,
Par despitiuous vouloir,
Le vieil en debout et toures,
Et son legitime horte,
Qui futyf alla prendre,
D'Escocce le garand,
De tous siecles le mendre,
Et le plus tolerant."

Recollection des Avantures.

Note 3 K.

—the romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilore
Could win the royal Henry's ear.—P. 125.

Mr. Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the "Specimens of Romance, has proved, by the concuring testimony of La Ravallière, 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. 126.

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 bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Holland, "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 unwrapping shafts.

Note 3 M.

To pass, to wheel, the groupe to gain
And high current, that not in vain
The sword away might descend again
On foe'man's casque below.—P. 126.

"The most useful..." as the Frenchmen term it, is terri-
ters; the courbettes, cabrioles, or un pas et un sault, being fitter for horses of parade and triumph than for soldiers; yet I cannot deny but a demiouette with courbettes, so that they be not too high, may be useful in a fight or meslés; for, as La-
brane hath it, in his Book of Horsemanship, Mousier de Montmorency having a horse that was excellent in performing the demiouette, did, with his sword, strike down two adversaries from their horses in a tourney, where divers of the prime gal-
lants of France did meet; for, taking his time, when the horse was in the height of his courbette, and discharging a blow then, his sword fell with such weight and force upon the two cavaliers, one after another, that he struck them from their horses to the ground."—Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life, p. 48.

Note 3 N.

He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd on foot with faces bare.—P. 126.

The Scottish burghers were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, 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 hats, i. e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV. their weapons-escalings are appointed to be held four times a year, under the alderman or bailiff.

Note 3 O.

On foot the yeoman too—
Each at his back (a slander store)
His forty days' provision bore,
His arms were halbert, axe, or spear.—P. 126.

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended to the pe-
asantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defen-
sive armor was the plate-jack, hauber, or brigantine; and their missile weapons crossbows and culverins. All wore swords of excellent temper, according to Patten; and a volum-
inous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army: The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

"Who manfully did meet their foes,
With leden maules, and lances long."

When the feudal army 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-owners, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot.

Note 3 P.

A banquet rich, and costly wines.—P. 128.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory phrase was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1550-60, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Rathway (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red."—Chif-

Note 3 Q.

his iron-belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.—P. 129.

Few readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight of which James added certain ounces every year that he lived. Pitcerron founds his belief, that James was not slain in the battle of Flodden, because the English never had this token of the iron-belt to show to any Scottishman. The person and char-
acter of James are delineated according to our best historians. His romantic disposition, which led him highly to relish gayety, approaching to license, was, at the same time, tinged with en-
thusiastic 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 Fran-
ciscans; 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 sub-
jected himself. There is a very singular poem by Dunbar, seemingly addressed to James IV., on one of these occasions of monastic seclusion. It is a most dainty and profane parody on the services of the Church of Rome, entitled,—

"Dunbar's Dirige to the King,
Bydying over lang in Striulung.
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,
You in Stirling, with distress,
Where neither pleasure nor delight is,
For pity this epistle writis," Sc.

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 xiii. of canto i.], that King James's acquaintance with Lady Illon of Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our his-
torians 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" endeavors, with laud-
able anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from this scandal: that she came and went, however, between the armies of James and Surrey, is certain. See Pinkerton's History, and the au-
thorities he refers to, vol. ii. p. 90. Heron of Ford had been, in 1511, in some sort accessory to the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warder of the Middle Marches. It was
committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, three Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Henry to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fasteal, where the former died. Part of the pretence of Lady Ford's negotiation with James was the liberty of her husband.

**Note 3 S.**

*The fair Queen of France*

Sent him a turquois ring and glove, and charged him, as her knight and love, for her to break a lance.—P. 129.

"Also the Queen of France wrote a love-letter to the King of Scotland, calling him her love, showing him that she had suffered much rebuke in France for the defending of his honor. She believed surely that he would recompense her again with some of his kingly support in her necessity; that is to say, that he would raise her an army, and come three foot of ground on English ground, for her sake. To that effect she sent him a ring off her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses."—Pittscottie, p. 110.—A turquois ring; probably this fatal gift is, with James's sword and dagger, preserved in the College of Heralds, London.

**Note 3 T.**

Archibald Bell-the-Cut.—P. 130.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of Bell-the-Cut, upon the following remarkable occasion:—James the Third, of whom Pittscottie complains, that he delighted more in music, and "polices of building," than in hunting, hawking, and other noble exercises, was so ill advised, as to make favorites of his architects and musicians, whom the same historian inexorably terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honors conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochran, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and, seizing the opportunity, when, in 1622, the King had convoked the whole army of the country to march against the English, they held a midnight council in the church of Launder, for the purpose of forcibly removing these minions from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologist of the Mice, who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will bell-the-cat." The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Pittscottie:—

"By this was advised and spoken by thir lords foresaid, Cochran, the Earl of Mar, came from the King to the council (which council was held in the kirk of Launder for the time), who was well accompanied with a band of men of war, to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery, and black bands thereon, that they might be known for Cochran the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-pye of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of five hundred crowns, and four blowing horns, with both the ends of gold and silk, set with a precious stone, called a berry hanging in the midst. This Cochran had his heumont borne before him, overlit with gold, and so were all the rest of his horns, and all his plaissions were of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof fine twined silk, and the chains upon his plaitons were double overlit with gold.

"This Cochran was so proud in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be marrows to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council inquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Doug' as, Laird of Lochleven, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who inquired who it was that that knocked so rudely? and Cochran answered, 'This is I, the Earl of Mar.' The which news pleased well the lords, because they were readyborn to cause take him, as is before rehearsed. Then the Earl of Angus passed hastily to the door, and with him Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, there to receive in the Earl of Mar, and so many of his complices who were there, as they thought good. And the Earl of Angus met with the Earl of Mar, as he came in at the door, and pulled the golden chain from his craig, and said to him, a tow 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 mows, or earnest?' They answered, and said, 'It is good earnest, and so thou shalt find; for thou and thy complices have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shalt have thy reward according to thy good service, as thou hast deserved in times bypast; right so the rest of thy followers.'

"Notwithstanding, the lords held them quiet till they caused certain armed men to pass into the King's pallion, and two or three wise men to pass with them, and give the King fair pleasant words, till they held hands on all the King's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawder. Incontinent they brought forth Cochran, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion bows 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 tether, and hanged him over the bridge of Lawder, above the rest of his complices."—Pittscottie, p. 78, folio edit.

**Note 3 U.**

Against the war had Angus stood, And chiefly his royal Lord.—P. 130.

Angus was an old man when the war against England was resolved upon. He earnestly spoke against that measure from its commencement; and, on the eve of the battle of Flodden, remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting, that the King said to him, with scorn and indignation, "If he was afraid he might go home." The Earl burst into tears at this insipid insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbervie, to command his followers. They were both slain in the battle, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The aged Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and his country, retired into a religious house, where he died about a year after the field of Flodden.

**Note 3 V.**

Tantallon hold.—P. 131.

The ruins of Tantallon Castle occupy a high 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 Rape. 2 Rent. 3 Halter.
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*, 1792, p. lxi.

Note 3 Y.

Perchance some form was unobserved;

Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved.—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 findsalvo for the strange and obviously precarious outcome of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amys and Amelion," the one brother-in-arms fighting for the other, disguised in his 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. "Tarn, coward!" exclaimed his antagonist. "Thou liest," said the Italian, "coward am I none; and in this quarrel will I fight to the death, but my first cause of combat was unjust, and I abandon it." "Je vous laisse à penser," adds Brantome, "s'il n'y a pas de l'abîme là!" Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory: "Un autre obs n'y avoit-il, que ceux qui avoient un juste subjéct de querelle, et qu'on les faisoit jurer avant entrer au camp, pensaient estre aussi vingt, voire s'en assuravoient-t'ils de tout, menses que leurs confesseurs, parmi et confidents leurs en répondonoient tout-de-fait, comme si Dieu leur en est donné une patente; et ne regardant point à d'autres fautes passées, et que Dieu en garde la punition à ce coup là pour plus grande, despitueuse, et exemplaire."—Discours sur les Duels.

Note 3 Z.

The Cross.—P. 134.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medallions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh. The Magistrates of Edinburgh, in 1756, with consent of the Lords of Session (*procédur*e) destroyed this curious monument, under a warrant pretext that it encumbered the street; while, on the one hand they left an ugly mass called the Luckenbooths, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumbrance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the heralds published the acts of Parliament; and its site, marked by raili, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.

Note 3 X.

—Martin Swart.—P. 132.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duke of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was de

1 The very curious State Papers of this able negotiator were, in 1810, published by Mr. Clifford, with some notes by the Author of Marmion.
NOTE 4 A.

This supernatural summons came.—P. 134.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the instances recorded above, an attempt, by those averse to the 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 Pitscottie, or Plotcock, is no other than Pluto. The Christians of the middle ages by no means misbelieved in the existence of the heathen deities; they only considered them as devils; and Plotcock, so far from implying any thing fabulous, was a synonyme of the grand emanation mankind. "Yet all their warlike and martial tidings, nor no good counsel, might stop the King, at this present, from his vain purpose, and wicked enterprise, but hasted him fast to Edinburgh, and there to make his provision and furnishing, in having forth his army against the day appointed, that they should meet in the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh: That is to say, seven cannons that he had forth of the Castle of Edinburgh, which were called the Seven Sisters, casten by Robert Borthwick, 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 the Abbey for the time, there was a cry heard at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming as it had been a summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Plotcock; which desired all men to compair, both Earl, and Lord, and Baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his own name), to compair, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of disobedience. But whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell truly; but it was shown to me, that an indweller of the town, Mr. Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair foreanent the Cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a 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 his son.' Verily, the author of this, that caused me write the manner of this summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and 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 perished in the field with the king.'

NOTE 4 B.

One of his own ancestry,
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.—P. 130.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: "Homo belli- cusus, fervo a, 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, term'd 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 lo! 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 humor of the Danes at table displayed itself in peltig each other with bones; and Torrieus tells a long and curious story, in the History of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the Court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable intrenchment, against those who continued the rillery. "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 fall'd, 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 'spoilimg 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 curious note; but I shall content myself with the following description of Christmas, and his attributes, as personified in one of Ben Jonson's Masques for the Court.

"Enter Christmas with two or three of the Guard. He is attired in round hose, long 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 names of his children, with their attires: Miss-Rule, in a velvet cap, with a spig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveler; his torch-bear, bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket; —Caroll, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bear carrying a song-book, open; —Minc'dope, like a fine cook's wife, dress neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons; —Gamboll, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his torch-bear arm'd with coile-staff, and blinding cloth; —Post and Pair, with a pair-royal of aces in his hat, his garment all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters; —New-year's-Gift, in a blue-coat, serving-man like with an orange, and a spig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread; his torch-bear carrying a march-pain, with a bottle of wine on either arm; —Mummimg, in a masquing pied suit, with a visor; his torch-bear carrying the box, and ringing it; —Wassal, like a neat sempster and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl, drest with ribbands, and rosemary, before her; —Offering, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand; a wyt borne before him, and a bason, by his torch-bear; —Baby Cock, drest as the prince of the power of the air. This most remarkable instance of those surviving classical superstitions, is that of the German, com-
First like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, nuckender, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pea.'"

No. 4 E.

Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery.—P. 138.

It seems certain, that the Mummers of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighboring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the Guisards of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some insinquent degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland (in ipso nasci), we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, 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 dough or our neighbors’ plumb-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 unconnectedly. 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, 1783, p. 38.

Since the first edition of Marmion appeared, this subject has received much elucidation from the learned and extensive labors of Mr. Donne; and the Chester Mysteries [edited by J. H. Markland, Esq.] have been printed in a style of great elegance and accuracy (in 1816), by Beasly and Sons, London, for the Roxburghe Club. 1830.

Note 4 F.

Where my great-grand- sire came of old,
With amber beard and flaxen hair.—P. 138.

Mr. Scott of Harden,¹ my kind and affectionate friend, and distant relation, has the original of a poetical invitation, addressed from his grandfather to my relative, from which a few lines in the text are implied. They are dated, as the epistle in the text, from Merrieworth-house, the seat of the Harden family.

"With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air,
Free of anxiety and care,
Come hither, Christmas-day, and dine:
We'll mix sobriety with wine,
And easy mirth with thoughts divine.
We Christians think it holiday,
On no sin to feast or play;
Others, in spite, may fast and pray.
No superstition in the nosh;
Our ancestors made of a goose;

Why may not we, as well as they,
Be innocently blithe that day,
On goose or pie, on wine or ale,
And scorn enthusiastic zeal?—
Pray come, and welcome, or plague rott
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott.

"Mr. Walter Scott, Leswuden."

The venerable old gentleman, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Raeburn. Being the cadet of a cadet of the Harden family, he had very little to lose; yet he contrived to lose the small property he had, by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the house of Stuart. His vibration for the exiled family was so great, that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored: a mark of attachment, which, I suppose, had been common during Cromwell’s usurpation; for, in Cowley’s "Cutting of Coleman Street," one drunken cavalier upholds another, that, when he was not able to afford to pay a barber, he affected to "wear a beard for the King." I sincerely hope this was not absolutely the original reason of my ancestor’s beard; which, as appears from a portrait in the possession of Sir Henry Hay Macdougal, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr. Pitcairn,² was a beard of a most dignified and venerable appearance.

Note 4 G.

The Spirit’s Blasted Tree.—P. 139.

I am permitted to illustrate this passage, by inserting "Ceul bren yr Ellyl," or the Spirit’s Blasted Tree,³ a legendary tale, by the Reverend George Warrington:—

"The event, on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughns of Hengwrt; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out this oak to the passenger. The extremity between the two Welsh chiefs, Howel Sele, and Owen Glendwr, 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 description. Some trace of Howel Sele’s mansion was to be seen a few years ago, and may perhaps be still visible, in the park of Nannau, now belonging to Sir Robert Vaughan, Baronet, in the wild and romantic tracks 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.

"Through Nannau’s Chase, as Howel pass’d,
A chief esteem’d both brave and kind,
Far distant borne, the stag-hounds’ cry
Came muttering 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 brake.

side from Dr. Pitcairn, my father became possessed of the portraits in question.

¹ The history of their feud may be found in Pennant’s Tour in Wales.
"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 croak,—they scent their destined prey.

Ill-omen'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 many an anxious year delay'd.

A peasant mark'd his angry eye,
He saw him reach the lake's dark bourne,
He saw him near a Blasted Oak,
But never from that hour return.

Three days pass'd o'er, no tidings came:
Where should the Chief his 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 ne'er must see their lord again.

Yet Fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the Chief once more:
Some saw him on high Moat's top,
Some saw him on the windings shore.

With wonder fraught the tale went round,
Amazement chain'd the hearer's tongue:
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse and steward gray
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,
Or mark the flitting spirit stray.

Pale lights on Cadair's rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan;
'Twas even said the Blasted Oak,
Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan:

And to this day the peasant still,
With cautious fear, avoids the ground;
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound.

Ten annual suns had held their course,
In summer's smile, or winter storm;
The lady shed the widow'd tear,
As off she traced his manly form.

Yet still to hope her heart would cling,
As o'er the mind illusions play,—
Of travel fond, perhaps her lord
To distant lands had steer'd his way.

"Twas now November's cheerless hour,
Which drenching rain and clouds deface
Deary bleak Robell's tract appear'd,
And dull and dank each valley's space

Load o'er the weir the hoarse flood fell,
And dash'd the foaming spray on high;
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angry brownd the evening sky.

A stranger pass'd Llanellitid's bourne,
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 warder to the gate,
To know what meant the clamorous 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 loved so well.

Then, as he cross'd the spacious hall,
The menials look surprise and fear;
Still o'er 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 foe:
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 potent spell,
Lingered from sad Salopia's field
'Reft of his aid the Percy fell;—

"E'en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pursued him with unwearied step;
Vindictive 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 toil his scanty bread;
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne
And her brave sons to glory led I
"To penny extreme, and grief,
The Chieftain fell a lingering prey;
I heard his last few faltering words,
Such as with pain I now convey.

"To Scone’s sad widow bear the tale,
Nor let our horrid secret rest;
Give but his corse 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 fled;
With him I shunn’d the light of day.

"Proscribed by Henry’s hostile rage,
My country lost, despis’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 I well
Sad victim of a private feud!

"Led by the arrow of the chase,
Far distant from his own domain,
From where Garthmaelan spreads her shades
The Glyndwr sought the opening plain.

"With head aloft and antlers wide,
A red buck roused then cross’d in view:
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

"With bitter taunt and keen reproach,
He, all impetuous, post’d his rage;
Reviled the Chief, as weak in arms,
And bade him load the battle wage.

"Glyndwr for once restrain’d his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delays;
But soften’d words, 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 eager vasals ranging wide,
His bloodbound’s keen sagacious scent,
O’er 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 shrivel’d arms were bare.

"Be this, I cried, his proper grave!—
(The thought in me was deadly sin.)
Aloft we raised the hapless Chief,
And dropp’d his bleeding corpse within.'

"A shriek from all the damnsels burst,
That pierced the vaulted roofs below;
While horroe-struck the Lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe.

"With stupid stare and vacant gaze,
Full on his face her eyes were cast,
Absorb’d!—she lost her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

"Like wild-fire o’er a mossy heath,
The rumor 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 scene withdrew:
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whiten’d bones to view!—

"Back they recoll’d!—the right hand still,
Contracted, grasp’d a rusty sword;
Which erst 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.'

NOTE 4 H.
The Highlander
Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,
If ask’d to tell a fairy tale."—P. 139.
The Dnoine shi’, or Men of Peace, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian Dvergar than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their 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 subterranean 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.

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.
"Passed the pretty little village of Francheumont (near Spa), with the romantic ruins of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of these stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many superstitions. 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 infernal majesty to vacate his seat, but in vain; the huntsman remained immovable. At last, moved by the earnestness of the priest, he told him that he would agree to resign the chest, if the exorciser would sign his name with blood. But the priest understood his meaning, and refused, as by that act he would have delivered over his soul to the Devil. Yet if anybody can discover the mystic words used by the person who deposited the treasure, and pronounce them, the fiend must instantly desamp. I had many stories of a similar nature from a peasant, who had himself seen the Devil in the shape of a great cat."

**Note 4 K.**

_The very form of Hilda fair,
Honoring upon the sunny air,
And smiling on her votaries' prayer._—P. 141.

"I shall only produce one instance more of the great ven- eration paid to Lady Hilda, which still prevails even in these our days; and that is, the constant opinion that she rendered, and still renders, visible homage on some occasions, in the Abbey of Strensahulh or Whitby, where she so long resided. At a particular time of the year (viz. in the summer months), at ten or eleven in the forenoon, the sunbeams fall in the inside of the northern part of the choir; and 'tis then that the spectators, who stand on the west side of Whitby churchyard, so as just to see the most northerly part of the abbey pass the north end of Whitby church, imagine they perceive, in one of the highest windows there, the resemblance of a woman arrayed in a shroud. 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 Papists, 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."—Charleton's History of Whitby, p. 33.

**Note 4 L.**

_the huge and sweeping brand
Which want of gore, in battle fray,
His formen's limbs to shed away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray._—P. 143.

The Earl of Angus had strength and personal activity corresponding to his courage. Spens of Kipspide, 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 Lindesay of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell to single combat at Carberry Hill. See Introduction to the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

**Note 4 M.**

And hopst thou hence unsought to go? 
Nay! by St. Bride of Bothwell, no! 
Up drawbridge, grooms! — What, Warder, ho! 
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 cliefstains possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Macellan, Tutor of Bombay, who, having refused to acknowledge the pre-eminence claimed by Douglas over the gentlemen and Barons of Galloway, was seized and imprisoned by the Earl, in his castle of the Thrive, on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the Tutor of Bombay, and obtained from the King a "sweet letter of supplication," praying the Earl to deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. When Sir Patrick arrived at the castle, he was received with all the honors due to a favorite serv- ant of the King's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter to the Earl, who received it with great affectation of reverence; "and took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and showed him the manner, and said, 'Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head: take his body, and do with it what you will.'—Sir Patrick answered again, with a sore heart, and said, 'My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispone upon the body as ye please; and with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the Earl on this manner, 'My lord, if I live you shall be rewarded for your labors that you have used at this time according to your demerits.'

"At this saying the Earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the Earl's fury, spurred his horse, but he was chased near Edinburgh ere they left him; and had it not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken."—Pittock's History, p. 30.

**Note 4 N.**

_A letter forged!—Saint Jude to speed! Did ever knight so foul a deed!_—P. 144.

Lest the reader should parake 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 Mathilda; which, being detected, occasioned his flight into England, and proved the remote cause of Edward the Third's memorable wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

**Note 4 O.**

_Lennel's convent._—P. 145.

This was a Cisterian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Lennel House is now the residence of my venerable friend, Patrick Brydone, Esquire, so well known in the literary world. It is situated near Coldstream, almost opposite to Cornhill, and consequently very near to Flodden Field.

**Note 4 P.**

_Twistle 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. 1826.
James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The 'Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-western direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel-bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Fittscottie puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

The ancient bridge of Twisel, by which the English crossed the Till, is still standing beneath Twisel Castle, a splendid pile of Gothic architecture, as now rebuilt by Sir Frances Blake, Bart., whose extensive plantations have so much improved the country around. The Glen is romantic and delightful, with steep banks on each side, covered with copse, particularly with Hawthorn. Beneath a tall rock, near the bridge, is a plentiful fountain, called St. Helen's Well.

NOTE 4 Q.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray.—P. 147.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighboring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem of "Flodden Field,"

"The English line stretch'd east and west,
And southward were their faces set;
The Scottish northward proudly prest,
And manfully their foes met."

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's battalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the saltimbanq of Chester. Lord Dacres, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence, 1 The Earl of Huntley and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing 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 effectual check. Home's men, chiefly Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded 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 undisciplined 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 Surrey, who commanded the respective centres 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 Sir Constable de Sawle, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarcce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note.—See the only distinct detail of the Field of Flodden in Parker's History, Book xi.; all former accounts being full of blunders and inconsistency.

The spot from which Clara views the battle must be supposed to have been on a hillock commanding the rear of the English right wing, which was defeated, and in which conflict Marmion is supposed to have fallen.

NOTE 4 R.

—Brian Tunstall, stainless knight.—P. 147.

Sir Brian Tunstall, called in the romantic language of the time, Tunstall the Undefiled, was one of the few Englishmen of rank slain at Flodden. He figures in the ancient English poem, to which I may safely refer my readers; as an edition, with full explanatory notes, has been published by my friend, Mr. Henry Weber. Tunstall, perhaps, derived his epithet of encampment, a short distance from Flodden Hill, a tumulus, which, on removing, exhibited a very singular sepulture. In the centre, a large urn was found, but in a thousand pieces. It had either been broken to pieces by the stones falling upon it when digging, or had gone to pieces on the admission of the air. This urn was surrounded by a number of cells formed of flat stones, in the shape of graves, but too small to hold the body in its natural state. These sepulchral recesses contained nothing except ashes or dust of the same kind as that in the urn.—"Says" Local Records (2 vols. 8vo, 1833), vol. ii. pp. 60 and 109.
uded from his white armor and banner, the latter bearing a white cock, about to crow, as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith. His place of residence was Thurland Castle.

Note 4 S.

Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
And fell on Flodden plain;
And well in death his trusty brand,
Firm clenched'd within his many hand,
Besem'd the monarch slain.—P. 151

There can be no doubt that King James fell in the battle of Flodden. He was killed, says the curious French Gazette, within a lance's length of the Earl of Surrey; and the same account adds, that none of his division were made prisoners, though many were killed; a circumstance that testifies the desperation of their resistance. The Scottish historians record many of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of their day. Home was accused, by the popular voice, not only of failing to support the King, but even of having carried him out of the field, and murdered him. And this tale was revived in my remembrance, by an unauthentic story of a skeleton, wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle; for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said, that, if the well were cleaned out, he would not be surprised at such a discovery. Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favorite; he had much to lose (in fact did lose all) in consequence of James's death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event; but the retreat, or inactivity of the left wing which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmond Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred that James, weary of greatness after the 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 the token of the iron belt; which, however, he was likely enough to have laid aside on the day of battle, as encountering his personal 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 disgraceful story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch 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 garnished on the part of the King, took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, who, with Sir John Gill, commanded the assailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the 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 England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this, and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined 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"—

Ουτος μὲν ὁ ἄξιος ἄνατος ἑκτελέσται. 
Νῦν οὖν σκοτώ ἄλλον. 

"One venturous game my hand has won to-day—
Another, gallants, yet remains to play." 1

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 Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feudal and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to contemplate 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, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. 2 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 subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin! You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than 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 expostulation in the words of Montrose—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all." 3

Author 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 character, with a front and rear guard, and loaded arms. 4—Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 193.

"The lady with whom Sir Walter Scott held this conversation was, no doubt, his aunt, Miss Christian Rutherford; there was no other female relation dead when this Introduction was written, whom I can suppose him to have consulted on literary questions. Lady Capulet, on seeing the corpse of Tybalt, exclaims,—

'Tybalt, my cousin! oh my brother's child!'"


"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,

• With the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a!"

Afterwards, I showed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconcile her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and 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 "heze up my hope," like the "sportsman with his cutty gun," in the old song. He was bred a farmer, but a man of powerful understanding, natural good taste, and warm poetical feeling, perfectly competent to supply the wants of an imperfect or irregular education. He was a passionate admirer of field-sports, which we often pursued together.

As this friend happened to dine with me at Ashestiel one day, I took the opportunity of reading to him the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake," in order to ascertain the effect the poem was likely to produce upon a person who was but too 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,

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 bugle from his side,
He blew both loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping over the hill,
Then he took out a little knife,
Let a' his dudlies fa',
And he was the bravest gentleman
That was among them a'.
And we'll go no more a-roving." &c. 3

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." 4

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 induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant 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. 5 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 then 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-ascertained 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 candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality to me, which I could not have claimed from merit; and I 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, like Dogberry, I generously bestowed all my tediousness on the public, comforting myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undeserving of the 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 solitary occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public, had bestowed upon me, and preferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indolence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the negative 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 Clarion-Cross to rise again at Queenhithe.

It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village, must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in 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.

ABBOTTTSFORD, April, 1830.

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 50,000 copies more. So that, down to the month of July, 1836, the legitimate sale in Great Britain has been not less than 50,000 copies.”—Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 248.

1 “In twice five years the ‘greatest living poet,’
Like to the champion in the fistic ring,
Is call’d on to support his claim, or show it,
Although ’tis an imaginary thing,” etc.

Don Juan, canto xi. st. 55.

2 “Sir Walter reign’d before me,” etc.

Don Juan, canto xi. st. 57.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE

JOHN JAMES MARQUIS OF ABERCORN,

dc. dc. dc.

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 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 every thing 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 and keenness of observation, an almost intuitive glance, which nature 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 also 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 its 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 lightness and compactness of form, the wildness of air, and the careless ease of attitude of these mountainaeers, 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.

"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 scenes; 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 still tenanted—those of love, of music, and of song—their hardy and irregular life, so unlike the unvarying toils of the Saxon mechanic—their devotion to their chiefs—their wild and lofty 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.

"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."—Jeffrey, Edinburgh Review, No. xvi. for 1810.

"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 clan is 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 not 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 Scottane or the Death of Marmion."—Mackintosh, in his Diary 1811, see his Life, vol. ii. p. 82.

"The Lay, if I may venture to state the creed now estab-
The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

Harp 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;¹
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muiling 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:²
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames 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 soo’er the hand
That ventures o’er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill com-
mand
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 throbb higher at its sway
The wizard note has not been touch’d in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan’s rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney’s hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
“To arms! the foeman 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 beam’d frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment sniff’d the tainted gale,
A moment listen’d to the cry,
That thicken’d as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear’d,
With one brave bound the copse he clear’d,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of 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 rung out,
A hundred voices join’d the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich’s echoes knew.

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;\textsuperscript{1}
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun;
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,
Was fain to breathe his huffing horse;
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessen'ing pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain's side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

\textbf{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\textsuperscript{2} 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 Benvenue.
Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,\textsuperscript{3}

\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{1} See Appendix, Note A.}
\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{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 Avenand, 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 cataracts.}
\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{3} Fresh vigor with the thought return'd, With flying foot the heath he shan'd.}

With flying foot the heath he shan'd,
Held westward with unwearyed race,
And left behind the panting chase.

\textbf{VI.}

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;\textsuperscript{4}
What reins were tighten'd in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;\textsuperscript{5}
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunnd to stem the flooded Teith,—\textsuperscript{6}
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar;\textsuperscript{7}
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,\textsuperscript{8}
The headmost horseman rode alone.

\textbf{VII.}

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourage and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gusp with sob he drew,
The laboring stag strain'd full in view,
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed, ¹
Fast on his flying traces came
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII.
The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whinnyard drew; ²
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's ³ wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the bawled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yeild 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 slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

¹ See Appendix, Note B. ² Ibid. Note C.
³ "The term Trosach signifies the rough or bristled territory."—Graham.
⁴ MS.—"And on the hunter hied his pace,
'To meet some comrades of the chase.'

X.
Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they press'd,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the diingle'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, ⁵
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

XI.
The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was 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 bulwarks of the pass, ⁶
Huge as the tower ⁷ which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Sinhar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, done, 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 streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII.
Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.

⁵ MS.—"The mimic castles of the pass."
⁶ The Tower of Babel.—Genesis, xi. 1-9.
⁷ MS.—"Nor were these mighty bulwarks bare."
⁸ MS.—"Bright glistening with the dewdrop's sheen."
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingle there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each clift a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues 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 glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII.
Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim, as
As served the wild-duck's 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 stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-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.—"His scathed trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His rugged arms athwart the sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where twinking streamers waved and danced."

† MS.—"Affording scarce such breadth of flood,
As served to float the wild-duck's brood."

‡ MS.—"Emerging dry-shod from the wood."

§ See Appendix, Note D.

Loch Kettarin 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 Catterine, or wild robbers, who hainted its shores.

Bennavenue—is literally the little mountain—i. e. as contrasted with Benledi and Benlomond.

MS.—"His ruin'd sides and fragments hoar,

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, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvennue Down on the lake in masses threw Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurld.
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, raptured and amazed.
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 blythely might the bugle-horn Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute Chinne, 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."

According to Graham, Ben-an, or Bennan, is a mere diminutive of Ben—Mountain.

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 detains 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. Not 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, 1829.

From the high promontory gazed
The stranger, awe-struck and amazed.
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,—beschew you nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my 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 guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,5
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddy'ing, 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 Lad'y 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 Najad of the strand.

XVIII.
And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace6
A Nymph, a Najad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent brow,
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 heath-flower dash'd the dew,
E'en the slight harebell raise'd its head,
Elastic from her airy tread;
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—7
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear

XIX.
A Chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood,8 her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a sood 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 brooch the folds combined.
Above a heart more good and kind,
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the North.
One only passion unreveal'd,
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,—¹
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, alarm'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;
(For so the startled swan would swing;²
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 road:
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.

XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still³
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 couch was pull'd for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan 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, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune lost,
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 romantic strand,⁴
I found a stay 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.⁵
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 horn so gayly gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage 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'er the lake were borne."

XXIV.

The stranger smiled:—"Since to your home
A destined errant-knight I come,
³ MS.—"So o'er the lake the swan would spring,
Then turn to prune its ruffled wing."
⁴ MS.—"Till on this lake's enchanting strand."
⁵ MS.—"Her father's hall was open still."
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 e'er before,
His noble hand had grasp'd an oar.¹
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

**XXV.**
The stranger view'd the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden show'd
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And open'd on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.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 unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine

The ivy and Idaean vine,
The clematis, the favor'd flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she said,
And gayly to the stranger said,
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

**XXVII.**
"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He crossed the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,
But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,
When on the floor he saw display'd,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
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 buggle 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,²
And there the wild-cat's brinded hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncount tapestry all,
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

**XXVIII.**
The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon rais'd:—
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 stalwart 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;"³

¹ MS.—"This gentle hand had grasp'd an oar:
Yet with main strength the oars he drew."
² See Appendix, Note G.
³ MS.—"Here grins the wolf as when he died,

There hung the wild-cat's brinded hide,
Above the elk's branch'd brow and skull,
And frontlet of the forest bull."
But in the absent giant’s hold
Are women now, and menials old.”

                                                                                     XXIX.
The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother’s due.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 name²
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fallest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foe man’s door
Unquestion’d turn, the banquet o’er.
At length his rank the stranger names,
“The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James:
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with 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;³
Outstripp’d his comrades, miss’d the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wander’d here.”

XXX.
Fain would the knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen’s sire.
Well show’d the elder lady’s mien;³
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks display’d⁴
The simple grace of silvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Show’d she was come of gentle race.
’Twere strange, in ruder rank to find,
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turn’d all inquiry light away:
“Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
’Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing;⁵
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Fill’d up the symphony between.”⁶

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 dewing,
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

“No rude sound shall reach thine ear;⁶
Armor’s clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor ribroch summon here
Mustering, clan, or squadron trampling.
Yet the lark’s shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bitter 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 lay⁷
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song continues.
“Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye⁸
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;

Each anxious hint the stranger gave,
The mother heard with silence grave.”

¹ See Appendix, Note I.
² See Appendix, Note K.
³ MS.—“Well show’d the mother’s easy mien.”
⁴ 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.
⁵ MS.—“How sweet our spells shall sweeten ye,”
⁶ MS.—“Let our slumbrous spells柔软 ye,”
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
    How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

XXXIII.

The hall was clear—d—the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dream’d their forest sports again.¹
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lull’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 he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
O were his senses false or true!
Dream’d he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?²

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,

MS.—“And dream’d their mountain chase again.”

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o’er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred slumbers 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 pleas and joy mixt woe the heart.

¹ Or are you sporting—bld the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam a fresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cure estranged, and manhood’s thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied:

² 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 darker’d cheek and threatening eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recall’d the vision of the night.³
The hearth’s decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid these the stranger fix’d his eye,
Where that huge fælæhung hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rush’d chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV.

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,⁴
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 were the heart whose passions’ sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:—
“Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain-maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fever’d dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I’ll dream no more—by manly 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 warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!”—Castle of Indolence, Canto I.

³ Such a strange and romantic dream as may be naturally expected to flow from the extraordinary events of the past day. It might, perhaps, be quoted as one of Mr. Scott’s most successful efforts in descriptive poetry. Some few lines of it are indeed unrivalled for delicacy and melancholy tenderness.”—Critical Review.

⁴ MS.—“Play’d on Loch Katrine’s still expanses;
The birch, the wild-rose, and the broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume.

The birch-trees wept in balmy dew:
The aspen slept on Benvenue;
Wild were the heart whose passions’ power
Defied the influence of the hour.”
Ellen, Douglas and Fitz-James.

LADY OF THE LAND.
His midnight orisons he told,  
A prayer with every bead of gold,  
Consign’d to heaven his cares and woes,  
And sunk in woe disturb’d repose;  
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
And morning dawn’d on Benvenue.

And sunken cheek and heavy eye,  
Pine for his Highland home;  
Then, warrior, then be thine to show  
The care that soothes a wanderer’s woe;  
Remember then thy lap erewhile,  
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 some where kindness worth shall smile,  
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,  
’Tis morning prompts the linnet’s blithest lay,  
All Nature’s children feel the matin spring  
Of life reviving, with reviving day;  
And while you little bark glides down the bay,  
Wafting the strange on his way again,  
Morn’s genial influence roused the minstrel gray,  
And sweetly o’er the lake was heard thy strain,  
Mix’d with the sounding harp, O white-hair’d Allan-Bane!"

Not faster yonder rowers’ might  
Flings from their oars the spray,  
Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
That tracks the shallop’s course in light,  
Melts in the lake away,  
Than men from memory erase  
The benefits of former days;  
Then stranger, go! good speed the while,  
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

High place to thee in royal court,  
High place in battle line,  
Good hawk and hound for 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.

But if beneath you southern sky  
A plaided stranger roam,  
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,  
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 rose?—  
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!  
Perchance the maiden smiled to see  
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,  
And stop and turn to wave anew;  
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!  

1 See Appendix, Note L.  
2 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, of the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair,
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark 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 child—
"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 eye,
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 Graeme!"
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 Graeme was held the flower.

VII.
The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes,
And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died.
"Vainly thou bid'st, O noble maid,"
Clasping his wither'd hands, he said,
"Vainly thou bid'st me wake the strain,
Though all unwont to bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spann'd!
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march, which victors tread,
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan sway'd,*
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 Doughlases, to ruin driven, 4
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,
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future hard, 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,
Confusely bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song?—
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Oboccus, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resign'd,
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot 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 lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose*
That in the king's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathe'd in her dark locks, and smiled.

1 MS.—"The loveliest Lowland fair to spy."  
2 See Appendix, Note M.  
3 Ibid. Note N.  
4 See Appendix, Note O.  
* MS.—"No blither dew-drop cheers the rose."
X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old harper’s mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe.
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrill’d to a tear, then thus replied:
“Loveliest and best! thou little know’st
The rank, the honors, thou hast lost:
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland’s court, thy birthright place,
To see my favorite’s step advance,¹
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant’s sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel’s art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!”"²

XI.

“Fair dreams are these,” the maiden cried,
(Light was her accent, yet she sigh’d;)
“Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;³
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe 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 scourge, Clan-Alpine’s pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond’s side,
Would, at my suit, thou know’st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day.”

XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress’d:
“’Tis but thou chosen them for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e’er, and smiled
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew;⁴
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;⁵
And since, though outlaw’d, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,⁶
That I such hated truth should say—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disown’d by every noble peer,⁷
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 so 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,⁸
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.”⁹

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 Bracklinn’s thundering wave;¹⁰
And generous—save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport, clave his blood:
I grant him true to friendly hand,
As his claymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
That bound him to thy mother’s name?
Who else dared give,” &c.¹¹

¹ This compleat is not in the MS.
² The well-known cognizance of the Douglas family.
³ MS.—“This mossy rock, my friend, to me
Is worth gay chair and canopy.”
⁴ See Appendix, Note P.
⁵ MS.—“Courtiers give place with heartless stride
Of the retiring homicide.”
⁶ MS.—“Who else dared own the kindred claim
⁷ See Appendix, Note Q.
⁸ Ibid, Note R.
⁹ “Ellen is most exquisitely drawn, and could not have been improved by contrast. She is beautiful, frank, affectionate, rational, and playful, combining the innocence of a child with the elevated sentiments and courage of a heroine.
—Quarterly Review.
¹⁰ 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 slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought,
I honor, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red,
From peasants slaughtered 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 mien 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 ’er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best,—
What think’st thou of our stranger guest?"

XV.
"What think I of him?—woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle!
Thy father’s battle-brand, of yore
For Time-man forged by fairy lore,¹
What time he leagued, no longer fees,
His Border spears with Hotspur’s bows,
Did, self-scalibur’d, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.²
If courtly 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 discord dread
That kindled, when at Beltane game
Thou ledst 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?³
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna’s hoary beard,
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 marr’d and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steer’d full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brionchoil 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 tarts brave,
And plaid’s and plume dance and wave:
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough cairn the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters’ down, and sweep
The furrow’d bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.
Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tane,
Mellow’d along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wail’d every harsher note away;
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan’s shrill Gathering they could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.⁴
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And, hurrying at the signal dread,
The batter’d earth returns their tread,
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Express’d their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broad-sword upon target jar’d;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,
Condensed, the battle yeild’d amain;

¹ See Appendix, Note T. ² Ibid. Note U.
³ "The moving picture—the effect of the sounds—and the word character and strong peculiar nationality of the whole
⁴ Cotton-grass.
⁵ "The pipe of the bagpipe. ⁶ See Appendix, Note V."
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 hoarse chorus wake again,  
While loud a hundred clansmen raise  
Their voices in their Chieftain’s praise.  
Each boatman, bending to his oar,  
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!  
Honor’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 bourgeois, and broadly to grow,  
While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back a-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 Breadalbene, then,  
Echo his praise a-again,  
“Roderick Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

XX.
Proudly our pibroch has thrill’d in Glen Fruin,  
And Bannochar’s groans to our slogan replied;

Glen Luss and Ross-duhu, 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;  
Lemnox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear a-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 yon islands  
Were wraithed in a garland around him to twine  
O that some seedling gem,  
Worthy such noble stem,  
Honor’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 throw;  
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 wreathen 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, eagerly while Roderick scann’d,  
For her dear form, his mother’s band.  
The islet far behind her lay,  
And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.
Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion’s dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid and so meek,

—*Critical Review*
It would not stain an angel’s cheek,
Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter’s head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely press’d,
Such holy drops her tresses steep’d,
Though ’twas an hero’s eye that weep’d.
Nor while on Ellen’s faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Mark’d she, that fear (affection’s proof)
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named her name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Graeme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wishful look the while,
Mark’d Rodick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain’s pride.
Then dash’d, with hasty hand, away
From his dim’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 pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon 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 waned crescent own’d my might,
And in my train troop’d lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymn’d her holiest lays,
And Bothwell’s bard hung back my praise,
As when this old man’s silent fear,
And this poor maid’s affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true,
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father’s boast,
O! it out-beggars all I lost!”

XXIV.

Delightful praise!—Like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop falls,
The bashful maiden’s cheek appear’d,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,

The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and 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
O’erweigh’d her worth and beauty aught.
Well might the lover’s judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond 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 flaxen hair of sunny hue,
Curl’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 Lemox and Menteith;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though wing’d with fear
Outstripp’d in speed the mountaineer;
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As play’d the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick 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 astray?
And why so late return’d?” And why”—

Although the youth was Malcolm Graeme.

Then with flush’d cheek and downcast eye,
Their greeting was confused and shy.”

1 MS—"Nor while on Ellen’s faltering tongue
Her filial greetings eager hung,
Mark’d not that awe (affection’s proof)
Still held you gentle youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,

2 MS.—"The dogs with whimpering notes repaid.”

3 MS.—"Like fabled huntress of the wood.”
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO II.

The rest was in her speaking eye.
"My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime reft
Were ah! 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,
Risk'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-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me again."

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
Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said:

XXVIII.

"Short be my speech; nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father,—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
Mira 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;
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch's silvan game,

Themselves in bloody toils were snared;
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Moggat's mead,
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,²
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 espial sure I know;
Your counsel in the strait I show."

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire—that to her son.
The hasty 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 ye Pine,
My fathers' ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part

¹ See Appendix, Note Y.
² MS — "The dales where clans were wont to bide."
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,
Dread'd calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till waken'd by the morning beam;
When dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unmittened sound,
And thought the battled 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,
As sudden ruin yawn'd around,
By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak—but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,
Where death seem'd combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,

One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as 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 I 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'ing his pinion's shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plung'd deepest in envied smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes, that mock'd at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death-pangs of long-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 mute were all—
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the 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 ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
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 this desperate dream.'"
"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,
"Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at naught
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delay'd!"—
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled 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 thrust 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 broil!"
Sullen and slowly they unclasped,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

XXXV.
Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
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 its 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.—
Malise, what ho!—his henchman 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 those
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 again.—
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour."—
He said, and left the silvanbower.

XXXVI.
Old Allan follow'd to the strand
(Such was the Douglas's command),
And anxious told, now, 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, unheedling, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,
His ample plaid in tighten'd 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 honor'd Douglas dwell,
Like hunted stag in mountain cell;
Nor, ere yeon pride-swell'd robber dare,—
I may not give the rest to air!
Tell Roderick Dhu I owe him naught,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to you mountain-side."
Then plunged he in the flashing tide;
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steer'd him from the shore,
And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,

"I hold the first who strikes, my foe."
—Note to the second edition.

MS.—"Sullen and slowly the rivals bold
Loosed, at his breast, their desperate hold,
But either still on other glared," &c.
1 See Appendix, Note 2 A.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 B.
3 MS.—"He spoke, and plunged into the tide."
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy,
Darkening across each puny wave,
To which the moon her silver gave,
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb;
Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

The Lady of the Lake.
CANTO III.
The Gathering.
I.
True rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore, 1
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they 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 afoft 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 kis'd the Lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fanny's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doco awoke, and to the lawn,
Begem'st'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left 3 the mountain side,
The torrent show'd its glistening pride;
Invisible in fleeced sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and brush.
In answer cool'd the cushion dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

III.
No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Abruft he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care 4
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast—
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
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 Hermits, by it stood,
Barefooted in his Brock and hood.
His gristled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seam'd o'er,
Invisible in fleecy cloud,
The lark sent down her matins loud;
The lightest left? & c.

1 "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."—Jeffrey.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 C.
3 MS.—"The doco awoke, and to the lawn,
Begem'st'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;"
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 worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse;
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care,
The eager huntsman 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.²

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 tamed a warrior's heart,³
To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bane,
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-sire framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blind-worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,⁴
Still wraith'd with chaplet, flush'd and full,
For heath-ball with her purple bloom,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 D.
² MS.—"While the bless'd creed gave only worse."³ MS.—"He pray'd with many a cross between,
And terror took devotion's mien."⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 E.

"T.œo" is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whose'er be the shape in which death may lower;
F'r fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honors' eye on daring deeds!
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the woering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay."⁵—Byron—Siege of Corinth.
⁶ Remove you skull from out the scattered heaps.
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell!

Supplied the bonnet and the plume?
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade:
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untaic,
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear;⁶
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short,
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But lock'd her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfess'd.

VI.
Alone, among his young companions,
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 wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth received⁷
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 chieftain oped his 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 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 rain'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-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brook'd control.
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever write,
People this lonely tower, this tenement rest?"⁸

Childe Harold.

⁷ "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.
⁸ See Appendix, Note 2 F.
⁹ MS.—"Till, driven to parenys, he believed
The legend of his birth received."
The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.¹
Where with black cliffs the torrents toll,
He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the River Demon rise;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noontide hag, or gobin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swell'd with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death:
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,
Shaped forth a disembodied world.
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream;²
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steed's careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;³
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.

"Twas all prepared;—and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender crosset form'd with care,
A cubit's length in measure due;
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliaich wave⁴
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And answerings 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.

"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!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just.
Shall doom him wrath and woe."
He paused;—the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;
And first in murmur low.⁵
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his muster'd 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.

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,
The monk resumed his mutter'd spell:
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
And the few words that 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 bear,
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,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 G.
² MS.—"The fatal Ben-Shie's dismal scream;
And seen her wrinkled form, the sign
Of woe and death to Alpine's line."
³ See Appendix, Note 2 H.
⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 K.
⁵ MS.—"Our warriors on his worthless bust
Shall speak disgrace and woe."
⁶ MS.—"Their clattering targets hardly strook;
And first they mutter'd low;"
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,
Coir-Uriskim, thy goblin cave!
And the gray pass where birches wave,
On Beala-nam-bo.

XI.
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 Chieftain’s aid,
The signal saw and disobey’d.
The crosslet’s points of sparkling wood
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he rea’d,
Hollow and hoose his voice was heard:
“Whan fits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine’s summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied 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 gave agen
The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII.
Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian’s hand the symbol took:
“Speed, Malise, speed!” he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
“The mister-place be Lannick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!”

Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launch’d the boat,

Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still;
When it had neard’ the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach’s side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They pour’d each hardy tenant down.
Nor slack’d the messenger his pace;
He show’d the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left 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 swathes the scythe.
The herds without a keeper stray’d,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc’ner 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.”

“I The description of the starting of the fiery cross’ bearn more marks of labor than most of Mr. Scott’s poetry, and borders, perhaps, upon straining and exaggeration; yet it shows great power.”—Jeffrey.
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So softly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen.
Half hidden in the cope so green;
There mayst thou rest, thy labor done,
Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
—What woful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why.
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

XVI.

Coronach.
He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are recast,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corri; ¹
Sage counsel in cumber; ²
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever! ³

XVII.

See Stumah, ⁴ who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast:—unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood;
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood;
"The master-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line, ⁵
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling 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 sobb'd,—"and yet, be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep to clear his laboring breast,

imperceptible by the hurried 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.

6 Faithful. The name of a dog.

7 MS.—"Angus, the first of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign,
And then upon his kinman's bier,
Fell Malise's suspended tear.
In haste the stripling to his side
His father's targe and filetion tied."
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
Suspended was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she mark'd the henchman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
"Kinsman," she said, "his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on;
The oak has fall'n,—the sapling bough
Is all 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 heat 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 flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrow'd force;
Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

XIX.
Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.¹
O'er their and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gather'd in his eye
He left the mountain breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That grace the sable strath with green,
The chapel of St. Bride was seen.
Swola was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reed'd his sympathetic eye,
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar;
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasp'd to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fall'n,—forever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if 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 Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandae.
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonneted sire and calf-clad dame;
And plieded youth, with jest and jeer,
Which sneered 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 'kerchief's snowy band;
The gallant bridegroom by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.
Who meets them at the churchyard gate!
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soil'd he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word.
"The muster-place is Laurick 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 bridegroom from the plighted bride!
O fatal doom!—it must! It must!
 Clan-Alpine's cause, her chieflain's trust,
Her 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."¹

¹ MS.—"And must he then exchange the hand."

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 Lubnaig’s lake supplies the Teith.
—What in the racer’s bosom stirr’d?
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 manly 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 he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

Song.
The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken 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 bended 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 blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the lullam sing repose,
To my young bride and she, Mary!

XXIV.

Not faster o’er thy heathery braes,
Balquiddar, speeds 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 heath the voice of war,
The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch Veil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarm’d, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turn’d its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney’s valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine’s name,
From the grey 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 dates 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,
Owing no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chieftain’s hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu’s command.

XXV.

That summer mom had Roderick Dhu
Survey’d the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o’er hill and heath
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Graham and Bruce,
In Rednoch courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Ducharay’s towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons 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 Benvenue’s most darksome cleft,

'Twill cheer him in the hour of death,
The boasted right to thee, Mary.’

3 See Appendix, Note 2 O.

"The eager fidelity with which this fatal signal is hurled on and obeyed, is represented with great spirit and felicity.”—Jeffrey.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 P.
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-nan-Uriskin 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 staid 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.1
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet’s eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked 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
Debark’d the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs2 hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder’s gaze.

XXVII.
Now eve, with western shadows long,
Planted 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:4
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
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,6
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 deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear,
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! what mingles in the strain?

1 See Appendix, Note 2 Q.
2 “After landing on the skirts of Benvenue, we reach the cave (or more properly the cove) of the gobins, 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 500

3 See Appendix, Note 2 R.
4 Ibid. Note 2 S.
5 MS.—“To drown his grief in war’s wild roar,
Nor think of love and Ellen now!”

"The Urisk, or Highland satyr. See Note on the previous Canto.”

* The Urisk, or Highland satyr. See Note on the previous Canto.
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!* undeified!
The flinty couch we now must share!
Shall seem with down of cider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall 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 wonted 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 mutter'd thrice,—"the last time e'er
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!"
It was a goading 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,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lannrick height,
Where mustered, in the vale below,
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

**XXXI.**

A various scene the clansmen made,
Some sate, some stood, some slowly stray'd;
But most with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarcely to be known by curious eye,
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was match'd the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade,
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chief's own eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times return'd the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claim'd her evening reign.

---

**The Lady of the Lake.**

---

**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 wilding 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 Armandale,
What time the sun arose on Vennuchar's broad wave.

**II.**

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripp'd the wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
A watchful sentinel he stood.
Hark! on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.

"Slew, 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 had Malise gone.)

"Where sleeps the Chief?" the benchman said—

"Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide."—
Then call'd a slumberer by his side,
And starr'd him with his slacksn'd bow—

"Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back."

III.
Together up the pass they sped:

"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 bown,
At prompt command, to march from Doune;
King James, the while, with princely powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.

Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide 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
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallrop, 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 Taghshirn call'd; 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 shameless, 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 Dennan's Row,
A child might shameless 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 shelf beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And dizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst green of rock, and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief;—but hush!
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke, His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

MALISE.

"Peace! peace! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil angry;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
Together they descend the brow."

VI.

And, as they came, with 'Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:—

MS.—"Tis well advised—a prudent plan,
Worthy the father of his clan."
"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, unfur'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, ¹
That party conquers in the strife!"—²

VII.
"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine angerly, 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 eve 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,³
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!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?"—

VIII.
"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive
Two Barons proud their banners wave,
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And mark'd the sable pike 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?"¹ 'This sun,' at noon
'Tis said will see them march from Doune.'
'To-morrow then makes [seek] meeting storm.' ³
⁶ For battle bouse—ready for battle.

"By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on?"—³ 'To-morrow's noon! Will see them here for battle.'—⁴
'Then shall it see a meeting stern!
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Naught of the friendly clans of Earn?
Strengthen'd by them, we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.
Thou couldst not—Well! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosach's shaggy glen;
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire—
Lover for maid beloved!—But why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd tear!
A messenger of doubt or fear!
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
'Tis stubborn as his trusty target—³
Each to his post!—all know their charge."
The piproch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
—I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX.
Where is the Douglas!—he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the gray stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are pour'd on her unheeding ear.
"He will return—Dear lady, trust!—
With joy return;—he will—he must.
Well was it time to seek, afar,
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cow'd by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats, with many a light,
Floating the live-long yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth³
By the red streamers of the north;
I mark'd at morn how close they ride,

¹ MS.—"'Tis stubborn as his Highland target."
² MS.—"Thick as the flashes darted forth
By morris-dancers of the north;
And saw at morn their signal fleet,
Close morn'd by the lone 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."

---
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow,
That presaged this approaching woe.
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grove.
Of such a wondrous tale I know—
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."—

ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear."
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII.

3ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis4 and merle5 are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are
in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slow.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must sheen from the slaughter'd
deer,
To keep the cold away."—

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.6

3 See Appendix, Note 2 Y.
4 Thrush.
5 Blackbird.
6 MS.—"'Twas but a midnight chance;
For blindfold was the battle tried,
And fortune held the lance."
"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.
'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good Greenwood,  
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,  
   Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
   Who won'd within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,  
   His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
   Our moonlight circle's screen?  
Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
   Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
Or who may dare on wold to wear  
   The fairies fatal green?"

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
   For thou wert christen'd man;  
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
   For mutter'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 still'd their singing;  
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
   And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
   Before Lord Richard stands,  
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,  
   "I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,  
   "That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
   That woman, void of fear,—

"And if there's blood upon his hand,  
   'Tis but the blood of deer."—

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
   It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
   The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign,—  
"And if there's blood on Richard's band.  
   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

1 See Appendix, Note 2 Z.  
2 MS.—"'tis fairy ringlet's screen."
3 See Appendix, Note 3 A.  
4 Ibid. Note 3 B.  
5 Ibid. Note 3 C.  
6 Ibid. Note 3 D.  
7 Ibid. Note 3 E.
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 Snowdown’s Knight, ’tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppress’d a scream:
“O stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?”—
“An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshall’d, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return.”—
“The happy path!—what! said he naught
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?”—“No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur seath.”—
“O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
—Yonder his tarts 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’d with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne’er before such blossom smiled;
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait;¹
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I’ll place thee in a lovely bowe,
I’ll guard thee like a tender flower”—
“O hush, Sir Knight, ‘twere female art,
To say I do not read thy heart;

MS.—“By Cambusmore my horses wait,”
¹ MS—“Was idly fond thy praise to hear.”

Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.²
That fatal bight hath lure thee back,
In deathful hour, o’er dangerous track
And how, O how can I alone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I’ll tell him all—
Yes, struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
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 yet he 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 lie;
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 yon 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 fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland’s lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,³
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.

² MS.—“This ring of gold the monarch gave”
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 neitherreckof state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;¹
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the king without delay;
This signet shall secure thy way;
And claim thy suit, whate’er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me.²
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 Achray.

XX.
All in the Trossach’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 scare³
Yon raven from his dainty fare."
He look’d—he knew the raven’s prey,
His own brave steed:—"Ah! gallant grey!
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 restless 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

¹ MS.—"Permit this hand—the ring is thine."
² 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."
³ MS.—"He stammer’d forth confused reply:"
'Saxon, 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 sung—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strain’d and roughen’d, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

Song.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warp’d and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan⁵ glides,
Or heard my native Devan’s tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray.

That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile
That drown’d in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o’er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle grey,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o’er a haunted spring."—
"Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,⁶
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."]

⁵ MS.—"Wrapp’d in a tatter’d mantle gray."

⁶ The Allan and Devan are two beautiful streams, the
latter celebrated in the poetry of Burns, which descend
from the hills of Perthshire into the great carese or plain of
Stirling.

⁷ 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 penions I prepare, 1
To seek my true-love through the air;
I will not lend that savage groom, 2
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his destitute plaid,
By bush and brier in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."—

XXXIV.

Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"—
"O! thou lookest kindly, and I will—
Mune eyes have 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, 3
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 guzzest 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;
Thy bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

1 It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing its branches sturdily;

MS.—'With thee these penions will I share,
Then seek my true love through the air.'

2 MS.—'But I'll not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
Deep, deep 'mid yon disjointed stones,
The wolf shall batte on his bones.'

3 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.'

4 Having ten branches on his antlers.

5 "No machinery can be conceived more clumsy for effecting the desired end of a distressed hero, than the introduction of a mad wataun, who, without knowing or caring about the wailer, sends him by a 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 wrought,
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,
"Dissemble 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 couch'd upon the heathery moor:
Them couldst thou reach!—it may not be—
Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!—
—Resistless speeds the deadly trust,
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 grimly smiled to see him die;

was set for him. The maniacs of poetry have indeed had a 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 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 ambulance's kin thou ne'er shalt see!
Resistless as the lightning's flame,
The thrust bewtixt his shoulder came.'

MS.—'Then o'er him hung, with falcon eye,
And grimly 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 laugh'd;  
Her wreath of broom 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 wert mine avenger born.—  
Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've worn  
This little tress of yellow hair,  
Through danger, phrenzy, and despair!  
It once was bright and clear as thine,  
But blood and tears have dimm'd its shine.  
I will not tell thee when 'twas sherd,  
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—  
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave—  
Like plumage 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 her parting light!—  
O! by thy knighthood'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 lock from Blanche's tresses fair  
He stelld with her bridegroom's hair;  
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
And placed it on his bonnet-side:

MS.—"A guilless 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 hark! what means you faint hallo!  
The chaise is up,—but they shall know,  
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."  
Bar'd from the known but guarded way,  
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must a-ay  
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 perils 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 hands at Doune?—  
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 aright.  
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,  
Benumb'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 sprung with sword in hand,—  
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"—  
As I wreek this on Roderick Dhu"  
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 hand 
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 trapp'd or slain? 
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie, 
Who say thou cam'est 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 aright, 
Thou bear'st 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; 
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 kinsman 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, 
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard, 
As far as Coillantogle's ford; 
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."—
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven, 
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"—
"Well, rest thee; for the bitter's cry 
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."—
With that he shook the gather'd heath, 
And spread his plaid upon the wretch; 
And the brave foemen, side by side, 
Lay peaceful down, like brothers tried, 
And slept until the dawning beam 
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

The Lady of the Lake

CANTO FIFTH

The Combat

I.
Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light, 
When first, by the bewilder'd 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 lowly 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 Gael around him throw 
His graceful plaid of varied hue, 
And, true to promise, led the way, 
By thicket green and mountain gray, 
A wildering path!—they winded now 
Along the precipice's brow, 
Commanding the rich scenes beneath, 
The windings of the Forth and Teith.

* MS. "And slept until the dawning streak. 
Purpled the mountain and the lake."—
* MS. "And lights the fearful way along its side."—
* The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael, or Gau, and terms the invaders, 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 lain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled off, 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,¹
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 steady 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,²
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copee 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."³
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
All seem'd as peaceful and as still,
As the mist alumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus 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,—⁴
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;—⁵
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 hands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This murther of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—⁶
"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,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
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 ruffian dagger stab'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sover each true and loyal heart."—

VI.

Worthful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."—

¹ MS.—"At length they paced the mountain's side,
And saw beneath the waters wide."³
² MS.—"The rugged mountain's stunted screen
Was dwarfish shrubs with cliffs between."⁴
³ MS.—"I dreamt'd not now to draw my blade."⁵
⁴ MS.—"My errant footsteps
A knight's bold wanderings far and wide.
⁵ MS.—"Thy secret keep, I ask it not."⁶
⁶ MS.—"Which else in half had peaceful hung."
CANTO V.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

221

"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd 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 delight'd eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers left the land.
Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell
Urag over crag, and fall o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingle 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 you river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river beir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share. 2
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 ambuscade?"—
"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 chase 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 asea,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-born swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er pant'd for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"—

IX.
"Have, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew. 3
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart, 4
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life;
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
Subterranean host had given."

That whistle man'st the lovely glen
With full five hundred armed men!"—

The Monthly reviewer says—"We now come to the chapi
d'euvre of Walter Scott,—a scene of more vigor, nature, and
animation, than any other in all his poetry."—Another anony
mous critic of the poem is not afraid to quote, with reference
to the effect of this passage, the sublime language of the Pro
phet Ezekiel:—"Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the

See Appendix, Note 3 II.
 MS.—"This dark Sir Roderick 1 and his band." 2
 MS.—"This savage Chieftain 1 and his band." 2
 MS.—"From copse to copse the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and crags, arose." 2
 MS.—"The bracken bush shoots forth the dart." 4
 MS.—"And each lone tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife."

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mous critic of the poem is not afraid to quote, with reference
to the effect of this passage, the sublime language of the Pro
phet Ezekiel:—"Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the
Watching their leader's back and will,¹
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 Benledia's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—² How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxony,—I am Roderick Dhu!!

X.

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He un'd him 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."³
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 copes 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,
Penmon, and plaid, and plume fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—

wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the 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 lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."—Chap. xxxvii. v. 9, 10.
¹ MS.—"All silent, too, they stood, and still," Watching their leader's beck and will,
While forward step and weapon show
They long to rush upon the foe,
Like the loose crags, whose tottering mass
Hang threatening o'er the hollow pass."¹
² David de Straithbogie Earl of Athole, when about to engage Sir Andrew Moray at the battle of Killiecrankie, in 1689, in which he was slain, made an apostrophe of the same kind:—
"—At a little path was there
Allamen they assembled were
Even in the path was Earl Davy

The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

XI.

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 Coillontogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,²
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.⁴
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.⁶
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 wind
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 remain* ta.

² MS.—"For aid against one brave man's hand."
³ This same is excellently described. The frankness and high-souled courage 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 all admirably imagined and related."—Monthly Review.
⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 K.
⁵ MS.—"And still, from copse and heather bush
Fancy saw spear and bronswood rush."
⁶ At the same time or together,
Note in the Author's MS. 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 Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mine,
On Bochastle the mauldering lines,¹
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.²
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led those 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,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand.³
For this is Collantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."⁴

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 heart,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better need have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud alone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bled
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquerors 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—⁴
"Sees 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 boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steel's my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel 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,
ous, 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 been rarely equaled."—Quarterly Review, 1810.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 L.
² See Appendix, Note 3 M.
³ MS.—"In lightening flash'd the Chief's dark eye."
⁴ MS.—"He stoops not, he, to James nor Fate."
⁵ "The two principal figures are contrasted with uncommon elicity. Fitz James, who more nearly resembles the French Henry the Fourth than the Scottish James V., is gay, amor-
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 stunted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans 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,
Fell'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."³
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;⁴
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate 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 gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His elbowed locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then glem'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,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found 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."
¹ This compleat is not in the MS.
² See Appendix, Note 3 O.
³ MS.—"'Tis yeal they alone who fear to die.
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung."
⁴ MS.—"Panting and breathless on the sands,
But all unwounded, now he stands."
⁵ MS.—"Redeem'd, unhoped, from deadly strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every breath appear'd his last."
⁶ MS.—"Faint and afar are heard the feet."
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launch'd, along the plain they go,
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhomie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop prick'd 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 Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune;
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtentre;
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their courser's sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
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'd
Sudden his steed the leader reined;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who hasted to his stirrup sprung:
"Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,
Who townward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array!
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?
"No, by my word;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace."—
"Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!"—
The uncle of the banish'd Earl.

Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:
The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared."—
Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight
They won the castle's postern gate.

XX.
The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself:—
"Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
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!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!—
—But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come,
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burgheurs hold their sports to-day;—
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 tilters shivers spear,
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize.—King James shall mark
If age has tamed these sinews stark,

1 The seat of Doune Castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Menteith, now the property of the Earl of Moray, are situated at the confluence of the Ardoch and the Teith.
2 MS.—"Blair-Drummond saw their hoofs of fire."
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; Ochentre, that of John Ramsay, the well-known antiquary, and correspondent of Burns; and Craigforth, that of the Callenders of Craigforth, almost under
4 MS.—"As up the steepy path they strain'd."
5 MS.—"With which he gaints the mountain-side."
6 The Edinburgh Reviewer remarks on "that unhappy couple, 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—
7 See Appendix, Note 3 P. 8 Ibid. Note 3 O.
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,  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
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 acclains,  
"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;  
And the mean burgher’s joys disdain’d;  
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
Were each 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 morrisers, with bell at heel,  
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;  
But chief, beside the butts, there stand  
Bold Robin Hood 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,  
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 many 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 Labert lame;  
Scarce better John of Allon’s fare,  
Whom senseless home his comrades bear  
Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
To Douglas gave a golden ring;  
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."

* The MS. adds:—

"With awkward stride there city groom  
Would part of fabled knight assume."

* See Appendix, Note 3 R.

* MS.—"Fondly he watch’d, with watery eye,  
For answering glance of sympathy,—  
But no emotion made reply!  
Indifferent as to unknown  
Cold as to unknown yeoman  
The king gave forth the arrow bright"

* See Appendix, Note 3 E.

* Ibid. Note 3 T.

* 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 unmoved, 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,
And sharper glance, the dark gray man;
Till—vispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong;
The old men mark’d, and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And wink’d aside, and told each son,
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand³
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wreck’d by many a winter’s storm;⁴
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature’s law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmur rose to clamors loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King,
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or call’d the banish’d man to mind;⁵
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honor’d place,
Begirt his board, and, in the field,
Found safety underneath his shield;
For he, whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known!⁶

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 arcenery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas’ side
Nor brile 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,
¹ MS.—“A purse weight’d down with pieces broad.”
² MS.—“Scatter’d the gold among the crowd.”
³ MS.—“Ere James of Douglas’ stalwart hand.”
⁴ MS.—“Though worn by many a winter storm.”
⁵ MS.—“Or call’d his stately form to mind.”
⁶ MS.—“Clamor’d his comrades of the train.”

Came up, and with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
—The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King’s cold look, the nobles’ scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lufra’s neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen’s image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darken’d brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntletted in glove of steel.

XXVI.
Then clamor’d loud the royal train,⁷
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 frown’d,
“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,
Repell’d by threats and insult loud;⁸
¹ MS.—“But stern the warrior’s warning—‘Back!’”
⁸ MS.—“But in my court, injurious blow,
And bearded thus, and thus out-dared?
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!”
⁹ 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 harder urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disorder’d roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,—
“Sir John of Hyndford! ’twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men.”

XXXVIII.
“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 gory are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl beguin,
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!”

XXXIX.
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 priz’d her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless’d him who staid the civil strife;
And mothers held their babies 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 he 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 load his train.
“O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
Hearst thou,” he said, “the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas’ name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strain’d for King James their morning note;
With like acclaim they hail’d the day
When first I broke the Douglas’ sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o’er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman’s 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 depends
Upon your favors, swims 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 1.
Your grace will hear of battle fought;  
But earnestly the Earl besought,  
Till 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.  
—Retrace with speed thy former way;  
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,  
The best of mine shall be thy meed.  
Say to our faithfull 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, Braco: fly!"  
He turn'd his steed,—"My liege, I hie,—  
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  
Suit'd gay feast and minstrel lay;  
Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,  
And soon cut short the festal song.  
Nor less upon the sadden'd town  
The evening sunk in sorrow down.  
The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
Of rumor'd feuds and mountain war,  
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,  
All up in arms:—the Douglas too,  
They mourn'd him pent within the hold,  
"Where stout Earl William was of old."2  
And there his word the speaker staid,  
And finger on his lip he laid,  
Or pointed to his dagger blade.  
But jaded horsemen, from the west,  
At evening to the Castle press'd;  
And busy talkers said they bore  
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;  
At noon the deadly fray begun,  
And lasted till the set of sun,  
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,  
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

1 MS.—"On distant chase you will not ride."  
2 Stabbed by James II. in Stirling Castle.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO VI.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO SEXTTH.

The Guard-Room

I.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air  
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,  
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;  
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance  
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;  
Gilding on battled tower the warrior'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 pallet 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, foretell  
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 debauch;  
For the oak table's massive board,  
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,  
And beerers drain'd, and cups o'errun,  
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 hands  
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 shone  
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 despised 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 pillage fierce and uncontroll'd;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV.
They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Lock Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
Bore token of the mountain sword.
Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;
Sad burden to the ruffian 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 hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do,
He grieved, that day, their games cut short,
And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the buxom 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 up sees 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 kerrick so sly
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches — and why should he not!
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar.

VI.
The warder's challenge, heard without,
Staid in mid-roar 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."

"The Lady of the Lake is said to be inferior, as a poem, to Walter Scott's former productions, but really one hardly knows how to examine such compositions as poems. All that one can look for is to find beautiful passages in them, and I own that there are some parts of the Lady of the Lake which please me more than any thing in Walter Scott's former poems. He has a great deal of imagination, and is certainly a very skilful painter. The meeting between Douglas and his daughter, the King descending from Stirling Castle to assist at the festival of the townsmen (though borrowed in a considerable degree from Dryden's Palamon and Arcite), and the guard-room at the beginning of the last canto, all show extraordinary powers of description. If he wrote less and more carefully, he would be a very considerable poet."—Sir Samuel Romilly, [Oct. 1810.]—Life, vol. ii. p. 342.
CANTO VI.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

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Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scar'd,

Was entering now the Court of Guard,

A Harper with him, and in plaid,

All muffled close, a mountain maid,

Who backward shrunk to escape the view

Of the Rose scene and boisterous crew.

"What news?" they roared. "I only know,

From noon till eve we fought with foe,

As wild as and untameable

As the rude mountains where they dwell;

On both sides store of blood is lost,

Nor much success can either boast."—

"But whence thy captives, friend? I such spoil

As theirs must needs reward thy toil.¹

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 juggler band."—²

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 purvey them steed,

And bring them hitherward with speed.

Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,

For none shall do them shame or harm."—

"Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent,

Ever to strife and jangling bent;

"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,

And yet the jealous niggard grudge

To pay the forester his fee?

I'll have my share, how'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 dropp'd at once the tartan screen:—

So, for' th'morning cloud, appears

The sun of May, through summer tears.

The savage soldier, amazed;⁴

As on descended angel gazed;

Even hardly Brent, abash'd and tamed,

Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke,—"Soldiers, attend!

My father was the soldier's friend;

Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,

And with him in the battle bled.

Not from the valiant, or the strong,

Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."—⁵

Answer'd De Brent, most forward still

In every feat or good or ill,—

"I shame me of the part I play'd:

And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!

An outlaw I by forest laws,

And merry Needwood knows the cause.

Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now;"—⁶

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 control'd,

Forward his speech, his bearing bold.

The high-born maiden ill could brook

The scanning of his curious look

And dauntless eye;—and yet, in sooth,

Young Lewis was a generous youth;

But Ellen's lovely face and mien

Ill suited to the garb and scene,

Might lightly bear construction strange,

And give loose fancy scope to range.

"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!

Come ye to seek a champion's aid,

On 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—

"O what have I to do with pride?—

Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,

A suppliant 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."⁷

¹ MS.—"Bertram" his such violence withstood."

² MS.—"While the rude soldier, amazed."

³ MS.—"Should Ellen Douglas suffer wrong."

⁴ MS.—"My Rose,—he wiped his iron eye and brow

⁵ Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now.""

⁶ MS.—"The Monarch gave to James Fitz-James"
X.
The signet-ring young Lewis took;  
With deep respect and alteration look;  
And said,—This ring our duties own;  
And pardon, if to worth unknown,  
In semblance mean obscurely veil'd,  
Lady, in aught 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 best, 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 gurdon took;  
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
On the reluctant maiden's hold  
Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold;  
"Forgive a haughty English heart,  
And O forget its ruder part!  
The vacant purse shall be my share,  
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.

XI.
When Ellen forth with Lewis went,  
Allan made suit to John of Brent:—  
"My lady safe, O let your grace  
Give me to see my master's face!  
His minstrel I—to share his doom  
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.  
Tenth in descent, since first my sires  
Waked for his noble house their lyres,  
Nor one of all the race was known  
But prized its weal above their 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 board, 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 Beauford!  
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 shalt thou see."

XII.
Then, from a rusted iron hook,  
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,  
Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
Through grated arch and passage dread.  
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,  
Spoke prisoner's moun, and fetters' din;  
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored  
Lay wheel, and axe, and headman's sword,  
And many an hideous engine grim,  
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,  
By artist form'd, who deem'd it shame  
And sin to give their work a name.  
They halted at a low-brow'd porch,  
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,  
While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,  
And made the bar unhasp its hold.  
They enter'd:—'twas a prison-room  
Of stern security and gloom,  
Yet not a dungeon; for the day  
Through lofty gratings found its way,  
And rude and antique garniture  
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor;  
Such as the rugged days of old  
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.  
"Here," said De Brent, "thou mayst remain  
Till the Leech visit him again.  
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,  
To tend the noble prisoner well."  
Retiring then, the bolt he drew,  
And the lock's murmurs grew d'aw new.  
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed  
A captive feebly raised his head;  
The wonder'ning Minstrel look'd, and knew—  
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!  
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,  
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

XIII.
As the tall ship, whose lofty prore  
Shall never stem the billows more,  
Deserted by her gallant band,

1 MS.—"The silken purse shall serve for me,  
And in my barrel-cap shall flee."
2 MS.—"Low breast vaults;"  
3 MS.—"Stratching;"  
4 MS.—"Flinty floor;"  
5 MS.—"Thou mayst remain  
And then, retiring, bolt and chain,  
And rusty bar, he drew again.  
Roused at the sound," &c.
Amid the breakers lies a-strand,—
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu!
And oft 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,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat;—
O! how unlike her course at sea!¹
Or his free step on hill and lea!—
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
“What of thy lady!—of my clan,—
My mother?—Douglas!—tell me all!
Have they been ruin'd in my fall!
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear.”—
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked 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;²
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent.”

XIV.
The Chieftain reard' his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But gaudly, 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 Derrmid's race our victory.—
Strike it!”—and then (for well thou canst),
Free 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 clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For: the field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it scold'd 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,⁴
Awaken'd the full power of song,
And bore him in career along;—
As shalllop 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 Bhuine.⁶
“The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
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 eyry nods the erne,
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 mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning 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 winding 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.
“Our light-arm’d archers far and near
Survey’d the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear
A twilight forest frown’d,
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.

¹ MS.—“Oh! how unlike her course on main!
Or his free step on hill and plain!”

² MS.—“Shall never harp of minstrel tell,

³ See Appendix, Note 3 W.
⁴ The MS. has not this line
⁵ 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 pained 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 plaid 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 brown
At once lay level'd low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset ride.——

'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinche1 cows 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 crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash,
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheel'd his 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 resounding through the pass of fear—
The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanish'd the Saxons struggling spear,
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
As Brecklin's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring limb,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er 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 defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.—
Gray Bonvenne 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 again.
I heeded not the eddying surge,

1 The MS. has not this couplet.
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 Tinches.
3 MS.—"And resounding down the darksome pass
The battle's tide was pour'd.
There toil'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 aven,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided 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 their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mack'd the fell havoc of the day.

XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,
'Til Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried—' Behold ye 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 snallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den,'
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,
He plunged him in the wave;
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamos Benevenue
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,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven;
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows rear'd their snowly crest.

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 Guel.—
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 moon
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;
Another flash—the spearman floats
A weltering 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 Guels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a truce-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;
At length, no more his deafen'd ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp,—his hands are cleft'd,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye⁶
Is sternly fix'd on vacancy;
Thus, motionless, and pointless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!—

The eight closing lines of the stanza are interpolated on a slip of paper.

¹ MS.—"the 'lowness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath."

² Byron's Giaour.

³ MS.—"And seem'd, o minstrel ear, to toll
The parting age of many a soul."

⁴ MS.—"While by the dark'ned lake below,
Fleé the spearmen of the foe.""²

⁵ The MS. reads—
"It tinged the boats and lake with flame"
Old Allan-Bane look'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.

"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,²
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 yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles won,
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 brook the cage,
The prison 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."—³

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 fall,
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,⁴
Scarce drew one curious glance astart;
Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawn'd the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
His station claim'd with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,⁵
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Graeme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betray'd,—
Those who such simple joys have known,
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

XXIV.

Day of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were, as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me,⁶
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull! steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,⁷
The sable rock my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.⁸
No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
Of my flax is on the spindle, but not yet twisted into proper yarn. I am glad you like the battle of Beal an Daine. 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."

1. MS.—"The banquet gay, the chamber's pride,
Scarce drew one curious glance astart."
2. MS.—"Earnest on his game."
3. MS.—"Was meant for me."
4. MS.—"From darken'd steeples."
5. MS.—"The lively lark my matins rang,
The sable rock my vespers sung."
6. MS.—"Have not a hall should harbor me."
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!

XXV.
The heart-sick lay was hardly said, ¹
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 hastier, 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 smit to aid.
No tyrant be, 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, ¹
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
Aerial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gaz’d;
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’r’d and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady’s look was lent;
On him each courtier’s eye was bent;
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! ²

XXVII.
As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay. ³
And at the Monarch’s feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands,—
She show’d the ring, she clasp’d her hands.
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he rais’d her; and, the while,
Check’d with a glance the circle’s smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss’d,
And bade her fears 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 crave with clamor loud.
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanch’d thy father’s death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn;
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, and Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general 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 MS.—“Within ’twas brilliant all, and bright
The vision glow’d on Ellen’s sight.”
² See Appendix, Note 3 Y.
³ 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 Graeme to Scotland's Lord.
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
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.—
Fetters and warder for the Graeme!"—
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 chasp 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 vesper blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-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 lovely life's more happy way."
2 See Appendix, Note 3 Z.
3 MS.—"Thy sovereign's steps} to Benvenue."
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."
6 "Malcolm Graeme has too insignificant a part assigned him, considering the favor in which he is held both by Ellen and the author; and in bringing out the shaded and imperfect character of Roderick Dhu, as a contrast to the purer virtue of his rival, Mr. Scott seems to have fallen into the common error, of making him more interesting than him whose virtues he was intended to set off, and converted the villain of the piece in some measure into his hero. A modern poet, however, may perhaps be pardoned for an error, of which Milton himself is 'thought not to have kept clear, and for which there seems so natural a cause in the difference between poetical and amiable characters."—JEFFREY.
Much have I owed thy strains on life’s long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night’s dawn’d wearier day,
And bitter was the grief devou’reld 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!

1 "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; al-
though we are loth to resign either the rude and savage gen-
erosity of Bodenick, the romantic chivalry of James, or the
playful simplicity, the affectionate tenderness, the modest cour-
age of Ellen Douglas, to the claims of any competitors in
the last-mentioned poem. But, for interest and artificial manage-
ment 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 Southey,—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
ecdotes—and the sentimental glitter of the most modern
poetry,—passing from the borders of the ridiculous to those of
the sublime—alternately minute and energetic—sometimes arti-
ful, and frequently negligent, but always full of spirit and
vivacity—abounding in images that are striking at first sight to
minds of every castiture—and never expressing a sentiment
which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to
comprehend. Upon the whole we are inclined to think more
highly of the Lady of the Lake than of either of its author’s
former publications. We are more sure, however, that it has
fewer faults than that it has greater beauties; and as its beauti-
ties bear a strong resemblance to those with which the public
has been already made familiar in these celebrated works, we
should not be surprised if its popularity were less splendid and
remarkable. For our own parts, however, we are of opinion
that it will be oftener read hereafter than either of them; and
that, if it had appeared first in the series, their reception would
have been less favorable than that which it has experienced.
It is more polished in its diction, and more regular in its ver-
sification; the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and
address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender
passages, with much less antiquarian detail; and, upon the
whole, a larger variety of characters, more artfully and judi-
ciously contrasted. There is nothing so fine, perhaps, as the
battle in Marmion—or so picturesque as some of the scattered
sketches in the Lay; but there is a richness and a spirit in the
whole piece which does not pervade either of these poems—a
profusion of incident, and a shifting brilliancy of coloring, that
reminds us of the witchery of Ariosto—and a constant elasticity
and occasional energy, which seem to belong more peculiarly to
the author now before us."—Jeffrey.
APPENDIX.

Note A.

The heights of Un-var,
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old.—P. 185.

Un-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly Un-neigh-
or, is a mountain to the northeast of the village of Callender in Montoith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this stronghold is not a cave, as the name would imply, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, surrounded with large rocks, and open above head. It may have been originally designed as a toil for deer, 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 dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed.—P. 186.

"The bounds which we call Saint Hubert's bounds, are commonly all blacke, yet nevertheless, the race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the bounds which the abbots of St. Hubert haue always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may conceive that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise. To return unto my former purpose, this kind of dogsges hath bene dispersed through the counties of Henault, Lorraine, Flanders, and Burgoyne. They are mighty of body, nevertheless their legs are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of scent, hunting chases which are farre struggled, fearing neither water nor cold, and doe more contend the chases that smell, as foxes, boar, and such like, than other, because they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt and kill the chases that are lighter and swifter. The bloodhound 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 Lornay, which seemed to lose hunting much, wherein was a blazon which the same hunter 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.'—The noble Art of Venerie or Hunting, translated and collected for the Use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen. Lond. 1611. 4to, p. 15.

Note C.

For the death-sound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whining drew.—P. 186.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of going in upon, and killing or disabling the desperate animal. At certain times of the year this was held particularly dangerous, a wound received from a stag's horn being then deemed poisonous and more dangerous than one from the tasks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:—

"If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy beer,
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou need'st not fear."—

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the Book of Hunting, chap. 41. Wilson the historian has recorded a providential escape which befell him in this hazardous sport, while a youth and follower of the Earl of Essex.

"Sir Peter Lee, of Lime, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer to hunt the stag. And having a great stag in chase, and many gentlemen in the pursuit, the stag took soyie. And divers, whereof I was one, alighted, and stood with swords drowne, to have a cut at him, at his coming out of the water. The stags there being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youths more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be hindered of my coming nere him, the way being slippery, by a fallie; which gave occasion to some, who did not know mee, to speake as if I had faile through feare. Which being told mee, I left the stag, and followed the gentleman who [first] make it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from me; as by his denial and repentance it appeared. But this made mee more violent in the pursuit of the stag, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in, when the dogs sett him up at bay; and approaching near him at horsebacke, he broke through the dogs, and run at mee, and tore my horse's side with his horns, close by my thigh. Then I quitted my horse, and grew more cunning (for the dogs had sette him up againe), stealing behind him with my sword, and cut his hamstrings; and then got upon his back, and cut his throat; which, as I was doing, the company came in, and blamed my rashness for running such a hazard."—

Fleck's Desiderata Curioso, il. 461.

Note D.

And now to issue from the Glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A for projecting precipice.—P. 187.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of leaving out of the defile
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

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called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

NOTE E.

To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Wore scars than loss of steed or deer.—P. 188.

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 this district, which are situated beyond the Grampian range, were rendered almost inaccessible by strong barriers of rocks, and mountains, and lakes. It was a border country, 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. "This 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 warlike than they, and widely differenced by language and manners."—GRAHAM'S SKETCHES OF SCENERY IN PERTHSHIRE. Edin. 1806, p. 97. The reader will therefore be pleased to remember, that the scene of this poem is laid in a time,

"When tooming fauns, or sweeping of a gleam,
Had still been held the deed of gallant men."

NOTE F.

A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent,
Was on the vision'd future bent.—P. 189.

If 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 Gaelie Taish'tuarach, from Tsuish, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called Taish'trinn, which may be 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 seer, 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 erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by, when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me."

"There is one in Skye, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way.

"This faculty of the second-sight does not linearly descend in a family, as some imagine, for I know several parents who are endowed with it, but 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 afterwards. If at noon, it will commonly be accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of which the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observation was made, enjoyed perfect health.

"One instance was lately foretold by a seer, that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm 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 Skye.

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition.

"If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether 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 seers 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 uses to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the Isle of Skye where there were but a few sorry cowsheds, 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 spot very recently described to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without-doors, and he be near a fire, he presently falls into a sleep.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions, the seers come in sweating, and describe the peo-
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, designly touch his fellow-seer at the instant of a vision's appearing, then the second sees it as well as the first; and this is sometimes discerned by those that are near them on such occasions."—Martin's description of the Western Islands, 1716, 8vo, p. 300, et seq.

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the Tuisch, 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.

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**Note G.**

*Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,*  
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.—P. 190.

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic 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 Lettensick, 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 posts or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. The whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end, all along the fall of the rock, which was so much of the same color, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day."—Hume's History of the Rebellion, Lond. 182, 4to. p. 381.

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**Note H.**

*My sire's tall form might grace the part*  
Of Ferragus or Ascabar.—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 Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. There is a romance in the Auchinleck MS., in which Ferragus is thus described:

"On a day come tiding  
Unto Charis the King,  
Al of a doughty knight  
Was come to Naves,

Stout he was and fers,  
Vernagu he bighth.  
Of Babluon the soudan  
Thidur him sended ge  
With King Charis to fight.  
So hard he was to fond!  
That no dint of brond  
No grened him, aught.  
He hadde twenti men strengthe  
And fort fett of lengthe,  
Thilke panim hede,  
And fourte in the face,  
Y-metem in the place,  
And fifteen in brede.  
His nose was a dot and more;  
His brow, as bristles wore;  
He that it seighe it sode;  
He loaked lothelike,  
And was swart as any piche,  
Of him men might adrede."

*Romance of Charlemagne* (ed. De Winter), 1. 461—484  
Auchinleck MS., folio 385.

Ascapart, or Ascabar, 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 Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself. The dimensions of Ascabar were little inferior to those of Ferragus, if the following description be correct:

"They metten with a geant,  
With a lothelike swinblant.  
He was wonderliche strong,  
Rome' theteth fete long  
His berd was bot gret and rowe;  
A space of a fot betweene is bowe;  
His chob was, to yere a strok;  
A litte bodi of an oak."  
*Beves hadde of him wondrer gret,*  
And askede him what a het,  
And yaf 12 men of his contré  
Were ase meeche as was he.  
'Me name,' a sode,  
'Is Ascopard,  
Garci me sent hiderward,  
For to bring this queene ayen,  
And the Beus her of-sen."  
Icham Garci is champion,  
And was i-driue out of mo.  
Al for that ich was so lite,  
Eueri man me wolde smite,  
Ich was so lite and so merugh,  
Eueri man me clepde dwerugh,  
And now Icham in this londe,  
I wax morz ich understande,  
And stranger than other tene;  
And that schel on us be senn.*"  
*Sir Bevis of Hampton* (ed. 1512)  
Auchinleck MS. folio 189.

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**Note I.**

*Though all unmask'd his birth and name.—P. 191.*

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious 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 Ibid.——3 Measur'd.——4 Bredth.——6 Were.——6 Black.  
7 Fully.——8 Rough.——9 8 Hs.—10 Gov.——11 The stem of a little oak-tree.  
12 He bighth, was called.——13 Hs.—14 Great.—15 He added.——16 Ser.  
17 Hs.—18 Yr.—19 Little.——20 Lean.—21 Dwar.——22 Greater, taller —  
23 Tex
Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

Note K.

And still a harp unseen, 
Fell'd up the symphony between. — P. 191.

"They!" (meaning the Highlanders) "delight much in music, but chiefly in harps and clairsech of their own fashion. The strings of the clairsech 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 clairsech with silver and precious stones; the poor ones that cannot attainy hereunto, deck them with christall. They sing verses prettily compounded, counterlaying (for the most part) prayses of valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, whereof their rhymes are made, but they speak the ancient French language altered a little." "The harp and clairsech 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 unharmonious 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. Lond. 1838, 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 among the most certain. Clennell 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 renews a misted gray.—P. 193.

That Highland chiefs, 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 actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyrics as an opiate 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 bards were set at a good distance, at the lower end of a long table, with a parcel of Highlanders of no extraordinary appearance, over a cup of ale. Poor inspiration! They were not asked to drink a glass of wine at our table, though the whole company consisted only of the great man, one of his near relations, and myself. After some little time, the chief ordered one of them to sing me a Highland song. The bard readily obeyed, and with a boarse voice, and in a tone of constrained notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyrics; and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens, and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on, the chief (who prides 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 von may believe was very edifying and delightful."—Letters, u. 167.

Note M.

The Graeme.—P. 194.

The ancient and powerful family of Graham (which, for metrical reasons, is here spelt after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dumfart 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 Graeme, the faithful and undaunted parter of the heroic and patriotic warfare of Wallace, fell in the unfortunate field of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, in whom De Retz saw realized his abstract idea of the heroes of antiquity, was the second of these worthies. And, notwithstanding the severity of his temper, 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 Graeme of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, 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 away'd.—P. 194.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsuitably accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound. "But laboring once in these mechanic arts for a devout matrone that had sett him on work, his viol, that hung by him on the wall, of its own accord, without ane man's helpe, distinctly sounded this antheme:—Gaudent in caulis animae sanctiorum qui Christi vestigia sunt sectuli; et quia pro eius amore saevium sumum fuderunt, ideo cum Christo gaudet aeternum. Whereat all the company being much astonisht, turned their eyes from beholding him working, to looke on that strange acciden." * * * "Not long after, manie of the court that hitherunto had borne a kind of faynef friendship towards him began now greatly to envie at his progress and rising in goodnes, using manie crooked, backbidding meanes to disdisse his vertues with the blacke masks of hypocrisy. And the better to authorize their calumny, they brought in this that happened in the viol, affirmin him to have been done by art magick. What more? This wicked rumour increased daily, till the king and others of the nobilitie taking honi thereof, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. Therefore he resolued to leane the court and go to Epilague, sanctified the Bault, then Bishop of Winchester, who was his coney. Which his enemies understanding, they layd wayt for him in the way, and hauing
thowe him off his horse, beate him, and dragged him in the durt in the most miserable manner, meaning to have slaine him, had not a company of mastine doegges that came unlookt upon them defended and redemmed him from their crueltie. When with sorrow he was ashamed to see doegges more humane than they. And giving thanks to Almightye God, he sensibly againe perceived that the tunes of his viol had given him a warning of future accidents."—Flower of the Lives of the most renowned Saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by R. Father Hesume Porter. Doway, 1622, 4to. tome i. p. 438.

The same supernatural circumstance is alluded to by the anonymous author of "Grian, the Collier of Croydon."

"—[Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall."

"Forest. Hark, hark, my lords, the holy abbots harp Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!"

"Dunstan. Unhallow'd man, that woult the sacred rede, Hark, how the testimony of my truth Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand, To testify Dunstan's integrity And prove thy active boast of no effect."

Note O.

Ere Douglaeses, to ruin driven, Were exiled from their native heaven.—P. 194.

The downfall of the Douglaeses 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, with which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valor of the Douglaeses 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 Pitcottie, "with great lamentation; showing to them how he was held in subjection, thir 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 vow that Scotland shall not hold us both while [i. e. ill] I be revived on him and his."

"The lords, hearing the king's complaint and lamentation, and also the great rage, fury, and malice 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 underly the law; if he found no caution, nor yet compair himself, that he should be put to the horn, with all his kin and friends, so many as were contained in the letters. And farther, the lords ordained, by advice of his majesty, that his brother and friends should be summoned to find caution to underly the law within a certain day, or else be put to the horn. But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends: so many as were contained in the summons that compared not were banished, and held traitors to the king."

Note P.

In Holy-Rood a Knight he slew.—P. 195.

This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the Court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and invertebrate flocks which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility. The following instance of the murder of Sir William Stuart of Ochiltree, called The Bloody, by the celebrated Francis, Earl of Bothwell, may be produced among many; but as the offence given in the royal court will hardly bear a vernacular translation, I shall leave the story in Johnstone's Latin, referring for farther particulars to the naked simplicity of Birrell's Diary. 30th July, 1588.


Note Q.

The Douglas, like a stricken deer, Disown'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 invertebrate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise James the Griece (i. e. REV'e Balfi). "And as he bore the name," says Godcrof, "so did he also execute the office of a grieve; or overthrew 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. 160.

Note R.

Maronnan's son.—P. 195.

The parish of Kilmaronock, at the northern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronock, or Marruck, or Maronnan, 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 Keltie, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callander in Perthshire. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the 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 Tine-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 Tine-man, 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 Homildon-hill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hotspur. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle that it was called the Foal Rain, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune led him indeed at the battle of Beaugé in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernouf, the last and most unlucky of his encounters, in which he fell, with the flower of the Scottish chivalry, then serving as auxiliaries in France, and about two thousand common soldiers, A.D. 1424.

NOTE U.

Did, self-unscabbarded, foresaw
The footstep of a secret foe.—P. 196.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword Skofnung, wielded by the celebrated Iolf Kraka, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch at his death, and taken from thence by Skegggo, a celebrated pirate, who bestowed it upon his son-in-law, Kornak, 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 unsheath it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and breathe upon it. Then a small worm will creep out of the handle; lower the handle, that he may more easily return into it." Kornak, after having received the sword, returned home to his mother. He showed the sword, and attempted to draw it, as unnecessarily as ineffectually, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Della, exclaimed, ‘Do not despise the counsel given to thee, my son.’ Kornak, however, repeating his efforts, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the bag, when Skofnung emitted a hollow groan; but still he could not unsheath the sword. Kornak then went out with Bessow, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down upon the ground, and unsheathing the sword, which he bore above his vestments, did not remember to shield the hilt from the rays of the sun. In vain he endeavored to draw it, till he placed his foot against the hilt; then the worm issued from it. But Kornak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unsheathed Skofnung, it emitted a hollow murmur."—Bartholomei de Caesaris Contemptu a Denia adhuc Gentilibus Mortis, Libri Tres. Hafniae, 1689, 4to. p. 574.

To the history of thissentient and prescient weapon, I beg leave to add, from memory, the following legend, for which I 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 Grannan 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 sordid dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scurges, 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 unsheathed itself.’ The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plout of the period, was shortly after decapitated by that very man and instrument.

Lord Lovat is said, by the author of the Letters from Scotland, to have affirmed, that a number of swords that hung up in the hall of the mansion-house, leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. The story passed 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 call the might
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 murch, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the ‘curieux 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, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run on with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession.’—Essay on Laughter and Ludicrous Composition, chap. iii. Note.

NOTE W.
Roderich Vich Alpina dhu, ho! ivere!—P. 197.

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland
chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharnah to the kings of Egypt, or Aranes to those of Paphlagonia. 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 Colin the Great. Sometimes, however, it is derived from personal distinctions, or the memory of some great fact; thus Lord Seaforth, as chief of the Mackenzies, or Clan-Keniset, bears the epithet of Caber-tee, or Bucht'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 chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as dhu or roy; sometimes from size, as beg or more; at other times from some peculiar exploit, or from some peculiarity of habit or appearance. The line of the text therefore signifies,

Black Roderick, the descendant of Alppie.

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 lie dead on her side.—P. 197.

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 clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allaster Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhouns, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands allowed that the action was desperately fought, and that the Colquhouns were defeated with great slaughter, leaving two hundred of their name dead upon the field. But popular tradition has added other horrors to the tale. It is said that Sir Humphry Colquhoun, who was on horseback, escaped to the castle of Benechra, or Banochar, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood. Buchanan of Ancharmar, 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 youths, whom report of the intended battle had brought to be spectators, 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 bastard brother of the Laird of Macgregor, who amused himself with 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 lamented this atrocious action, and professed the rue which it must bring upon their ancient clan. The following account of the conflict, which is indeed drawn up by a friend of the Clan-Gregor, is altogether silent on the murder of the youths. **In the spring of the year 1692, there happened great dissensions and troubles between the laird of Luss, chief of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, laird of Macgregor. The original of these quarrels proceeded from injuries and provocations mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conferences, marched at the head of two hundred of his clan to Leven, which borders on Luss, his country, with a view of settling matters by the mediation of friends: but Luss had no vacillating intensions, and projected his measures with a different view: for he privately drew together a body of 3000 horse and 500 foot, composed of his own clan and their followers, and partly of the Buchanans, 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 dissembling his recentment, he kept the appointment; and parted good friends in appearance.

No sooner was he gone, than Luss, thinking to surprise him and his party in full security, and without any dread or apprehension of his treachery, followed with all speed, and came up with him at a place called Glenfroon. Macgregor, upon the alarm, divided his 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 orders, led them about another way, and attacked the Colquhouns in flank. Here it was fought with great bravery on both sides for a considerable time; and notwithstanding the vast disproportion of numbers, Macgregor, in the end, obtained an absolute victory. Some great was the rout, that 300 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 missing, except John, the laird's brother, and one common fellow, though indeed many of them were wounded."—Professor Rose's History of the family of Sutherland, 1631.

The consequences of the battle of Glen-fruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an unruly clan. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in doleful procession before the King at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI. was so much moved by the complaints of this "choir of mourning dames," that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was proscribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by blood-hounds like wild beasts. Argyle and the Campbells, on the one hand, Montrose, with the Grahames and Buchanans, on the other, are said to have been the chief instruments in suppressing this devoted clan. The Laird of Macgregor surrendered to the former, on condition that he would take him out of Scottish ground. But, to use 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, he afterwards brought him back to Edinburgh, where he was executed with eighteen of his clan."—Birrell's Diary, 20 Oct., 1693. The Clan-Gregor being thus driven to utter desolation, seem to have renounced the laws from the benefit of which they were excluded, and their depredations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their prescription, which had only the effect of rendering them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the ardent and invincible spirit of chieftainship, that, notwithstanding the repeated proclamations providently ordained by the legislature, "for the timeous preventing the disorders and oppression that may fall out by the said names of Macgregors, and their followers," they were in 1715 and 1745 a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.
Note Y.
—The King's vindictive pride
Boosts to have tamed the Border-side.—P. 190.

In 1520, 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 exorbitances. Accordingly, he assembled a flying army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest, where he hanged over the gate of his own castle, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who had prepared, according to tradition, a feast for his reception. He caused Adam Scott of Tasheklaw 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, famed in Scottish song, who, confessing in his own supposed innocence, met the King, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlisle, near the source of the Teviot. The effect of this severity was such, that, as the vulgar expressed it, "the rash-brush kept the cow," and, "thereafter was great peace and rest a long time, wheretheath the King had great profit; for he had ten thousand sheep going in the Ettrick Forest in keeping by Andrew Bell, who made the King as good count of them as they had gone in the bounds of Fife."—Pitscottie's History, p. 153.

Note Z.
What grace for Highland Chiefs; judge ye
By fate of Border 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 chief 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 non-entry; the which he confiscate and brought home to his own use, and afterwards annexed them to the crown, as ye shall hear. Syne brought many of the great men of the Isles captive with him, such as Muyart, M'Connel, M'Loyd of the Lewes, M'Neil, M'Lane, M'Jntosh, John Muyart, M'Kay, M'Kenzie, with many other that I cannot rehearse at this time. Some of them he put in ward and some in court, and some he took pledges for good rule in time 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."—Pitscottie, p. 153.

Note 2 A.
Rest safe till morning; pity 'trowe
Such check should feel the midnight air.—P. 201.

Hardihood 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

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-boots he stands behind his seat, at his hanch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron. An English officer being in company with a certain chieftain, and several other Highland gentlemen, near Killiechulm, had an argument with the great man; and both being well warmed with whisky, at last the dispute grew very hot. A youth who was henchman, not understanding one word of English, imagined his chief was insulted, and therefore drew his pistol from his side, and snapped it at the officer's head; but the pistol missed fire, otherwise it is more than probable he might have suffered death from the hand of that little vermin. But it is very disagreeable to an Englishman over a bottle, with the Highlanders, to see every one of them have his gilly, that is, his servant, standing behind him all the while, let what will be the subject of conversation."—Letters from Scotland, ii. 159.
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, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also Cren Turvogh, or the Cross of Shame, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and 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 emblazonantly denounced to the disbeliever by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike sign. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Borderdale, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq., of Invernahyle, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross through the district of Appine, during the same commotion. The coast was threatened by a descent from two English frigates, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in England; yet the summons was so effectual, that even old age and childhood obeyed it; and a force was collected in a few hours, so numerous and so enthusiastic, that all attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriours 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 length, in the common sight of them all, is carried, by the speedy running of some active young man, unto that village or city, with this command,—that on the third, fourth, or eighth day, one, two, or three, or else every man in particular, from fifteen years old, shall come with his arms, and expenses for ten or twenty days, upon pain that his or their houses shall be burnt (which is intimated by the burning of the staff), or else the master to be hanged (which is sign'd by the cord tied to it), to appear speedily on such a bank, or field, or valley, to hear the cause he is called, and to hear orders from the said provincial governors what he shall do. Wherefore that messenger, swifter than any post or waggon, having done his commission, comes slowly back again, bringing a token with him that he hath done all legally, and done every man one or another runs to every village, and tells those places what they must do."...

The messengers, therefore, of the footmen, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battall, 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 hubub runs all over till they all know it in that stiif or territory, where, when, and wherefore they must meet."


Note 2 D.

That monk, of savage form and face.—P. 203.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck. And that same curial friar was probably matched in manners and appearance by the ghostly fathers of the Tynedale robbers, who are thus described in an excommunication fulminated against their patrons by Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, tempore Henrici VIII. "We have further understood, that there are many chaplains in the said territories of Tynedale and Redesdale, who are public and open maintainers of concubinage, irregular, suspended, excommunicated, and interdicted persons, and wilful so utterly ignorant of letters, that it has been found by those who objected this to them, that there were some who, having celebrated masses for ten years, were still unable to read the sacramental service. We have also understood there are persons among them who, although not ordained, do take upon them the offices of priest-hood; and, in contempt of God, celebrate the divine and sacred rites, and administer the sacraments, not only in sacred and dedicated places, but in those which are profane and interdicted, and most wretchedly ruinous; they themselves being attired in ragged, torn, and most filthy vestments, altogether unfit to be used in divine, or even in temporal offices. The which said chaplains do administer sacraments and sacramental rights to the aforesaid manifest and infamous thieves, robbers, depredators, receivers of stolen goods, and plunderers, and that without restitution, or intention to restore, as evidenced by the act; and do also openly admit them to the rites of ecclesiastical seculphery, without exacting security for restitution, although they are prohibited from doing so by the sacred canons, as well as by the institutes of the saints and fathers. All which infames the bodies of their own souls, and is a pernicious example to the other believers in Christ, as well as no slight, but an aggravated injury, to the numbers despoiled and plundered of their goods, gear, herds, and chattels."...

To this lively and picturesque description of the confessors and churchmen of predatory tribes, there may be added some curious particulars respecting the priests attached to the several septs of native Irish, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These friars had indeed to plead, that the incursions, which they not only tolerated, but even encouraged, were made upon those hostile to them, as well in religion as from national antipathy; but by Protestant writers they are uniformly alleged to be the chief instruments of Irish insurrection, the very well-spring of all rebellion towards the English government. Lithgow, the Scottish traveller, declares the Irish wool-kerne, or predatory tribes, to be but the bounds of their hunting priests, who directed their incursions by their pleasure, partly for sustenance, partly to gratify animosity, partly to foment general division, and always for the better security and easier domination of the friars. 2 Derrick, the liveliness and minuteness of whose descriptions may frequently apologize for his doggerel verses, after describing an Irish feast, and the encouragement given, by the songs of the bands, to its termination in an incursion upon the parts of the country more immediately unde-
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the dominion of the English, records the no less powerful arguments used by the friar to excite their animosity:

"And more t' augment the flame,
  and rancour of their harte,
The frier, of his counsellors vile,
to rebels doth impart,
Affirming that it is
  an almost deede to God,
To make the English subjects taste
  the Irish rebels' roodie.
To spolie, to kill, to burne
this frier's counsell is ;
And for the doing of the same,
  he warrants heavenlie blisse.
He tells a holie tale ;
the white he tournes to black ;
And through the parions in his male,
he workes a knavihe knocke."

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 frier is exhibited mourning over the slain chieftain; or, as the rubric expresses it,

"The frier then, that treacherous knave; with ough ophone lament,
To see his cousin Devill's soon to have so foul event."

The matter is handled at great length in the text, of which the following verses are more than sufficient sample:

'The frier sayng this,
  laments that lucklesse parts,
And curseth to the pitte of hell
  the death man's sturdie hearte ;
Yet for to quight them with
  the frier taket paine,
For all the synnes that ere he did
  remisson to obtaine.
And therefore serves his bookes,
  the candell and the bell ;
But thinke you that such spiehe toiles
  bring dammed soules from hell ?
It 'longs not to my parte
Vernalen things to knowe ;
But I beleve till later daie,
  thei rise not from belowe
Yet hope that friers give
  to this rebellions rout,
If that their souls should chance in hell,
  to bring them quicklie out,
Death make them leau suche lives,
  as neither God nor man,
Without revenge for their desartes,
  permitte or suffer can.
Thus friers are the cause,
  the fountain, and the spring,
Of hurlebaries in this lande,
  of ech unhappe thing.
Thei cause them to rebellion
  against their sovereign queene,
And through rebellion often tymes,
  their lives do vanish cleane.
So as by friers meanes,

in whom all follie swimme,
The Irish carne doe often lose
the life, with heedes and jumme.""

As the Irish tribes, and those of the Scottish Highlands, are much more intimately allied, by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the antiquaries of either country have been willing to 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 religious, to a comparatively late period, in the Highlands and Western Isles. There is a great deal of simplicity in the description, for which, as for much similar information, I am obliged to Dr. John Martin, who visited the Hebrides at the suggestion of Sir Robert Sibbald, a Scottish antiquarian of eminence, and early in the eighteenth century published a description of them, which procured him admission into the royal society. He died in London about 1719. His work is a strange mixture of learning, observation, and gross credulity.

"I remember," says this author, "I have seen an old lay-capuchin here (in the island of Benbecula), called in their language Brahir-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 rayment, and lives in as great simplicity as any of his order; his diet is very mean; and he drinks only fair water; his habit is no less mortifying than that of his brethren elsewhere: he wears a short coat, which comes no farther than his middle, with narrow sleeves like a waiscoat; he wears a plad above it, girt about the middle, which reaches to his knee: the plad 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 plad 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 spoke to when at meat, he answers again; which is contrary to the custom of his order. This plad man frequently diverts himself with angling of trouts; he lies upon straw, and has no bell (as others have) to call him to his devotions, but only his conscience, as he told me."—Martin's Description of the Western Highlands, p. 82.

Note 2 E.

* Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.—P. 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 preposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the 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 to remark, that the miscellaneous concourse of youths and maidens on the night and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, even in a credulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accompanied the conception of Gilli-Doir-Magrevolich.
"There is but two myles from Inverlochlochie, the church of Kilmallock, in Lichfeldy. In some at times there was one church builded upon one hill, which was above this church, which did now stand in this town; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on one little hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long time thereafter, certaine herds of that town, and of the next town, called Unnatt, both wenches and youths, did on a tymme comeveen with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead man that were slayne long tymne before in that place, and did make a fire to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was very cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quetyll her alone, without ane other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-chyld. Several tymes there-after she was very sick, and at last she was knowne to be with child. And then her parents did ask at her the matter heerof, which the wench could not well answer which way to safetie them. At last she resolved them with one answer. As fortune fell upon her concerning this marvellous miracle, the chylde being borne, his name was called Gill-lair Macgrawrollich, 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 schoolar, and godlie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lichfeldy, called Kilmallock."—Macarlane, ut supra, ii. 188.

NOTE 2 F.

Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear.—P. 293.

The snood, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braidet her hair, had an emblematical significacion, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the cured, teg, or coif, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsels was so unfortunate as to lose pretension to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the cured. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortunes; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the muir amang the heather:"

' Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gart her greet till she was Wearie.'

NOTE 2 G.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.—P. 294.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmallock, the author has endeavoured 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, noad persons are frequently more anxious to impress upon others a faith in their visions, than they are themselves confirmed in their reality; as, on the other hand, it is difficult for the most cool-headed impostor long to personate an enthusiast, without in some degree believing what he is so eager to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstations with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The River Demon, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to 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 funeral procession with all its attendants. The "noontide beg," called in Gaelic Glas-lich, a tall, enamelled, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoudart. A goblin, dressed in antique armor, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, Lam-daarg, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurchus. Other spirits of the desert, all rightful in shape and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and glens of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, or the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fails to present an apperition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer.

NOTE 2 H.

The fatal Ben-Shie's boxing scream.—P. 294.

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 Meg Moullach, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemurchus had an attendant called Bedach-an-dun, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ban-Schie implies a female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chiefman of particular families. When she is visible, it is in the form of an old woman, with a blue mantle and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish. The death of the head of a Highland family is also sometimes supposed to be announced by a chain of lights of different colors, called Dr'eug, or death of the Druid. The direction which it takes, marks the place of the funeral. [See the Essay on Fairy Supersitions in the Border Minstrelsy.]

NOTE 2 I.

Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's lively side,
Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride.—P. 294.

A preasage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M-Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride through the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity. How easily the eye, as well as the ear, may be deceived upon such occasions, is evident from the stories of armies in the air, and other spectral phenomena with which history abounds. Such an apparition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southerly mountains, between Penrith and Keswick, upon the 23d June, 1744, by two persons, William Lancaster of Blakehill, and Daniel Strick, his servant, whose attestation to the fact, with a full account of the apparition, dated the 21st July, 1745, is printed in Clarke's Survey of the Lakes. The apparition consisted of
several troops of horse moving in regular order, with a steady rapid motion, making a curved sweep around the fell, and seeming to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed this phenomenon, and observed the last, or last but one, of the supposed troops, occasionally leave his rank, and pass at a gallop, to the front, when he resumed the steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception.—Survey of the Lakes, p. 23.

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to Highland families. Howel mentioning having seen at a lapidary's, in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed while the patient was in the last agony.—Pasquier Letters, edit. 1720, 247. Glanville mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn sign by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighboring wood: another, that of Captain Wood of Hampton, 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 sept, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and, looking out of the 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 andrather 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 shrinks, 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 spirit 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."
Oh! courteous champion of Montrose!
Oh! stately warrior of the Celtic Isles!
Thou shalt buckles thy harness on no more!"

The coronach 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.

NOTE 2 N.

Benedict 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 chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine; a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, nor least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

"Sloch non riogribh duchaishach
Bha-shios an Dun-Staioibiinish
Alg an ronbh crun na Halba othus
'Stag a cheil ducha fach ris."

The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Dunraggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achnay from Loch Vennachar. From thence, it passes towards Callender, and then turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the Chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley, called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Armandave, or Ardmandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lussana, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighboring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathtgartney.

NOTE 2 O.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze.—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 (excercised by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano. This simile is not new to poetry. The charge of a warrior, in the fine ballad of Hardyknute, is said to be "like fire to leather set."

NOTE 2 P.

No oath, but by his chieftain'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 dirc, impairing 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 old 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 Highlanders, who is himself a petty chief, 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 worst 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. 524.

NOTE 2 Q.

—a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung.—P. 209.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the southeastern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oak, with spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A daile in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell,1 may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious 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 Miltiades' Lubbar Fiend, or of the Scottish Brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. "The Urisks," 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 Counties of Perthshire, p. 19, 1806.—It must be owned that the Coir, or Den, does not, in its present state, meet our ideas of a subterraneous grotto, or cave, being only a small and narrow cavity, among huge fragments of rocks rudely piled together. But such a scene is liable to conceptions of nature, which a Lowlander cannot estimate, and which may have chocked 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 laid.

1 Journey from Edinburgh, 1805, p. 109.
NOTE 2 R.

The wild pass of Beall-nam-bo.—P. 209.

Beallach-nam-bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nam-Urkish, treated of in a former note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

NOTE 2 S.

A single page, to bear his sword.
Alone attended on his lord.—P. 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 body-guards, called Luichttach, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. These, according to their deserts, were sure to share abundantly in the 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 of 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 filaments?" The hint was quite sufficient, and MacLean next morning, to relieve his followers from such dire necessity, undertook an inroad on the mainland, the ravage of which altogether effaced the memory of his former expeditions for the like purpose.

Our officer of Engineers, so often quoted, has given us a distinct list of the domestic offices who, independent of Luichttach, or gardes de corps, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. The Ackerman. See these Notes, p. 247. 2. The Bard. See p. 243. 3. Blidier, or spokesman. 4. Gillie-more, or sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. Gillie-confuie, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. Gillie-comtoirement, who leads the chief's horse. 7. Gillie-Truahanarish, the baggage man. 8. The piper. 9. The piper's gillie or attendant, who carries the bagpipe. Although this appeared, 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 Taghaim call'd; by which, after,
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 Taghaim, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt the desolate recesses. In some of these Hebrides, they attributed the same oracular power to a large black stone by the sea-shore, which they approached with certain solemnities, and considered the first fancy which came into their own minds, after they did so, to be the undoubted dictate of the tutelary deity of the stone, and, as much, as if possible, punctually complied with. Martin has records the following curious modes of Highland anxiety, in which the Taghaim, and its effects upon the person who was subjected to it, may serve to illustrate the text.

"It was an ordinary thing among the over-curious to consult an invisible oracle, concerning the fate of families and battles, &c. This was performed three different ways: the first was by 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 again, struck his hips with force against the bank. One of them cried out, What is it you have got here? another answers, A log of birch-wood. The other cries again, Let his invisible friends appear from all quarters, and let them relieve him by giving an answer to our present demands; and in a few minutes after, a number of little creatures came from the sea, who answered the question, and disappeared suddenly. The man was then set at liberty, and they all returned home, to take their measures according to the prediction of their false prophets; but the poor deluded Islanders were, for their answer was still ambiguous. This was always practised in the night, and may literally be called the works of darkness."

"I had an account from the most intelligent and judicious men in the Isle of Skie, that about sixty-two years ago, the oracle was thus consulted only once, and that was in the parish of Kilmun, 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, as he fancied, from several persons that he found about him all that time. His consorts returned to him at the break of day, and then he communicated his news to them; which after a time became 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 comes attended by a number of lesser cats, desiring to relieve the cat turned upon the spit, and then answers the question. If this answer proved the same that was given to the man in the hide, then it was taken as a confirmation of the other, which, in this case, was believed infallible."

"Mr. Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vist, told me, that one John Erach, in the Isle of Lewis, assured him, it was his fate to have been led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a night within the hide, as above mentioned; during which time he 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 aware with the story of the "King of the Cats,"

in Lord Littleton's Letters. It is well known in the Highlands as a nursery tale.
cerned in the like performance, for this had disordered him to a
high degree. He confessed it ingenuously, and with an air of
great remorse, and seemed to be very penitent under a just
sense of so great a crime: he declared this about five years
since, and is still living in the Lewis for any thing I know."—
Description of the Western Isles, p. 110. See also Pen-


Note 2 U.
The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.—P 211.

I know not if it be worth observing, that this passage is
taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland
Kern or Ketteran, as they were called. He used to narrate
the merry doings of the good old time when he was follower
of Rob Roy MacGregor. This leader, on one occasion, thought
proper to make a descent upon the lower part of the Loch
Lomond district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers
to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him black-mail, i. e.
tribute for forbearance 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 hand of all but he could drive away, and
among the spoil was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed,
whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Ketterans. "But
ere we had reached the Row of Dennan," said the old man,
"a child might have scratched its ears." The circumstance
is a minute one, but it paints the times when the poor beee
was compelled

"To hoof it o'er as many weary miles,
With going piken hollowing at his heels,
As e'er the bravest antler of the woods."*  

Ethwald.

Note 2 V.

— That huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Target.—P. 211.

There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinslas,
by which a tumnulatory 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.

Note 2 W.

Raven

That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?—P. 211.

Broke—Quertered.—Every thing belonging to the chase was
matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was
more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically
called, breaking, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his
allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and,
to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had
their share also. "There is a little gristle," says Turberville,
"which is upon the spoon of the brisket, which we call the
raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont
and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and
cry for it. at the time you were in breaking up of the deer,
and would not depart till she had it." In the very ancient

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 1605,
iscribed by Anders Sofensen, 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 Scottish Ballad and Song, for which no man
possesses more ample materials. The story will remind the
readers of the Boaper 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 Western Hoy,
mentioned in the first stanza of the ballad, means the West
Sea, in opposition to the Baltic, or East Sea, Mr. Jamieson

Rob Roy, but, as I have been assured, not addicted to his predatory ex-
cesses.—Note to Third Edition.
THE ELFIN GRAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KEMPE VISER, p. 143, AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

Der ligger en vold i Vestre Haf,
Der agter en bonde at bygge:
Hand forer din bæde høg og hund,
Og agter der en winteren at ligge.
(DER VILDE DUUR OG DURKENE UDII SKOFPEN.)

1.
There ligge a vold in Wester Haf,
There a husbande means to bigg,
And thither he carries baith hawk and hound,
There meaning the winter to ligge.
(The wild deer and dass 't the shaw out.)

2.
He taks wi' him baith hound and cock,
The longer he means to stay,
The wild deer in the shaws that are
May sairly rue the day.
(The wild deer, &c.)

3.
He's hew'd the beech, and he's fell'd the ak,
Sae has he the poplar gray;
And grim in mood was the gersome elf,
That be sae bold he may.

4.
He how'd him kipples, he hew'd him bawks,
Wi' mickle moli and haste,
Syne speer'd the Elf 't he knock that bade,
'What's hackett here sae fast?'

5.
Syne up and spak the weist Elf,
Cread' as an immurt sma:
"If it's here is come a Christian man;—
I'fley him or he ga."

6.
It's up syne started the fiesten Elf,
And glower'd about sae grim:
"It's we'll awa' to the husbands house,
And hald a court on him.

7.
Here hews he down baith skugg and shaw,
And works as skait and scorn;
His huswife he sail gie to me;—
They's rae the day they were born!"

8.
The Ellen 't he knock that were,
Gaed dancing in a string;

They nighed near the husband's house;
Sae lang their tails dy hing.

9.
The hound he yows 't the yard,
The herd' tools in his horn;
The ear samquets, and the cock craws,
As the husbande has gien him his corn.

10.
The Ellen were five score and seven,
Sae laitly and sae grim;
And they the husbande's guests maun be,
To eat and drink wi' him.

11.
The husbande, out o' Villenshaw,
At his winnock the Elves can see:
"Help me, now, Jesu, Mary's son;"
"Thir Elves they mint at me!"

12.
In every nook a croos he coost,
In his chamer saet ava;
The Ellen 't were fle'y'd theraut,
And flew to the wild-wood shaw.

13.
And some flew east, and some flew west,
And some to the norward flew;
And some they flew to the deep dale down,
There still they are, I trow.

14.
It was then the weist Elf,
In at the door bruidis be;
Agast was the husbande, for that Elf
For croes nor sign wad fle.

15.
The huswife she was a canny wife,
She set the Elf at the board;
She set before him baith ale and meat.
Wi' mony a week-saled word.

16.
"Hear thou, Gudeman o' Villenshaw,
What now I say to thee;
Wha bade thee bigg within our bounds,
Without the leave o' me?"

17.
"But, an' thou in our bounds will bigg
And bide, as well may be,
Then thou thy dearest huswife maun
To me for a leman gie."

18.
Up spak the luckless husbande then,
As God the grace him gae;
"Ellie she is to me sae dear,
Her thou may me-gate hae."

19.
Till the Elf he answer'd as he cou'd:
"Let but my huswife be,

1 In the Danish:—

"Somme fløys øster, og somme fløys vestre.
Nogle fløys uaf paa;
Nogle fløys nede i dybme dalb,
Jeg troer de eri aar endan."
And tak whate’er, o’ gude or gear,
Is mine, awa wi’ thee.”—

20.
"Then I’ll thy Eline tak and thee,
Aneath my feet to tread;
And hide thy good and white monie
Aneath my dwelling stead.”

21.
The husbande and his household a’
In saur reeds they join:
"Far bettir that she be now forfaim,
Nor that we a’ should tyne.”

22.
Up, will of rede, the husbande stood,
Wi’ heart fu’ sad and sair;
And he has gien his hussifwe Eline
Wi’ the young Elf to fare.

23.
Then blyth grew he, and sprang about:
He took her in his arm;
The rud it left her comely cheek,
Her heart was cleir’d wi’ harm.

24.
A waiffu’ woman then she was ane,
And the moody tears loot fa’:
"God rew on me, unsyly wife,
How hard a weird I fa’!

25.
"My say I plight to the fairest wight
That man on mold mat see;—
Mann I now mell wi’ a laillly El,
His light lemmala to be?”

26.
He minted ance—he minted twice,
We wax’d her heart that syth:
Syne the laillardest fiend he grew that e’er
To mortal se did kyth.

27.
When he the thirde time can mint
To Mary’s son she pray’d,
And the lailded Elf was clean awa,
And a fair knight in his stead.

28.
This fell under a lindan green,
That again his shape he found,
O’ was and care was the word nae mair,
A’ were see glad that stound.

29.
"O dearest Eline, hear thou this,
And thou my wife sall be,
And a’ the goud in merry England
Sae freely I’ll gi’e thee!

30.
"When I was but a little wee bairn,
My mither died me fra’
My stepmither sent me awa’ fra her;
I turn’d till an Elfin Gray.

31.
To thy husbande I a gift will gle,
W’ mickle state and gear,
As mends for Eline his hussifwe;—
Thou’s be my heartis dear.”

32.
"Thou nobil knyght, we thank now God
That has freed us frae skaith;
Sae wad thou thes a malden free,
And joy attend ye baith!"

33.
"Sin’ I to thee nae maik can be
My dochter may be thine;
And thy gud will right to fullif,
Let this be our propine.”—

34.
"I thank thee, Eline, thou wis woman;
My praise thy worth sall ba’e;
And thy love gin I full to win,
Thorn here at hame sall stay.”

35.
The husbande biggit now on his 6e,
And nae ane wrought him wrang;
His dochter wore crown in Engeland,
And happy lived and lang.

36.
Now Eline, the husbande’s hussifwe, has
Cour’d a’ her griefs and harms;
She’s mithe to a noble queen
That sleeps in a kingis arms.

GLOSSARY.

St. 1. Wold, a wood; woody fastness.
Husband, the Dan. hus, with, and bonde, s
villain, or bondman, 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 “Burghie Laws,” trans-
lated from the Reg. Majest. (Auchinleck MS. in
the Adv. Lib.), it is used indiscriminately with the
Dan. and Swed. bonde.
Bigg, build.
Ligg, lie.
Dexes, does.
2. Show, wood.
Sairly, sorely.
3. Ask, oak.
Grewsome, terrible.
Bald, bold.
4. Kipples (couples), beams joined at the top, for sup-
porting a roof, in building.
Besaks, balks; cross-beams.
Mol, laborious industry.
Sperker, asked.
Knock, hilleock.
5. Weist, smallest.
Creem, shrunk, diminished; from the Gaelic, crenian,
very small.
Immert, emmet; ant.
Christian, used in the Danish ballads, &c. in con-
trast distinction to demoneis, as it is in England in con-
trast distinction to brute; in which sense, a person of
the lower class in England, would call a Jew or a
Turk a Christian.
Fey, frighten.
Hold, hold.
7. Skagg, shade.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

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Skait, harm.
Toots.—In the Dan. tude is applied both to the howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.
Scratches, screams.
10. Laidy, loathly; disgustingly ugly.
Grim, fierce.
11. Winnow, window.
Mint, aim at.
12. Coast, cast.
Chamber, chamber.
Mint, most.
Ann, all of.
True, believe.
Wad, would.
15. Cheery, adroit.
Many, many.
Weed-wasted, well chosen.
17. An, if.
Bide, abide.
Lemman, mistress.
19. South, could, knew how to.
Let be, let alone.
Guts, goods; property.
20. Anoath, beneath.
 Dwelling-stead, dwelling-place.
Rede, counsel; consultation.
Forsform, forlorn; lost; gone.
Tye (verb. neut.) be lost; perish.
22. Will of rede, bewildered in thought; in the Danish original "vildraadage;" Lat. "impos consili;"
Gr. ἀγαπάω. This expression is left among the desiderata 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.
23. Rad, red of the cheek.
Clend, in the Danish, klem; (which in the north of England is still in use, as the word starred 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 Scottish poetry.
24. Wofful, woeful.
Moody, strongly and wilfully passionate.
Rex, take ruth; pity.
Unseely, unhappy; unblest.
Weird, fate.
Fa, (isl. Dan. and Swed.) take; get; acquire; procure; have for my lot.—This Gothic verb answers, in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to the Latin capio; and Allan Ramsey was right in his definition of it. It is quite a different word from fat, an abbreviation of fall, or befall; and is the principal root in fanger, to fange, take, or lay hold of.
25. Fey, faith.
Mold, mound; earth.
Matt, mote; might.
Mann, must.
Matt, mix.
El, an elf. This term, in the Welsh, signifies what has in itself the power of motion; a moving prin-
ciple; an intelligence; a spirit; an angel. In the Hebrew it bears the same import.
26. Minted, attempted; meant; showed a mind, or intention to. The original is—
"Hand minde hende forst—og anden gang;—
Hun gjorde i hiortet sa vee;
End blev hand den lediate deif-vel
Mand kunde med øyen see.
Der hand vilde minde den tredie gang,"

27. Syth, tide; time.
Kyth, appear.
28. Stound, hour; time; moment.
29. Merry (old Teut. mere), famous; renowned; answering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the Latin mactus. Hence merry-men, as the address of a chief to his followers; meaning, not men of mirth, but of renown. The term is found in its original sense in the Gael. mere, and the Welsh mawr, great; and in the oldest Teut. Romances, mar, mer, and mere, have sometimes the same significations.
31. Meads, amends; recompense.
33. Meak, match; peer; equal.
Propine, pledge; gift.
35. øe, an island of the second magnitude; an island of the first magnitude being called a land, and one of the third magnitude a holm.
36. Cour’d, recover’d.

THE GHAIST’S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KEMPE VISER, p. 52a
By the permission of Mr. Jamieson, this ballad is added from the same curious Collection. It contains some passages of great pathos.

Swend Dyring hand rider sig op under øe,
(Paré jeg selver uge)
Der fæsté hand sig saa ven en mude,
(Mig lyter adi lunden at ridé) &c.

Child Dyring has ridden him up under øe,
(And O gin I were young!)
There wedded he him saa fair a may
(I’th greenwood it lists me to ride.)

Thegither they lived for seven long year,
(And O, &c.)
And they seven barnes has gotten in fere
(I’th 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 øe,
And synce he has married another may.

He’s married a may, and he’s fessen her hame;
But she was a grim and a laidy dame.

When into the castell court drive she,
The seven barnes stood wif the tear in their øe

The barns they stood wif’ dule and doubt;
She up wif’ her foot, and she kick’d them out.

1 "Under øe."—The original expression has been preserved here and elsewhere, because no other could be found to supply its place. There is just as much meaning in it in the translation as in the original; but it is a standard Danish ballad phrase; and as such, it is housed, it will be allowed to pass.

2 "Fælter."—The Dan. and Swed. ren, ren, or renne, and the Geel, ren, in the obsolete cases bide, biden, is the origin of the Scottish bower, which has so much puzzled all the etymologists.
Nor ale nor mead to the bairnies she gave:
"But hunger and hate fae me ye've hae."

She took frae them the bowster blue,
And said, "Ye sall ligg' I the bare strae!""

She took frae them the groff wax light:
Says, "Now ye sall ligg' I the mick a' night!"

"Twas lang I the night, and the bairnies grat:
Their mither she under the mools heard that;

That heard the wife under the earl that lay:
"For sooth maun I to 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 the last ga'e her leave to gang.

"And thou sall come back when the cock does draw,
For thou nae longer sall hide awa."

Wi' 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 wow'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' brothers and sisters thine?"—

"For sooth ye're a woman baith fair and fine;
But ye nae dear mither of mine."—

"Och! how should I be fine or fair?
My cheek it is pale, and the ground's my fair."—

"My mither was white, wi' cheek sae red;
But thou art wan, and liker ane dead."—

"Och! how should I be white and red,
Sae lang as I've been cauld and dead!"

When she cam till the chalmer in,
Down the bairnies' cheeks the tears did rin.

She buskit the tane, and she brush'd it there;
She kem'd and plaited the tither's hair.

The thirdie she dodd'i'd upon her knee,
And the fourthen she dichted sae cannillie.

She's ta'en the fifteen 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 chalmer in,
W' angry mood she said to him;

"I left you routh o' ale and bread:
My bairnies quail for hunger and need.

"I left ahind me braw bowster blue;
My bairnies are liggin' I' the bare strae.

"I left ye sae mony a groff wax light;
My bairnies ligg' I' the mirk a' night.

"Gin aft icome back to visit thee,
Wee, 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 mirr and bell,
Sae ga'e they the bairnies bread and ale.

Aye when the dog did wow, in haste
They crow'd and sain'd themsellse frae the ghast.

Aye when the little dog yowl'd, with fear
(And O gin I were young!)
They shook at the thought the dead was near.
(1't the greenwood it lists me to ride.)
or,
(Fair words sae meny a heart they cheer)

Glossary.

St. 1. May, maids.
Lists, please.
2. Steed, place.
In fer, together.
Winnow, engaging; giving joy, (old Teut.)
4. Synne, then.
5. Fessen, fetched; brought
6. Drove, drove.
7. Dule, sorrow.
Dout, fear.
8. Bowster, bolster; cushion; bed.
Blace, blue.
Strae, straw.
9. Groff, great; large in girt.
Mark, mirk; dark.
10. Lang I the night, late.
Grat, wept.
11. Moals, mould; earth.
Gae, go.
13. Prigged, entreated earnestly and perseveringly.
Gang, go.
15. Crow, crow
16. Banes, bones.
Stark, strong.
Bouit, bolt; elastic spring, like tha. of a hilt or a row from a bow.
Riven, split asunder.
Wa', wall.
17. Wec'ld, howled.
Lift, sky, firmament; air.
18. Yett, gate.
19. Sma', small.
22. Lire, complexion.
23. Caud, cold.
24. Till, to.
Rin, run.
Kem'd, combed.
Tither, the other.

Der hun gik ingenem den by.
De hundl de tudd saa higt i sby."

The original of this and the following stanza is very fine.
"Him slid op støb modige been,
Der revneåb muur og grea marmerssteen."
28. Routb, plenty. Quasil, are gueled; des, Need, want.


30. Brave, brave; fine.

31. Dowy, sorrowful.

32. Narry, snarl.

33. 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. Ghaist, ghost.

Note 2 Z.

—the moody Elfin King.—P. 214.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy Suppositions, published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend, Dr. John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular belief which even yet prevails respecting them in Scotland. Dr. Grahame, author of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perthshire 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 deduce the whole mythology from the Druidical system,—an opinion to which there are many objections.

"The Doonish Shi', or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness,—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality.

"They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Lochcon, there is a place called Cuirach'an, or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favorite place of their residence. In the neighborhood are to be seen many round conical eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed, that if, on Hallow-eve, any person, alone, goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (sinistrorsum) a door shall open, by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race, have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments, and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets, and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity, and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of theirainties. By this indulgence, he forsakes forever the society of men, and is bound down irrecoverably to the condition of Shi'tich, or Man of Peace.

"A woman, as is reported, in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the Men of Peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who, by some fatality, became associated with the Shi'tichs. This acquaintance, still retaining some portion of human benevolence, warned her of her danger, and counselled her, as she valued her liberty, to abstain from eating and drinking with them for a certain space of time. She complied with the counsel of her friend; and when the period assigned was elapsed, she found herself again upon earth, restored to the society of mortals. It is added, that when she examined the viands which had been presented to her, and which had appeared so tempting to the eye, they were found, now that the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth."—P. 107-111.

Note 3 A.

Why sounds you stroke on beech 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 positively malevolent, are capricious, and easily offended. They are, like other proprietors of forests, peculiarly jealous of their rights of covert and veneration, as appears from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern Dwerger, or dwarfs; to many of whose distinctions the fairies seem to have succeeded, if, indeed, they are not the same class of beings. In the huge metrical record of German Chivalry, entitled the 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 malicious order of fairies, among the Border wilds. Dr. Leyden has introduced such a dwarf into his ballad entitled the Court of Keeldar, and has not forgot his characteristic detonation of the chase.

"The thist blast that young Keeldar blew
Still stood the limer fern,
And a wee man, of swarthly hue,
Upstarted by a cairn.

"His russet 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 archieh clad in prickles red,
Cling 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 Keeldar tell!—
'The Brown man of the Moors, who stays
Beneath the heather-bell.

"The sweet beneath the heather-bell
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the lavrock's swell,
Far, far from tower and town.

"But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The chase's surly cheer!
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear!"

The poetical picture here given of the Dwergar corresponds exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which I was lately favored by my learned and kind friend Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labor upon the antiquities of the English Border counties. The subject is
in itself so curious, that the length of the note will, I hope, be
pardoned.

"I have only one record to offer of the appearance of our
Northumbrian Duergar. My narrator is Elizabeth Cockburn,
an old wife of Offerton, 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
Newcastile were sporting on the high moors above Elden, and
after pursuing their game, found it necessary to dine in a
green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their re-
past, the younger lad ran to the brook for water, and after stoop-
ing to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the ap-
pearance 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 uncommonly 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 glared like a bull. It seems he addressed the young
man first, threatening him with his vengeance, for having tres-
passed 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 ig-
norance; and offered to bring him the game he had killed.
The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission, but re-
marked, 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 fur-
ther to inform him, that he was, like himself, mortal, though
of years far exceeding the lot of common humanity; and (what
I should not have had an idea of) that he hoped for salvation.
He never, he added, fed on any thing that had life, but lived
in the summer on whortle-berries, and in winter on nuts and ap-
pies, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he in-
vited his new acquaintance to accompany him home and par-
take his hospitality; an offer which the youth was on the point
of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook
(which, if he had done, says Elizabeth, the dwarf would cer-
tainly 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 ad-
monition, 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."

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**Note 3 B.**

Who may dare on wind to wear
The faerie's fatal green?—P. 214.

As the Doone Shi', or Men of Peace, wore green habits,
they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured
to assume their favorite color. Indeed, from some reason
which has been, perhaps, originally a general superstition,
green is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and
countries. The Caithness men, who hold this belief, allege as
a reason, that their bands wore that color when they were cut
off at the battle of Flodden; and for the same reason they
avoid crossing the Ork on a Monday, being the day of the week
on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also dis-
liked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it
held fatal to the game of Grahame. It is remembered of an
aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a
fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing, that the
whipcord attached to his lash was of this unlucky color.

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**Note 3 C.**

For thou wert christen'd man.—P. 214.

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges so
quired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals
who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded
upon this advantageous distinction. Tamiane, 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 Elfin Gray (see
Appendix, Note 3 A), the obstinacy of the "Weast Elf," who would not flee for cross or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been "christen'd man."

How eager the Elves were to obtain for their offspring the
prerogatives of Christianity will be proved by the following story:—"In the district called Haga, in Iceland, dwelt a no-
blessom called Sigward Forster, who had an elfine with one of
the subterranean females. The elf became pregnant, and
exacted from her lover a firm promise that he would procure
the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time, the mother
came to the churchyard, on the wall of which she placed a
golden cup, and a stole for the priest, agreeable to the custom
of making an offering at baptism. She then stood a little apart.
When the priest left the church, he 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 connec-
tion, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he de-
sired that the child should be baptized; but this also he an-
swered in the negative, lest, by such request, he should admit
himself to be the father. On which the child was left un-
touched 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 in preservation.
But this female denounced and imposed upon Sigward and his
posterity, to the ninth generation, a singular disease, with which
many of his descendants are afflicted at this day." Thus wrote
Elzar Daldmon, pastor of the parish of Garpsdale, in Iceland,
a man profoundly versed in learning, from whose manuscript it
was extracted by the learned Torquius.—Historia Hrofis Kra-
kit, Hafniae, 1715, prefatio."

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**Note 3 D.**

And gaudily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening ash—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 quo-
tations from Dr. Grahame's entertaining volume, and may be
confirmed by the following Highland tradition:—"A woman,
whose new-born child had been conveyed by them into their
secret abodes, was also carried thither herself, to remain, how-
ever, only until she should suckle her infant. She one day,
during this period, observed the Shi'ichest busily employed in
mixing various ingredients in a boiling caldron; and, as soon as
the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all care-
fully 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 Doone Shi' re-
turned. 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 splen-
der and elegance, but in its genuine colom and form. The
gaudy ornaments of the apartment were reduced to the walls
of a gloomy cavern. Soon after, having discharged her office, she was dismissed to her own home. Still, however, she retained the faculty of seeing, with her medicated eye, everything 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 Shê'îca, 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, astonished at being thus recognized 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 extinguished it forever."—Graham's Sketches, p. 116-118.

It is very remarkable, that this story, translated by Dr. Graham from popular Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the Ota Imperialis of Gervase of Tilbury. A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery tale of the subsequent ages. Such an investigation, while it went greatly to diminish our ideas of the richness of human invention, would also show, that these fictions, however wild and childish, possess such charms for the populace, as enable them to penetrate into countries unconnected by manners and language, and having no apparent intercourse to afford the means of transmission. It would carry me far beyond my bounds, to produce instances of this community of fable among nations who never borrowed from each other anything 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 lives, I believe, only one gentleman, whose unlimited acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend, Mr. Francis Dougal, 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 2 E.

A sunk down in a sinful fray, and, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away. To the joyless Elfin bower. — P. 214.

The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of crumpling system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londe of Faery." In the beautiful Fairy Romance of Ooros and Henoildis (Orpheus and Enyphe) published by MS. Grahame, the following striking enumeration of persons thus abstracted from middle earth. Mr. Rison unfortunately published this romance from a copy

in which the following, and many other highly poetical passages, do not occur:

"Then he gan bhoilde about al, And seight ful liggeand with in the wal Of folk that were thidier y-brought, And thought dede and nere nought; Some stode withouten hadnne; And sum non armes made; And some thurk the bolle hadde wonde; And some lay yode y-bonde; And sum armes on hurs sete; And sum aastrangel as thai etc; And sum war in water adreynt; And sum war with fire al foshcreynt; Wives ther lay on childe bedde; Sum dede, and sunn awedde; And wonder fel ther lay besides, Right as thai slepe her underides; Echo was thus in the warl ynome; With faint thider y-come."
to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This
they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame par-
took of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him ex-
tremely popular. This curious trait of manners was com-
municated by Mons. de Montmorency, a great friend of the
Vidame, to Brantome, by whom it is recorded in "Péces des
Honnees Illustres, Discours lxxix, art. 14. The process
by which the raw venison was rendered eatable is described
very minutely in the romance of Perceforest, where Estorne, a
Scottish knight-errant, having slain a deer, says to his com-
panion Claudius: "Sire, or manger vous et moy aussi.
Voire si nous anions de feu, dit Claudius. Par l'amé de mon
pere, dit Estorne, le vous atornayre et cuiray a la manere
de nostre pays comme pour chevalier errant. Lors tira son
espee, et sen vint a la branche dung arbre, et y faut veg gran
trou, et puis fend la branche bien dieux pieds, et boutte la
cuise du serf entrend, et puis prant le licol de son cheval,
et en lye la branche, et destrianz si fort, que le sang et les
humeurs de la chair saillent hors, et demeurre la chair doulce
et seiche. Lors prant la chair, et ostus le cuir, et la chair
demeure aussi blanche comme si ce feu stir d'apoon. Donz
dita Claudius, Sire, le vous aye cuise a la guise de
mon pays, vous en pousez manger hardyement, car le mangle
ray premier. Lors met sa main a sa selle en vig lieu qu'il
ayoit, et tire hors son et polynie de poluçz et glazenez, masse
ensemble, et le bete desuz, et le frote sus bien fort, puis le
coupie a moytyle, et en donne a Claudius l'une des pieces,
et puis mort en l'autre aussi saureinessement qu'il est adusque
il en feut la poilure vantar. Quant Claudius veit qu'il le
mgncott de tel gouz, il en print grant faim, et commence a manger
tresvoulentiers, et dist a Estorne: Par l'amé de moy, il en
mangeluy onquesmais de chair atornayes de telle guise:
mais dorsoennant le me ne retournoye pas hors de mon
chemin par ayno la cuise. Sire, dist Estorne, quant suis
en desus d'Ecosse, dont il suis seigneur, le chevauchery huit
jours ou quinze que il ementeray en chaselt ne en maison,
et si ne verray feu ne personne vivant fors que bestes sauvages,
et de celles mangeryen atornayes en ceste manere, et mieuxx
me plaira que la viande de l'empereur. Ainsi ses vont man-
geant et chevauchery jusques adonc alouer arriuery sur une
mout belle fontaine que estoit en vne vale. Quant Estorne
la vit il dist a Claudius, allons boire a ceste fontaine. Or be-
uons, dist Estorne, du boir que le grant dieu a pouroye a
toites gens, et que me plais mieux que les corcesises d'Ang
lette"." La Treasoerte Hygante du tres noble Roy Perceforest.
Paris, 1531, fol. i. fol. lv. vers.
After all, it may be doubted whether la chaire mooste, for
so the French called the venison thus summarily prepared, was
any thing more than a mere rude kind of deer-ham.

Note 3 H.
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due
While Albion, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command.—P. 221.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish his-
tory than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and
occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient stand-
broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the
Independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hour-
y, gave rise to some of the most bloody depredations of which
Scotland is capable. "The Laird of Drummelzier, says Pitt,
the most bloody and deadly feuds in many parts of Scot-
land, both in the north and west parts. The Master of Forbes,
in the north, slew the Laird of Meldrum, under tryst" (i.e.
at an agreed and secure meeting) "Likewise the Laird of
Drummelzier slew the Lord Fleming at the hawking: and
likewise there was slaughter among many other great lords."
—P. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under the gov-
ernment of the Earl of Angus; for though he caused the

King to ride through all Scotland, "under the pretense and
color of justice, to punish thief and traitor, none were found
greater than were in their own company. And none of that
time durst strive with a Douglas, nor yet a Douglas's man
for if they would, they got the worst. Therefore, none durst
plaisance of no extortation, theft, relief, nor slaughter, done to
them by the Douglases, or their men; in that case they were
not heard, so long as the Douglas had the court in guiding."
—Ibid. p. 133.

Note 3 I.
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
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 unwearyed shears must be found,
With side-long pough to quell the flinty ground;
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood;
To tame the savage rushing from the wood;
What wonder if, to patient valor train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd;
And while their rocky ramparts round they see
The rough abode of want and liberty
(As lawless force from confidence will grow),
Insult the plenty of the vales below!"
Fragment on the Alliance of Education and Government.

So far, indeed, was a Creagh, or forresey, from being held
disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his
talents for command so soon as he assumed it, by leading his
clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a
neighboring sept, for which constant feats usually furnished
an apology, or against the Sassenachs, Saxons, or Lowlanders,
for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great tradi-
tional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some
remote period, been the property of their Celtic forerunners,
which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that
they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within
their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a
letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had
committed some depredation upon a farm called Molines,
occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that,
however the mistake had happened, his instructions were pre-
cise, that the party should foray the province of Moray (a
Lowland district), where, as he coolly observes, "all men take
their prey."

Note 3 K.
I only meant
To show the seed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.—P. 222.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illus-
trative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary,
but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the incon-
sistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately
capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge
and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tra-
idion, 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 Catanian, or
Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied blackmail up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to hait, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodations being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. 

He neither disputed 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 awaiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. "Stranger," resumed the guide, "I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause: for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you un plundered and uninjured." He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

NOTE 3 M.

See here, all contemptless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand.—P. 223.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilio respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise. In that desperate combat which was fought between Quelles, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Antraguet, with two seconds on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive, Quelles complained that his antagonist had over him the advantage of a poniard which he used in parrying, while his left hand, which he was forced to employ for the same purpose, was cruelly mangled. When he charged Antraguet with this odds, "Thou hast done wrong," answered he, "to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle punctilio of arms.

In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Anbanye, in Angoulesme, behaved more generously on the like occasion, and at once threw away his dagger when his enemy challenged it as an undue advantage. But at this time hardly any thing can be conceived more horribly brutal and savage than the mode in which private quarrels were conducted in France. Those who were most jealous of the point of honor, and acquired the title of Raffineis, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge. The Sieur de Branteone, to whose discourse on duels I am obliged for these particulars, gives the following account of the death and principles of his friend the Baron de Vitaux:

"J'ay ou en conter a un Tireur d'armes, qui apprit a Milland a en tirer, lequel s'appelloit Seigneur le Jacques Ferron, de la ville d'Ast, qui avoit esté a moy, il fut depuis tue a Sainte-Basile en Gascogne, lors que Monseigneur le Mayne l'assiede lui servant d'ingenieur; et de malheur, je l'ay veu a un audite Baron quelques trois mois aparravant, pour l'acorder a tirer, bien qu'en secoue paut; mais il ne'en fit compte; et le laissant, Milland s'en servit, et le rendit fort adroit. Se Seigneur Jacques donc me raconta, qu'il estoit monte sur un noyer, assez long, pour en voisr le combat, et qu'il ne vist jamais homme y aller plus bravement, ny plus resolument, ny de grace plus assurée, ny determinée. Il commença de marcher de cinquante pas vers son enemy, relevant souvent ses mouvements a son faict; et estant a vingt pas de son enemy (non plusot), il mit la main droite en l'air, et la tenoit en la main, non qu'il l'eust tirée encore; mais en marchant, il fit vollar le fourreau en l'air, en le secouant, ce qui est le beau de celia, et qui monstroit bien un grace de combat bien asseurée et froide, et nullement temeraire, comme il en a qui tirent leurs espées de cinq cents par l'ennemy, voire de mille, comme en ay veu aucuns. Ainsi mourut ce brave Baron, le paragon de France, qu'on noommoit cel, a bienuser ses querelles, par grandes et determinées resolutions. Il n'estoit pas seulement estimé en France, mais en Italie, Espagne, Allemaigne, en Boulogne et Angleterre; et destroient fort les Etrangers, venant en France, le voir; car ja l'ay vuy, tant sa renommée volloit. Il estoit fort petit de corps, mais fort grand de courage. Ses ennemis disoient qu'il ne tuoit pas bien ses gens, que par avantages et supercheries. Certes, je tiens de grands capitaines, et mesmes d'Italiens, qui ont estez d'autres fois les premiers vengeurs du monde, in seyra moind, disoient-ils, qui ont tenu cette maxime, qu'un seigneur ou un chevalier qui paye que par semblable monnoye, et ny alloit point là de desespoir. — Deuress de d'Branteone. Paris, 1757-8. Tome viii. p. 90-92. It may be necessary to inform the reader, that this paragon of France was the most foul assassin of his time, and had committed many desperate murders, chiefly by the assistance of 'is hired banditti; from which it may be conceived how little the point of honor of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to give my heroes"
who are indeed of an earlier period, a stronger tincture of the spirit of chivalry.

**Note 3 N.**

_ill faced it then with Roderick Dhu_,
_That on the field his targe he threw,_
_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. i. p. 164. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. Among verses between Swift and Sheridan, lately published by Dr. Barret, there is an account of such an encounter, in which the circumstances, and consequently the relative superiority of the combatants, are precisely the reverse of those in the text:—

"A Highlander once fought a Frenchman at Margate,

The weapons, a rapier, a backsword, and target;

Brisk Mousier advanced as fast as he could,

But all his fine weapons were caught in the wood,

And Sawney, with backsword, did slash him and nick him,

While tother, enraged that he could not once prick him,

Grie, ‘Sirrah, you rascal, you son of a whore,

Me will fight you, be gar! 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.1 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. Fuller, speaking of the swash-bucklers, or buffles, of Queen Elizabeth’s time, says,—“West Smithfield was formerly called Ruffians’ Hall, where such men usually met, casually or otherwise, to try masteries with sword and buckler. More were frightened than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith, it being accounted unmanly to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapiers, sword and buckler are disused.” In "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon," a comedy, printed in 1599, we have a pathetic complaint:—“Sword and buckler fight begins to grow out of use. I am sorry for it: I shall never see good manhood again. If it be once gone, this pocking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man, and a good sword-and-buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or rabbit.”

But the rapier had upon the continent long superseded, in private duel, the use of sword and shield. The masters of the noble science of defence were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of their art and mode of instruction, never suffered any person to be present but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined closets, beds, and other places of possible concealment. Their lessons often gave the most treacherous advantages; for the challenger, having the right to choose his weapons, frequently selected some strange, unusual, and inconvenient kind of arms, the use of which he practised under these instructors, and thus killed at his ease his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See Brantome’s _Discourse on Duels_, and the


work on the same subject, "_si gentememiet scrip_," by the venerable Dr. Paris de Putto. 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 recreant 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 chiefman with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Ewan’s life, printed in the Appendix of Pennant’s Scottish Tour.

"In this engagement, Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers retired behind a bush, when he observed Lochiel pursuing, and seeing him unaccompanied with any, he leapt out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and agility, in the end tripped the sword out of his hand: they closed and 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 disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and, jumping at his extended throat, he bit it with his teeth quite through, and kept such a hold of his grasp, that he brought away his mouthful: this, he said, was the sweetest bite he ever had in his lifetime."—Vol. i. p. 375.

**Note 3 P.**

_Ye terrors! within whose circuit dread_
_A Douglas by his sovereign bed;_
_And thou, O sod and fatal mound!_
_That oft hast heard the deathstroke 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 tristis_
_Hoc quoque procerum sanguine tinxit humum!_
_Hoc uno infelix, et felix cetera; nauseam_
_Lactuit aut caeli circa geniavse soli._"

The fate of William, eighth earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdock Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling, in 1485. They were beheaded upon an eminence without the castle walls, but making part of the same hill, from whence they could behold their strong castle of Doune, and their extensive possessions. This "heading hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurly-hacket, from its having been the scene of a courtly amusement alluded to by Sir David
Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young King was engaged,

"Some harp'd him to the Hurley-hacket;" which consisted in sliding, in some sort of chair it may be supposed, from top to bottom of a smooth bank. The boys of Edinburgh, about twenty years ago, used to play at the hurley-hacket, on the Calton-hill, using for their seat a horse's skull.

N° 3 Q.

The burglers 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 of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons, or Rex Piebaldorum, as Lesley has latinized it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dumfries, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to fire-arms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr. John Mayne, entitled the Siller Gun, 1608, which surpasses the efforts of Ferguson, and comes near to those of Burns.

Of James's attachment to archery, Pitscottie, the faithful, though rude recorder of the manners of that period, has given us evidence.

"In this year there came an ambassador out of England, named Lord William Howard, with a bishop with him, with many other gentlemen, to the number of three score horse, which were all able men and waied [picked] men for all kinds of games and pastimes, shooting, looping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well 'sayer [essay'd or tried] ere they passed out of Scotland, and that by their own provocation; but ever they tinct: till at last, the Queen of Scotland, the King's mother, favoured the English-men, 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 English-men should shoot against them, either at pricks, revers, or butts, as the Scots pleased.

"The king, hearing this of his mother, was content, and gart her pawn a hundred crowns, and a tun of wine, upon the English-men's hands; and he incumend laid down as much for the Scottish-men. The field and ground was chosen in St. Andrews, and three landed men and three yeomen chosen to shoot against the English-men,—to wit, David Wemyss of that ilk, David Arnot of that ilk, and Mr. John Wedderburn, vicar of Dundee; the yeomen, John Thompson, in Leith, Steven Taburner, with a piper, called Alexander Bailie; they shot very near, and warred [worsted] the English-men of the enterprise, and wan the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry that his men wan the victory."—P. 147.

N° 3 S.

Indifferent as to archer wight, The monarch gave the arrow bright.—P. 229.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginative person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behavior during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglas's, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft. I would have avowed 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.

"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 his Gray-Stell. 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 weary 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 afar off, 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, 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 thenceforward to abstain from meddling in public affairs, and to lead a quiet and private life. The king

1 Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 414.
3 A champion of popular romances. See Ellis's Romances, vol. iii.
went by without giving him any answer, and trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspindie followed, and though he wore on him a secret, or shirt of mail, for his particular enemies, was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the king's servitors for a cup of drink, being weary and thirsty; but they, fearing the king's displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was set at his dinner, he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he had gone? It was told him that he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very sharply for their discourtesy, and told them, that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service, for he had seen him sometime a man of great ability. Then he sent him word to go to Leith, and expect his further pleasure. Then some kinsman of David Falconer, the cannonier, that was slain at Tantallon, began to quarrel with Archibald about the matter, wherewith the king showed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard farther from him. And so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the King of England (Henry VIII.) to blame his nephew, alleging the old saying, That a king's face should give grace. For this Archibald (whenever were Angus's or Sir George's fault) had not been principal actor of any thing, nor no counsellor nor stirrer up, but only a follower of his friends, and that noways cruelly disposed."—Hume of Godscroft, li. 107.

NOTE 3 T.

Price of the wrestling match, the King To Douglas gave a golden ring.—P. 226.

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 happed to be there besides

Tryed a wrestling:

And therefore there was y-setten

A ram and als a ring."

Again the Litll Geste of Robin Hood:

—— "By a bridge was a wrestling,

And there taryed was he,

And there was all the best yemen

Of all the west country.

A full fayre game there was set up,

A white bull up y-pight,

A great conner with sandle and brezde,

With gold barnished full bright;

A payre of gloves, a red golde rings,

A pipe of wyne, good gay;

What man bereth him best, I wis,

The prize shall bear away."

RITSON'S ROBIN HOOD, vol. i.

NOTE 3 U.

These drew not for their fields the sword,

Like tenants of a feudal lord,

Nor ownd the patriarchal claim

Of Chieflain in their leader's name;

Adventurers they——P. 239.

The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, 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 Patria Potestas, exercised by the chieflain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band. The satirical poet, Sir David Lindsay (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the "Three Estates"), has introduced Finlay of the Foot-Band, who, after much swaggering upon the stage, is at length put to flight by the Fool, who terrifies him by means of a sheep's skull upon a pole. I have rather chosen to give them the banal features of the mercenary soldiers of the period, than of this Scottish Thrae. These partook of the character of the Adventurous Companions of Froissart or the Condottieri 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 intemperance brought on a mortal disease. When he found himself dying, he summoned to his bedside the adventurers whom he commanded, and thus addressed them:

"Faire sire, quod Geffray, I know well ye have always served and honoured me as men ought to serve their soverayn and capayn, and I shal be the gladder if ye wyll agree to have to your capayn one that is descended of my blode. Behold here Aleyne Roux, my coyson, and Peter his brother, who are men of armes and of my blode. I require you to make Aleyne your capayn, and to swore to hym faythe, obeyssance, love, and loyalty, here in my presence, and also to his brother: lowe he it, I wyll that Aleyne have the soverayn charge. Sir, quod they, we are well content, for ye have rightly well chosen. There all the company made them breke no point of that ye have ordained and commanded."—LORD BERNERS' FROISSART.

NOTE 3 V.

Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp

Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,

The leader of a juggler band.—P. 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 assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel states Herodias to have vailed or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bondswomen to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountainhall:—"Reid the mountebank pursues Scott of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl, calls. Let tumbling-lasse, that danced upon his stage; and he chaimed damages, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother for 230 Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their bairns; and physicians attested the employment of tumbling would kill her; and her joints were now grown stiff, and she declined to return; though she was at least a 'prentice, and so could not runaway from her master: yet some cited Moses's law, that if a servant shelter himself with thee, against his master's cruelty, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The Lords, rentiense cancellariae, assizilized Harden, on the 27th of January (1637)."—FOUNTAINHALL'S DECISIONS, vol. i. p. 439.1

James II.'s seal for Catholic prosectulum, and is told by Fountainhall, with dry Scottish irony:—"January 17th, 1687. Reled the mountebank.
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur. Ben Jonson, in his splendid introduction to the comedy of "Bartholomew Fair," is at pains to inform the audience "that he has no'er 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 branches for the Pope and the King of Spain!"

**Note 3 W.**

That stirring air that peaks on high, O'er Derrmide a race our victory.—Strike it!—P. 233.

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 the late Mr. Rhieiel of Glenriddel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Hares," for which a certain Gallovidian laird is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous fiddler, that he composed the tune known by the name of Maclarchon'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 *Disful'dy Gorreg Wen.* But the most curious example is given by Brantome, of a maid of honour at the court of France, entitled, *Mademoiselle de Limenil.* "During sa maladie, dont elle tressapes, jamais elle ne cessa, ains jusca toujourz; car elle estoit fort grande parleuse, brocureuse, et tres-bien et fort a propos, et tres-belle avec cela. Quand heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir a son valet (ainsi que le fille de la cour en ont chauce un), qui s'appelloit Julien, et souloit tres-bien jouer du violon. 'Julien,' luy dit elle, 'prenez votre violon, et sonnez moy toujourz jusques a ce que vous me voyez morte (car je m'y en vais) la defaite des Suisses, 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 piteusement que vous pourrez,' ce qui fit l'autre, et elle-meme luy aidoit de la voix, et quand ce vint 'tout est perdu,' elle le reiters par deux fois; et se tournant de l'autre coste du chevet, elle dit a ses compagnes: 'Tout est perdu a ce coup, et a bon escient;' et ainsi decilla. Voila une morte joyeuse et plaisante. Je tiens ce conte de deux de ses compagne, dignes de foi, qui virent jour ce mysterie."—*Oeuvres de Brantome,* lli. 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 Pauurge, in Rabelais, and consists of these words, imitating the jargon of the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:

"Tout est verlore, La Tineloire, Tout est verlore, bi Got!"

**Note 3 X.**

*Battle of Beath* an *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 blackamores was persuaded to accept of baptism from the Popish priests, and to turn Christian page; which was a great trophy: he was called James, after the king and chancellor, and the Apostle James."—Red, p. 446.

"In this roughly-wooded island, the country people secret their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their inroad into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to 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 Binean and the lake, by a tract called Yean-chileuch, or the Old Wife's Bog.

"In one of the defiles of this by-road, the men of the country at that time hung upon the rear of the invading enemy, and shot one of Cromwell's men, whose grave marks the scene of action, and gives name to that pass. In revenge of this insult, the soldiers resolved to plunder the island, to violate the women, and put the children to death. With this brutal intention, one of the party, more expert than the rest, swam towards the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock, to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily swathing a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from the body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazon's great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote.—Sketch of the Scenery near Callander, Stirling, 1836, p. 20. I have only to add to this account, that the heroine's name was Helen Stuart.

**Note 3 Y.**

An *Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King.*—P. 237.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *It Bendocaci.* Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his amorous attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the King of the Commons. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, "The Gaberlanzie man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures while 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 Crannond, 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, cut 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 the
natural gallantry, took the weaker side, and laid about with his fist so effectually, as to disperse the assailants, well thrashed, even according to the letter. He then conducted the king into his barn, where his guest requested a basin and a towel, to remove the stains of the broil. This being procured with difficulty, James employed himself in learning what was the summit of his deliverer's earthly wishes, and found that they were bounded by the desire of possessing, in property, the farm of Braehead, upon which he labored as a bondman. The lands chanced to belong to the crown, and James directed him to come to the palace of Holyrood, and inquire for the Gudman (i.e. farmer) of Ballengiech, a name by which he was known in his excursions, and which answered to the Il Bendacani of Haroun Acraschi. He presented himself accordingly, and found, with due astonishment, 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 ewer, basin, and towel, for the king to wash his hands when he shall happen to pass the Bridge of Cromondal. This person was ancestor of the Howisons of Braehead, in Mid-Lothian, a respectable family, who continue to hold the lands (now passed into the female line) under the same tenure.  

Another of James's frolics is thus narrated by Mr. Campbell from the Statistical Account:—"Being once benighted when out hunting, and separated from his attendants, he happened to enter a cottage in the midst of a moor at the foot of the Ochil hills, near Alloa, where, unknown, he was kindly received. In order to regale their unexpected guest, the gudman (i.e. landlord, farmer) desired the gudcwife to fetch the hen that roosted nearest the cock, which is always the plumpest, for the stranger's supper. The king, highly pleased with his night's lodging and hospitable entertainment, told mine host at parting, that he should be glad to return his civility, and requested that the first time he came to Stirling, he would call at the castle, and inquire for the Gudeman of Ballengiech."

Donalson, the landlord, did not fail to call on the Gudeman of Ballengiech, when his astonishment at finding that the king had been his guest afforded no small amusement to the merry monarch and his courtiers; and, to carry on the pleasantness, 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 have continued in possession of the identical spot, the property of Mr. Erskine of Mar, till very lately, when this gentleman, with reluctance, turned out the descendant and representative of the King of the Moors, on account of his majesty's invincible indulgence, 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 advantage."

The author requests permission yet farther to verify the subject of his poem, by an extract from the genealogical work of Buchanan of Auchmar, upon Scottish surnames:—

"This John Buchanan of Auchmar and Armpyroy was afterwards termed King of Kippen, upon the following account: King James V., a very sociable, debonair prince, residing at Stirling, in Buchanan of Armpyroy's time, carriers were very frequently passing along the common road, being near Armpyroy's house, with necessaries for the use of the king's family; and he, having some extraordinary occasion, ordered one of these carriers to leave his load at his house, and he would pay him for it; which the carrier refused to do, telling him he was the king's carrier, and his load for his majesty's use; to which Armpyroy seemed to have small regard, compelling the carrier, in the end, to leave his load; telling him, if King James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbor king in some of these loads, so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Armpyroy 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 neighboring 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, who stood porter at the gate, telling, there could be no access till dinner was over. This answer not satisfying the king, he sent to demand access a second time; upon which he was desired by the porter to desist, otherwise he would find cause to repent his rudeness. His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the Goodman of Ballengiech desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling Armpyroy so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much sumptuousness and jollity, became so agreeable to King James, that he allowed him to take so much of any provision he found carrying that road as he had occasion for; and seeing he made the first visit, desired Armpyroy 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 termed King of Kippen while he lived."—Buchanan's Essay upon the Family of Buchanan. Edin. 1775, 6vo. p. 74.

The readers of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable features with which he is represented, since he is generally considered as the prototype of Zerbino, the most interesting hero of the Orlando Furioso.

Note 3 Z.

Stirling's tower
Of yore 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 Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papigo:

"Adieu, fair Snowdoun, with thy towers high,
Thy chapel royal, park, and table round;
May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee,
Were I a man, to hear the birds sound,
Whilk doth again thy royal rock rebound."

Mr. Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has refuted the chimerical derivation of Snowdoun from sneading, or cutting. It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which juts were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snowdoun is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose 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 Goodeman of Ballengiech; derived from a steep path leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.
The Vision of Don Roderick. ¹

Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris,
For humana volet! — Claudian.

PREFACE.

The following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly detailed in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic King of Spain, when the Invasion of the Moors was impending, had the temerity to descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish Monarchy. The legend adds, that his rash curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into Three Periods. The First of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The Second Period embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; 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

¹ The Vision of Don Roderick appeared in 4to, in July 15, 1811; and in the course of the same year was also inserted in the second volume of the Edinburgh Annual Register—which work was the property of Sir Walter Scott's then publishers, Messrs. John Ballantyne and Co.

² The Right Hon. Robert Blair of Avontoun, President of the Court of Sessions, was the son of the Rev. Robert Blair, author of "The Grave." After long filling the office of Solicitor-General in Scotland with high distinction, he was elevated to the Presidency in 1806. He died very suddenly on the 20th May, 1811, in the 70th year of his age; and his intimate friend, Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, having gone into Edinburgh on purpose to attend his remains to the grave, was taken ill not less suddenly, and died there the very hour that the funeral took place, on the 29th of the same month.

³ In a letter to J. B. S. Morris, Esq., Edinburgh, July 1, 1811, Scott says—"I have this moment got your kind letter, just as I was packing up Don Roderick for you. This patriotic puppet-show has been finished under 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. Hei mihi! qui dixi mihi? humana perpessi sumus. His loss will be long and severely felt here, and Envy 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 sang belanger'd Ilion's 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 clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge

"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 Ashiel, 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 pouring, 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 Ashiel.

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 Mondeg's ravaged shores around;
The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's mourn,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

"The poem was published, in 4to, in July; and the immediate proceeds were forwarded to the board in London. His friend the Earl of Dalkeith (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch) writes thus on the occasion:—'Those with ampler 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 bosom, and apply the produce so beneficially and to so exalted a purpose,'—Life of Scott, vol. iii. pp. 312, 315.

2 Ms.—'Who sung the changes of the Phrygian jar.'

3 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 battle, 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.
But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill’d but to imitate an elder age,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay?
The debt thou claim’st in this exhausted age?
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o’er sea and land
While sea and land shall last; for Homer’s rage
A theme; a theme for Milton’s mighty hand—
How much unmeth for us, a faint degenerate band! 1

IV.
Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish’d foes;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids flung;
What time their hymn of victory arose, [rung,
And Cattrath’s glens with voice of triumph
And mystic Merlin harp’d, and gray-hair’d Llywarch sung! 2

V.
O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful 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 see’er the task
Of truant verse hath lighten’d graver care,
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetical, inspiration fair;
Careless he gave his numbers to the air,
They came unsought for, if applause came;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
Let but his verse befit a hero’s fame,
[Man’r-val be the verse!—forgot the poet’s name.

VII.
Hark, from ye misty cairn their answer tost: 4
“Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost,
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the need to warrior due:
Age after age has gather’d son to sire,
Since our gray cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

VIII.
“Decay’d our old traditional 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; 3
[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 Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.
“No! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
Where the rude villager, his labor done, [name,
In verse spontaneous’s chants some favor’d
Whether Olalnah’s charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Grame’n; 7
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albion’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 fame,
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.

1 MS.—“Unform’d for rapture, how shall we repay!”
2 MS.—“Thou givest our verse a theme that might engage
Lyres that could richly yield thee back its due;
A theme, might kindle Homer’s mighty rage;
A theme more grand than Maro ever knew—
How much unmeth for us, degenerate, frail, and few!”
3 See Appendix, Note A.
4 MS.—“Hark, from gray Needpath’s mists, the Brothers’ cairn,
Hark, from the Brothers’ cairn the answer tost.”
5 See Appendix, Note B.
6 Ibid. Note C.
7 Ibid. Note D.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,
Theria! off thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst fortune
fought and died.

XII.
"And cherish'd still by that unchanging race,'
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine;
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line. [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 outstretch'd below,
And naught disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleep in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Telo's ceaseless flow."

II.
All save the rushing swell of Telo's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courseur'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 gimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders arm'd
between.

III.
But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
The post beneath the proud Cathedral hold:
A band unlike their Gothic sire's of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place."

IV.
In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport—
"What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shift 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 wring,
And Guilt his secret burden cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

1 MS.—"And lingering still 'mid that unchanging race.'"
2 "The Introduction, we confess," says the Quarterly Reviewer, "does not please us so well as the rest of the poem, though the reply of the Mountain Spirit is exquisitely written." —The Edinburgh critic, after quoting stanzas ix. and xi., says:—"The Introduction, though splendidly written, is too long for so short a poem; and the poet's dialogue with his native mountains is somewhat too startling and unnatural. The most spirited part of it, we think, is their direction to Spanish themes.""
3 The Monthly Review, for 1811, in quoting this stanza, says,—"Scarcely any poet, of any age or country, has excelled Mr. Scott in bringing before our sight the very scene which he is describing—in giving a reality of existence to every object on which he dwells; and it is on such occasions, especially suited as they seem to the habits of his mind, that his style itself catches a character of harmony, which is far from being universally its own. How vivid, yet how soft, is this picture!"
4 MS.—"For, stretch'd beside the river's margin damp,
Their proud pavilions hide the meadow green."
5 MS.—"Bore javelins slight."
6 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
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 notbrook;2
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience shoke,
[look.]
Fear tame 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;
As sign and glance eked out the unfinish'd tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staide.
'Thus royal Witiza3 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 implor'd that I would spare,
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain!
All is not as it seems—the female train
Know by their bearing to disguise their mood?—"
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood—
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate

IX.

"O harden'd offspring of an iron race! [say!]
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 thy Christian host,
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep
be lost."

Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom;
"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonor doom!
Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
Show, for thou canst—give forth the fated key,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,"
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."4

X.

"Ill-fated Prince! recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!
Bethink, thy spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former Monarch entrance-way;
Nor shall it ever open, 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 exclaim'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 pursu'd,—the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin!'—Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knealt,
Arms straiten'd down, and hands outspread, and eyes
Raised 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."5

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 untwisted powers of description." The reader may be gratified with having the following lines, from Mr. Southey's Roderick, inserted here:—

1 MS.—"The feeble lamp in dying lustre
The waves of broken light were feebly roll'd."
2 MS.—"The haughty monarch's heart could evil brook."
3 The Quarterly Reviewer says—"The moonlight scenery of the camp 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."

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:
'Thou seest,'—he cried,—'thou seest,'—but memory
And reverential thoughts repress the word,
And shuddering, like an ague fit, from head
To foot convuls'd him: till at length, subduing

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4 The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne, and slain by his connivance, as is affirmed by Rodriguez of Toledo, the father of Spanish history.
5 MS.—"'He spare to smite the shepherd, lest the sheep be lost.'"
6 MS.—"And guide me, prelate, to that secret room"
7 See Appendix, Note F.
8 MS.—"Or pause the omen of thy fate to weigh!"
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.
Till the huge bolts roll'd back, and the loud hinges

XIII.
Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone;
Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
. A paly light, as of the dawning, shine [not spy;
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could
For window to the upper air was none;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could discern
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV.
Grim sentinels, against the upper wall, [place
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,
That lived and sim'd before the avenging flood;
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,
[moor.
Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of

XV.
Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
As if its ebb he measured by a book,
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
In which was wrote of many a fallen land,
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven:
And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
"Lo, Destiny and Time! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given."—

XVI.
Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.

1 MS.—"Arm—mace—club."
2 See Appendix, Note G.
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 your 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 ingulp him!"—"Hush," in shuddering tone, [form's thine own."

The Prelate said;—"rash Prince, you 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 benighted peasant down the tide; And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide, As numerous as their native locust band; Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide, With naked cimeters mete out the land, And for the bondsmen base the freeborn natives brand.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose The loveliest maidens of the Christian line; Then, menials, to their misbelieving foes Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine; Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign, By impious hands was from the altar thrown, And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine Ech'd, for holy hymn and organ-tone, [mourn.
The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—E'en as one who spies [woof, Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable And hears around his children's piercing cries,

Hatred, and madness; and despair, and fear, Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death, The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks and groans, And prayer, which mingled in the din of arms, In one wild uproar of terrific sounds."


1 See Appendix, Note H. 8 "Upon the banks Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs And flanks incarnadined, his poitrel smear'd With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair, Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling there he stood, From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth His tremulous voice, far-echoing, loud and shrill, A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seem'd To call the master whom he loved so well,

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 in 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 jerrid flings, And on the land as evening seem'd to set, The Imaun's chant was heard from mosque or minaret.

XXVI.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,

The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke, Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of flame;

With every flash a bolt explosive broke, Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke, [falstone: And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gun For War a new and dreadful language spoke, Never by ancient warrior heard or known; Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away— The Christians have regain'd their heritage; Before the Cross has waned 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?"

SOUTHEY'S Roderick.

1 "The manner in which the pageant disappears is very beautiful."—Quarterly Review.

2 "We come now to the Second Period of the Vision; and we cannot avoid noticing with much commendation the dexterity and graceful ease with which the first two scenes are connected. Without abruptness, or tedious apology for transition, they melt into each other with very harmonious effect; and we strongly recommend this example of skill, perhaps, exhibited without any effort, to the imitation of contemporary poets."—Monthly Review.
Crows by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrabs 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 stains, and smiled beneath
his cowl.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to Heaven of gratitude and praise;
And at his word the 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'd victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire;
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darker'd scenes expire.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand;
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,
He conscious of his broder'd cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light coiffure,
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the cas-tanet.

And well such strains the opening scene became;
For Valor had relax'd his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame, [brook-
Lay stretch'd, full loth the weight of arms to
And soften'd Bighorn, upon his book,
Patter'd a task of little good or ill:
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry segui-
dille. 4

11 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 Bonaparte, have somewhat of the air of the immortals of the
Luxemburg gallery, whose naked limbs and tridents, thunder-
bolts and caducei, are so singularly contrasted with the ruffs
and whiskers, the queens, archbishops, and cardinals of France
and Navarre."—Quarterly Review.

2 See Appendix, Note I.

3 "Armed at all points, exactly cap-a-ppee."—Hamlet.

4 "The third scene, a peaceful state of indolence and ob-
scurity, where, though the court was degenerate, the peasant
was merry and contented, is introduced with exquisite light-
ness and gayety."—Quarterly Review.
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; 2
From court intrigue, from bickering faction
Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet'd the western sun, sweet rose the
evening star.

XXXVI.
As that sea cloud, in size like human hand,
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly overarching Israel's land; 3
A while, p. ciaunce, bedeck'd with colors sheen,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Limming with purple and with gold its abrond,
Till darker folds obscured the blue cerene,
And blotted heaven with the road sable cloud,
Then sheeted rain burst down, and w. i. winds
howl'd aloud:

XXXVII.
Even so, upon that peaceful scene was pur'd,
Like gathering clouds, full many a fore.g. band,
And he, their leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offer'd peaceful front and open hand,
Yelling the perjured treachery he plann'd,
By friendship's zeal and honor's special guise,
Until he won the passes of the land;
Then burst were honor's oath, and friendship's ties!
[his prize.
He clutch'd 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;
Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honor deck'd his name;

Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's king'y
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 im-
pure. 4

XL.
Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form;
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,
[iorm, With which she beckon'd him through fight and
And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
[trod. Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he
Realsms could not glut his pride, blood could
not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was AMBITION bade her terrors wake,
Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.
No longer now she spur'd at mean revenge,
Or staid her hand for conquer'd foe-man's moan;
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Caesar's side she cross'd the Rubicon.
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd
To war beneath the youth of Macedon:
No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend um-
mask'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 Re-
view.
1 See I. Kings, chap. xviii. v. 41-45.
2 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.
3 "The picture of Bonaparte, considering the difficulty of all contemporary delineations, is not ill executed."—Edinburgh Review.
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed;
"And hopest thou then," he said, "thy power shall stand?"
O, thou hast builtled on the shifting sand, [flood;
And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand,
Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,
And by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood!"

XLIII.
The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried,
"Castile!"
Not that he loved him—No!—In no man's weal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor Puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.
But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of 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.*

XLV.
That Mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Straps 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 wound,
From Tarick's walls to Bilbon's mountains blown,
These martial satellites hard labor found,
To guard a while his substitutcd throne—
Light' recking of his cause, but battling for their own.

XLVI.
From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;
Stately Seville responsive war-shot sung,
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 me
First started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.
But unappal'd, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure;
Skilful their force to sever or unite,
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to ensure,
Discord to breathe, and jealously to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;
While naught against them bring the unpractised foe,
Save hearts for Freedom's cause, and hands for Freedom's blow.

XLVIII.
Proudly they march—but, O! they march not forth
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,
As when their Eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign!
Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain;
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.
Nor unaton'd, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade and brand,
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murd'rons hand;
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she throw,
[Mknew.
Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpses

L.
What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea,
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 seud,  
The waters choked with slain, the earth bedrench'd  
with blood!

LL

Then Zaragoza—bleighted be the tongue  
That names thy name without the honor due!  
For never hath the harp of Minstrel rung,  
Of faith so firmly proved, so firmly true!  
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shattered's 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 worshippest!—thy sainted  
She of the Column, honor'd be her name,  
By all, whate'er 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 wreck! 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 flame,

1 See Appendix, Note M.

2 MS.—"Don Roderick turn'd him at the sudden cry."

3 MS.—"Right for the shore num'ber'd barges row'd."

4 Con, are with this passage, and the Valor, Bigotry, and Ambition of the previous stanzas, the celebrated personification of War, in the first canto of Childe Harold:—

5 Lo! where the Giant on the mountains stands,  
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,  
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,  
And eye that scorneth all it glares upon:  
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
Flash'ing afar,—and at his iron feet  
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;  
For on this morn three potent nations meet  
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung,  
And redd'ning now with conflagration's glara  
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare

LIV.  
While all around was danger, strife, and fear,  
While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky,  
And wide 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,  Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,  
Whether it hail 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 stemm'd the billows broad.  
From mast and stern St. George's symbol flow'd,  
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;  
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 oars,  
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 sife, the trumpet-flourish pours,  
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,  
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean

"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-hounds rouse them from their lair  
And gash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!  
All join the chase, but few the triumph share,  
The grave shall bear the chiefest 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 crows on Talavera's plain,  
A d fertilize the field that each pretends to gain."
LVII.
A various host—whom ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And mediates his 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 whirr’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
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For your fair bands shall marry England claim,
And with their deeds of valor deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their 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, whichleague the Soldier
With the Laws.

LIX.
And, 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 that for such onset staid!

LX.
Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war’s stern minstrelsy,

¹ MS.—“the dusty mead.”
² “The landing of the English is admirably described; nor is there any thing finer in the whole poem than the following passage (stanzas lv. lv. lvii.), with the exception always of the three concluding lines, which appear to us to be very nearly as and as possible.”—Jeffrey.
³ “The three concluding stanzas (lvii. lix. lx.) are elaborate; but we think, on the whole, successful. They will probably be oftener quoted than any other passage in the poem.”—Jeffrey.
⁴ MS.—“His jest each careless comrade round him flings.”
⁵ 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 vi. under these dates.

His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee: [free, Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough nature’s children, humorous as she:
And His, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thine

LXI.
Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,
On Talavera’s fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco’s crest with lightning blaze:—³
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 rousing at the tale
Of Spain’s invaders from her confines hurl’d,
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurl’d,
[World.]²
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 Destiny 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!²

² “The nation will arise regenerate;
Strong in her second youth and beautiful,
And like a spirit that hath shaken off
The clog of dull mortality, shall Spain
Arise in glory.”—Southey’s Roderick.
⁶ 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 to which they had been bespoken, and gradually engage them upon a new and independent series of romantic adventures, in
The Vision of Don Roderick.

CONCLUSION.

I.

"Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tide!
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to hie?
Who, when Gascony's vex'd gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain booster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

"Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm'd you red-cross Powers!"
Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wallings 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 shatter'd
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off 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 into the hands of this dark enchanter, and heated our fancies to the proper pitch for sympathizing in the fortunes of Gothic kings and Moorish invaders, with their imposing accomplishments of harnessed knights, ravished damsels, and enchanted statues, than the whole romantic group vanishes at once from our sight; and we are hurried, with minds yet disturbed with those powerful appurtenances, to the comparatively sober and cold narration of Bonaparte's villasies, and to draw battles between mere mortal combatants in

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons from their walls, might sun
The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc come.

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd,
Have seen these wistful myriads eye their 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 you fires where meets the manly fight;
Beacons of infamy, 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 their wreckful
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The hoary priest even at the altar shot, [flame,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and
Woman to infamy;—no crime forgot,
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's great name!

VII.

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;

English and French uniforms. The vast and elaborate vesti
buls, in short, in which we had been so long detained,

'Where wonder wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,' has no corresponding palace attached to it; and the long no
vitate we are made to serve to the mysterious powers of ro
dance is not repaid, after all, by an introduction to their awful
ence.'—JEFFREY.

1 MS.—"Who shall command the torrent's headlong tide."
2 See Appendix, Note O.
3 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.  

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 foredoom'd the stain
From thy dishonor'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 portrayed,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more;
Of war's fall stratagems exhaust the whole;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his

X.
O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!
And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was
given— [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.
Go, baffled boaster! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,

1 The MS. has, for the preceding five lines—
"And in pursuit vindictive hurried on,
And O, survivors! to you belong
Trifles from each that Britain calls her son,
From all her nobles, all her wealthiest throng.
To her poor peasant's mite, and minstrel's poorer song."

2 See Appendix, Note Q.
3 The literal translation of Fuentes d' Honor.
4 See Appendix, Note R.
5 Ibid. Note S.
6 On the 26th of April, 1811, Scott writes thus to Mr. Merritt:—
"I rejoice with the heart of a Scotsman in the success of
Lord Wellington, and with all the pride of a seer to boot. I
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 flattered by prejudices, not immersed within the

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!
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 gain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail Cadogan brave;
And he, perchance, the minstrel-note might
own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
'Mid yon far western isles that bear 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 Barossa shouts for dauntless GREMIE!
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver
victors crown'd!

XIV
O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage
steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—

pelantries of his profession—but playing the
gazete and the 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 hitherto polishing bristles, 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 move-
ment. This will enable us to meet the dogs on fair terms as
to numbers, and for the rest, 'My soul and body on the action
both.' "—Life, vol. iii. p. 313.

1 See Appendix, Editor's Note T.
2 MS.—" O who shall grudge you chief the victor's bays."
3 See Appendix, Note U.
XI.
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 w'en he toil'd those squadrons to array.
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame.
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.
Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied;
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;
He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

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 Southron's knell,
Alderney, Kilsythe, and Tiber, own'd its fame,
Tunnell's rude pass can of its terrors tell.
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name.
Than when wild Rondin learn'd the conquering shout of Grome!

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale,)
By shalal and rock hath steer'd my ventures bark.
And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly hurl my weary sail,
And as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to land.

On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent!
Fuero Queene, book i. canto 12

"No comparison can be fairly instituted between composi-
tions 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 char-
acter; and we shall arrive at a far more accurate estimation 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, not
only above 'The Bard,' but (excepting Adam's Vision from the
Mount of Paradise, and the matchless beauties of the sixth
book of Virgil) above all the historical and poetical prospects
which have come to our knowledge. The scenic representation
is at once gorgeous and natural; and the language, and im-
agery, 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 contrivance, and in
a still greater degree to the nature of the subject itself, which is
deprived of all the 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 interpo-
sation of the magic glass of fiction and poetry."—Quarterly
Review, October, 1811.
Romances; 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 fills the cry of our alehouse politicians, and supplies the gable of all the guillotines in this country,—our depending campaigns in Spain and Portugal,—with the exploits of Lord Wellington and the spoliations 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 impatient readers, as very tedious interludes 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 pleasantries and excursions. The descriptions are very beautiful of them very fine, though the style is more turgid and verbose than in the better parts of Mr. Scott's other productions; but the invectives and acclamations 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 obtrusive,—indiscriminately noisy, and often ineffectually 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, Edinburgb Review, 1811.

"The Edinburgh Reviewers have been down on my poor Don hand to fist; but, truly, as they are too fastidious to approve of 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 freely 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 for each stanza; even Spenser himself, with all the license of using obsolete words and uncommon spellings, sometimes fidgets the ear. They are also very rough with me for omitting the merits of Sir John 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. Morrissitt, Sept. 26, 1811. Life, vol. iii. p. 328.

'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 idea 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 Britain 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 gaudy elements of a British army are contrasted."—Louchart Life, vol. iii. p. 319.

1 See Appendix, Editor's Note T.
APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

And Catterth's glees with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and gray-hair'd Llywarch rung!—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 Catterth, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have been fought on the shores 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, mourned in this beautiful dirge, were the British inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were cut off by the Saxons of Dairia, or Northumberland, about the latter part of the sixth century.—Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, edit. 1799, vol. i. p. 222. Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argoed, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the border, although in his age he was driven into Powys by the successes of the Anglo-Saxons. As for Merlin Wyllt, or the Savage, his name of Caledonia, and his retreat into the Caledonian wood, appropriate him to Scotland. Fordun dedicates the thirty-first chapter of the third book of his Scoio-Chronicon, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drumelzier, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name (quasi Tumulus Merlius) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shown, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:—"There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn called Pausay 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 Scots rhyme, to this purpose:—

'When Tweed and Pausay meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.'

For, the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pausay at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out."—Pennycuick'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 fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation; and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

NOTE C.

The rude villager, his 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 Barretti and other travellers.

NOTE D.

Kindling at the deeds of Grame.—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;—Grahame being, on the other side of the Tweed, usually pronounced as a dissyllable.

NOTE E.

What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shift and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?—P. 272.

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 aided by the Moors, Caba or Cava. 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 Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonor 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 countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracen and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; 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 Florinda's memory, are said, by Cervantes, never to bestowed that name upon any human female, reserving it for their dogs. Nor is the tradition less inveterate among the Moors, since the same author mentions a promontory on the coast of Barbary, called "The Cape of the Caba Rumia, which, in our tongue, is the Cope
of the Wicked Christian Woman; and it is a tradition among
the Moors, that Cala, the daughter of Count Julian, who was
the cause of the loss of Spain, lies buried there, and they think it
omious to be forced into that bay; for they never go in oth-
erwise than by necessity.

Note E.

And rude me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, 't o' er 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 marvel-
ous at each step from its original simplicity, is not ill exem-
plified in the account of the "Fated Chamber" of Don Rod-
riquez, as given by his namesake, the historian of Toledo, con-
trasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the
same subterranean discovery. I give the Archbishop of Tole-
do's tale in the words of Nonius, who seems to intimate (though
very modestly) that the fatale palatium, of which so much
had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphithe-
atre.

"Extra mores, septentriones versus, vestigia magni olim
theatre, qua visabant. Anctor est Rodriquez, Toletanus
Archiepiscopus ante Arabum in Hispanias irruptionem, hic
fatale palatium fuisse; quod invicti vectes exerna ferri robor
claudabant, ne reseratum Hispaniae excidium afferret; quod
in futis non vulgus somum, sed et prudentissimique cœde-
bant. Sed Rodriæci ultimi Gotorum Regis annōnin infelix
curiositas subitu, scelendi quid sub tot vetibus clausuis observa-
tur; ingentes ibi superiormum regum opes et arcasos thesaus-
es servari rursus. Seræ et pessulos perpingi curat, invitus
omnia; nihil praeter arenalem repertum, et in ea lineam,
quod exploitum nova et insolentes lusorium facies habituque
apparare, et inscriptione Latina, Hispania excidium ab
illa gente tenuisse; Vultus habituque Ravenor um erat.
Quamque ex Africa tantum edam instare regi cunctos per
sueusum; nec falsa ut Hispaniae annales etiamnum que-
runtur."—Hispania Ludovic. Novi, cap. Ix.

But, about the term of the expulsion of the Moors from
Grenada, we find, in the Historia Verdaderya del Rey Don
Rodrigo, a (pretended) translation from the Arabic of the
sage Alayde, Abdulcara Tari!" Abantara, a legend which
puts to shame the modesty of the historian Rodriquez, with his
chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pre-
tended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridicu-
led by Cervantes, who affects to translate the History of the
Knight of the Wood's Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet
Benengeli. As I have been indebted to the Historia Verdadery-
a for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following
literary translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisi-
tive reader:—

"One mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among
some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent
structure, though much dilapidated by time, which consists
all: four estoaspect (i.e. four times a man's height) below it,
there was a cave with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut
out of the solid rock, lined with a strong covering of iron, and
fastened with many locks; above the gate some Greek letters
are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful
meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of
learned men:—The King who opens this cave, and can dis-
cover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things.—
Many Kings 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 burning; many of those
present fainted with fear, and others lost their lives. In order
to prevent such great perils (as they supposed a dangerous en-
shainment 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, although agitated with fear. Having pro-
ceeded a good way, they fled back to the entrance, terrified
with a frightful vision which they had beheld. The King was
greatly moved, and ordered many torches, so contrived that
the tempest in the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted
Then the King entered, not without fear, before all the others.
They discovered, by degrees, a splendid hall, apparently built
in a very sumptuous manner; in the middle stood a Bronze
Statue of very ferocious appearance, which held a battle-axe
in its hands. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it
such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned
by the motion of the air. The King, greatly affrighted, and
astonished, began to confound this terrible vision, promising
that he would return without doing any injury in the cave, after
he had obtained a sight of what was contained in it. The statue
ceased to strike the floor, and the King, with his followers,
somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into
the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription
on the wall, 'Unfortunate King, thou hast entered here in
evil hour.' On the right side of the wall these words were in-
scribed, 'By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy
subjects feally 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 bowl, from which
a great noise, like the fall of waters, proceeded. They found
no other thing in the hall: and when the King, sorrowful and
greatly affected, had 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 with earth, that no memory might remain in the
world of such a portentous and evil-bearing prodigy. The cu-
ning 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 expond-
ated, 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 Gothis, and that the un-
fortunate King would be dispossessed of all his states. Finally,
the letters on the portal indicated, that good would befall to
the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience
proved the truth.'—Historia Verdaderya del Rey Don Rodri-
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"The Lotte, well known to the Christians during the crusades, in the shout of Alla Alla Alla, the Mahomelian confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr. W. Stewart Rose, in the romance of Partenope, and in the Crusade of St. Lewis.

NOTE H.
By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!—
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptre'd crown mounts to quit the field—
Is not your steed Oralia?—Yes, 'tis mine!—P. 275.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the connivance and assistance of Oppas, Archbishop of Toledo, invited, in 713, the Saracens into Spain. A considerable army arrived under the command of Tarik, or Tarif, who bequeathed the well-known name of Gibraltar (Gibel al Tarik, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, navaged Amanhala, and took Swille. In 714, they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalusia at the head of a great army, to give them battle. The field was chosen near Xeres, and Mariana gives the following account of the action:

"Both armies being drawn up, the King, according to the custom of the Gothic kings when they went to battle, appeared in an ivory chariot, clothed in cloth of gold, encouraging his men; Tarif, on the other side, did the same. The armies, thus prepared, waited only for the signal to fall on; the Goths gave the charge, their drums and trumpets sounding, and the Moors received it with the noise of kettle-drums. Such were the shouts and cries on both sides, that the mountains and valleys seemed to meet. First, they began with slings, darts, javelins, and lances, then came to the swords; a long time the battle was dubious; but the Moors seemed to have the worst, till D. Oppas, the archbishop, having to that time concealed his treachery, in the heat of the fight, with a great body of his followers went over to the infidels. He joined Count Julian, with whom a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The King performed the part not only of a wise general, but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hopes left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse called Oralia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still stood, missing him, were most part put to the sword, the rest betook themselves to flight. The camp was immediately entered, and the baggage taken. What number was killed was not known: I suppose they were so many it was hard to count them; for this single battle robbed Spain of all its glory, and in it perished the renowned name of the Goths. The King's horse, upper garment, and buskins, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadelita, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."—MARIANA'S History of Spain, book vi, chap. 9.

Oralia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and is the joy Cervantes.

NOTE I.
When for the light bolero ready stand
The moto blithe, with gay muchacha met.—P. 276.
The bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. Mote and muchacha are equivalent to our phrase of lad and lass.

NOTE K.
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castell—.—P. 278
The heralds, at the coronation of a Spanish monarch, do claim his name three times, and repeat three times the word Castilla, Castilla, Castilla; which, with all other ceremonies, was carefully copied in the mock inauguration of Joseph Bonaparte.

NOTE L.
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide.—P. 279
Those who were disposed to believe that mere virtue and energy are able of themselves to work forth the salvation of an oppressed people, surprised in a moment of confidence, deprived of their officers, armies, and fortresses, who had every means of resistance to seek in the very moment when they were to be made use of, and whom the numerous 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 dread or veneration, or something allied to both, for the power of the modern Attila, will nevertheless give the heretical Spaniards little or no credit for the long, stubborn, and unyielding resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-prepared, well-armed, and numerous adversaries fell in the course of as many months. While these gentlemen plead for deference to Bonaparte, and crave "Respect for his great place, and bid the devil Be duly honor'd for his burning throne," it may not be altogether unreasonable to claim some modification of censure upon those who have been long and to a great extent successfully resisting this great enemy of mankind. That the energy of Spain has not uniformly been directed by conduct equal to its vigor, has been too obvious; that her armies, under their complicated disadvantages, have shared the fate of such as were defeated after taking the field with every possible advantage of arms and discipline, is surely not to be wondered at. But that a nation, under the circumstances of repeated disappointment, internal treason, and the management of a temporary and hastily adopted government, should have wasted, by its stubborn, uniform, and prolonged resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overthrown the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, unsubjugated by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subdued others, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attained over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiegé and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month, but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the arms, except during the short-lived Austrian campaign, had no other enemies on the continent, should be now less successful, when repeated defeats have broken the reputation of the French armies, and when they are likely (it would seem almost in desperation) to seek occupation else-
where, is a prophecy as improbable as ungracious. And while we are in the humor of severely censoring our allies, gallant and devoted as they have shown themselves in the cause of national liberty, because they may not instantly adopt those measures which we in our wisdom may deem essential to success, it might be well if we endeavored first to resolve the previous questions,—1st, Why x do not at this moment know much less of the Spanish armies than those of Portugal, which were so promptly condemned as totally inadequate to assist in the preservation of their country? 2d, Whether, independently of any right we have to offer more than advice and assistance to our independent allies, we can expect that they should renounce entirely the national pride, which is inseparable from patriotism, and at once condescend not only to be saved by our assistance, but to be saved in our own way? 3d, Whether, if it be an object (as undoubtedly it is a main one) that the Spanish troops should be trained under British discipline, to the flexibility of movement, and power of rapid concert and combination, which is essential to modern war; such a consummation is likely to be produced by abusing them in newspapers and periodical publications? Lastly, since the undoubted authority of British officers makes us now acquainted with part of the horrors that attend invasion, and which the providence of God, the valor of our navy, and perhaps the very efforts of these Spaniards, have hitherto diverted from us, it may be moderately questioned whether we ought to be too forward to estimate and condemn the feeling. Had the temporary superstition which they create; lest, in so doing, we should resemble the worthy clergyman who, while he had himself never sniffed a candle with his fingers, was disposed severely to criticise the conduct of a martyr, who inclined a little among his flames.

NOTE M.

They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb. — P. 379.

The interesting account of Mr. Vaughan has made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza. 1 The last and fatal siege of that gallant and devoted city is detailed with great eloquence and precision in the "Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1809,—a work in which the affairs of Spain have been treated with of attention corresponding to their deep interest, and to the peculiar sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid historical narrative:

"A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and 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 in this species of warfare the Zaragozans derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause for which they fought. The only means of conquering Zaragoza was to destroy it house by house, and by street by street; and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners, and eight companies of sappers, carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines; these operations were to which they were wholly unacquainted, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime, the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'With the last 48 hours,' said Palafox in a letter to his friend General Boylè, 'we had about 300 shells that have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege, above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was ex- hacusted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, 'the want of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest, in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red 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 began, 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 of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily rain which the rains and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their gar- rison proceeded according to military rules, they would not have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th, above sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monjas, 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 defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken and retaken; the pavement was covered with blood, the sides 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; monks, and citizens, and soldiers, came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins, and the bodies of the dead and the dying."

Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the 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 refuse the Zaragozans the encomium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth?— Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floor upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbors); 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, or before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved; for Zaragoza contained, at the time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of those two sieges should be the
APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numanzita and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."—Wordsworth on the Convention of Cintra.

Note N.
The Vault 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—pens with the noise of the chase, and Recisando, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters purusing 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 engages with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage upon either side, which induces the Genie to inform Recisando, that he is not the monarch for whom the adventure of the enchanted cavern is reserved, and he proceeds to predict the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, and of the Christian religion, which shall attend the discovery of its mysteries. Recisando, appalled by these prophecies, orders the cavern to be secured by a gate and bolts of iron. In the second part of the same play, we are informed that Don Roderick had removed the barrier, and transgressed the prohibition of his ancestor, and had been apprized by the prodigies 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 wine and bough.
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;—
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking 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. One would think their ravages, their military appointments, the terror which they spread among invaded nations, their military discipline, their arts of political fatiguing and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture:

"2. A day of darkness and of gloominesse, 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 yeares 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, yea, and nothing shall escape them. 4. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they runne. 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 battel array. 6. Before their face shall the people be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness. 7. They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his wayes, and they shall not break their ranks. 8. Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path; and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. 9. They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses: they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. 10. The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall tremble, the sune and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining."—P. 281.

In verse 90th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colors, into a "land barren and desolate," and the dishonor with which God afflict ed them for having "magnified themselves to do great things, these are particulars not inapplicable to the retreat of Massena:—Divine Providence having, in all ages, attached disgrace as the natural punishment of cruelty and presumption.

Note P.
The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done.
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.—P. 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, must always inflict upon the defenceless 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 commissaries contributed the heads, 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 rewarding 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.

Pain-glorious fugitives!—P. 282.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the fanfaronade 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 Pegu 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 mirth was, however, deraigned by the undesired accomplishment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.
NOTE R.

Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuan's plain,
And from the flying thunder as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!—P. 282.

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honoró, upon 5th May, 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horse-artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-places with the desperation of drunken fury. They were nowise checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman), who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre-in-hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons, contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners (almost all intoxicated), remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the difference of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war, to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manoeuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

NOTE S.

And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given.—P. 282.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honoró. 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 Scottishman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, 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 attack 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 dissatisfaction on this score, in the management of his present theme Lord Wellington and his fellow-soldiers well deserved the laurels 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 praises which Mr. Scott has bestowed, therefore, all his readers will sympathize; 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 in so 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 written by a Scotchman—there 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, certainly has not appeared upon that scene which 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 grudging a single ray of that profuse and readily yielded glory to gild the grave of his lamented countryman. To offer a lavish tribute of praise to the living, whose task is still incomplete, may be generous and munificent;—but to departed merit, it is due in strictness of justice. Who will deny that Sir John Moore was all that we have now said of him? or who will 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 calluminate the memory of this illustrious and accomplished person,—and Mr. Scott has permitted the spirit of party to stand in the way, not only of poetical justice, but of patriotic and generous feeling.

"I think it for this which we grieve, and feel ashamed,—this hardening and deadening effect of political animosities, in cases where politics should have nothing to do;—this apparent perversion, not merely of the judgment, but of the heart;—this implacable resentment, which wars not only with the living, but with the dead;—and thinks it a reason for depriving a departed warrior of his glory, 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 resentment. The poet is not the fault of him on whose account these emotions are suggested. The war, the deeds, and the merits of Sir John Moore, will be commemorated in a more impartial and a more imperishable record, than the Vision of Don Roderick; and his humble monument in the Citadel of Corunna will draw the tears and the admiration of thousands, who concern not themselves about the exploits of his more fortunate 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. xlvii. But perhaps it may be neither unamusing nor un instructed 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 rebate from the Edinburgh critics. Sir Walter, in reviewing this canto, said, "Childe Harold's verses on Waterloo—a scene where all men, where a poet exercise ly, 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.

His 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 doped 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 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 excluded 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.

NOTE U.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's days,  
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,  
Roused them to exalt their fathers' praise,  
Temper'd their hardy rage, their courage steel'd,  
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield.—P. 292.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hazard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in so highly important an experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imputation from the most moderate, and all manner of unutterable calamities from the most severe and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general opinion of officers of unquestioned talents and experience, possessed of every opportunity of information; how completely the experiment has succeeded, and how much the spirit and patriotism of our ancient allies had been underrated, is evident, not only from those victories in which they have borne a distinguished share, but from the liberal and highly honorable manner in which these opinions have been retracted. The success of this plan, with all its important consequences, we owe to the indefatigable exertions of Field-Marshal Beresford.

NOTE V.

—a race renown'd of old,  
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,  
——the conquering shout of Grahame.—P. 293.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the war-like 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 Grahame'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 Tibbermnir, 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 1699.

"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 Grahame, may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr. Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victor of Barros.
Rokeby:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

NOTICE TO EDITION 1833.

Sir Walter Scott commenced the composition of Rokeby at Abbotsford, on the 16th of September, 1812, and finished it on the last day of the following December.

The reader may be interested with the following extracts from his letters to his friend and printer, Mr. Ballantyne.

"Abbotsford, 28th Oct., 1812.

"Dear James,—I send you to-day better than the third sheet of Canto II., 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 misunderstood 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 interesting; do the thing well, and the only difference will be, that people will like what they never liked before, and will like it so much the better for the novelty of their feelings towards it. Dullness and tameness are the only irreparable faults."

"December 31st.—With kindest wishes on the return of the season, I send you the last of the copy of Rokeby. If you are not engaged at home, and like to call in, we will drink good luck to it; but do not 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 vogue la galére. W. S."

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1890.

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, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the capital of the public had certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to lose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd 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
as both were destined to active life. The field-sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now lost interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comfort of a family residing in a solitary country-house; but although this was the 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 Ashiestiel, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow-land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape-gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like Uncle Toby's Bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine to connect myself with my mother earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of Shenstone's Leasowes, and I envied 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 every thing 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, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what is the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader; I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and, although I knew many years must elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, "Time and I against any two."

The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public 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 meditated, 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 began 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 manner 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 Actaeon 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 overshoot him with his own bow. In short, the popularity which once attended the School, as it was called, was now fast decaying.

1 "Scott found peculiar favor and imitation among the fair sex: there was Miss Halford, and Miss Mitford, and Miss Francis; but, with the greatest respect be it spoken, none of his imitators did much honor to the original, except Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, until the appearance of the 'Bridal of Triermain' and 'Harold the Dandless,' which, in the opinion of some, equaled, 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 awake 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 comparatively 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,—

"Non jam. prima peto, Mnestheus, neque vincere certo; Quanquam O!—sed superant, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti; Extremos pudent redisse: 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 Ellis and Murray have been talking something about Scott and me, George pro Scotia,—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. Notwithstanding, therefore, the eminent success of Byron, and the great chance of his taking the wind out of my sails, there was, I judged, a species of cowardice in desisting from the task which I had undertaken, and it was time enough to retreat when the battle should be more decidedly lost. The sale of "Rokeby," excepting as compared with that of "The Lady of the Lake," was in the highest degree respectable; and as it included fifteen hundred quartos, in those quarto-reading days, the trade had no reason to be dissatisfied.

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, 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 to what Mr. Braham calls Entusymex. All such stuff can only vex him, and do me no good."—Byron’s Diary, Nov., 1812;—Works, vol. ii. p. 229.

3 The 4to Edition was published by John Ballantyne and Co. £2 2s. 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 OFROKEBY,
IS INSCRIBED, IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP,
BY
WALTER SCOTT. 1

ADVERTISEMENT.
The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Vicinity.
The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the Fifth and beginning of the Sixth Canto.
The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public. 2

Rokeby.
CANTO FIRST.

I
The Moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse 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,

1 Dec. 31, 1812.
2 "Behold another lay from the harp of that indefatigable minstrel who has so often provoked the censure, and extorted 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 believe 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 establishment of Mr. Scott's high reputation. Whether, timed as it

now is, it be likely to satisfy the just expectations when that reputation has excited, is a question which, perhaps, will not 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.
CANTO I.

ROKELY.

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Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,
By fits the flashing rain-drop fall,¹
Lists to the breeze’s boding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

II.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam²
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,
Oft had he changed his weary side,
Composed his limbs, and vainly sought
By effort strong to banish thought.
Sleep came at length, but with a train
Of feelings true³ 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.

¹ This couplet is not in the original MS.
² MS. — "shifting gleam."³
³ MS. — "Of feelings real, and fancies vain."
⁴ MS. — "Nor longer nature bears the shock,
   That pang the slumberer awoke."

⁵ There appears some resemblance betwixt the visions of
Oswald’s sleep and the waking-dream of the Gläser —

"He stood. — Some dread was on his face.
Soon 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.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly;
Impatient 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.

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;⁶
And Oswald with a start awoke.⁷

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 whispers by,
Or catch, by fits, the timeless 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 o’er distinguish horse’s clank
Until it reach’d the castle bank.⁸
Now nigh and plain the sound appears,
The warder’s challenge now he hears;⁹
Then clanking chains and levers tell,
That o’er the moat the drawbridge fell,
And, in the castle court below,
Voices are heard, and torches glow,

The spar hath lanced his conquer’s side;
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,
Wintsom of memory seem’d to roll,
And gather in that drop of time,
A life of pain, an age of crime.¹⁰

IV. — "Till underneath the castle bank.
Nigh and more nigh the sound appears,
The warder’s challenge next he hear’s.”¹¹

⁶ MS. — "Till underneath the castle bank.
Nigh and more nigh the sound appears,
The warder’s challenge next he hear’s.”¹¹
⁷ See Appendix, Note B.

"The natural superiority of the instrument over the em-
ployer, of bold, unsustaining, practised vice, over timid, sol-
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."¹—Critical Review.
As marshalling the stranger's way,  
Straight for the room where Oswald lay;  
The cry was,—"Tidings from the host,  
Of weight—a messenger comes post."  
Stifling the tumult of his breast,  
His answer Oswald thus express'd—  
"Bring food and wine, and trim the fire;  
Admit the stranger, and retire.'

VI.

The stranger came with heavy stride,  
The morion's plumes his visage hide,  
And the buff-coat, an ample fold,  
Mantles his form's gigantic mould.  
Full slender answer deigned he  
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,  
But mark'd, by a disdainful smile,  
He saw and scorn'd the pettyle smile,  
When Oswald changed the torch's place,  
Anxious that on the soldier's face  
Its partial lustre might be thrown,  
To show his looks, yet hide his own,  
His guest, the while, lay low aside  
The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide,  
And to the torch glanced broad and clear  
The corselet of a cuirassier;  
Then from his brows the casque he drew,  
And from the dank plume dash'd the dew,  
From gloves of mail relieved his hands  
And spread them to the kindling brands,  
And, turning to the genial board,  
Without a health, or pledge, or word  
Of meet and social reverence said,  
Deeply he drank, and 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 ruffian feast;  
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 suspicions fears.  
On his dark face a scorching clime,  
And toil, had done the work of time,  
Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared,  
And sable hairs with silver shar'd,  
Yet left—what age alone could tame—  
The lip of pride, the eye of flame;  
The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd,  
The eye, that seem'd to scorn the world.  
That lip had terror never blench'd;  
Ne'er in that eye had tear-crop quench'd  
The flash severe of swarthy glow,  
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.  
Inured to danger's direst form,  
Tornade and earthquake, flood and storm,  
Death had been seen by sudden blow,  
By wasting plague, by tortures slow;  
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,  
Still 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 roused himself from rest,  
His answer," &c.  
2 MS.—"with heavy pace,  
The plumed morion hid his face."  
3 See Appendix, Note C.  
4 MS.—"That fell upon the stranger's face."  
5 MS.—"he freed his hands,"  
6 MS.—"Then turn'd to the replenish'd board."  
7 "As the description of Bertram which follows, is highly picturesque; and the rude air of conscious superiority with which he treats his employer, prepares the reader to enter into the full spirit of his character. These, and many other little cir-

8 MS.—"Protracted o'er his savage feast,  
Yet with alarm he saw at last."  
9 "As Roderick rises above Marmon, so Bertram ascends above Roderick Dhu in awfulness of stature and strength of coloring. We have trembled 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.'  

10 See Appendix, Note D.
And yet the soil in which they grew,  
Had it been tamed when life was new,  
Had depth and vigor to bring forth1  
The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.  
Not that, c'en then, his heart had known  
The gentler feelings' kindly tone;  
But lavish waste had been refined  
To bounty in his chaste'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 guide.

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 mind he bore;  
For meamer guilt, or heart less hard,  
Quaill'd beneath Bertram's bold regard.2  
And this felt Oswald, while in vain  
He strove, by many a winding train,  
To lure his sullen guest to show,  
Unask'd, the news he long'd to know,  
While on far other subject hung  
His heart, than falter'd from his tongue.3  
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 Reform'd—but felt rebuke  
Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look,  
Then stammer'd.—" Has a field been fought?  
Has Bertram news of battle brought?

1 MS.—" Show'd depth and vigor to bring forth  
The noblest fruits of virtuous worth.  
Then had the lust of gold accurst  
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 guide."  
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 fight ne'er left the host,  
Until the field were won and lost."  
"Here, in your towers by circling Tees,  
You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at ease;  
Why deem it strange that others come  
To share such safe and easy home,  
From fields where danger, death, and toil,  
Are the reward of civil broil?"—5  
"Nay, mock not, friend! since well we know  
The near advances of the foe,  
To mar our northern army's work,  
Encamp'd before belenguer'd York;  
Thy horse with valiant Fairfax lay,6  
And must have fought—how went the day?"—

XII.

"Wouldst hear the tale?—On Marston heat!  
Met, front to front, the ranks of death;  
 Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now  
 Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow;  
 On either side loud 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 bled,  
 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 Risingham the hearts,6  
 That counter'd there on adverse parts,  
 No superstitious fool had I  
 Sought El Dorados in the sky!  
 Chilli 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 caution in which Shakespeare's nearer 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 drift of his fearful interrogations."—Critical Review.

4 MS.—" Safe sit you, Oswald, and at ease."  
5 MS.—"Award the meed of civil broil."  
6 MS.—"Thy horsemen on the outposts lay."  
7 See Appendix, Note E.  
8 MS.—"Led I but half of such bold hearts  
 As counter'd there," &c.
While troubled joy was in his eye,
The well-ferd'd sorrow to belie.—
"Disastrous news!—when needed most,
Told ye not that your chiefs were lost?
Complete the woful tale, and say,
Who fell upon that fatal day;
What leaders of repute and name
Bought by their death a deathless fame.
If such my direst foeman's doom,
My tears shall dew his 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."

XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd,
Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast;
And brave, from man so meanly born,
Roused his hereditary scorn.
"Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt?
Philip or Morkham, lives he yet?
False to thy patron or thine oath,
Trait'rous or perjured, one or both.
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,
To slay thy leader in the fight?"—
Then from his seat the soldier sprung,
And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung;
His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forced the red blood-drop from the nail—
"A health!" he cried; and, ere he quaff'd,
Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and laugh'd:—
"Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy heart!
Now play'st thou well thy genuine part!
Worthy, but for thy craven fear,
Like me to roam a buccanier."

1 The Quarterly Reviewer (No. xvi.) thus states the causes of the hesitation he had had in arriving at the ultimate opinion, that Robley 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 dissolute 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 shamefully instatement 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.:— and in the course of a description which is, in some parts, unusually splendid—

\section{XIII.}

"Good am I deem'd at trumpet-sound,
And good where goblets dance the round,
Though gentle ne'er was join'd, till now,
With rugged Bertram's breast and brow.—
But I resume. The battle's rage
Was like the strife which currents wage,
Where Orinoco, in his pride,
Rolls to the main no tribute tide,
But 'gainst broad ocean urges far
A rival sea of roaring war;
While, in ten thousand eddies driven,
The billows fling their foam to heaven,
And the pale pilot seeks in vain,
Where rolls the river, where the main.
Even thus upon the bloody field,
The eddying tides of conflict wheel'd
Ambiguous, till that heart of flame,
Hot Rupert, on our squadrons came,
Hurling against our spears a line
Of gallants, fiery as their wine;
Then ours, though stubborn in their zeal,
In zeal's despitebegan to reel.
What wouldst thou more!—in tumult toss,
Our leaders fell, our ranks were lost.
A thousand men who drew the sword
For both the Houses and the Word,
Preach'd forth from hamlet, grange, and down,
To curb the crosier and the crown,
Now, stark and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore,
And ne'er shall rail at mitre more.—
Thus fared it, when I left the fight,
With the good Cause and Commons' right."—

\section{XIV.}

"Disastrous news!" dark Wycliffe said;
Assumed despondence bent his head.

\section{XVI.}

To Bertram Risingham the hearts,
And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's fame.

"The author, surely, cannot require to be told, that the feebleness of these jingling couplets is less offensive than their obscurity. The first line is unintelligible, because the conditional word 'if,' on which the meaning depends, is neither expressed nor implied in it; and the third line is equally faulty, because the sentence, when restored to its natural order, can only express the exact converse of the speaker's intention. We think it necessary to remonstrate against these barbarous inversions, because we consider the rules of grammar as the only shackles by which the Hudibrastic metre, already so licentious can be confined within tolerable limits."
What reck’st thou of the Cause divine,
If Mortham’s wealth and lands be thine?—
What carest thou for beleaguer’d York,
If this good hand have done its work?
Or what, though Fairfax and his best
Are reddening Marston’s swarthy breast,
If Philip Mortham with them lie,
Lending his life-blood to the dye?—
Sit, then! and as mid comrades free
Carousing after victory,
When tales are told of blood and fear,
That boys and women shrink to hear,
From point to point I frankly tell
The 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 Mortham 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 glow’d,
Along the marshall’s ranks he rode,
And wore his visor up the while.
I saw his melancholy smile,
When, full opposed in front, he knew
Where Rokeby’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 tide,
In many a well-debated 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 feneless faced the deadly dew;
I thought on Quariana’s cliff,
Where, rescued from our foundering skiff,
Through the white breakers’ wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortham to the shore;
And when his side an arrow found,
I suck’d the Indian’s venom’d wound.
These thoughts like torrents rush’d along;
To sweep away my purpose strong.

XVII.
“Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent.

When Mortham bade me, as of yore,
Be near him in the battle’s roar,
I scarcely saw the spears laid low,
I scarcely heard the trumpets blow;
Lost was the war in inward strife,
Debating Mortham’s death or life.
’Twas then I thought, how, lured to come,
As partner of his wealth and home,
Years of piratic wandering o’er,
With him I sought our native shore. —
But Mortham’s lord grew far estranged
From the bold heart with whom he ranged;
Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,
Sadden’d and dimm’d descending years;
The wily priests their victim sought,
And damn’d each free-born deed and thought
Then must I seek another home:
My license shook his sober dome;
If gold he gave, in one wild day
I reveill’d thrice the sum away.
An idle outcast then I stray’d,
Unfit for tillage or for trade.
Deem’d, like the steel of rusted lance,
Useless and dangerous at once.
The women fear’d my hardy look,
At my approach the peaceful shokk,
The merchant saw my glance of flame,
And lock’d his hoards when Bertram came;
Each child of coward peace kept far
From the neglected son of war.

XVIII.
“But civil discord gave the call,
And made my trade the trade of all.
By Mortham urged, I came again
His vassals to the fight to train.
What guerdon waited on my care?—
I could not cant of creed or prayer;
Sour fanatics each trust obtain’d,
And I dishonor’d and disdain’d,
Gain’d but the high and happy lot,
In these poor arms to front the shot!—
All this thou know’st, thy gestures tell.
Yet hear it o’er, and mark it well.
’Tis honor bids me now relate
Each circumstance of Mortham’s fate.

XIX.
“Thoughts, from the tongue that slowly part,
Glance quick as lightning through the heart,
As my spur press’d my courser’s side,

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;  
Till, like a stream that bursts its bank,  
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 petrelom,  
And Mortham, steed 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;  
Monckton and Mitton told the news,  
How troops of roundheads chocked the Ouse,  
And many a bonny Scot, aghast,  
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,  
Cursing the day when zeal or meed  
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed.  
Yet when I reach'd the banks of Swale,  
Had rumor learn'd another tale;  
With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,  
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day;  
But whether false the news, or true,  
Oswald, I reck 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 brook'd profession short.  
"Wycliffe, be sure not here I stay,  
No, scarcely till the rising day;  
Warn'd by the legends of my youth,"  
I trust not an associate's truth.  
Do not my native dales prolong  
Of Percy Rede the tragic song,  
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,  
By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall F  
Oft, by the Pringle's haunted side,  

The shepherd sees his spectre glide,  
And near the spot that gave me name,  
The moated mound of Risingham,  
Where Reed upon her margin sees  
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,  
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown  
An outlaw's image on the stone;  
Unmatch'd in strength, a giant he,  
With quiver'd back, and kirtled knee.  
Ask how he died, that hunter bold,  
The nameless monarch of the wold,  
And age and infancy can tell,  
By brother's treachery he fell.  
Thus warn'd by legends of my youth,  
I trust to no associate's truth.  

XXI.  
"When last we reason'd of this deed,  
Naught, I bethink me, was agreed,  
Or by what rule, or when, or where,  
The wealth of Mortham we should share;  
Then list, while I the portion name,  
Our differing laws give each to claim.  
Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne,  
Her rules of heritage must own;  
They deal thee, as to nearest heir,  
Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair,  
And these I yield:—do thou revere  
The statutes of the Bucanier;  
Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn  
To all that on her waves are borne,  
When falls a mate in battle broil,  
His comrade heirs his portion's spoil;  
When dies in fight a daring foe,  
He claims his wealth who struck the blow;  
And other rule to me assigns  
Those spoils of Indian seas and mines,  
Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark;  
Ingots of gold and diamond spark;  
Chalice and plate from churches born,  
And gems from shrieking beauty torn,  
Each string of pearl, each silver bar,  
And all the wealth of western war,  
I go to search, where, dark and deep,  
Those Trans-Atlantic treasures sleep.  
Thou must along—for, lacking thee,  
The heir will scarce find entrance free;  
And then farewell. I haste to try  

--- MS.——"Taught by the legends of my youth  
To trust to no associate's truth."  
See Appendix, Note II.  
7 MS.—"Still by the spot that gave me name,  
The moated camp of Risingham,  
A giant form the stranger sees,  
Half hid by rifted rocks and trees,"  
See Appendix, Note I.  
8 MS.—"With bow in hand," &c.  
10 See Appendix, Note G  
11 See Appendix, Note K
Each varied pleasure wealth can buy;
When cloy'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 grudged the murderer's mighty prize,
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,
And fear'd to wend with him alone.
At length, that middle course to steer,
To cowardice and craft so dear,
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow
His absence from the fortress now;
Wilfrid on Bertram should attend,
His son should journey with his friend."

XXIII.
Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,
And wretched to savage smile his frown.
"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 wife!
If injury from me you fear,
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee here?
I've sprung from walls more high than these,
I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.
Might I not stab thee, ere one 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 slumbering 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
Show'd the elastic spring of blood;
Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,
But turn'd from martial scenes and light,
From Falstaff's feast and Percy's flight,
To ponder Jaques' moral strain,
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain;
Ana weep himself to soft repose
O'er 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 Catycastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.2
Such was his wont; and there his dream
Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme,
Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring,
Till Contemplation's wearied wing
The enthusiast could no more sustain,
And sad he sunk to earth again.

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, friend'ship 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.4

MS.—"while yet around him stood
A numerous race of harder mood."
1 "And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast."
2 MS.—"Was love, but friendship in his phrase."
3 The prototype of Wilfrid may perhaps be found in
Beattie's Minstrel.
4 Beattie's Edwin; but in some essential respects it is made
to be 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 over-strained, 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 the bright
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.
To love her was an easy jest,
The secret empress of his breast;
To woo her was a harder task
To one that durst not hope or ask.
Yet all Matilda could, she gave
In 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 Tees,
The wo-foreboding peasant sees;
In concert oft they braved of old
The bordering Scot's incursion bold;
Frowning defiance in their pride,
Their vassals now and lords divide.
From his fair hall on Greta banks,
The Knight of Rokeby led his ranks,
To aid the valiant northern Earls,
Who drew the sword for royal Charles.
Mortham, by marriage near allied,—
His sister had been Rokeby's bride,
Though long before the civil fray,
In peaceful grave the lady lay,—
Philip of Mortham raised his band,
And march'd at Fairfax's command
While Wyciffo, bound by many a train
Of kindred art with wily Vane,
Less prompt to brave the bloody field,
Made Barnard's battlements his shield,
Secured them with his Lunedale powers,
And for the Commons held the towers.

XXXIX.

The lovely heir of Rokeby's Knight
Waits in his halls the event of fight;
For England's war roused the claim
Of every unprotected name,
And spared, amid its fiercest rage,
Childhood and womanhood and age.
But Wilfrid, son to Rokeby's foe,
Must the dear privilege forego,
By Greta's side, in evening gray,
To steal upon Matilda's way,
Striving, with fond hypocrisy,
For careless step and vacant eye;
Clamning 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 over-past!—
Recording each expression free,
Of kind or careless courtesy,
Each friendly look, each softer tone,
As food for fancy when alone.
All this is o'er—but still, unseen,
Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green,
To watch Matilda's wond'ring round,
While springs his heart at every sound
She comes!—'tis but a passing sight,
Yet serves to cheat his weary night;
She comes not—he will wait the hour
When her lamp lightens in the tower;
'Tis something yet, if, as she past,
Her shade is o'er the lattice cast.
"What is my life, my hope!" he said;
"Alas! a transitory shade."

XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove
For mastery in vain 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,

Daughter and wife of Rosky's Knight,
Wait in his halls, &c.

MS.—"But Wilfrid, when the strife arose,
And Rokeby and his son were foes,
Was shown'd each privilege to lose,
Of kindred friendship and the muse."

MS.—"A ping, with fond hypocrisy,
The careless step," &c.

The MS. has not this couplet.

MS.—"May Wilfrid haunt the
dickens green."

Wilfrid haunts Scargill's"

MS.—"watch the hour,
That her lamp kindles in her tower."
In all but this, unmoved he view'd
Each outward change of ill and good:
But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild,
Was Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child;
In her bright' car she bade him ride,
With one fair form to grace his side,
Or, in some wild and lone retreat,  
Flung her high spells around his seat,
Bathed in her dews his languid head,
Her fairy mantle o'er him spread,
For him her opiates gave to flow,
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
And placed him in her circle, free
From every stern reality,
Till, to the Visionary, seem
Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

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 glow'd with promised good;
Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
How soon his hopes possession cloy'd!
Tell him, we play unequal game,
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;
And, ere he strip him for her race,
Show the conditions of the chase.
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret;
One disenchants the winner's eyes,
And strips of all its worth the prize.

While one augments its gaudy show,
More to enhance the loser's woe.
The victor sees his fairy gold
Transform'd, when won, to dressy mold,
But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

XXXII.
More wouldst thou know—yon tower survey,
Yon couch unpress'd since parting day,
Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,
And yon thin form!—the hectic red
On his pale cheek unequal spread;
The head reclined, the loosen'd hair,
The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.—
See, he looks up:—a woful smile
Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while,—
'Tis fancy wakes 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'ercast,
Still howls by fits the stormy blast;
Another hour must wear away,
Ere the East kindle into day,
And hark! to waste that weary hour,
He tries the minstrel's magic power.

XXXIII.
Song.
Hail to the cold and clouded beam,
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if ne'er 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  

| MS.—— | "Wild car!"
| MS.— | "Or in some fair but lone retreat,
Fling her wild spells around his seat,
For him her opiates gave to flow,
Dow.

| MS.—— | "That all who on her visions press,
Find disappointment dog success;
But, miss'd their wish, lamenting hold
Her gliding false for sterling gold."

| MS.— | "Soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways,
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes, dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest Truth no light nor beauty find;
And who, my child, would trust the meteor blaze

| MS.— | "On his pale cheek in crimson glow;
The short and painful sights that show
The shrivell'd lip, the teeth's white row,
The head reclined," &c.

| MS.—— | "the sleeper's pain,
Drinks his dear life-blood from the vein."

| MS.— | "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 tearless beam supply
To light a world of war and woe!

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now,
As once by Greta’s fairy side;
Each little cloud that dimm’d thy brow
Did then an angel’s beauty hide.
And of the shades I then could chide,
Still are the thoughts to memory dear,
For while a softer strain I tried,
They hid my blast, 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 care to chase thy rest.
Mortham has fall’n on Marston-moor;" 2
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; 3
In every point, in every word.—
Then, in a whisper,—"Take thy sword!
Bertram is—what I must not tell.
I hear his hasty stop—farewell!" 4

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 ex-
pressions, and musical versification."—Monthly Review.
1 MS.—"Are tarnishing thy lovely dye!
A sad excuse let Fancy try—
How should so kind a planet show
Her stainless silver’s lustre high,
To light a world of war and woe!"
2 MS.—"Here’s Risingham brings tidings sure,
Mortham has fall’n on Marston-moor;
And he hath warrant to secure," &c
3 MS.—"Saw that they give his warrant way,''
4 With the MS. of stanzas xxviii. to xxxiv. Scott thus ad-
dresses his printer:—"I send you the whole of the canto. I
wish Esquire and you would look it over together, and con-
sider whenever upon the whole matter, it is likely to make an
impression. 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 Gilmanscar,
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar;
While, as a livelier twilight falls,
Emergent 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!—
Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Tees; 6
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; 7
These silver mists shall melt away,
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone; 8
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-
verb, 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 ex-
cellent; and the contrast presented to the gloomy and fearful
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 painter,
is perhaps superior to the others. He is admirably designed

—That middle course to steer
To cowardice and craft so dear."

Monthly Review.
6 See Appendix, Note L.
7 MS.—"Betwixt the gate and Balliol’s tower."
8 MS.—"Those deep-hewn banks of living stone."
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,
Condemned to mine a channell'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 bowers,1
Salutes proud Raby'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?2
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change
Even for that vale so stern and strange,
Where Cartland's Crags, fantastic rent,
Through her green copse 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;3
'Mid Cartland's Crags then show'st the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave;4
Giving each rock its storied tale,
Pouring a lay for every dale,
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy native legends with thy land,
To lord 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 moonebeam pale,
Still mingled in the silent dale.
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;4
Each on his own deep visions bent,
Silent and sad they onward went.
Well may you think that Bertram's mood,5
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 uncongenial souls between.

V.
Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer way,
Through Rokeby'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 Mortlam'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 Rokeby's towers 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,
Lending his rich luxuriant glow
Of fancy, all its charms to show,
Pointing the stream rejoicing free,
As captive set at liberty,
Flashing her sparkling waves abroad;
And 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 huge, the giant Oak,
As champions, when their band is broke,

1 MS.—"Staindrop, who, on her silvan way,
    Salutes proud Raby's turrets gray."4
2 See Notes to the song of Fair Rosamond, in the Lay of the
    Last Minstrel.
3 Cartled Crags, near Lanark, celebrated as among the fa-
    vorite rotae of Sir William Wallace.
4 See Appendix, Note M.
5 MS.—"For brief the intercourse, I ween,

Such uncongenial souls between;
Well may you think stern Risingham
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame;
And sought of mutual interest lay
To bind the comrades of the way."6
6 See Appendix, Note N.
7 Ibid. Note G
8 MS.—"Flashing to heaven her sparkling spray,
    And e'lumining joyful on her way."
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 vale is soon pass’d o’er,
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more;¹
Sinking mid Greta’s thickets deep,
A wild and darker course they keep,
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As o’er the foot of Minstrel trode⁻¹
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 beffling o’er the torrent’s way,
Yielding, along their rugged base;³
A flinty footpath’s niggard 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 chafè 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 wreeathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As penmons 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,
No, 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 mingle’d 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 swarty 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 on Greta’s farther side
Some straggling beams through copsewood glide;
And wild and savage contrast made
Waved wildly trembling o’er the scene,
Waved wild above the clamorous stream."¹⁰

¹ MS.—“And Rokeby’s tower is seen no more;
Sinking mid Greta’s thickets green,
The journeymen seek another scene.”
² See Appendix, Note P.
³ MS.—“Yielding their rugged base beside
A flinty path by Greta’s side.”
⁴ MS.—“That flings the foam from curb and but,
Chafing her waves to thicken and thrash;
O’er every rock that bars her path,
Till down her boiling eddies ride,” &c.
⁵ MS.—“The frequent ivy swathed their breast,
And wreeathed its tendrils round their crest,
Or from their summit bade them fall,
And tremble o’er the Greta’s brawl.”
⁶ MS.—“And so the ivy’s banners green,
Gleam,
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 morn reposed;
And wild and savage contrast made
That bleak and dark funereal 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 lated peasant shunn'd the dell;
For Superstition wont to tell
Of many a grisly sound and sight,
Searing its path at dead of night.
When Christmas logs blaze high and wide,
Such wonders speed 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,
The circle closes nigh 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 Mortham 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.

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 bare'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 MS.—"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 fall short of their natural order: promising this, that the extreme land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught witchcraft formerly in heathenish times, as it if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres 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 this, or other such like mischief, they commonly agree. The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of gentility, to sell winds to merchants that were stop'd on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knit three magical knots, not like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a thong, and they gave them unto the merchants; observing that rule, that when they unloosed the first, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests, that they should not be able to look out of the forecastle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy trial of the truth of it who deny'd that there was any such power in those knots."—Olafus Magnus's History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals. Lond. 1658, fol. p. 47.—[See Note to The Pirate, "Sale of Winds," Waterley 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 voices 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 trode
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 now—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 roused 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,
He shot him down the sounding path;
Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out,
To his loud step and savage shout.
Seems that the object of his race
Hath scaled the cliffs; his frantic chase
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 dare
An unsupported leap in air;
Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,

You mark him by the crashing 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 bold essay.

XV.
See, he emerges!—desperate now
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,
 He strains his grasp to reach the top.
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his faithless footstool shak'd
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 hardy Bertram's falling weight
He trusted to his sinewy hands,
And on the top unharm'd he stands!—

XVI.
Wilfrid a safer path pursued;
At intervals where, roughly hew'd,
Rude steps ascending from the dell
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 Mortham stood.
'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
On battled tower and portal gray:
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Grec'a flow to meet the Tees;
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,

His progress—heart and foot must fail
You upon't most crag's bare peak to scale."

Opposite to this line, the MS. has this note, meant to amuse Mr. Ballantyne:—"If my readers will not allow that I have climbed Parmassus, they must grant that I have turned the Kittle Nine Steps."—See note to Redgauntlet.—Waverley Novels, vol. xxxiv. p. 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."

MS. "See, he emerges!—desperate now
Toward the naked beetling brow,

1 MS. "Its fell, though transitory force
Hover's 'twixt pity and remorse."
2 MS. "As bursts the levin-dole in its wrath."
3 MS. "To his fierce step and savage shout,
Seems that the object of his chase
Had scaled the cliffs; his desperate chase."
4 MS. "A desperate leap through empty air;
Hid in the cope-clad rain-course now."
5 MS. "See, he emerges!—desperate now
Toward the naked beetling brow."
6 See Appendix, Note U.
She caught the morning’s eastern red,
And through the softening vale below
Roll’d her bright waves, in rosy glow,
All blushing to her bridal bed,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 blethe 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 wonted niche his seat;
To the paved court no peasant drew;
Waked to their toil no menial crew;
The maiden’s carol was not heard,
As to her morning task she fared:
In the void offices around,
Rung not a hoop, nor bay’d a hound;
Nor eager steed, with shrilling 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 disarray.
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 and sunk in gloom,
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.

XVIII.
"It vanish’d, like a fleeting ghost!
Behind this tomb," he said, "’twas lost—
This tomb, where oft I deem’d lies stored
Of Mortham’s Indian wealth the hoard.
’Tis true, the aged servants said
Here his lamented wife is laid;⁴
But weightier reasons may be guess’d
For their lord’s strict and stern behest,

MS—"As some fair maid in cloister bred,
Is blushing to her brid’l bed.⁵"

² 'The beautiful prospect commanded by that eminence,
seen under the cheerful 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.
Close by the gate, an arch combined,
Two haughty elms their branches twined."
Deed done, or spoken word, deny.
I slew him; 11 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 shrank, 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,¹
He rose superior to his frame.
And now it came, that generous mood;
And, in full current of his blood,
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.
"Should every fiend, to whom thou'rt sold,
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—
Arose 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.²
But when he felt a feeble stroke,³
The fiend within the ruffian woke!
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand,
To dash him headlong on the sand,
Was but one moment's work.—one more
Had drench'd the blade in Wilfrid's gore:
But, in the instant it arose,
To end his life, his love, his woes,
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 unscarbarded his brand,
But, sternly pointing with his hand,
With monarch's voice forbade the fight,
And motion'd Bertram from his sight.

1 MS.—"But, when blazed forth that noble flame."
2 "The sudden impression made on the mind of Wilfrid by this 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 to the rencontre of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu, in the Lady of the Lake."—Monthly Review.
3 MS.—"At length, at sight and feeble stroke,
That raged the skin, his fiend awoke."
4 MS.—"'Twas Mortham's spare and sinewy frame,
His falcon eye, his glance of flame."
5 MS.—"A thousand thoughts, and all of fear,
Dizzied 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."
CANTO II

ROKEBY.

313

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 quivered 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,1
By that base traitor’s dastard ball,
Just when I thought to measure sword,
Presumptuous hope! with Mortham’s lord.
And shall the murderer’s scape who slew
His leader, generous, brave, and true?2
Escape, while on the dew you trace
The marks of his gigantic pace!
No! ere the sun that dew shall dry,3
False Risingham shall yield or die.—
Ring out the castle ‘larum bell!
Aroused 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 diameout and follow me!

1 MS.—“Yes! I beheld him foully slain,
By that base traitor of his train.”

2 MS.—“A knight, so generous, brave and true!”

3 MS.—““that dew shall drain,
False Risingham shall be kill’d or ta’en.”

4 MS.—To the Printer.—“On the disputed line, it may stand thus,—

‘Whoever 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 cever, hark! 4—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 envying 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 elmin tree,
With drooping head and slacken’d knee,
And clenched teeth, and close-clasp’d hands,
In agony of soul he stands!
His downcast eye on earth is bent,
His soul to every sound is lent;
For in each shout that cleaves the air,
May ring discovery and despair.

XXVIII.

What ’vail’d it him, that brightly play’d
The morning sun on Mortham’s glade?
All seems in giddy round to ride,

use epithets, and is haranguing after the men, by this time enter ing 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 a distance. I leave it, however, to you, only saying, that I 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 discontented.—W. S.5

5 MS.—“Jealous of Redmond’s noble fire.”

6 "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 batted mansion, hill, and plain,
On which the sun so brightly shone,
Envied so long, was now his own?¹
The lowest dungeon, in that hour,
Of Brackenbury’s dismal tower,²
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!

XXXIX.
At length, o’erpast that dreadful space,
Back struggling came the scatter’d chase;
Jaded and weary, horse and man,
Return’d the troopers, one by one.
Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say,
All trace was lost of Bertram’s way,
Though Redmond still, up Brignal wood,³
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;⁴
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 lair be found,
Small is my care how goes the game
With Redmond, or with Risingham.—
Nay, answer not, thou simple boy!
Thy fair Matilda, all so coy
To thee, is of another mood
To that bold youth of Erin’s blood.
Thy ditties will she freely praise,
And pay thy pains with courtly phrase
In a rough path will oft command—
Accept at least—thy friendly hand;
His she avoids, or, urged and pray’d,
Unwilling takes his proffer’d aid,
While conscious passion plainly speaks
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.
Whene’er he sings, will she glide nigh,
And all her soul is in her eye;
Yet doubts she still to tender free
The wonted words of courtesy.
These are strong signs!—yet wherefore sigh,
And wipe, effeminate, thine eye?
Thine shall she be, if thou attend
The counsels of thy sire and friend.

XXXI.
“Scarcely wert thou gone, when peep of light
Brought genuine news of Marston’s fight.
Brave Cromwell turn’d the doubtful tide,
And conquest bless’d the rightful side;
Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled;
Noles and knights, so proud of late,
Must fine for freedom and estate.
Of these, committed to my charge,
Is Rokey, prisoner at large;
Redmond, his page, arrived to say
He reaches Barnard’s towers to-day.
Right heavy shall his ransom be,
Unless that mail compound with thee!⁶
Go to her now—he 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;⁰
And the bold swain, who plies his oar,
May lightly row his bark to shore.”

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Rockey.

CANTO THIRD.

I.
The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;⁸
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assign’d.
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,

Now aures more ambitious solemns.”⁸

¹ MS.—“The contrast of the beautiful morning, and the prospect of the rich domain of Mortham, which Oswald was come to seize, with the dark remorse and misery of his mind, is powerfully represented: (Non domus et fundus! Etc.)—Monthly Review.
² See Appendix, Note X.
³ “Though Redmond still, as unsubdued.”
⁴ The MS. adds:—
⁵ Of Mortham’s treasure now he dreams
⁶ MS.—“This Redmond brought, at peep of light, The news of Marston’s happy fight.”
⁷ MS.—“In the warm ebb are swept to sea.”
⁸ MS.—“The lower tribes of earth and air, In the wild chase their kindred spare.”
⁹ The second couplet interpolated.
Watches the wild-duck by the spring;  
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair;  
The greyhound presses on the hare;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb;  
The wolf devours the fleecy dam;  
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,  
Their likeness and their lineage spare,  
Man, only, mars kind Nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man;  
Plying war's desultory trade,  
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,  
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,  
At first the bloody game begun.

II.

The Indian, prowling for his prey,  
Who hears the settlers track his way,  
And knows in distant forest far  
Camp his red brethren of the war;  
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 wile,  
As Risingham, when on the wind  
Arose the loud pursuit behind.  
In Redesdale his youth had heard  
Each art her wily dalesmen dared,  
When Rooken-edge, and Redswair high,  
To bugle rung and blood-hound's cry,  
Announcing Jedwood-axe and spear,  
And Lili'dale 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 three.

These arts he proved, his life to save,  
In peril oft by land and wave,  
On Arawaca's desert shore,  
Or where La Plata's billows roar.  
When oft the sons of vengeful Spain  
Track'd the marauder's steps in vain,  
These arts, in Indian warfare tried,  
Must save him now by Greta's side.

IV.

'Twas then, in hour of utmost need,  
He proved his courage, art, and speed.  
Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,  
Now started forth in rapid race,  
Oft doubling back in mazy train,  
To blind the trace the dew retain;  
Now clombe 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 cosphe he drew,  
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,  
Beating each cover while they came,  
As if to start the silvan game.  
'Twas then—like tiger close beset  
At every pass with toil and net,  
'Counter'd, where'er he turns his glare,  
By clashing arms and torches' flare,  
Who meditates, 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 foemen 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 explored.  
'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye;  
'Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly  
And oft, like tiger toil-beset,  
That in each pass finds foes and net," &c.

1 In the MS. the stanza concludes thus:  
"Suspending yet his purpose stern,  
He coach'd him in the brake and fern;  
Hiding his face, lest foemen spy  
The sparkle of his swarthy eye."

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 bended brow, and glance of fire,
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire;
Or soft and sdden'd glances show
Her ready sympathy with woo;
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 shew the light and shade.²

VI.
Well Risingham young Redmond knew;
And much he marvell'd that the crew,
Roused to revenge bold Mortham dead,
Were by that Mortham's foeman led;
For never felt his soul the wo,
That walls a generous foeman low,
Far less that sense of justice strong,
That wrecks 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 cou'd like hunted deer,
The very boughs his steps displace
Rustled against the ruffian'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 needless step draw nigh,
With forked tongue and venom'd fang
Instant to dart the deadly pang;
But if the intruder 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 hoarse cushion's plaintive cry,
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by;
And on the dale, so lone and wild,
The summer sun in quiet smiled.

VIII.
He listen'd long with anxious heart,
Ear bent to hear, and foot to start;⁴
And, while his stretch'd attention glows,
Refused his weary frame repose.
Twas silence all—he laid him down,
Where purple heath profusely strown,
And throstowrt, with its azure bell,⁵
And moss and thymne his cushion swell.
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed
The course of Greta's playful tide;
Beneath, her banks now eddyng dun,
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her currents shine,
Matching in hue the favorite gem
Of Albin's mountain-diadem.

¹ These six copleets were often quoted by the late Lord Kinnehead 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 couplet stands:

"And like a flexile aspen play'd
Alternately in light and shade."

³ M.S.—"The chase he heads, whate'er the cause."

⁴ M.S.—"And limb's to start."

⁵ The Campanula Latifolia, grand throatwort, or Canter bury bell, grows in profusion upon the beautiful banks of the river Greta, where it divides the manors of Brignall and Scargill, about three miles above Greta Bridge.
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:
One, 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 basis 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 withhold,
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 embrownd,
No nether thunders shook the ground—
The demon knew his vassall's heart,
And spared temptation's needless art.

1 MS.—"show'd,
With many a rocky fragment rude,
Its old gray cliffs and shaggy wood."

2 The MS. adds:
"Yet as he gazed, he fail'd to find
According image touch his mind."

3 MS.—"Then thought he on his life betray'd."

4 See Appendix, Note 2 C.

5 MS.—"For deep and dark revenge were made,
As well might make hell's lowest shade."

6 "Bertram is now alone: the landscape around is truly grand, partially illuminated by the sun; and we are reminded

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 cuskhat's murmur hoarse,
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'Neale,
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 similar 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 fiend
Saw un delighted all delight."—Ed

7 MS.—"Look'd round—no foeman was in sight"
Who watch'd with me in midnight dark,
To snatch a deer from Rokeby-park.
How think'st thou?—"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,
Gleam’d from both factions—Roundheads, freed
From cant of sermon and of creed;
And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,
Spurn at the bonds of discipline.
Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold,
A warfare of our own to hold,
Than breathe our last on battle-down,
For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.
Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,
A chief and leader lack we yet,—
Thou art a wanderer, it is said;
For Northam’s death, thy steps waylaid,
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 knave and fool
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 mutter’d, "It is best make sure;
Guy Denzil’s faith was never pure."
He follow’d down the steep descent,
Then through the Greta’s streams they went;
And, when they reach’d the farther shore,
They stood the lonely cliff before.

1 MS.—"Thy head at price, thy steps waylaid."
2 . . . . . . . . "I but half wish’d
To see the devil, and he’s here already."—Otway
3 MS.—"What lack I, my revenge to quench,
But such a band of comrades stanch?"
4 MS.—"But when Guy Denzil pull’d the spray,
And brambles, from its roots away,
He saw, forth issuing to the air."
5 See Appendix, Note 2 E.
6 "We should here have concluded our remarks on the char-
acters of the drama, had not one of its subordinate personages been touched with a force of imagination, which renders it worthy even of prominent regard and attention. The poet has just presented us with the picture of a gang of banditti, on which he has bestowed some of the most gloomy coloring of his powerful pencil. In the midst of this horrid group, is distinguished the exquisitely natural and interesting portrait which follows:—
"See yon pale stripling! &c."—
Critical Review.
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 zest
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 ruddy cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are drown'd;
And soon, in merry wassail, he,¹
The life of all their revelry,
Peals his loud song!—The muse has found
Her blossoms on the wildest ground,
'Mid noxious weeds at random strew'd,
Themselves all profitless and rude.—
With desperate merriment he sung,
The cavern to the chorus rung:
Yet mingled with his reckless glee
Remorse's bitter agony.

XVI.

Song.²

O, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—

CHORUS.

"O, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen."—

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down!"

¹ MS.—"And soon the loudest wassailer he,
And life of all their revelry."¹

² Scott revisited Rokeby in 1812, for the purpose of refreshing his memory; and Mr. Morritt says,—"I had, of course, many previous opportunities of testing the almost con
celentious 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, 'I have often given me material 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 slate quarries of Brignall and the ruined Abbey of Egliston. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild-flowers and herbs 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, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn
And mine at dead of night."—

CHORUS.

Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."—

"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

"And, O! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!

XVIII.

"Maiden I a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the meat,³
Were better mate than I!

round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Gay Denzil; and could not help saying, that as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness, but I understood him when he replied, 'that in nature herself no two scenes were exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas—whoever trusted to imagination, would soon find his own mind circumscribed, and contracted to a few favorite images.'—Life of Scott, vol. iv. p. 19.

³ MS.—"The goblin-light on fen — meal."
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 throng,  
Till waked some ruder mate their glea  
With note of courser minstrelsy.

But, far apart, in dark divan,  
Denzil and Bertram many a plan,  
Of import foul and fierce, design’d,  
While still on Bertram’s grasping mind  
The wealth of murder’d Mortham hung;  
Though half he fear’d his daring tongue,  
When it should give his wishes birth,  
Might raise a spectre from the earth!

XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he told:  
When, scornful, 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 hoard,  
As bandog keeps his master’s roof,  
Bidding the planter stand aloof,  
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt  
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt;  
For why his guard on Mortham held,  
When Rokey’s castle hath the gold  
Thy patron won on Indian soil,  
B’ stealthy, by piracy, and spoil!”

XX.

At this he paused—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.—“Give the project birth.”

1 MS.—“Twere hard, my friend,” he said, ‘to spell  
The morning vision that you tell;  
Nor am I mere, 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, Denzil, shook!  
And when he tax’d thy breach of word  
To you fair Rose of Allenford,  
I saw thee crouch like chasten’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 jeer,  
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 Rokey’s 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 Rokey’s hospitable hall,  
And our stout knight, at dawn of morn  
Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,  
Nor less, when eve his oaks embrown’d,  
To see the ruddy cup ’Jo round,  
Tuck unbrage that a friend so near  
Refused to share his chase and cheer;  
Thus did the kindred barsums jar,  
Ere they divided in the war.  
Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair  
Of Mortham’s wealth is destined heir.”

Dark dreams and omen to expound.  
Yet, if my faith I must afford,” &c.

1 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.—“Give the project birth.”

1 MS.—“Twere hard, my friend,” he said, ‘to spell  
The morning vision that you tell;  
Nor am I mere, for art renown’d.

4 MS.—“Thow hov’st his gold.”

5 MS.—“The gold he won on Indian soil.”

6 MS.—“Like rated hound.”

7 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 yon slight maid!
The prize my life had wellnigh paid,
When 'gainst Laroche, by Cayo's wave,
I fought my patron's wealth to save!—1

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 scorning life and all its ties.

On each adventure rash he roved,
As danger for itself he loved;
On his sad brow nor mirth nor wine
Could e'er one wrinkled knot untwine;

Ill was the omen if he smiled,
For 'twas in peril stern and wild;
But when he laugh'd, each luckless mate
Might hold our fortune desperate.3

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;

Preaching, 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 wrangled for his right,4

Re deem'd his portion of the prey
That greedier mates had torn away:
In field and storm thrice saved his life,
And once amid our comrades' strife.—5

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,

1 The MS. has not this compleat.
2 "There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell."

3 MS.—"And when with the bloody fight was done
I wrangled for the share he won."
4 See Appendix, Note 2 G.
5 MS.—"To thee, my friend, I need not tell,
What thou hast cause to know so well."
6 MS.—"Around thy captain's moody mind."
7 "But it must be Matilda's share
This, too, still bound him unto life."
8 MS.—"From a strong vault in Mortham tower,
In secret to Matilda's bower,
Ponderous with ore and gems of pride."
9 MS.—"Then may I guess thou hast some train,
These iron-banded cheasts to gain;
Else, why should Denzil hover here?"
10 Deer in season.
11 MS.—"that doth not know
The midnight clang of Denzil's bow,
—I hold my sport," &c.
12 See Appendix, Note 2 H.
By Rokeby-hall she takes her hair,
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 warlus 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 venturos son!
Yet ponder first the risk to run:
The menials of the castle, true,
And stubborn to their charge, though few;—
The wall to scale—the meat to cross—
The wicket-grate—the inner fosse"—
—"Fool! if we blend for toys like these,
On what fair guerdon can we seize?"
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 haughty taunt forbear:
In sight of road more sure and fair,
Thou wouldst not choose, in blindfold wrath,
Or wantonness, a desperate path!
List, then:—for vantage or assault,
From gilded vane to dungeon-vault,
Each pass of Rokeby-house I know,
There is one postern, dark and low,

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 frolicking in blithe-some strain."
6 MS.—"A laughing eye, a dauntless men."
7 MS.—"To the Printer!—The abruptness as to the song is unavoidable. The music of the drinking party could only oper-
That issues at a secret spot,
By most neglected or forgot.
Now, could a spial of our train
On fair pretext admittance gain,
That sally-port might be unbarr'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,4
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,6
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln-green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding faire;7
But she shall bloom in winter snow,
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;8
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!"
And adieu for evermore."—9

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 Brignall cave!
I watch him well—his wayward course

as a sudden interruption to Bertram's conversation, however naturally it might be introduced, among the feasters, who were at some distance.

"Frain, in old English and Scotch, ex., I ex., 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 fowl and Jenny fain.'—W. S."

8 MS.—"Upon the Greta shore."
9 MS.—"Our merry men again:
Are frolicking in blithe-some strain."

See Appendix, Note 2 I.
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

XXXI.

"Thou see'st that, whether sad or gay,
Love mingles ever in his lay.
But when his boyish wayward fit
Is o'er, he hath address and wit;
O! 'tis a brain of fire, can ape
Each dialect, each various shape."

"Nay, then, to aid thy project, Guy—
Soft! who comes here?" "My trusty spy.
Speak, Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?"

"I have—but two fair stags 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 sot."

A hurried and a whisper'd speech
Did Bertram's will to Denzil teach;
Who, turning to the robber band,
Bade four, the bravest, take the brand.

Rokeby.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

When Denmark's raven soar'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-Force;
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,

1 MS.——— { "Seathed" his heart.
2 MS.—"Oft help the weary night away."
3 The ruins of Ravensworth Castle stand in the North Riding of Yorkshire, about three miles from the town of Richmond, and adjoining to the waste called the Forest of Askham. It belonged originally to the powerful family of FitzHugh, from whom it passed to the Lords Dacre of the South.
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 Sifia's spouse,
Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,
Remember'd Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

II.
Yet Scald or Kemper &r 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 assign'd
To spirits of a gentler kind!
For where the thicket-groups recede,
And the rath primrose decks the mead,¹
The velvet 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, ir. verdant rings,
Its pale and azure-pencil'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 towers erect, in sable spire,
The pine-tree seathed 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 plan'd,
What time he bade proud Athens own
On Mars's Mont 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 clung 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."
Wilfred, with wonted kindness graced,
Beside her on the turf she placed;
Then paused, with downcast look and eye,
Nor bade young Redmond seat him nigh.
Her conscious diificdence 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;²
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'd³
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivall'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;⁴
'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 aught of interest was express'd
That waked a feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood, 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 dosing 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 Saxon's iron bit—
Who has not heard how brave O'Neale
In English blood imbrued his steel,
Against St. George's cross blazed 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,
Slieve-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 sere 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 load, a Boy of beauty rare.
To Rokeby, next, he loutted 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!
Turlough 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 Turlough'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 Ferraunht 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, screamed the orphan Child.
Poor Ferraunht 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 fatter'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,

The brand of Lenaught 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,
Ferraunht in battle boldly stood,
Till wounded and o'erpower'd at length,
And stripp'd of all, his failing strength
Just bore him here—and then the child
Renew'd again his meaning 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 felon boar,
In his dark haunt on Gretna's shore,
And loves, against the deer so dun,
To draw the shaft, or lift the gun:
Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,
The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,
And down its cluster'd stores to hail,
Where young Matilda holds her veil.

1 This couplet is not in the MS.
See Appendix, Note 2 S.

2 MS.—"To bind the charge upon thy soul,
Remember Erin's social bowl."

3 See Appendix, Note 2 T.

4 Here follows in the MS. a stanza of sixteen lines, which the author subsequently dispersed through stanzas xv. and xvi., post.

5 MS.—"Three years more old, 'twas Redmond's pride
Matilda's tottering steps to guide."
Now must Matilda stray apart,
To school her disobedient heart;
And Redmond now alone must rue
The love he never can subdue.

But factions rose, and Rokeby sware, 2
No rebel's son should wed his heir;
And Redmond, nurtured while a child
In many a bard's traditions wild,
Now sought the lonely wood or stream,
To cherish there a happier dream,
Of maiden won by sword or lance,
As in the regions of romance;
And count the heroes of his line, 6
Great Nial of the pledges Nine, 1
Shane-Dymas 4 wild, and Geraldine, 9
And Connan-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.

If brides were won by heart and blade,
Redmond had both his cause to aid,
And all beside of nurture rare
That might be seem 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 requite.
Nor was his liberal care and cost
Upon the gallant strippling lost:
Seek the North-Riding broad and wide,
Like Redmond none could steed beside;
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.

Sir Richard loved him as his son;
And when the days of peace were done,

Great Nial of the pledges Nine,
Shane-Dymas wild, and Connan-Mur,
Who vow'd his race to wounds and war,
And cursed all, of his lineage born,
Who sheathed the sword to reap the corn
Or left the green-wood and the wold,
To shroud himself in house or hold. 1

See Appendix, Note 2 U. 7

Ibid. Note 2 V

Ibid. Note 2 W.
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 eve had seen him dubb’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.

XVIII

“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.⁴
“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 avail’s a useless brand,
Held by a captive’s shackled hand,
That only would his life retain,
To aid thy sire to bear his chain?”
Thus Redmond to himself apart;
Nor lighter was his rival’s heart;
For Wilfrid, while his generous soul
Disdained to profit by control,
By many a sign could mark too plain,
Save with such aid, his hopes were vain.—
But now Matilda’s accents stole

Appendix. Note 2 X. ² Ibid. Note 2 Y.
MS.—“His honor 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:

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.⁴
“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 avail’s a useless brand,
Held by a captive’s shackled hand,
That only would his life retain,
To aid thy sire to bear his chain!”
Thus Redmond to himself apart;
Nor lighter was his rival’s heart;
For Wilfrid, while his generous soul
Disdained to profit by control,
By many a sign could mark too plain,
Save with such aid, his hopes were vain.—
But now Matilda’s accents stole

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;
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

¹ MS.—“But ofter, ’twas my hap to see
Such storms of bitter agony,
As for the moment would o’erstrain
And wreck the balance of the brain.”
² MS.—“beneath his throe.”
³ MS.—“My youth was folly’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—Pale phantom, cease!
Leave me one little hour in peace!
Thus haunted, think'st thou I have skill
Thine own commission to fulfil?
Or, while thou point'st with gesture fierce,
Thy blighted cheek, thy bloody hearse,
How can I paint thee as thou wert,
So fair in face, so warm in heart!

XX.
"Yes, she was fair!—Matilda, thou
Hast a soft sadness on thy brow;
But hers was like the sunny glow,
That laughs on earth and all below!
We wedded secret—there was need—
Differing in country and in creed;
And, when to Mortamy'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 glee,
The wretch misconstrued villainy.
Repulsed in his presumptuous love,
A vengeful snare the traitor wove.
Alone we sat—the flash had flow'd,
My blood with heat unwonted glow'd,
When through the alley'd walk we sped
With hurried step my Edith glide,
Covering beneath the verdant screen,
As one unwilling to be seen.
Words cannot paint the fiendish smile,
That curl'd the traitor's cheek the while!
Fiercely I question'd of the cause;
He made a cold and artful pause,

Then pray'd it might not chance 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 murdered brother's arms.
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 'scape the vengeance of his crime.
The manner of the slaughter done
Was known to few, my guilt to none;
Some tale my faithful steward framed—
I know not what—of shaft mis-aim'd;
And even from those the act who knew,
He hid the hand from which it flew.
Untouch'd by human laws I stood,
But God had heard the cry of blood!
There is a blank upon my mind,
A fearful vision ill-defined,
Of raving till my flesh was torn,
Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn—
And when I waked to woe more mild,
And question'd of my infant child—
(Have I not written, that she bare
A boy, like summer morning fair?)—
With looks confused my menials tell
That armed men in Mortamy 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 dread,
With whom full oft my hated life
The readiest weapon of my wrath,
And hastening up the Greta path."

* MS. — "Until thy father, then atar."
4 MS. — "I, a poor debtor, should forget."
5 MS. — "Forgetting God's own clemency."
5 MS. — "So kindly, that from harmless glee."
7 MS. — "I caught a cross-bow that was near,

"Twas then that fate my footsteps threw
Among a wild and daring crew."

329
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 chanced, 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!’ it said, ‘what makest thou here,
While unwaveng 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 slay him as he stood—
All praise be to my Maker given!
Long suﬀrance is one path to heaven.”

XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard,
When something in the thicket stirr’d—
U’J Redmond sprung— the villain Guy
(For he it was that lurk’d so nigh),
Drew back—he durst not cross his steel
A moment’s space with brave O’Neale,
For all the treasured gold that rests
In Northam’s iron-banded 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 sate
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 forbore:
“It ne’er,” he mutter’d, “shall be said,
That thus I slay’d thee, naughty 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 counsell’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,
Uninterrupted thus they heard
What Northam’s closing tale declared.
He spoke of wealth as of a load,
By Fortune on a wretch bestowed,
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 averr'd,
He saw his face, his voice he heard;
Then argued calm—had murder been,
The blood, the corpses, had been seen;
Some had pretended, too, to mark
On Windermere a stranger bark,
Whose crew, with zealous care, yet mild,
Guarded a female and a child.
While these faint proofs he told and press'd,
Hope seem'd to kindle in his breast;
Though inconsistent, vague, and vain,
It warp'd his judgment, and his brain.

XXVIII
These solemn words his story close:—
"Heaven witness for me, that I chose
My part in this sad civil fight,
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,
In secret, doubtless, to pursue
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 grieved to think that Rokeby-hall,
Dismantled and forsook by all,
Open to rapine and to stealth,
Had now no safeguard for the wealth
Intrusted 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 abash'd—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 hand,
And well could send some horseman wight
To bear the treasure forth by night,
And so bestow it as you deem
In these ill days may safest seem."—
"Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she said:
"O, be it not one day delay'd!
And, more, thy sister-friend to aid,
Be thou thyself content to hold,
In thine own keeping, 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.
² MS.—"Hope, inconsistent, vague, and vain,
Seem'd on the theme to warp his brain."
³ MS.—"To that high mind thus warp'd and swerved,

The pity gave his woes deserved."
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.¹
Wisest it seem’d, with cautious speed
To leave the dell. It was agreed,
That Redmond, with Matilda fair,
And fitting guard, should home repair;²
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 bandied chests,
In which the wealth of Mortham 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.³

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 noontide make a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light,
Of twilight make an early night.⁴
Hoarse into middle air arose
The vespers 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.⁵
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,
Their weary hours the warders wore,
Now, while the cheerful fugots blaze,
On the paved floor the spindle plays;⁶
The flanking guns dismounted lie,
The most is ruined and dry,⁷

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, foes 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 accustomed beauty when delineated by Mr. Scott. The mountain fading in the twilight, is nobly imagined."—*Monthly Review.*

⁴ MS. — "a darksome night."

⁵ MS. — "By fits awaked the evening wind By fits in sighs its breath resign’d."

⁶ MS. — "Old Rokeby’s towers before him lay."

⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.

⁸ MS. — "The weary night the warders wore, New by the fugot’s gladsome light The maidens plied the spindle’s slight."

⁹ MS. — "The beams had long forgot to bear The trembling drawbridge into air; The huge portcullis gone, &c."
The grim portcullis gone—and all  
The fortress turn’d to peaceful Hall.

IV.
But yet precations, lately ta’en,  
Show’d danger’s day revived again;  
The court-yard wall show’d marks of care,  
The fall’n defences to repair,  
Lending such strength as might withstand  
The insult of marauding band.  
The 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 latticed 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 tusk 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,  
Cumbrous of size, uncouth to sight,  
And useless in the modern fight!  
Like veteran relic of the wars,  
Known only by neglected scars.

V.
Matilda soon to greet him came,  
And bade them light the evening flame;  
Said, all for parting was prepared,  
And tarried but for Wilfrid’s guard.  
But then, reluctant to unfold  
His father’s avarice of gold,  
He hinted, that lest jealous eye  
Should on their precious burden pry,  
He judged it best the castle gate  
To enter when the night wore late;

And therefore he had left command  
With those he trusted of his band,  
That they should be at 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 cold impending woe;—  
High privilege of youthful time,  
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!  
The bickering fogot 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,  
And ere the tardy porter stirr’d,

| 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 recent marks of the fall’n defences to repair;  
And not, till question’d o’er and o’er,“ |

For Wilfrid oped the studded door,  
jealous |  
And, on his entry, bolt and bar  
Resumed their place with sullen jar.”

9 MS. | “Confused he stood, as loth to say  
What might his sire’s base mood display  
Then hinted, lest some curious eye.” |
The tinging 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 meet 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 Harpolt's blood is sordid 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 Harpolt's crime,
An evil of this 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 strain!"—

1 MS.—"O, bid not me bear sword and shield,
Or struggle to the bloody field,
For gentler art this hand was made."
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
Obedient to the bard's control.—
Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Slieve-Donard's oak shall light no more;²
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 undistinguish'd in the glade,
My sire's glad home is prostrate lain,
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war,
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!³
He spoke, and proudly turn'd aside,
The starting tear to dry and hide.

XL
Matilda's dark and soften'd eye
Was glistening ere O'Neal's was dry.
Her hand upon his arm she laid,—
"It is the will of heaven," she said.
"And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part
From this loved home with lightsome heart,
Leaving to wild neglect what'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;³
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 Rokeby's line.
Yet is this consolation given,
My Redmond,—'tis the will of heaven."²
Her word, her action, and her phrase,
Were kindly as in early days;
For cold reserve had lost its power,
In sorrow's sympathetical hour.
Young Redmond dared not trust his voice;

1 MS. — "to sympathy." ² See Appendix, Note 3 D.

2 MS. — "That hearth, my father's honor'd place,
    Full soon may see a stranger's face."³

3 MS. — "Pain't ist power." ⁴

4 MS. — "Find for the needy room and fire,
    And this poor wanderer, by the blaze." ⁵

5 MS. — "what think'st thou
Of yonder harp?—Nay, clear thy brow." ⁶

6 Marwood-chase is the old park extending along the
    Durham side of the Tees, attached to Barnard Castle. Toller Hill
    is an eminence on the Yorkshire side of the river, commanding
    a superb view of the rains.

7 MS. — "Where rose and lily I will twine
    In guardon of a song of thine." ⁸

8 "Mr. Scott has imparted a delicacy (we mean in the co-
    loring, for the design we cannot approve), a sweetness and a
    melancholy smile to this parting picture, that really enchant
    us. Poor Wilfrid is sadly disappointed by the last instance of
    encouragement to Redmond; and Matilda endeavors to cheer
    him by requesting, in the prettiest, and yet in the most touch-
    ing manner, 'Kind Wycliffe,' to try his misfortunes. We will
    here just ask Mr. Scott, whether this would not be actual in-
    fernal 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 poet
    of holly green and lily gay, and he sings, broken-hearted. 'The
    Cypress Wreath.' We have, however, inserted this as one of
    the best of Mr. Scott's songs."—Monthly Review

But rather had it been his choice
To share that melancholy hour,
Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power,⁹
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 Rokeby's Maiden will not part
From Rokeby's hall with moody heart.
This night at least, for Rokeby'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,⁶
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 Rokeby's glades,
Nor wander more in Greta shades;
But sure, no rigid jailer, thou
Wilt a short prison-walk allow,
Where summer flowers grow wild at will,
On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill;⁷
Then holly green and lily gay
Shall twine in guardon of thy lay,⁸
The mournful youth, a space aside,
To tune Matilda's harp applied;
And then a low sad descent rung,
As prelude to the lay he sung.

XIII.
The Cypress Wreath.⁹
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,
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 bides 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 blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin 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 trump 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,
M’Curtin’s harp should charm no more!³
In lively mood he spoke, to wile
From Wilfrid’s woë-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,⁴
A seemly gown of Kendal green,
With gorget closed of silver sheen;
His harp in silken scarf was slung,
And by his side an anlace hung.
It seem’d some masquer’s quaint array,
For revel or for holiday.

XVI.
He made obeisance with a free
Yet studied air of courtesy.
Each look and accent, framed to please,
Seem’d to affect a playful 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 bow so young and smooth as this.

¹ MS.— “I would not wish thee } in } degrees
So lost to hope as falls to me;
But } wert thou such, } in minstrel pride,
If thou wert,
The land we’d traverse side by side,
On prancing steeds, like minstrels old,

² Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his repu-
tation as a poet during the Civil War. He died in 1649.
³ See Appendix, Note 3 E.
⁴ Ibid. Note 3 F.
CANTO V.

ROKEBY.

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His was the subtle look and aly,
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 and bold
Haa seem a this self-invited guest;
But young our lovers,—and the rest,
Wrept 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,
Sunik with the lay that bade it soar!
His soul resumed, with habit’s chain,
Its vices wild and fellows 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.

THE HARP.

I was a wild and wayward boy,
My childhood scorn’d each childish toy,
Retired from all, reserved and coy,
To musing 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?
My Harp alone!

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire.
The baron’s daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone;—
What could presumptuous hope inspire?
My Harp alone!

At manhood’s touch the bubble burst,
And manhood’s pride the vision curst,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love’s sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that pull’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:—
Can aught atone
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;—
“None to this noble house belong,”

an harp, and played with his hand: So Saul was refreshed
and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.”—1 SAM
vii, chap. xvi, 14, 17, 23.

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 “But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an
evil spirit from the Lord troubled him.”
4 MS.—“ Love came, with all his ardent fire,
His frantic dream, his wild desire”
5 MS.—“ And doom’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.

S o n g.

T H E C A V A L I E R.

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 hair,  
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 North have encircled the North’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!  
Bo his banner unconquer’d, resistless his spear,  
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may crown  
In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown."

XXI.

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that strain,  
Good harper, now is heard in vain!  
The time has been, at such a sound,  
When Rokeby’s vessels 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 fate  
To human eye seems desperate.  
While Rokeby’s Heir such power retains,  
Let this slight burdenon 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 downcaste 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 unguess’d,  
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 fought for the Crown.

1 MS. — "of proud London town,  
That the North has brave nobles to fight for the Crown."

2 In the MS. the last quatrain 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,  
..."

3 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 broken age,  
No more can lead the battle’s rage."
What against pity arms his heart?—
F is the conscious pride of art.

XXIII.
But principles in Edmund’s mind
Were baseless, vague, and undefined.
His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On Passion’s changeful tide was tossed;
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 stern est guilt supplied,
Could scarce support him when arose
The lay that mourn’d Matilda’s woes.

SONG.
THE FAREWELL.
The sound of Rokeby’s woods I hear,
They mingle with the song:
Dark Greta’s voice is in mine ear,
I must not hear them long.
From every loved and native haunt
The native Heir must stray,
And, like a ghost whom sunbeams daunt,
Must part before the day.

Soon from the halls my fathers rear’d,
Their scutcheons may descend,
A line so long beloved and fear’d
May soon obscurely end.
No longer here Matilda’s tone
Shall bid those echoes swell;
Yet shall they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.

The lady paused, and then again
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.

XXIV.
Let our halls and towers decay,
Be our name and line forgot,
Lands and manors pass away,—
We but share our Monarch’s lot.
If no more our annals show
Battles won and banners taken,
Still in death, defeat, and woe,
Ours be loyalty unshaken!

Constant still in danger’s hour,
Princes own’d our fathers’ aid;

Lands and honors, wealth and power,
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
Mortal boons by mortals given;
But let Constancy abide,—
Constancy’s the gift of Heaven.

XXV.
While thus Matilda’s lay was heard,
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr’d.
In peasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone;
But village notes could ne’er supply
That rich and varied melody;
And ne’er in cottage-maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien,
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 muse’d 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 trode!—
And now—O! would that earth would rive,
And close upon me while alive!—
Is there no hope? Is all then lost?
Bertram’s already on his post!

1 “Surely, no poet has ever paid a finer tribute to the power of his art, than in the foregoing description of its effects on the mind of this unhappy boy! and none has ever more justly appreciated the worthlessness of the sublimest genius, unrestrained by reason, and abandoned by virtue.”—Critical Review

2 This couplet is not in the MS.

3 MS.—“Knightly titles, wealth and power.”

4 MS.—“Of some fair princess of romance,
The guardian of a hero’s lance.”
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 falters'd forth a tale of woe.¹

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?"²
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentals 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 crows 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 heard him in his pride—
If he meet a Friar of orders gray,
He droops and turns aside.²

XXVIII.

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,"
Matilda said, "can goblins raise!"
Wellnigh my fancy can discern,
Near the dark porch, a visage stern;

The MS. has not this couplet.
² MS. — "And see thy shrift be true,
Else shall the soul, that parts to-day,
Fling all its guilt on you."

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 G.—(to which the author, in his interleaved copy, has made considerable additions.—Ed.)

³ MS. — "Conduct Matilda," &c.
I know it well—he would not yield
His sword to man—his doom is seal’d!
For my scorn’d life, which thou hast bought
At price of his, I thank thee not."

XXX.
The unjust reproach, the angry look,
The heart of 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,¹
Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall,
Distinguish’d by the paly red
The lamps in dim reflection shed,²
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!³
A shot is heard—Again the flame
Flash’d thick and fast—a volley came
Then echo’d wildly, from within,
Of shout and scream the mingled din,
And weapon-clash and maddening cry,
Of those who kill, and those who die!—
As fill’d the Hall with sulphurous smoke,
More red, more dark, the death-flash broke;
And forms were on the lattice cast,
That struck, or struggled, as they past.

XXXII.
What sounds upon the midnight wind
Approach so rapidly behind?

It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,
Matilda hears the sound: she speeds,
Seizes upon the leader’s rein—
"O, haste to aid, ore aid be vain!
Fly to the postern—gain the Hall!"
From saddle spring the troopers all;⁴
Their gallant steeds, at liberty,
Run wild along the moonlight lea.
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, scant’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 prepared⁵
Their Mistress on her way to guard.)
Then cheer’d them to the fight O’Neale,
Then peal’d the shot, and clash’d the steel;
The war-smoke soon with sable breath
Darkened 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.⁶

XXXIII.
Wilfrid has fall’n—but o’er him stood
Young Redmond, soil’d with smoke and blood,
Cheering his mates with heart and hand
Still to make good their desperate stand.
"Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls
Ne’er be it said our courage falls.
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?
These rafters have return’d a shout
As loud at Rokeby’s wassail rout,
As thick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-eve.
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby’s and Matilda’s right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to hand,
Bide buffet from a true man’s brand."
Impetuous, active, fierce, and young,
Upon the advancing foes he sprang,
Woe to the wretch at whom is bent
His brandish’d fhalchin’s sheer descent!
Backward they scatter’d as he came,
Like wolves before the levin flame.⁷

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 casement glimmer’d white;
No sights bode harm, no sounds bode ill,
It is as calm as midnight still."
³ MS.—"A brief short flash," &c.
⁴ MS.—"Haste to—postern—gain the Hall!"
Sprung from their steeds the troopers all.
⁵ MS.—"For as it hap’d they were prepared;" In place of this compleat the MS. reads—
"And as the hall the troopers gain,
Their aid had well-nigh been in vain."
⁶ See Appendix, Note 3 H.
⁷ 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 clasp'd\(^2\)
His knees, although in death he gasp'd,
His falling corpse before him flung,
And round the trammell'd ruffian 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
Arise—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 casemments gusts of smoke.
Yet 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, swath'd within the sweeping cloud,
Seems giant-spectre in its shroud;
Till, from each loop-hole flashing light,
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to united glare,
Streams high into the midnight air;
A dismal beacon, far and wide
That wak'n'd Greta's slumbering side.\(^5\)
Soon all beneath, through gallery long,
And pendent arch, the fire flash'd strong
Snatching whatever could maintain,
Raise, or extend, its furious reign;

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Startling, with closer cause of dread,
The females who the conflict fled,
And now rush'd forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clangors vain.

XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the carnegie-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 shyers and the shain?
The alarm is caught—the drawbridge falls,
The warriors hurry from the walls,
But, by the confabulation's light,
Upon the lawn renew the fight.
Each struggling felon down was hew'd,
Not one could gain the sheltering wood;
But forth the affrighted harper sprung,
And to Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopp'd the pursuer's 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 roaring blaze,
When, like infernal demon, sent,
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air,—
His face all gone, on fire his hair,
Forth from the central mass of smoke
The giant form of Bertram broke!
His brandish'd sword on high he rears,
Then plunged among opposing spears;
Round his left arm his mantle truss'd,
Received and foil'd three lances' thrust.\(^9\)
Nor these his headlong course withstood,\(^10\)
Like reeds he snap'd the tough ash-wood
In vain his foes around him clung;
With matchless force aside he flung
Their boldest,—as the bull, at bay,
Tosses the ban-dogs from his way,
Through forty foes his path he made,
And safely gain'd the forest glade.

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\(^2\) MS.—"Bertram had faced him; while he gasp'd In death, his knees old Harpool clasp'd, His dying corpse before him flung."?

\(^3\) MS.—"So fiercely charged them that they bled, Disbanded, yielded, fell, or fled."\(^3\)

\(^4\) MS.—"To rally them against their fate, And fought himself as desperate."\(^3\)

\(^5\) MS.—"Chance-kindled 'mid the tumult dire, The western tower is all on fire. Matilda saw, &c."\(^3\)

\(^6\) The MS. has not this couplet.

\(^7\) MS.—"The glowing lattices give proof."

\(^8\) MS.—"'Her shrieks, entreaties, and commands, Avail'd to stop pursuing bands.'"

\(^9\) MS.—"'Where's Bertram now? In fury drove The general flame ascends to heaven; The gather'd groups of soldiers gaze Upon the red and roaring blaze.'"

\(^10\) The MS. wants this couplet.

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XXXVII.
Scarce 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 turn'd again.—
Beneath an oak he laid him down,
That in the blaze gleam'd ruddy brown,
And then his mantle's clasp undid;
Matilda held his drooping head.
Till, given to breathe the freer air,
Returning life repair'd their care.
He gaz'd on them with heavy sigh,—
"I could have wish'd even thus to die!"
No more he said—for now with speed
Each trooper had regain'd his steed;
The ready palfreys stood array'd,
For Redmond and for Rokeby's Maid;
Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,
One leads his charger by the rein.
But oft Matilda look'd behind,
As up the Vale of Tees they wind,
Where far the mansion of her sires
Becon'd the dale with midnight fires.
In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red;
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood
Appear'd to roll in waves of blood.
Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.
Each rushing down with thunder sound,
A space the conflagration drown'd;
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,
Announced its triumph in its close,
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more!²

Rokeby.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.
The summer sun, whose early power
Was wont to gild Matilda's bower,
And rouse her with her matin ray³
Her duteous orisons to pay,—
That morning sun has three times seen
The flowers unfold on Rokeby green,
But sees no more the slumberers fly
From fair Matilda's hazel eye;
That morning sun has three times broke
On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak,
But, rising from their silvan screen,
Marks no gray turrets glance between.
A shapeless mass lie keep and tower,
That, hissing to the morning shower,
Can but with smouldering vapor pay
The early smile of summer day.
The peasant, to his labor bound,
Pauses to view the blacken'd mound,
Striving, amid the ruin's space,
Each well-remember'd spot to trace.
That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall
Once screen'd the hospitable hall;
When yonder broken arch was whole,
'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole,
And where you tottering columns nod,
The chapel sent the hymn to God.—
So fits the world's uncertain span!
Nor zeal for God, nor love for man,
Gives mortal monuments a date
Beyond the power of Time and Fate.
The towers must share the builder's doom;
Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb:
But better boon benignant Heaven
To Faith and Charity has given,
And bids the Christian hope sublime
Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.⁴

II.
Now the third night of summer came,
Since that which witness'd Rokeby's flame.
On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake
The owlet's homilies awake,
The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,
The raven slumber'd on his crag,
Forth from his den the otter drew,—
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd ears,
Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool,
Watches the stream or swims the pool:—
Perch'd on his wond'ry eyrie high,
Sleep seals the tercelet's wearied eye,
That all the day had watch'd so well

¹ MS.—"Had in the smouldering hall been left."
² The castle on fire has an awful sublimity, which would throw at a humble distance the boldest reaches of the pictorial art. . . . We refer our readers to Virgil's ships, or to his Troy in flames; and though the Virgilian pictures be drawn on a very extensive canvas, with confidence, we assert that the castles on fire is much more magnificent. It is, in truth, incomparably grand."—British Critic.
³ MS.—"glancing ray
⁴ MS.—"And bids our hopes ascend sublime
Beyond the bounds of Fate and Time"
⁵ "Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unstartled gloom
Lured his dim eye to deathless hope sublime,
Beyond the realms of nature and of time."—Campbell.
⁶ The MS. has not this couplet.
Upon the gloomy walls were hung,
Or lay in nooks obscurely flung.¹
Still on the sordid board appear
The relics of the noontide cheer:
Flagons and emptied flasks were there,²
And bench o'erthrown, and shattered chair:
And all around the semblance shew'd,
As when the final revel glow'd,
When the red sun was setting fast,
And parting pledge Guy Denzill 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 his own peasant dress he spies,
Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise;
And, shuddering, thought upon his glee,
When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.
"O, be the fatal art accurst,"
He cried, "that moved my folly first;
Till, bribed by bandits' base applause,
I burst through God's and Nature's laws!"

Three summer days are scanty 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 hearth,
With paces five he metes the earth,
Then toil'd with mattock to explore
The entrails of the cavern floor,
Nor paused till, deep beneath the ground,

¹ MS. — "sally-port lies bare."
² MS. — "Or on the floors disorder'd flung."
³ MS. — "Seats overthrown and fadous drain'd.

Still on the cavern floor remain'd.
And all the cave that semblance bore,
It show'd when late the revel wore."
Tomb of Rokeby
His search a small steel casket found,  
Just as he stoop’d to loose its hasp,  
His shoulder felt a giant grasp;  
He started, and look’d up aghast,  
Then shriek’d!—"Twas Bertram held him fast.  
"Fear not!" he said; but who could hear  
That deep stern voice, and cease’d to fear?  
"Fear not!—By heaven, he shakes as 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; hill and plain  
I’ve sought for refuge-place in vain.  
And tell me now, thou aguish boy,  
What makest thou here? what means this toy?  
Denzil and thou, I mark’d, were ta’en;  
What lucky chance untound your chain?  
I deem’d, long since o’er Baliol’s tower,  
Your heads were war’d, with sun and shower.  
Tell me the whole—and, mark! naught o’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 askance,  
With fix’d and penetrating glance.  
‘Guy Denzil art thou call’d?’—‘The same.’—  
‘At Court who served wild Buckingham?  
Thence banish’d, won a keeper’s place,  
So Villiers will’d, in Marwood-charge;  
That lost—I need not tell thee why—  
Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply,  
Then fought for Rokeby:—Have I guess’d  
My prisoner right?—‘At thy behest.’—  
He paused a while, and then went on  
With low and confidential tone:—  
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,  
Close nestl’d in my couch of straw.—  
‘List to me, Guy. Thou know’st the great  
Have frequent need of what they hate;  
Hence, in their favor oft we see  
Unscrupul’d, useful men like thee.  
Were I disposed to bid thee live,  
What pledge of faith hast thou to give i’

VIII.
"The ready Fiend, 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.  
Wilfrid, 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 Rokeby door.  
Gentle restraint, he said, would lead  
Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed;  
But fair occasion he must find  
For such restraint well-meant and kind,  
The Knight being render’d to his charge  
But as a prisoner at large.

IX.
"He school’d us in a well-forged tale,  
Of scheme the Castle walls to scale.  
To which was leagued each Cavalier  
That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear;  
That Rokeby, his parole forgot,  
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.  
Such was the charge, which Denzil’s zeal  
Of hate to Rokeby and O’Neale  
Proffer’d, as witness, to make good,  
Even though the forfeit were their blood.  
I scrupled, until o’er and o’er  
His prisoners’ safety Wycliffe swore;  
And then—alas! what needs there more  
I knew I should not live to say  

4 MS.—"‘With the third morn that baron old,  
Dark Oswald Wycliffe, sought the hold.’"  
5 MS.—"‘And last didst ride in Rokeby’s band.  
Art thou the man?’—‘At thy command.’"  
6 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 soild me with their infamy!"—  
"Poor youth," said Bertram, "waverous 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.  
"Of 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 baze.  
Which the grim head'sman's scene display'd,  
Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid.  
Some evil deed will there be done,  
Unless Matilda wed his son;—  
She loves him not—'tis shrewdly guess'd  
That Redmond rules the damsel's breast.  
This is a turn of Oswald's skill;  
But I may meet, and foil him still!—"  
How camest thou to thy freedom?"—"There  
Lies mystery more dark and rare.  
In midst of Wycliffe's well-seign'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, portentious, wild, and strange;  
The mimie passion of his eye  
Was turn'd to actual agony;  

Miss.———"sore bested!  
"Waverous alike in good and bad.""  
"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.""  
After this line the MS. reads:—  
"Although his soldiers snatch'd a way,  
When in my very grasp, my prey—  
Edmund, how can'st thou whom free!—"  
"O there  
Lies mystery," &c.

The MS.—"The dead arise in this wild age,  
Mortham—whom righteous heaven decreed  
Caught in his own fell snare 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:—

XL  
"'As in the pageants of the stage,  
The dead awake in this wild age,  
Mortham—whom all men deem'd decreed  
In his own deadly snare to bleed,  
Slain by a brave, whom, o'er sea,  
He train'd to aid in murdering me,—  
Mortham has 'scape! The coward shot  
The steel, but harm'd the rider not.'"  
Here, with an execution fell,  
Bertram leap'd up, and paced the cell:—  
"Thine own gray head, or bosom dark,"  
He muttered, "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 be 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,  
One boon premised;—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,
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,—
Unguerdon’d, 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 e’en his fear
 Suppresses Denzil’s slync sneer;—
‘Then happy is thy vassal’s part,’
He said, ‘to ease his patron’s heart!
In thine own jailer’s watchful care
Lies Mortham’s just and rightful heir;
Thy generous wish is fully won,—
Redmond O’Neale is Mortham’s son.’—

XIII.

‘Up starting with a phrensied look,
His clenched hand the Baron shook:
‘Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave,
Or dares thou palter with me, slave!
Perchance thou wot’st 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 goodly lot to gain
A reliquary and a chain,
Twisted and chased of massive gold.
—Demand not how the price 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 Thorsgill’s nooky 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 crew reveal’d,
In Thorsgill 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 tablets tell.
Mark, then: Fair Edith was the joy
Of old O’Neale of Clandeboy;
But from her sire and country fled,
In secret Mortham’s Lord to wed.
O’Neale, his first resentment o’er,
Despatch’d his son to Greta’s shore,
Enjoining he should make him known
(Until his further will were shown)
To Edith, but to her alone.
What of their ill-star’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 Connel’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-sires, 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 Chief’s commands were
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?
MS. — ‘never more
The boy should visit Albion’s shore’

3 The MS. has not this couplet.
Heaven knows, as willingly as now
I raise the bonnet from my brow,
Would I my kinsman’s mansions fair
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 proofs! I never will,’ he said,
‘Show mortal man where they are laid.
Nor hope discovery to foreclose,
By giving me to feed the crows;
For I have mates at large, who know
Where I am wont such toys to stow.
Free me from peril and from band,
These tablets are at thy command;
Nor were it hard to form some train,
To wilt old Mortham o’er the main.
Then, lunatic’s nor papist’s hand
Should wrest from thine the goodly land.’—
I like thy wit, said Wycliffe, ‘well;
But here in hostage shalt thou dwell.
Thy son, unless my purpose err,
May prove the trustier messenger.
A scroll to Mortham shall he bear
From me, and fetch these tokens rare.
Gold shalt thou have, and that good store,
And freedom, his commission o’er;
But if his faith should chance to fail,
The gibbet frees thee from the jail.’—

XVII.
“Mesd’l’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! to blind

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.

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 atone,
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 pluck the rack,
Even till his joints and sinews crack!
If Oswald tear him limb from limb,
What ruth can Denzil claim from him,
Whose thoughtless youth he led astray,
And damn’d to this unhallow’d way?
He school’d me faith and vows were vain;
Now let my master reap his gain.”—
“True,” answer’d Bertram, “tis his meed;
There’s retribution in the deed.
But thou—thou art not for our course,
Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse:
And he, with us the gale who braves,
Must heave such cargo to the waves,
Or lag with overloaded 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 wond’red tone,
So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone.

2 MS.—“In secret where the tokens lie.”
3 MS.—“By ties he scoff’d,” &c.
4 MS.—“A darken’d sad expression took.
The unalter’d fierceness of his look.”
His voice was steady, low, and deep,  
Like distant waves when breezes sleep;  
And sorrow mix’d with Edmund’s fear,  
Its low unbroken depth to hear.

XX.

"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find  
The woe that warps’d my patron’s mind:  
’Twould 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 Cayo’s bursting battle shock,  
On Darien’s sands and deadly dew,  
And on the dart Flatzaea threw;—  
Perchance my patron yet may hear  
More that may grace his comrade’s bier.1  
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.2

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 Hoxham’s altar hung my glove;3  
But Tynedale, nor in tower 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 eve of tropic sun!  
No pale gradations quench his ray,

No twilight dews his wrath allay;  
With disk like battle-target red,  
He rushes to his burning bed,  
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,  
Then sinks at once—and all is night.—

XXII.

"Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly,  
Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie  
To Richmond, where his troops are leis.  
And lead his force to Redmond’s aid.  
Say, till he reaches Egliston,  
A friend will watch to guard his son.4  
Now, fare-thee-well; for night draws on,  
And I would rest me here alone.”

Despite his ill-dissemed 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 touched his iron heart:—  
“I did not think there lived,” he said,  
“One, who would tear for Bertram shed.”  
He lees’en’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 amain;  
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,  
Inpatient question’d now his train;  
“Was Denzil’s son return’d again?”

It chanced there answer’d of the crew  
A memial, 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 31.

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 shrift, and sure the cord!
Then let his gory head appal
Marauders from the Castle-wall.
Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,
With best despatch to 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 boone,
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 perfuse
Must yield.—Without there! Sound to horse,"

XXV.

"Twas bustle in the court below,—
"Mount, and march forward!"—Forth they go
Steeds neigh and trample all around;
Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound.
Just then was sung his parting hymn;
And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs dim,
And, scarcely conscious what he sees,
Follows the horsemen down the Tees;¹
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.²
One stroke, upon the Castle bell,
To Oswald rung his dying knell.

XXVI.

O, for that pencil, erst profuse
Of chivalry's emblazon'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 broad,
That to the crowded abbey flow'd,
And pour'd, as with an ocean's sound,
Into the church's ample bound!
Then might I show each varying 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 new and mastery;
And the brute crowd, whose envious 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,³

¹ MS.—"Marks the dark cloud sweep down the Tees."
² "This subordinate villain thus must reward which he
heserves. He is altogether one of the minor sketches of the
poem, but still adds a variety and a life to the group. He is
besides absolutely necessary for the development of the plot;
and indeed a peculiar propriety in this respect is observable
throughout the story. No character, and, comparatively speak-
ing, but little description, is introduced that is unessential to
the narrative; it proceeds clearly, if not rapidly, throughout;
and although the plot becomes additionally involved to appear-
ce as it advances, all is satisfactorily explained at the last, or
rather explains itself by gradual unravelment."—Monthly Re-
view.
³ The Quarterly Reviewer, after quoting from
"'Tis mine to tell an onward tale,"
to
"Or snatch a blossom from the bough," adds, "Surely, 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
blemishes, which might easily be removed, have been suffered
Hurrying, as best I can, along,
The hearers and the hasty song;—
Like traveller when approaching home,
Who sees the shades of evening come,
And must not now his 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 breeze that cools his brow,
Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

XXVII.
The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonor'd, and defaced.
Through storied lattices no more
In soften'd light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine, and monument, and niche.
The Civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
For dark Fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament,
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh.
And now was seen, unwonted sight,
In holy walls a scaffold sight!
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,
Resounded loud a doom of death.
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was heard,
And echo'd thrice the herald's word,
Dooming, for breach of martial laws,
And treason to the Commons' cause,
The Knight of Rokeby and O'Neale
To stoop their heads to block and steel.
The trumpets flourish'd high and shrill,
Then was a silence dead and still;
And silent prayers to heaven were cast,
And stifled 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.

XXVIII.
But Oswald, guarded by his band,
Powerful in evil, waved his hand,
And bade Sedition's voice be dead,
On peril of the murmuror's head.
Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight
Who gazed on the tremendous sight,
As calm as if he came a guest
To kindred Baron's feudal feast.
As calm as if that trumpet-call
Were summons to the banner'd hall;
Firm in his loyalty he stood,
And prompt to seal it with his blood.
With downcast look drew Oswald nigh,—
He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye!—
And said, with low and faltering breath,
"Thou know'st the terms of life and death."
The Knight then turn'd, and sternly smiled;
"The maiden is mine only child,
Yet shall my blessing leave her head,
If with a traitor's son she wed."
Then Redmond spoke: "The life of one
Might thy malignity atone?"
On me be flung a double guilt!
Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!"
Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,
But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

XXIX.
And now he pours his choice of fear
In secret on Matilda's ear;
"An union form'd with me and mine,
Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line.
Consent, and all this dread array,
Like morning dream shall pass away;
Refuse, and, by my duty press'd,
I give the word—thou know'st the rest.
Matilda, still and motionless,
With terror heard the dread address,
Pale as the sheeted maid who dies
To hopeless love a sacrifice;
Then wrung her hands in agony,
And round her cast bewilder'd eye.
Now on the scaffold glanced, and now
On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow.
She veil'd her face, and, with a voice
Scarce audible,—"I make my choice!
Spare but their lives!—for aught besides,

1 MS.—"Muttering of threats, and Wycliffe's name.
2 MS.—"Then from his victim sought to know
The working of his tragic show,
And first his glance, &c.
3 MS.—"To some high Baron's feudal feast,
And that loud pealing trumpet-call
Was summons, &c.
4 MS.—"He durst not meet his scornful eye."
5 MS.—"The blood of one
Might this malignant plot atone."
Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide,  
He once was generous!—As she spoke,  
Dark Wycliffe's joy in triumph broke:—  
"Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late?  
Why upon Basil rest thy weight?  
Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand!—  
Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded hand;  
Thank her with raptures, simple boy!  
Should tears and trembling speak thy joy?"—  
"O hush, my sire! To prayer and tear  
Of mine thou hast refused thine ear;  
But now the awful hour draws on,  
When truth must speak in loftier tone."

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 kneel'd—his lip her hand had press'd,—  
Just then he felt the stern arrest,  
Lower and lower sunk his head,—  
They raised him,—but the life was fled!  
Then, first alarm'd, his sire and train  
Tried every aid, but tried in vain.  
The soul, too soft its ills to bear,  
Had left our mortal hemisphere.

And sought in better world the meed,  
To blameless life by Heaven decreed."

XXXI.
The wretched sire beheld, aghast,  
With Wilfrid all his projects past,  
All turn'd and centred on his son,  
On Wilfrid all—and he was gone.  
"And I am childless now," he said;  
"Childless through that relentless maid!  
A lifetime's arts in vain essay'd,  
Are bursting on their artist's head!—  
Here lies my Wilfrid dead—and there  
Comes hatred Mortham for his heir,  
Eager to knit in happy band  
With Rokeby's heiress Redmond's hand.  
And shall their triumph soar o'er all  
The schemes deep-laid to work their fall?  
No!—deeds which prudence might not dare,  
Appal not vengeance and despair.  
The murd'ress weeps upon his bier—  
I'll change to real that feigned tear!  
They all shall share destruction's shock;—  
Ho! lead the captives to the block!"  
But ill his Provost could divine  
His feelings, and forebore the sign.  
"Slave! to the block!—or I, or they,  
Shall face the judgment-seat this day!"

XXXII.
The outmost crowd have heard a sound,  
Like horse's hoof on harden'd ground;  
Nearer it came, and yet more near,  
The very death's-men paused to hear.  
'Tis in the churchyard now—the tread  
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!  
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,  
Return the tramp in varied tone.  
All eyes upon the gateway hung,  
When through the Gothic arch there sprung  

"The character of Wilfrid is as extensively drawn, and even more so, perhaps, than that of Bertram. And amidst the fine and beautiful moral reflections accompanying it, a deep insight into the human heart is discernible:—we had almost said an intuition 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.

"In delineating the actors of this dramatic tale, we have little hesitation in saying, that Mr Scott has been more suc-  

—Quarterly Review.
A horseman arm'd, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.¹
Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,
The vaults unweeting clang return'd!—
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddlebow his pistol drew.
Grimly determined was his look!
His charger with 'the spurs he strook—
All scatter'd backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!
Three bounds that noble courser gave;³
The first has reach'd the central nave,
The second clear'd the chancel wide,
The third he was at Wycliffe's side.
Full levell'd at the Baron's head,
Rung the report—the bullet sped—
And to his long account, and last,
Without a groan, dark Oswald past.
All was so 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 flounder'd on the pavement-floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And, bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'Twas while he toil'd 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;³
But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking bands and stabbing spears;
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee.

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 K.
² MS.—"Three bounds he made, that noble steed:
The first the Lacis' tomb
The chancel's bound has freed."
³ MS.—"Oppress'd and pinn'd him to the ground."
⁴ MS.—"And when, by odds borne down at length."
⁵ MS.—"He bore."
⁶ MS.—"Had more of laugh in it than moan."
⁷ MS.—"But held their weapons ready set,
Lest the grim king should rouse him yet."
⁸ MS.—"But Basil check'd them with disdain,
And flung a mantle o'er the slain."
⁹ "Whether we see him scaling the cliffs in desperate course,
And scaring 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 terrible circumstances of his death, when
'Twas parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan,'
friend, was accompanied by the following note to Mr. Ballantyne:

"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.

W. S."

At 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 pagentry, which, in consequence of the taste which he displayed them, had been tolerated, and even admired, by modern readers. He has subjected his style to a severer 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 'Marmion,' 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 farther confirmed; because we have found by experience, that, although during the first hasty inspection of the poem, undertaken for the gratification of our curiosity, some blemishes 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 reanimate and sustain our attention."

The original fiction from which the poem is derived, appears to us to be constructed with considerable ability; but it is on the felicity with which the poem 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 its final purpose, that we chiefly found our preference of this over his former productions. From the first canto to the last, nothing is superfluous. 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 discourtesy of demeanor, are so eminently delineated, 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 visit that all the subsequent incidents naturally, and almost necessarily flow. Our curiosity is, at the very 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."

Quarterly Review.

"This production of Mr. Scott altogether abounds in imagery and description less than either of its precursors, in pretty nearly the same proportion as it contains more of a satanic incident and character. Yet some of the pictures in which it presents are highly wrought and vividly colored; for example, the terribly animated narrative, in the 5th canto, of the battle within the hall, and the configuration of the mansion of Rokey. Several defects, of more or less importance, we noticed, or imagined that we noticed, as we read. It appears like præsumption to accuse Mr. Scott of any failures in respect to costume—of the manners and character of the times which he describes—yet the impression produced on our minds by the person, has certainly been, that we are thrown back in imagination to a period considerably antecedent to that which he intends to celebrate. The other faults, we remarked, consist principally in the too frequent recurrence of those which we have so often noticed on former occasions, and which are so incorporated with the poet's style, that it is now become as useless as it is painful, to repeat the censure which they have occasioned.

"We have been informed that 'Rokey' has hitherto circulated less rapidly than has usually been the case with Mr. Scott's works. If the fact be so, we are inclined to attribute it solely to accidental circumstances; being persuaded that the defects of the poem are only common to it with all the productions of its author; that they are even less numerous than in most; and that its beauties, though of a different stamp, we more profusely scattered, and, upon the whole, of a higher order."—Critical Review.

"Such is Rokey; and our readers must confess that it is a very interesting tale. Alone, it would stand the author one of the most picturesque of English poets. Of the story, we need hardly say any thing farther. It is complicated without being confused, and so artfully suspended in its unravelment, as to produce a constantly increasing sensation of curiosity. Parts, indeed, of the catastrophe may at intervals be foreseen, but they are like the partial glimpses that we catch of a noble and well-built building, which does not break on us in all its proportion and in all its beauty, until we suddenly arrive in front. Of the characters, we have something to observe, in addition to our private remarks. Our readers may perhaps have seen that we have frequently applied the term sketch, to the several personages of the drama. Now, although this poem possesses more variety of well-sustained character than any other of Mr. Scott's performances—although Wilfrid will be a favorite with every lover of the soft, the gentle, and the aesthetic, while Edmund offers a fearful warning to misled nobilities—and although Redmond is indeed a man, compared to the Crawontown of The Lay, to the Witon of Marmion,—or to the Malcolm of the Lady of the Lake; yet is Redmond himself, but a sketch compared to Bertram. Here is Mr. Scott's true and favorite hero. He has no 'sneaking kindness' for those barbarians;—he boldly adopts and patronizes them. Deloraine

And blessing on the lovely peir."

'Twas then the Maid of Rokey gave
Her plighted truth to Redmond brave;
And Teesdale can remember yet
How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,
And, for their troubles, bade them p.e."

A lengthen'd life of peace and love.

Time and Tide had thus their sway,
Yielding, like an April day,
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow!'
(it has humorously been observed) would have been exactly what Marmion was, could he have read and written; Bertram is a happy mixture of both;—as great a villain, if possible, as Marmion; and, if possible, as great a scoan as Dolorian. 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 of description on a compound of bad qualities; but we must observe, in the way of protest for the present, that something must be wrong where poetical effect and moral approbation are so much at variance. We leave untouched the general argument, whether it makes any difference for poetical purposes, that a hero's vices or his virtues should preponderate. 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 painter) is almost pardoning 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—which is the variety and vigour by which Mr. Scott recommends barbarous heroes, undignified 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 sobriety of the period, and the abated wildness of the scenery. With an, the wonder is, 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 natural; one event is more necessarily generated by another; the reader's mind is kept more in suspense with respect to the termination of the story; and the moral reflections interposed are of a deeper cast. Of the versification, 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 *bold disorder,* 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.*

"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, might alone have swayed, for I will not say it persuaded the judgment of the lord of that beautiful and three-fold 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 2), '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, 1819), 'I think you will see the same sort of difference taken in all my former poems, of which I would say, if it is fair for me to say anything, that the force in the Lay is thrown on style in Marmion on description, and in the Lady of the Lake, on incident.' 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 his 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 all the groups he ever created. As it is, I question whether, even in his prose, there is any thing more exquisitely wrought out, as well as fancied, than the whole contrast of the two rivals for the love of the heroine in Rokeby; and that heroine herself, too, has a very particular interest attached to her. Writing to Miss Edgeworth five years after this time (10th March, 1818), 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 dare not.'

"This much of *Maitlis* 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 mere shadows.' I can have no doubt that the lady hehere alludes to was the object of his own unfortunate first love; and as little, that in the romantic generosity both of the youthful poet who fails to win her higher favor, and of his枕不烟 weaving, we have before us something more than a mere shadow.

"In spite of these graceful characters, the imitable 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 Wycliffe—the flight up the cliff on the Greta—the first entrance of the cæve at Brignall—the firing of Rokeby Castle—and the catastrophe in Eg lion 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 as large as any other of his poetical romances. He ascribes this failure, in his introduction of 1830, partly to the radically poetical 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 in this scene, when the outline of the story was as yet undetermined, from the consideration rather of the poet's peculiar feelings, and powers as hitherto exhibited, than of the subject absolutely. Partly he blames the saltness 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 applauded in their day, and now all equally forgotten. This circumstance, too, had probably no 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 octosyllabic couplets of the Lady of the Lake, instead of recurring to the more varied cadence of the Lay or Marmion. It is far to add that, among the London literati at least, some sarcastic flings in Mr. Moore's *Dramatic 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 audacity of its moral voluptuousness, and the melancholy majesty of the numbers in which it defied the world, had taken the general imagination by storm; and Rokeby, with many beauties, and some sublimities, was pitched, as a whole, on a key which seemed tame in the comparison."—*Lockhart, Life of Scott,* vol. iv. pp. 53 sq.
APPENDIX.

Note A.

On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream, &c.—P. 296.

"Barnard Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins 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, Barnali Balliol, 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. Balliol'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 Balliol'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 Balliol, 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 Bishop 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 brailing 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, Earls of Westmoreland, and belonged to the last representative of that family, when he 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 Sheastlam, 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 honorable terms. See Badler's State Papers, vol. ii., p. 330. In a ballad, contained in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i., the siege is thus commemorated:—

"Then Sir George Bowes he straight way rose\nAfter them some spoyle to make;\nThese noble eries turned back againe,\nAnd aye they vowed that knight to take."

"That baron he to his castle fled;\nTo Barnard Castle then fled he;\nThe uttermost wailes were eath to won,\nThe eries have won them presentlie."

"The uttermost wailes were linnen and brick;\nBut though they won them soon anonne,\nLong ere they wan the innermost wailes,\nFor they were cut in rock and stone."}

By the suppression 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 Car. 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 e'er 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!) 'Tis Revezent: I heard\nHis well-known foot.\nFrom the first staircase mounting step by step,\nFrob. How quick an ear thou hast for distant sound!\nI heard him not.\n(De Montford looks embarrassed, and is silent!')"

Note C.

The morion's plumes his visage hide,\nAnd the buff-coat, in ample fold,\nMentles 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."—Gros's Military Antiquities. Lond. 1801, 4to. vol. ii., p. 323.

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corsets, 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 Ballrough-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
silver embroidery. From the following curious notices of a dispute respecting a buff-coat between an old roundhead captain 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. Peebles; and he told me he was come for my arms, and that I must deliver them. I asked him for his order. He told me he had 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 none but that, it was not sufficient to take my arms; and then he pulled out his warrant, and I read it. It was signed by Wentworth Armitage, a general warrant to search all persons they suspected, and so left the power to the soldiers at their pleasure. They came to me at Cowley-Hall, about suswecting; and I caused a candle to be lighted, and conveyed Peebles into the room where my arms were. My arms were near the kitchen fire; and there they took away fowling-pieces, pistols, muskets, carbines, and such like, better than £30. Then Mr. Peebles 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 would not deliver it, he would carry me away prisoner, and have 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, notwithstanding all the threatenings, did not send the coat. But the next day he sent John Lyster, the son of Mr. Thomas Lyster, of Shipden Hall, for this coat, with a letter, which thus was—"Mr. Hodgson, I admire you will play the child with me as you have done in writing such an inconsiderate letter. Let me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall so hear from me as will not very well please you.' I was not at home when this messenger came; but I had ordered my wife not to deliver it, but, if they would take it, let them look to it: and it took it away; and one of Sir John's brethren wore it many years after. They sent Captain Butt to compound with my wife about it; but I sent word I would have my own again; but he advised me to take a price for it, and make no more ado. I said it was hard to take my arms and apparel too; I had laid out a great deal of money for them; I hoped they did not mean to destroy me, by taking my goods illegally from me. He said he would make up the matter, if I pleased, betwixt us; and, it seems, had brought Sir John to a price for my coat. I would not have taken £10 for it; he would have given about £24; but, wanting my receipt for the money, he kept both sides, and I had never satisfaction."—Memoirs of Captain Hodgson. Edin. 1800, p. 178.

NOTE D.

On his dark face a scorning clime, And tell, had done the work of time.

Death has been seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow.—P. 298.

In this character, I have attempted to sketch one of those West Indian adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Buccaneers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valor, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engaging policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity. The Windward Islands, which the Spaniards did not deem worthy their own occupation, had been gradually settled by adventurers of the French and English nations. But Frederic of Toledo, who was despatched in 1630, with a powerful fleet, against the Dutch, had orders from the Court of Madrid to destroy those colonies, whose vicissity at once offended the pride and excited the jealous suspicions of their Spanish neighbors. This order the Spanish Admiral executed with sufficient rigor; but the only consequence was, that the planters, being rendered desperate by persecution, began, under the well-known name of Bucaniers, to commence a retaliation so horridly savage, that the perusal makes the reader shudder. When they carried on their depredations at sea, they boarded, without respect to disparity of number, every Spanish vessel that came in their way; and, demeaning themselves, both in the battle and after the conquest, more like demons than human beings, they succeeded in impressing their enemies with a sort of superstitious terror, which rendered them incapable of offering effectual resistance. From piracy at sea, they advanced to making predatory descents on the Spanish territories; in which they displayed the same furious and irresistible valor, the same thirst of spoil, as the same brutal inhumanity to their captives. The large treasures which they acquired in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licentiousness in gaming, women, wine, and debauchery of every species. When their spoils were thus wasted, they entered into some new association, and undertook new adventures. For farther particulars concerning these extraordinary banditti, the reader may consult Raynal, or the common and popular book called the History of the Bucaniers.

NOTE E.

On Marston heath
Met, front to front, the ranks of death.—P. 299.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Moors Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the Parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the Prince, who, having now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitecocke has recorded, with much impartiality, the following particulars of this eventful day:—"The right wing of the Parliament was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of all his horse, and 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, and
Major-General Porter. Thus were both sides drawn up into battle.

"July 3d, 1644. In this posture both armies faced each other, and about seven o'clock in the morning the fight began between them. The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Parliament's right wing, routed them, and pursued them a great way; the like did General Goring, Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's main body. The three generals, giving all for lost, bailed out of the field, and many of their soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; the King's forces too eagerly following them, the victory, now almost achieved by them, was again matched out of their hands. For Colonel Cromwell, with the brave 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 dispersed them, and obtained a complete victory, after three hours' fight."

"From this battle and the pursuit, some reckon were buried 7000 Englishmen; all agree that above 3000 of the Prince's men were slain in the battle, besides those in the chase, and 3000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officers, twenty-five pieces of ordinance, forty-seven colors, 10,000 arms, two wagons of carabins and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all their bag and baggage."—Whitehlock's Memoirs, fol. p. 89. Lond. 1682.

Lord Clarendon informs us, that the King, previous to receiving the true account of the battle, had been informed, by an express from Oxford, "that Prince Rupert had not only relieved York, but totally defeated the Scots, with many particulars to confirm it, which was so much believed there, that they made public fires of joy for the victory." 

NOTE F.

Monckton and Mitten told the news,
How troops of Roundheads shook the Ouse,
And many a bonny Scot, e'ghest,
Spurring his palfrey northward, past,
Cursing the day when seal or need
First lured their Leasey o'er the Tweed.—P. 362.

Monckton and Mitten are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract, from the Manuscript History of the Baronial House of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish generals, the Earl of Leven. The particulars are given by the author of the history on the authority of his father, then the representative of the family. This curious manuscript has been published by consent of my noble friend, the present Lord Somerville.

"The order of this great battell, wherein both armies was neer of an equal number, consisting, to the best calculations, neer to three score thousand men upon both sydes, I shall not take upon me to discourse; albeit, from the draughts then taken upon the place, and information received from this gentleman, who being then a volunteer, as having no command, had opportunitie and libertie to ryde by the one wing of the armie to the other, to view all ther several squadrons of horse and battallions 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 armie and that of the Parliament's, amongst whom, untill the engagemont, he went from statione to statione to observe ther order and forme; but that the description of this battell, with the various success on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal armie, and the sad effects that followed that misfortunse as to his Majestie's interest, he has been 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 neer fourtie mylles from the place of the fight, that part of the armie where he commanded being totally routed; but it is as true, that much of the victory out of ther hands he is chargeable, that misione of fortune, but the rod of God's wrath, to punish afterward three rebellious nations, disdained not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same quallity of command for the Parliament, as being lievutenant-general to the Earl of Manchesters 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 restraine the great bodies of their horse from pursuing those broken troops, but, wheeling to the left-hand, falls in upon the naked flankes of the Prince's main battallion of foot, carrying them done with great violence; neither met they with any great resistance untill they came to the Marques of Newcastle his battallione of White Coats, who, first peppering them soundly with ther short, when they came to charge, stoutly bore them up with their picks that they could not enter to break them. Here the Parliament's horse of that wing received their greatest loss, and a stop for sometime putt to ther hoped-for victorie; and that only by the stout resistance of this gallant battallione, which consisted neer of four thousand foot, the Prince's horse, at length, after a bloody battallion, routed Colonnell Frizeall, with other two, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all the ammunitions was spent. Having refused quarters, every man fell in the same order and ranke wherein he had fought."  

"Be this execution was done, the Prince returned from the perquisite of the right wing of the Parliament's horse, which he had beaten and followed too farre, to the loss of the battell, which certainely, in all men's opinions, he might have carryed if he had not been too violent upon the pursuite; which gave his enemies upon the left-hand opportunity to dispersse and cut done his infantrie, who, having cleared the field of all the standing bodies of foot, wer now, with many of their own, standing ready to receive the charge of his almost spent horses, if he should attempt it; which the Prince observing, and seeing all lost, he retreated to Yorke with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding of this, ther was that night such a consternation in the Parliament armies, that it's believed by most of those that wer there present, that if the Prince, having so great a body of horse intire, had made one offall that night, or the ensuing morning before, he had carried the victorie; for all the hands of the Prince, by the morrow's light, he had rallyed a body of ten thousand men, wherof ther was neer three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the toune and garrissone of Yorke, might have done much to have recovered the victorie, for the loss of this battell in effect lost the King and his interest in the three kingdomes; his Majestie never being able eftir this to make head in the north, but lost his garrisons every day."

"As for Generall Lassellie, in the beginning of this flight having that part of the army quite brokken, where he had placed himself to make a stand by the valour of the Prince, he imagined that misfortune was confirmed by the opinione of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they wer fleeing upon all hands; therfore he humblest intreated his excellency to reteir and wait his better fortune, which without farder advisinge, he did; and never drew bridle untill he came the length of Leads, having ridden all that night with a cloak of *drop de berrie* about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good qualitie. It was neer twelve the next day before they had the certainty who was master of the field, when a length ther arryves an express, sent by David Lassellie, to acquaint the General they had obtained a most glorious victorie, and that the Prince, with his broken troops, was fled from Yorke. This intelligence was somewhat铵azing to these gentlemen that had been eye-witnesses to the disorder &
the armie before their reterrering, and had then accompanied the General in his flight; who, more much wearied that evening of the battle with ordering of his armie, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had cast himself downe upon a bed to rest, when this gentleman coming quietly into his chamber, he awoke, and basely cries out, "Leave
tennent-colonne!, what news?"—All is safe, so may it please your Excellencie: the Parliament's armie has obtained a great victory, and then delivers the letter. The General, upon the hearing of this, knocked upon his breast, and says, 'I would to God I had died upon the place!' and then opens the letter, which, in a few lines, gave one account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy returne to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanied some mylies back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and receaued at parting many expressions of kyndenesse, with promises that he would never be unmyndful of his care and respect towards him; and in the end he intreats him to present his service to all his friends and acquaintance in Scotland. Thereafter the General sets forward in his journey for the armie, as this gentle
man did for,—in order to his transportation for Scotland, where he arrived six days after the fight of Montrose Muir, and gave the first true account and description of that great battell, wherein the Covenanters then gloried soe much, that they imployly boasted the Lord had now signally appeared for his cause and people; it being ordinary for them, during the whole time of this warre, to attribute the greatness of their success to the goodness and justice of their cause, until Divine Justice trysted them with some crosse dispensations, and then you might have heard this language from them,—'That it pleases the Lord to give his own the heaviest end of the tree to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here a-ways, that the malignant party was God's rod to punishment for their unthankfulness, which in the end he will cast into the hands of a righteous people,' with a thousand other expressions and scripture citations, prophane and blasphemously uttered by them, to palliate their villainie and rebellion."—Memoires of the Commons. Edin. 1615.

Note C.

With his Barb'd Horse, fresh Tidings say,
Stout Cromwell has redeemed the day.—P. 302.

Cromwell, with his regiment of calvaniers, 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 Scotts. Principal Baillie expresses his dissatisfaction as follows:—'The Independents sent up one quickly to assure that all the glory of that night was theirs; and they and their Major-General Cromwell had done it all there alone; but Captain Stuart afterward showed the vanity and falsehood of their disgraceful relation. God gave us that victory wonderfully. There were three generals on each side, Lesley, Fairfax, and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King. Within half an hour and less, all six took them to their heels;—this to you alone. The disadvantage of the ground, and violence of the flower of Prince Rupert's horse, carried all our right wing down; only Elington kept ground, to his great loss; his lieutenant-cromower, a brave man, I fear shall die, and his son Robert be mutilated of an arm. Lindsay had the greatest hazard of any; but the beginning of the victory was from David Les-

Note H.

Do not my native dales prolong
Of Percy Reed the tragic song,
Train'd forward to his bloody fall,
By Girvanfield, that treacherous Hall?—P. 302.

In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Redwater Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—'"The particulars of the traditional story of Percy Reed of Troughend and the Halls of Girvanfield, the author had from . . . descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Percival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Redesdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Halls) to a band of cross-troopers of the name of Crowler, who slew him at Bating-
dale, near the source of the Reed. 

"The Halls were, after the murder of Percy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Redesdale, 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 Pringle. These Resedes of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their deriving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their townes affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

Note I.

And near the spot that gave me name.
The moistened mound of Risingham,
Where Reed upon her margin sees
Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees,
Some ancient sculptor's art has shown
An outlaw's image on the stone.—P. 302.

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called Hadrianseum. Camden says, that in his time the popular ac-
count bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Ro-
mans altars taken out of the river, inscribed, Deo Mogonti Cadenorum. About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-trees and frag-

ments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in alto relievo, a remarkable figure, called Robin of Rishingham, or Robin of Redesdale. It presents a hunter, with his bow raised in one hand, and in the other what seems to be a hare. There is a quiver at the back of the figure, and he is dressed in a long coat, or kirtle, coming down to the knees, and meeting close, with a gielie bound round him. Dr. Horseley, who saw an

antiquities of monumenty with Roman eyes, inclines to think that this figure a Roman archer: and certainly the bow is rafter of the ancient size than of that which was so formable in the hands of the English archers of the middle ages. But the rudeness of the whole figure prevents our judging strongly upon mere insincerity of proportion. The popular tradition is, that it represents a giant, whose brother resided at Wood-
burn, and he himself at Risingham. It adds, that they subs-
bisted by hunting, and that one of them, finding the game be-

coming too scarce to support them, poisoned his companion, in whose memory the monument was engraved. What strange and tragic circumstance may be concealed under this legend, or whether it is utterly apocryphal, it is now impossible to discover.

The name of Robin of Redesdale was given to one of the Usfravilles, Lords of Prudhoe and afterwards to one Hilliar
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 beheaded the Earl Rivers, father to Edward the Fourth's queen, and his son, Sir John Woodville. — See Holinshed, ed armor, 1469.

Note K.

Do thou revere
The statutes of the Bucaniers. — P. 392.

The "statutes of the Bucaniers" were, in reality, more equitable than could have been expected from the state of society under which they had been formed. They chiefly related, as may readily be conjectured, to the distribution and the inheritance of their plunder.

When the expedition was completed, the fund of prize-money acquired was thrown together, each party taking his oath that he had retained or concealed no part of the common stock. If any one trespassed in this important particular, the punishment was, his being set adown on some bare desert key or island, to shift for himself as he could. The owners of the vessel had then their share assigned for the expenses of the outfit. These were generally old pirates, settled at Tobago, Jamaica, St. Domingo, or some other French or English settlement. The surgeon's and carpenter's salaries, with the prize of provisions and ammunition, were also defrayed. Then followed the compensation due to the slain and wounded, ratelwise according to the damage they had sustained; as six hundred pieces of eight, or six slaves, for the loss of an arm or leg, and so in proportion.

"After this act of justice and humanity, the remainder of the booty was divided into as many shares as there were Bucaniers. The commander could only lay claim to a single share, as the rest; but they complimented him with two or three, in proportion as he had acquitted himself to their satisfaction. When the vessel was not the property of the whole company, the person who had fitted it out, and furnished it with necessary arms and ammunition, was entitled to a third of all the prizes. Favor had never any influence in the division of the booty, for every share was determined by lot. Instances of such rigid justice as these are not easily met with, and they extended even to the dead. Their share was given to the man who was known to be their companion when alive, and therefore their heir. If the person who had been killed had no intimate, his part was sent to his relations, when they were known. If there were no friends nor relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to churches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of human, but necessary piratical plunder." — Raynal's History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justeaud. Lond. 1776, 8vo. iii. p. 41.

Note L.

The course of Tese. — P. 306.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tese. 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 hedge-rows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern-built bridge over the Tese, by the late Mr. Morrall of Rokey. In Leland's time, the marble quarries seem to have been of some value. "Hard under the cliff by Eglston, is found on each side of Tese very fair marble, wont to be taken up by mariners of Barnardes Castelle and of Eglston, and partly to have been wrought by them, and partly sold owrought to others." — Itinerary. Oxford, 1768 8vo. o. 84.

Note M.


The ruins of this abbey, or priory (for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter), are beautifully situated upon the angle, formed by a little dell called Thorgill, at its junction with the Tese. A good part of the religious house is still in some degree habitable, but the church is in ruins. Eglston was dedicated to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and is supposed 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 Rokey, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh.

Note N.

"the mound,
Raised by that Legion long renown'd,
Whose votive shrine asserts its claim.

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 Tutt. The four entrances are easily to be discerned. Very many Roman altars and monuments have been found in the vicinity, most of which are preserved at Rokey by my friend Mr. Morrill. Among others is a small votive altar, with the inscription, Lexi. vi. vic. p. f. r., which has been rendered, Legio. Sexta. Victoria. Pia. Fortis. Fidelis.

Note O.

Rokey'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 Rokey who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, tempore Hen. IV., of which Holinshed gives the following account: — "The King, adverted 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 Rokebie, Shiriff of Yorkshire, assembled the forces of the country to resist the Earl and his power; coming to Grimbaston, beside Knaresborough, then to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherby, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Bramham-moor, near to Hazlewood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The Shiriff was as ready to give battell as the Earl to receive it; and so with a standard of S. George spread, set fiercely upon the Earl, who, under a standard of his owne arms, encountered his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore encounter and cruel conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the Shiriff. The Lord Balsaffe was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortly after died of the hurts. As for the Earl of Northumberland, he was slain outright; so that now the prophecy was fulfilled, which gave an inking of this his heavy hap long before, namele,

' Stirups Persitina periet confusa ruin.'

For this Earle was the stocke and maine root of all that were left alone, called by the name of Perle; and of manie more by divers slaughters dispatched. For whose misfortune the peo-
ple were not a little sorrie, making report of the gentleman's valiantness, resoune, and honoure, and appilinge unto him certaine laimeutable verses out of Lucaine, saling,

'Sed nos nee sanguis, nee tantum vulnera nostri
Affeceris senis: quantum gesta per urbem
Ora ducis, qua transitio deformia pilo
Suumus.'

For his head, full of siluer horie haires, being put upon a stake, was openlye carried through London, and set upon the bridge of the same citie: in such manner as the Lord Baudolof.'—Holinshe's Chronicles. Lond. 1608, 4to, iii. 45.
The Rokeby, or Rokeby family, continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I., they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor.

NOTE P.
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of Ministr'd trade.—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 Mortham; the former situated upon the upper bank of the 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 impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic, Gridan, to clamour. 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 rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with copsewood. In one spot the dell, which is elsewhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew-trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white, and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blockbaks, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their tabbath. The dell, however, has supernitions of its own origin, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spectre, called the Dobie of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been whirlom murdered in the wood, in evidence of which, her blood is shown upon the stairs of the old tower at Mortham. But whether she was slain by a jealous husband, or by savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of 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 ship-board, or who have conversed with seamen. The most formidable whistle that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mrs. Leakey, 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 whatever pleasure they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which nevertheless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by noonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she departed from her former urbanity, that she is recorded to have kicked a doctor of medicine for his impolite negligence in omitting to hand her over a stile. It was also her humor 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 though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods. When she had thus proceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel, nor could have procured men to sail in it, she began to attack the persons of his family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle.

The rest of her story, shewing how the spirits looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass, and how Mrs. Leakey the younger took courage to address her, and how the beldam dispatched her to an Irish prelate, famous for his crimes and misfortunes, to exhort him to repentance, and to apprise him that otherwise he would be hanged, and how the bishop was satisfied with replying, that if he was born to be hanged, he should not be drowned—all these, with many more particulars, may be found at the end of one of John Dunton's publications, called Athenianism, London, 1710, where the tale is engrossed under the title of The Apparition Evidence.

NOTE R.
Of Ericus's cap and Elmo's light.—P. 309.

"This Ericus, King of Sweden, in his time was held second to none in the magical art; and he was so familiar with the evil spirits, which he exceedingly adored, that which way soever he turned his cap, the wind would presently blow that way. From this occasion he was called Windy Cap; and many men believed that Regnerus, King of Denmark, by the conduct of this Ericus, who was his nephew, did happily extend his piracy into the most remote parts of the earth, and conquered many countries and famed cities by his cunning, and at last was his conditor; that by the consent of the nobles, he should be chosen King of Sweden, which continued a long time with him very happily, until he died of old age—Olaus, ut supra, p. 45.

NOTE S.
The Demon Frigate.—P. 309.

This is an allusion to a well-known nautical superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, called by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and supposed to be seen about the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail when all others are 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 they
sailed, vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbor, for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the appurtenance of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

My late lamented friend, Dr. John Leyden, has introduced this phenomenon into his Scenes of Infamy, imputing, with poetical ingenuity, the dreadful judgment to the first ship which commenced the slave trade:

"Stout was the ship, from Bein's palmy shore
That first the weight of barter'd captives bore;
Bedizenn'd with blood, the sun with shrinking beams
Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean streams;
But, ere the moon her silver horns had rear'd,
Amid the crew the speckled plague appear'd.
Faint and despairing, on their watery bier,
To every friendly shore the sailors steer;
Repell'd from port to port, they sue in vain,
And track with slow, unrested sail the main.
Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen
To streak with wandering foam the sea-weeds green,
Towers the tall mast, a lone and leafless tree,
Till self-impell'd amid the waveless sea.
Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,
Nor hovering snow-birds spread the doowy wing,
Fix'd as a rock amid the boundless plain,
The yellow stream pollutes the stagnant main,
Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,
As the red lightning smites the ghastly prey.
"Still doom'd by fate on westerly billows roll'd,
Along the deep their restless course to hold,
Scantling the storm, the shadowy sailors guide
The prow with sails opposed to wind and tide:
The Spectre Ship, in livid glancing light,
Glows bloodful on the shuddering watch at night,
Unblest of God and man!—Till time shall end,
Units view strange horror to the storm shall lend."

Note T.
---By some desert into or key.---P. 309.

What contributed much to the security of the Bucaniers about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islands, called in that country keys. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and, in general, much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbors, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambusc; they were occasionally the hiding-place of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indelible reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

Note U.
Before the gate of Mortham stood.---P. 310.

The castle of Mortham, which Leland terms "Mr. Rokeby's Place, in ripa citar, scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath to Tees," is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights; while those at the corners of the tower project into octagonal turrets. They are also from space to space covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures, the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of a less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the castle-court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Egliston Priory, and, from the armory with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughes.

The situation of Mortham is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell, which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt's new plantations.

Note V.

There dig, and tomb your precious keep, And bid the dead your treasure keep.---P. 311.

If time did not permit the Bucaniers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawful owners perished without declaring it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and those pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders. I cannot produce any other authority on which this custom is ascribed to them than that of maritime, tradition, which is, however, amply sufficient for the purposes of poetry.

Note W.

The power
That unembowed and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise,
And force him, as by magic spell,
In his despite his guilt to tell.---P. 311.

All who are conversant with the administration of criminal justice, must remember many occasions in which malefactors appear to have conducted themselves with a species of insincerity, either by making unnecessary confessions respecting their guilt, or by sudden and involuntary allusions to circumstances by which it could not fail to be exposed. A remarkable instance occurred in the celebrated case of Eugene Aram A skeleton being found near Knaresborough, was supposed by the persons who gathered around the spot, to be the remains of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Houseman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was buzzed around, "That is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine!"—a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he must necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being apprised of the matter, he joined in the surmises, and some time afterwards was himself arrested, and brought before the Kirk of London, on a charge of having committed a murder in that county. The admission which he made on the trial, was so consonant with the circumstantial proofs of his guilt, that he was convicted and executed for his crime.
hended, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide his body in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened to the aut or himself, while conversing with a person accused of an atrocious crime, for the purpose of rendering him professional assistance upon his trial, to hear the prisoner, after the most solemn and reiterated protestations that he was g illy, suddenly, and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of communications, made such an admission as was altogether incompatible with innocence.

Note X.

Brackenbury's dismal tower.—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 old 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 maid compound 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 bestowed upon such persons as had deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened, that the oppressed cavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party. The whole of Sir Robert Howard's excellent comedy of The Committee turns upon the plot of Mr. and Mrs. Day to enrich their family, by compelling Arabella, whose estate was under sequestration, to marry 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, provoking for his prey,
Who hears the settlers track his way.—P. 315.

The patience, abstinence, and ingenuity, exerted by the North American Indians, when in pursuit of plunder or vengeance, is the most distinguished feature in their character; and the activity and address which they display in their retreat is equally surprising. Alair, whose absurd hypothesis and turgid style do not affect the general authenticity of his anecdotes, has recorded an instance which seems incredible.

"When the Chickasah nation was engaged in a former war, with the Muskoge, 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- kah, which stands high on the eastern side of a bold river, about

220 yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Alcabama-Fort, down to the black poisoning Mobile, and so into the Gulf of Mexico. There he concealed himself under cover of the top of a fallen pine-tree, in view of the ford of the old trading-path, where the enemy now and then pass the river in their light poplar canoes. All his war-stores of provisions consisted of three stands of barbecued venison; till he had an opportunity to revenge blood, and return home. He waited with watchfulness and patience almost three days, when a young man, a woman, and a girl, passed a little wide of him an hour before sunset. The former he shot down, tomahawked the other two, and scalped each of them in a trice, in full view of the town. By way of bravado, he shattered 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 Apalache Moun- tains. About an hour before day he had run over seventy miles of that mountainous tract; then, after sleeping two hours in a sitting posture, leaning his back against a tree, he set off again with fresh speed. As he threw away the venison when he found himself pursued by the enemy, he was obliged to support nature with such herbs, roots, and nuts, as his sharp eyes, with a running glance, directed him to snatch up in his course. Though I often have rode that war-path alone, when delay might have proved dangerous, and with as fine and strong horses as any in America, it took me five days to ride from the aforesaid Koosah to this spirited warrior's place in the Chickasah country, the distance of 300 computed miles: yet he ran it, and got home safe and well at about eleven o'clock of the third day, which was only one day and a half and two nights."—Adair's History of the American Indians. Lond. 1775, 4to. p. 395.

Note 2 A.

In Redesdale his youth had heard
Each art her wily dealers dowered,
When Rooken-edge, and Redeswear high,
To bugle rung and bloodhound's cry.—P. 315.

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are 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 unrequested by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booties, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skillful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booties taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of bloodhounds following them exactly upon the tract, they may chance to fall into the 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, nay, and even their adversaries (notwithstanding the severity of their natures) to have mercy, yet they incite them to admiration and compassion."—Gawdy's Britannia.

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so inordinately 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 apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be generally addicted to rape, that no faith should be repose in those proceeding from "such lewd and wicked progeni
Note 2 B.  

*Hiding his face, lest foemen 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 bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impeding edge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form, usually discover them by the same circumstance.

Note 2 C.  

*Here stood a wretch, 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 vassals. The ingenuity of Reginald Scott has very happily stated how such an opinion came to root itself, not only in the minds of the public and of the judges, but even in that of the poor wretches themselves who were accused of sorcery, and were often firm believers in their own power and their own guilt.

"One sort of such as are said to be witches, are women which be commonly old, lame, blind, ear-sen, foul, and full of wrinkles; poor, sullen, superstitions, or papists, or such as know no religion; in whose drowsy minds the devil hath gotten a fine seat; so as what mischief, mischief, calamity, or slaughter is brought to pass, they are easily persuaded the same is done by themselves, imprinting in their minds an earnest and constant imagination thereof. . . . These go from house to house, and from door to door, for a pot of milk, yest, drink, potting, or some such relief, without the which they could hardly live; neither obtaining for their service or pains, nor yet by their art, nor yet at the devil's hands (with whom they are said to make a perfect and visible bargain), either beauty, money, promotion, wealth, pleasure, honour, knowledge, learning, or any other benefit whatsoever."

It fell out many a time, that neither their necessities nor their expectation is answered or served in those places where they beg or borrow, but rather their lewdness by their neighbours reproved. And farther, in tract of time the witch waxyth odious and tedious to her neighbours, and they again are despised and despatched of her; so as sometimes she earneth one, and sometimes another, and that from the master of the house, his wife, children, cattle, &c., to the little pig that lieth in the sty. Thus, in process of time, they have all displeased her, and she hath wished evil luck unto them all; perhaps with cues and imprecations made in form. Doubtless (at length) some of her neighbours die or fall sick, or some of their children are visited with diseases that vex them strangely, as apoplexies, epilepsies, convulsions, hot fevers, worms, &c., which, by ignorant parents, are supposed to be the vengeance of witches.

"The witch, on the other side, expecting her neighbours' mischiefs, 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 taking effect), being called before a justice, by due examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her imprecations and desires, and her neighbours' harms and losses, to concur, and, as it were, to take effect; and so confesseth that she (as a goddess) hath brought such things to pass. Wherein not only she, but the accuser, and also the justice, are 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 Witchcraft.* Lond. 1655, fol. p. 4, 5.

Note 2 D.  

*Of my warding on the clowns*  
*Of Caledry 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 *Fea-flint Plunder-Master-General,* Captain *Ferret-farm,* and *Quarter-Master Burn-drop.* The officers of the Troop are in league with these worthies, and connive 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 comprehended in a rhobe 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.  

— *Bringall's woods, and Scary's wood,*  
*Even now, or ever many a sister care.* — 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 caverns, which, when the seam 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 bandits.

Note 2 F.  

*When Spain waged warfare 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. It had more pleasure in being considered an excellent *found,* than in all his reputation as a *brower.* —Ee.
But probably Bertram held an opinion very common among the maritime heroes of the age, that "there was no peace beyond the Line." The Spanish guarda-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 bucanering, 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 lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution."—Johnston's History of Pirates. Lond. 1724, 8vo. vol. i. p. 58.

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 frolicks 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 pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set it on fire, and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air. At length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest."—Ibid. p. 50.

Note 2 H.

—my rangers 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 bottle 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 smell, to the end his scent may be the perfecter, then let him go to the wood. . . . 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 hart it may be, and hath marked every thing to judge by, then let him draw till he come to the corner where he is gone to; and let him habour him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the slot as by the entries, foyles, or much-like. That done, let him plash or bruse down small twigs, some aloft and some below, as the art requirith, and therewithall, whilst his hound is hot, let him beat the outsides, and make his ring-walkes, twice or thrice about the wood."—The Noble Art of Venere, 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 verses when the first edition of Rokey was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family:—

"It was a' for our 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 abo's
All on the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!

"The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae 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 bous' to sleep,
I think on them that's far awa
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep."

Note 2 K.

Rere-cross on Stanmore.—P. 323.

This is a fragment of an old cross, with its pediment, surrounded by an intrenchment, 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 Ree-cross, of which Hollinshead gives us the following explanation:—

"At length a peace was concluded betwixt the two kings under these conditions, that Malcolm should enjoy that part of Northumberland which lieth betwixt Tweed, Cumberland, and Stainmore, and doo homage to the Kings of England for the same. In the midst of Stainmore 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 march to England, and the other to Scotland. This cross was called the Rob-cross, that is, the cross of the King.”—HOLIN-

Hollandish’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 Chroni-

The situation of the cross, and the pains taken to defend it, seem to indicate that it was intended for a land-mark of

NOTE 2 L.

Host thou lodged our deer?—P. 323.
The duty of the ranger, or pricker, was first to lodge or har-

Before the King I come report to make,
Then haste and peace for noble Tristramne’s sake .
My liege, I went this morning on my quest,
My hound did stick, and seem’d to scent some beast.
I held him short, and drawing after him,
I might behold the hart was feeding trust;
His head was high, and large in each degree,
Well plumèd eke, and seem’d full sound to be.
Of colour brownes, he bearth 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 pearled near his head.
He seemed fayre sweene blacke and berrie brounde
He seemes well fed by all the signes I found,
For when I had well marked him with eye,
I stept aside, to watch where he would lye.
And when I had so wayted full an hour,
That he might be at hayre and in his bounre,
I cast about to harbour him full sure;
My hound 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 toes were great, the joynt bones round and short,
The shaine bones large, the dew-claws close in port:
Short joynted was he, hollow-footed eke,
An hart to hunt as any man can seeke.”

The Art of Venerie, ut supra, p. 97.

NOTE 2 M.

When Denmark’s raven soar’d on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till, hovering near, her fatal crook
Bade Regall’s Briton dread the yoke.—P. 323.

About the year of God 866, the Danes, under their cele-

Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
Of furious Ivar in a midnight hour:
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song
Wrest in pale temper, lord’d through the clouds,
The demons of destruction then, they say,
Were all about, 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.
Stammore, which divides the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland, was probably the boundary of the Danish king-
dom in that direction. The district to the west, known in an-
cient British history by the name of Reged, had never been
conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a preci-
sious 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 curious may consult the various authori-
ties quoted in the Gesta et Vestigia Danorum extra Daniam
tom. ii. p. 40. The most powerful of their Northumbrian leaders seems to have been Ivar, called, from the extent of his
conquests, Wulfjam, that is, The Strider.

NOTE 2 N.

Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fix’d on each vale a Runic name.—P. 323.
The heathen Danes have left several traces of their religion
in the upper part of Teesdale. Baldergarth, which derives its
name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste
land on the very ridge of Stammore; and a brook, which falls
into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same
deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed
Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Edda.
Thorhill, 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 mytho-

Who has not card how brave O’Neale
In English blood imbru’d his steel?—P. 325.
The O’Neale here meant, for more than one succeeded to
the chieftainship during the reign of Elizabeth, was Hugh, the
grandson of Con O’Neale, called Con Bacco, 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 succes-
sion to him; and he was created, by Elizabeth, Baron of
Dungannon. Upon the death of Con Bacco, 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 Turleigh
Lynogh 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 repeat-
edly, and as often made submissions, of which it was usually
a condition that he should not any longer assume the title of
O'Neale; in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the pressure of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling 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'Neale; but it was not till the succession of James, to whom he made personal submission, and was received with civility at court. Yet, according to Morrison, "no respect to him could contain many women in those parts, who had lost husbands and children in the Irish wars, from flinging dust and stones at the earl as he passed, and from reeling with him bitter words; yea, when the earl had been at court, and there obtaining his majesty's direction for his pardon and performance of all conditions promised him by the Lord Mountjoy, it was about September to return, he durst not pass by those parts without direction to the shireoff, to convey him with troops of horse from place to place, till he was safely embarked and put to sea for Ireland."

-Itinerary, p. 296.

Note 2 P.

But chief arose his victor pride,
When that braves 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 garnished by the English, which commanded the passes into his country.

"This captain and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lived upon hares growing in the ditches and walls, suffering all extremities, till the next-lieutenant, in the month of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshal of Ireland, with the most choice companies of foot and horse-troopes of the English army to victual this fort, and to raise the rebels' siege. When the English entered the place and thick woods beyond Armagh, on the east side, Tyrone (with all the rebels assembled to him) pricked forward with rage, envy, and settled rancour against the marshall, assayed the English, and turning his full force against the marshall's person, had the success to kill him, valiantly fighting among the thickest of the rebels. Where-upon the English being dismayed with his death, the rebels obtained a great victory against them. I term it great, since the English, from their 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 soldiours (whereof many were of the old companies which had served in Brittany under General Norris) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackwater followed this disaster, when the assaullt guard saw no hope of relief; but especially upon messages sent to Captain Williams from our broken forces, retired to Armagh, professing that all their safety depended upon his yielding the fort into his hands of Tyrone, without which danger Captain Williams professed that no want or miserie should have induced him therunto."—Fynes Moryson's Itinerary. London, 1617, 8vo, part ii. p. 24.

Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshall, Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, ex-Jannitory of his conduct, and offering terms of submision. The river, called by the English, Blackwater, is termed in Irish, A'von-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his "Marriage of the Thammes and the Medway." But I understand that his verses relate not to the Black-water of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland:

"Swift A'von-Duff, which of the Englishmen is called Blackwater!"

Note 2 Q.

The Taniat he to goe ou, O'Neile.—P. 325.

"Eudox. What is that which you call Taniat and Tanimery? 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 chiefe lords or captaynes, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kindred or sept; and then next to them doe they choose the next of the blood to be Taniat, who shall next succeed him in the said captainery, if he live thereunto.

"Eudox. Do they not use any ceremony in this election, for all barbarous nations are commonly great observers of ceremonies and superstitions rises?

"Iren. They used to place him that shall be their captaigne upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen for me and engraved a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captain's foot; whereon he standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customes of the country inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Taniat, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he thrusteth himself round, thrice forwards and thrice backwards,

"Eudox. But how is the Taniat chosen?

"Iren. They say he setteth but one foot upon the stone, and receiveth the like oath that the captaigne did."—Spenser's View of the State of Ireland, apud Works, London, 1615, 8vo, vol. vii. p. 306.

The Taniat, therefore, of O'Neale, was the heir-apparent of his power. This kind of succession appears also to have regulated, in very remote times, the succession to the crown of Scotland. It would have been imprudent, if not impossible, to have asserted a minor's right of succession in those stormy days, when the principles of policy were summed up in my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines:—

—"the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Note 3 R.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread, &c.—P. 325.

There is here an attempt to describe the ancient Irish dress, of which a poct of Queen Elizabeth's day has given us the following particulars:—

"I marvailde in my mynde,
And therupon did muse,
To see a bride of heavenlie bewe
An ouglie fere to chuse.
This bride it is the solie,
The bridgroomes is the karme.
With wreted gildes, like wicked sprits,
With visage rough and sternene;
With long hair and long locks,
Instead of civill cappes:
With speares in hand, and swordes by sylde
To bear off after clappes;
With jackettes long and large,
Which shroud simplicitie,
Through spilt dark darts which do beare
importe iniquity.
Their shirts be very strange,
not reaching past the thie;
and strange pleats the pleated are
as thick as plate a may lye.
Whose sleeves hang trailing downe
almost unto the shoe;
And with a mantell commonlie
the Irish kanye do goo.
Now some amongst the reste
do use another weede;
A coate I menne, of strange devise
which fancy first did breed.
Then this be very shorte,
with pleates set thick about,
And Irish trouzes noe to put
their strange protactours out.'

Derrick's Image of Ireland, apud Somers' Tracts, Edin. 1809 4to. vol. i. p. 585.

Some curious wooden engravings accompany this poem, from which it would seem that the ancient Irish dress was (the best excepted) very similar to that of the Scottish Highlanders. The want of a covering on the head was supplied by the mode of platting and arranging the hair, which was called the glibbe. These glibbes, according to Spenser, were fit marks for a thief, since, when he wished to disguise himself, he could either cut it off entirely, or so pull it over his eyes as to render it very hard to recognize him. This, however, is nothing to the repudiation with which the same poet regards that favorite part of the Irish dress, the mantle.

"It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief. First, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villanies banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his 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 bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh (if at least it deserve the name of warre,) when he still flyeth from his foes, and lurketh in the thicke weges, and wandering in waste places, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff. For the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himself round, and concheth himself strongly against the gants, which in that country doe more annoy 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 serveth them when they are more driven, being wrapped about their left arm, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut throut with a sword; besides, it is light to bear, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thief it is so handsome as it may seem it was first inventd for him; for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night in freethooting, it is his best and surest friend; for, lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad to watch for their booty, with that they can pretty shroud 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 close hoolied over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is indangered. Besides this, he or any man els that is disposed to mischiefe or villainy, may, under his mantle, goe privily armed without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or kistol, if he please, to be always in readiness." —Spenser's

View of the State of Ireland, apud Works, ut supra, viii 367.

The javelins, or darts, of the Irish, which they throw with great dexterity, appear, from one of the prints already mentioned, to have been about four feet long, with a strong steel head and thick knotted shaft.

NOTE 2 S.

With wild majestic port and tone,
Like envoy of some barbarous throne.—P. 330.

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 chieftain, which runs in the following terms:—

"O'Neale commendeth him unto you, Morish Fitz-Thomas; O'Neale requesteth you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your 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 this and to-morrow at twelve of the clocke, and take his part, O'Neale is not beholding to you, and will doe to the uttermost of his power to overthrow you, if you come not to him at firstest by Saturday at noone. From Knocke Dumathe in Calrie, the fourth of February, 1599.

"O'Neale requesteth you to come speake with him, and doth give your 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 Gerat Fitzgerald. (Subscribed) "O'NEALE."

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 "fem table, and fem forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven," he notices what constitutes the real power of every monarch, the love, namely, and allegiance of his subjects. "His guards, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who in the frost wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid come, they come; if go, they go; if he say do this, they do it."—Nuga Antiqua. Lond. 1704, 8vo. vol. i. p. 351.

NOTE 2 T.

His foster-father was his guide.—P. 335.

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the nurse herself with the child they brought up.

"Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster-children than their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and, even for any vicious purposes, fortunes and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion; and they will even carry those things off as plunder. All who have been nursed by the same person preserve a greater mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will even hate for the sake of these. When chid 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 miscreants; 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
late in the Scottish Highlands, and was cherished by the chiefs as an easy mode of extending their influence and connection; and even in the Lowlands, during the last century, the connection between the nurse and foster-child was seldom dissolved but by the death of one party.

**Note 2 U.**

**Great Nial of the Pledges Nine.**—P. 327.

Neal Naiglavallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages. From one of Neal’s sons were derived the Kinel-eoguin, or Race of Tyronne, which afforded monarchs both to Ireland and to Ulster. Neal (according to O’Flaherty’s *Ogygia*) was killed by a poisoned arrow, in one of his descents on the coast of Bretagne.

**Note 2 V.**

**Shane-Dyman wick.**—327.

This Shane-Dyman, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O’Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth’s reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

“This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at one in his cellar at Dunderman, but askebaugh was his favorite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho’ so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address; his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4000 foot, 1000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to treat with him, he said, ‘That, tho’ the Queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her but at her lodging;’ that she had made a wise Earl of Macarymore, but that he kept as good a man as he; that he cared not for so mean a title as Earl; that his blood and power were better than the best; that his ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none.’ His kinsman, the Earl of Kildare, having persuaded him of the folly of contending with the crown of England, he resolved to attend the Queen, but in a style suited to his princely dignity. He appeared in London with a magnificent train of Irish Galloglasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments of their country, their heads bare, their hair flowing on their shoulders, with their long and open sleeves dyed with saffron. Thus dressed, and surcharged with military harness, and armed with battle-axes, they afforded an astonishing spectacle to the citizens, who regarded them as the intruders of some very distant part of the globe. But at Court his versatality now prevailed; his title to the sovereignty of Tyronne was pleaded from English laws and Irish institutions, and his allegations were so suspicious, that the Queen dismissed him with presents and assurances of favor. In England this transaction was looked on as the humiliation of a repeating rebel; in Tyronne it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates.”—*Cameren’s Bretzanties*, by Gough. Lond. 1838, vol. iv. p. 442.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dyman fled to Clandeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of MacDouell. He was at first courteously received; but by de-
powerful family, was kindly supplied to the author by Mr. Rokeby of Northamptonshire, descended of the ancient Baron of Rokeby:—

"Pedigree of the House of Rokeby."

1. Sir Alex. Rokeby, Kn. married to Sir Humph. Littlest daughter.
2. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Tho. Lumley's daughter.
4. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Kn. to Sir Ralph Biggot's daughter.
6. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Sir Brian Stapleton's daughter of Weighill.
7. Sir Thos. Rokeby, Kn. to Sir Ralph Ury's daughter.
8. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to daughter of Mansfield, heir of Mortan.
10. Sir Ralph Rokeby, Kn. to Sir James Strangways daughter.
12. Ralph Rokeby, Esq. to Danby of Yafforth's daughter and heir.
14. Christopher Rokeby, Esq. to Lascelles of Brackenburgh's daughter.
15. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Thweng.
16. Sir Thomas Rokeby, Kn. to Sir Ralph Lawson's daughter of Brough.
18. Thos. Rokeby, Esq. to the daughter of Wickliffe of Gales.

High Sheriffs of Yorkshire.
1337. 11 Edw. 3. Ralph Hastings and Thos. de Rokeby.
1343. 17 Edw. 3. Thos. de Rokeby, pro sept. analis.
1358. 25 Edw. 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.
1446. 6 Hen. 6. Thomas Rokeby, Esq.
1564. 6 Eliz. Thomas Younge, Archbishop of York, Ld. President.
Jo. Rokeby, Esq. one of the Council.
Jo. Rokeby, L.L.D. ditto.
Ralph Rokeby, Esq. one of the Secretaries.
7 Will. 3. Sir J. Rokeby, Knt. one of the Justices of the King's Bench.
The family of De Rokeby came over with the Conqueror. The old motto belonging to the family is In Bivio Dexter The arms, argent, chevron sable, between three rooks proper.

From him is the house of Hotham, and of the second brother that had Issue.


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 Arninghall was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

Note 3 A.
Rokeby's lords of martial fame,
I can count them name by name.—P. 334
The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once

...
There is somewhat more to be found in our family in the Scottish history about the affairs of Dun-Bretton town, but what it is, and in what time, I know not, nor can have convenient leisure to search. But Parson Blackwood, the Scottish chaplain to the Lord of Shrewsbury, recited to me once a piece of a Scottish song, wherein was mentioned, that William Wallis, the great deliverer of the Scots from the English bondage, should, at Dun-Bretton, have been brought up under a Rokeby, captain then of the place; and as he walked on a cliff, should thrust him on a sudden into the sea, and thereby have gotten that hold, which, I think, was about the 33d of Edw. I. or before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we must also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmesbury Abbey, called Eulogium Historiarum, out of which Mr. Leland reporteth this history, and coppy down unwritten 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 it, that in K. Henry the 7th's reign, one Ralph Rokeby, Esq., was owner of Morton, and I guess that this was he that deceived the fyars of Richmond with his felon swine, on which a jargon was made.'"

"In the great press Wallace and Rublie met,
With his good sword a stroke upon him set;
Derly to death the old Rublie he drave,
But his two sons escaped among the lave."

These sons, according to the romantic Minstrel, surrendered the castle on conditions, and went back to England, but returned to Scotland in the days of Bruce, when one of them became again keeper of Stirling Castle. Immediately after this achievement follows another engagement, between Wallace and those Western Highlanders who embraced the English interest, at a pass in Glendochart, where many were precipitated into the lake over a precipice. These circumstances may have been confused in the narrative of Parson Blackwood, or in the recollection of Mr. Rokeby.

In the old ballad of Chevy Chase, there is mentioned, among the English warriors, "Sir Raff the ryche Rubge," which may apply to Sir Ralph Rokeby, the tenth baron in the pedigree. The more modern copy of the ballad runs thus:

"Good Sir Ralph Raby ther was slain,
Whose proweess did surmount."

This would rather seem to relate to one of the Nevilles of Raby. But, as the whole ballad is romantic, accuracy is not to be looked for.

and the chase, the former, as in the Tournament of Totten ham, introduced a set of clowns debating 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 phrensy, although inimitably embodied and brought out, was not, perhaps, in the abstract, altogether original. One of the very best of these mock romances, and which has no small portion of comic humor, is the Hunting of the Felon Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond. Ralph Rokeby, who (for the jest's sake apparently) bestowed this intractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII., which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobold's wardenship, to which the poem refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself. Morton, the Mortham of the text, is mentioned as being this fictitious baron's place of residence; accordingly, Leland notices, that "Mr. Rokeby hath a place called Mortham, a little beneath Grentey-bridge, almost on the mouth of Grentey." That no information may be lacking which is in my power to supply, I have to notice, that the Mistress Rokeby of the romance, who so charitably refreshed the sow after she had discomfitted Friar Middleton and his auxiliaries, was, as appears from the pedigree of the Rokeby family, daughter and heir of Danby of Yafforth.

This curious poem was first published in Mr. Whitaker's History of Crewe, 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 humoursome composition, from being furnished with a copy from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Rokeby, 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 renderings.

The Felon Sow of Rokeby and the Friars of Richmond.

Ye men that will of skuntiers winne,
That late within this land hath beene,
Of one I will you tell;
And of a sow3 that was sea strang,
Alas! that ever she lived sae lang,
For fell1 folk did she weill.4

She was mare5 than other three,
The grileaste beast that ere might be,
Her head was great and gray;
She was bred in Rokeby wood,
There were few that thit her good,
That came on live6 away.

Her walk was endlong7 Greta side;
There was no beng8 that durst her bide,
That was froutil8 heaven to hell;
Nor never man that had that might,
That ever durst come in her sight,
Her force it was so fell.

Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,
The Fryers of Richmond gave her till,9
Full well to garree10 them fare
Fryar Middleton by his name,
He was sent to fetch her name,
That ride him sines11 full mere.

NOTE 3 B.

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 tourney,

1 Both the MS. and Mr. Whitaker's copy read ancestors, evidently a corruption of amarters, adventures, as corrected by Mr. Evans.—2 Sow, according to provincial pronunciation.—3 See: Yorkshire dialect.—4 Fall, many Sax.—5 A corruption of gueld, to kill.—6 More, greater.—7 Wend—Alive.—8 Along the side of Greta.—9 Barn, child, man in general.—10 From.—11 To.—12 Make.—13 Since.
With him took he wicht man two,
Peter Dale was one of thee,
That ever was brim as beare; 1
And well durn strike with sword and knife,
And flight full manly for his life,
What time as mister ware. 2

These three men went at God's will,
This wicked sow while they came till,
Liggan under a tree;
Rugg and rusty was her hair;
She raise up with a felon fare, 4
To fight against the three.

She was so griselie for to meete,
She rave the earth up with her feet,
And bark came fro the tree;
When Fyrra Middleton her sang, 6
West ye well be might not laugh,
Full earnestly look't hee.

These men of anters that was so wight, 6
They bound them bauldly 7 for to fight,
And strike at her full sare:
Until a klin they garray her flees,
Wold God send them the victory,
The wold ask him noo mare.

The sow was in the klin hole down,
As they were on the balke aboye, 8
For hurting of their feet;
They were so saulted 10 with this sow,
That among them was a stalworth stow,
The klin began to reece.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,
But put a raper 11 down with his wand,
And haltered her full mare;
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,
If they should live to Doomes-day,
They thorrow 13 it ne'er forgett;
She brayed upon every side,
And ran on them graping full wide,
For nothing would she lett. 12

She gave such brades 12 at the hand
That Peter Dale had in his hand,
He might not hold his feet.
She chafed them to and fro,
The wight men was never see 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 woe wide and cried woe hee,
The Fryar waid, 14 "I conjure thee, 17
Thou art a feind of hell.
"I conjure thee to go againe,
Where thou wast wont to dwell."
He sayned 19 him, with cruse and crowe,
Took forth a book, began to read:
In St. John his gospell.

The sew she would not Latin hear,
But rudely rushed at the Fryar,
That blinkt all his blee. 20
And when she would have taken her hold
The Fryar leaped as Jesus wold,
And bealest him 21 with a tree.

She was as brim 22 as any heare,
For all their meete to labour them, 22
To them it was no boote:
Upon trees and bushes that by her stond,
She ranged as she was wood, 24
And rave them up by roote.

He sayd, 4 "Als, that I was Fryar!
And I shall be ragged 26 in sunder here,
Hard is my destine!"
Wit 26 my brethren in this howre,
That I was set in such a stoure, 25
They would pray for me."

This wicked beast that wroght this woe,
Tooke that rape from the other two,
And then they fled all three;
They fled away with Watling-street,
They had no succour but their feet,
It was the more pity.

The feild it was both lost and wonne; 26
The sew went hame, and that full soone,
To Morton on the Greene;
When Ralph of Rokeye saw the rape, 29
He wis 30 that there had been debate,
Whereat the sew had boone.

He bade them stand out of her way,
For she had had a sudden fray,—
"I saw never so keen; 29
Some new things shall we heare
Of her and Middleton the Frear,
Some battell hath there beene."

But all that served him for nought,
Had they not better succour sought,
They were served therefore los.
Then Mistress Rokeye came anon,
And for her brought shee meete full soone
The sew came her unto.

1 Fierce as a bear. Mr. Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps in consequence of mistaking the MS., "Tother was Bryan of Bear."—2 Need were. Mr. Whitaker reads musters.—3 Lyng.—4 A fierce countenance or manner.—5 Saw.—6 Wight, brave. The Rokhey MS. reads encounters, and Mr. Whitaker, encounters.—7 Boldly.—8 On the beam above.—9 To prevent.—10 Assamin.—11 Rapes.—12 Watling Street. See the sequel.—13 Dare.—14 Rushed.—15 Leave it.—16 Pulls.—17 This line is wanting in Mr. Whistaker's copy, whence it has been conjectured that something is wanting after this stanza, which now there is no occasion to suppose.—18 Evil device.—19 Blessed. Fr.—20 Lost his color.—21 Sheltered himself.—22 Fierce.—23 The MS. reads, to labour sterve. The text seems to mean, that all their labor to obtain their intended meat was no use to them. Mr. Whistaker reads,

She was brim as any boar,
And gave a grisyly hideous roar,
To them it was no book."
She gave her meate upon the flower, *

[Hiatus velae defensus.] * * * 1

When Fryar Middleton came home, His brethren was full faire likone, 2
And thanked God of his life; He told them all unto the end, How he had fought with a fiend, And lived through mickle strife.

"We gave her battell half a day, And sithen 3 was faire to fly away, For saving of our life; And Pater Dale would never blin, 4 But as fast as he could ryn, 5 Till he came to his wife."  

The warden said, "I am full of woe, That ever ye should be torment so, But wee with you had beene! Had wee been there your brethren all, Woe should have gare the warre!" fall, That wrought you all this thyne. 6

Fryar Middleton said soon, "Nay, In faith you would have fled away, When most mister had beene; You will all speake words at hame, A man would ding 7 you every lik ane, And if it be as I weicne." 8

He lookt so gressy all that night, The warden said, "You man will fight If you say ought but good; Youuest 9 hath grieved him so sore, Hold your tonguees and speake noe more He looks as he were woode." 9

The warden waged 10 on the morne, Two boldest men that ever were borne, I weeze, or ever shall be; The one was Gibbert Griffin's son, Full mickle worship has he wonne, Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain, Many a Sarazin hath he slain, His diu 11 hath gart them die. These two men the battle undersooke, Against the sew, as says the booke, And sealed secrirt.

That they should boldly bide and fight, And skomfit her in maiene and might, Or therefore should they die. The warden sealed to them againe, And said, "In feild if ye be slain, This condition make I:  "We shall for you pray, sing, and read TIlle doomsday with hearty speede With all our progeny." Then the letters well was made, Bands bound with scales brade, 14 As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that were so wight, With armour and with brandes bright, They went this sew to see; She made on them ellige a red, 15 That for her they were sore afer'd, And almost bound to flee.

She came roving them against; That saw the bastard son of Spaine, He braded out his brand; Full spicily at her he strake, For all the fence that he could make, She gat sword out of hand; And rave in sunder half his shield, And bare him backward in the feilde, He might not her gainstand.

She would have riven his privich geare But Gilbert with his sword of werre, He strakes at her full strong; On her shoulder till she held the sword; Then was good Gilbert sore afer'd, When the blade brake in throng. 17

Since in his hands he hath her tane, She took him by the shoulder bane, 18 And held her hold full fast; She strave so stilly in that stower, That through all his rich armour The blood came at the last.

Then Gilbert grieved was sae sere, That he ravo off both hide and haire, The flesh came fro the bone; And with all force he felled her there, And wani her worthily in were, And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sae bees, Into two paniers well-made of a tre, And to Richmond they did bay; 20 When they saw her come, They sang merrily To Deum, The Fryers on that day. 21

They thanked God and St. Francis, As they had won the best of pets, 22 And never a man was elaine: There did never a man more manly, Knight Marcus, nor yet Sir Gui, Nor Loth of Louthyan. 20

If ye will any more of this, In the Fryers of Richmond 'tis In parchement good and fine; And how Fryar Middleton that was so kind, 24 At Greta Bidge conjured a feind In likeness of a swine. I

It is well known to many a man, That Fryar Theobald was warden. 23

\footnote{1 This line is almost illegible.—2 Each one.—3 Since then, after that.} \footnote{4 The above lines are wanting in Mr. Whitaker's copy.—5 Cose, stop.} \footnote{6 Run.—7 Warlike, or wizard.—8 Harne.—9 Need.—10 Beat.} \footnote{The copy in Mr. Whitaker's History of Craven reads, perhaps better,— "The fiend would ding you down like ane one."} \footnote{11 "You guest," may be you geat, l. e., that adventure; or it may mean you gidhe, or apparition, which in old poems is applied as a thing to what is supernaturally hideous. The printed copy reads,—"The beast hath,"} \footnote{12 Hived, a Yorkshire phrase.—13 Blow.—14 Broad, large.—15 Some like a roar.—16 Drew out.—17 To the combat.—18 Bone.—19 Missing, best.} \footnote{20 His, honest.—21 The MS. reads, inadaptenly, every day.—22 Price.} \footnote{23 The father of Sir Gawain, in the romance of Arthur and Merlin. The MS. is thus corrupted.—} \footnote{24 More lads of Louth Ryne.} \footnote{25 Well known, or perhaps kind, well disposed.
And this fell in his time;
And Christ them bless both fame and near,
All that for solace list this to heare,
And him that made the rhyme.

Ralph Rokeby with full good will,
The Fryers of Richmond he gave her till,
This sew to mend their fare;
Fyay Middleton by his name,
Would needs bring the fat sew hame,
That reed him since full fare.

NOTE 3 C.
The Filia of O'Neale was he.—P. 334.
The Filies, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as
the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction
had one or more in his service, whose office was usually heredi-
tary. The late ingenious Mr. Cooper Walker has assembled a
curious and interesting collection of ancient fools and others
in his Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards. There were itin-
erant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the high-
est veneration. The English, who considered them as chief
supporters of the spirit of national independence, were much
disposed to proscribe this race of poets, as Edward I. is said to
have done in Wales. Spenser, while he admits the merit of
their wild poetry, as "savoring of sweet wit and good inven-
tion, and sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural
device," yet rigorously condemns the whole application of their
poetry, as abroad to "the grasping 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 Scrowy, to whose
charge Richard II. committed the instruction of four Irish
monarchs in the civilization of the period, found it most diffi-
cult to break his royal disciples, though he had also much ado
to subject them to other English rules, and particularly to rec-
ocile them to wear breeches. "The kyng, my souveraine
lord's entent was, that in manner, counterenance, and apparel of
clothyng, they shold use according to the maner of Englande,
for the kynghte thought to make them all kyngknightes: they
had a fyre house to lodge in, in Duvelyn, and I was charged
to abyde styl with them, and not to departe; and so two or
three daies I suffered them to do as they list, and sayde noth-
yng to them, but followed their owne appetryes: they wold
sitte at the table, and make countenance nother good nor
fyre. Than I thought I shulde cause them to change that
maner; they wold cause their mynystrelles, their servauntes, and
vartees, to sytte with them, and to eat in their owne dycshe,
and to drinke of their cypes; and they shewed me that the
usage of their curtse was good, for they myd in all thyngs
(except their bedding) they were and lyved as comen. So the
fourthe day I enlandyed other tables to be couerd in the hall,
after the usage of Englande, and I made these four knyghtes
to sytte at the hygge table, and there mynystrelles at another bordre,
and their servauntes and vartees at another blynth them,
whereof by semyngy they were displeased, and beheld each
other, and wold not eate, and sayde, how I wolde take fro
them their good maner, wherein they had beenen nourshed. Thon
I answered them, sayling, to apezace them, that it was not
honourable for their estates to do as they dyde before, and that
they must leue it, and use the custom of Englande, and that
it was the kynges pleasure they shulde so do, and how he was
charged so to order them. When they hard it, that they suffer-
ed it, becaus they had puttemeysse under the obeseyeance
of the Kyngye of Englyand, and parcered in the same so long
as I was with them; yet they had one use which I knew was
well used in their curtse, and that was, they dyde were no
bechees; I caused breche of lynen clothes to be made for them,
Whyle I was with them I causeth them to leue many rude

thynge, as well in clothynge as in other causese. Moche ad
I had at the fynt to cause them to weare gowynes of sylke, far-
red with mynacence and graye; for before these knyghtes thought
themselfe well apparell when they had on a mantely. They
rode alwayes without saddles and syropes, and with great
payne I made them to ride after our usage."—Lord Berners' Froissart.
Lond. 1812, 4to, vol. ii. p. 621.

The influence of these bards upon their patrons, and their
admitted title to interfere in matters of the weightiest concern,
may be also proved from the behavior of one of them at an in-
terview between Thomas Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Kil-
dare, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and the
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 la-
mentable action as his cheeks were all beblubbered with tears,
the horsemen, namelie, such as understood not English, began
to divise what the lord-chancellor meant with all this long cir-
cumstance; some of them reporting that he was preaching a
sermon, others said that he stood making of some heretical
poetry in the praise of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every
pupil shot his foolish bolt at the wise chancellor his discourse,
who in effect had nought else but drop precious stones before
hogs, one Bard de Neelan, an Irish rhymour, and a rotten sheepe
to infect a whole flocke, was chating of Irish verses, as though
his toog had run on pattens, in commendation of the Lord
Thomas, having invest him with the title of Silken Thomas, becuase
his hommestyngs jacks were gorgeously embroidered with sille:
and in the end he told him that he lingered there other long,
whereat the Lord Thomas being quckened," as Hollinsche
expresses it, bid defiance to the chancellor, threw down con
ˈtempuously the sword of office, which, in his father's absence
he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open insur-
rection.

NOTE 3 D.

Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Slive-Donorad's oak shall light no more.—P. 333.

Clandeboy is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the
sept of the O'Neales, and Slive-Donorad, a romantic mountain
in the same province. The clan was ruined after Tyrone's
great rebellion, and their places of abode laid desolate. The ancient
Irish, wild and unsentivised in other respects, did not yield
even to their descendants in practising the most free and
extended hospitality; and doubtless the bard mourned the
decay of the mansion of their chiefs in strains similar to the
verses of the British Lylywch Hen on a similar occasion, which
are affecting, even through the discouraging medium of a
literal translation—

"Silent-breathing gale, long will thou be heard!
There is scarcely another deserving praise
Since Urien is no more.

Many a dog that scented well the prey, and aerial hawk,
Have been train'd on this floor
Before Edicon became polluted . . .

This hearth, ah, will it not be covered with nettles?
Whilst its defender lived,
More congenial it was the foot of the needy petitioner.

This hearth, 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.

This hearth, will it not be covered with toad-stools! Around the viand it prepared, more cheering was The clattering sword of the fierce dauntless warrior.

This hearth, will it not be overgrown with spreading brambles! Till now, logs of burning wood lay on it, Accept a custom’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 O’wan’s social friends united in harmony.

This hearth, will it not be covered with ants! More adapted 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 wise-cheer’d warriors.

This hearth, will it not be turned up by the swine! More congenial to it would have been the clamour of men, And the circling horns of the banquet.”

**Heroic Elegies of Llygawr Hen, by Owen.**

Lond. 1792, 8vo. p. 41.

“| The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, | The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night, | After losing its master— | After losing its master— |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Without fire, without bed—</td>
<td>Without fire, without bed—</td>
<td>The great merciful God, what shall I do!</td>
<td>The great merciful God, what shall I do!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I must weep a while, and then be silent!</td>
<td>I must weep a while, and then be silent!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Without fire, without candle—</td>
<td>Without fire, without candle—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Except God doth, who will endure me with patience!</td>
<td>Except God doth, who will endure me with patience!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Without fire, without being lighted—</td>
<td>Without fire, without being lighted—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Be thou encircled with spreading silence!</td>
<td>Be thou encircled with spreading silence!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan, gloomy seems its roof!</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan, gloomy seems its roof!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Since the sweet smile of humanity is no more—</td>
<td>Since the sweet smile of humanity is no more—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Woe to him that saw it, if he neglects to do good!</td>
<td>Woe to him that saw it, if he neglects to do good!</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not bereft of thy appearance?</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not bereft of thy appearance?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thy shield is in the grave;</td>
<td>Thy shield is in the grave;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whilst he lived there was no broken roof!</td>
<td>Whilst he lived there was no broken roof!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is without love this night,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Since he that own’d it is no more—</td>
<td>Since he that own’d it is no more—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ah, death: it will be but a short time he will leave me!</td>
<td>Ah, death: it will be but a short time he will leave me!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is not easy this night,</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is not easy this night,</td>
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<tr>
<td>On the top of the rock of Hydryth,</td>
<td>On the top of the rock of Hydryth,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Without its lord, without company, without the circling feasts!</td>
<td>Without its lord, without company, without the circling feasts!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Without fire, without songs—</td>
<td>Without fire, without songs—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tears afflict the cheeks!</td>
<td>Tears afflict the cheeks!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Without fire, without family—</td>
<td>Without fire, without family—</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My overflowing tears gush out!</td>
<td>My overflowing tears gush out!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it,</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it,</td>
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<td>Without a covering, without fire—</td>
<td>Without a covering, without fire—</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>My general dead, and I alive myself!</td>
<td>My general dead, and I alive myself!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill grief this night,</td>
<td>The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill grief this night,</td>
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<tr>
<td>After the respect I experienced;</td>
<td>After the respect I experienced;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Without the men, without the women, who reside there!</td>
<td>&quot;Without the men, without the women, who reside there!</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Note 3 E.**

**MacCurtin’s harp.—**P. 336.

“| MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, &c. | MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, &c. |
<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fleas to Donough, Earl of Thomond, and President of Munster.</td>
<td>Fleas to Donough, Earl of Thomond, and President of Munster.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| 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 Eugenian line, who, with O’Neill, O’Donnell, Lucy, and others, were deeply engaged in protecting their violated country. In this poem he dwelt with rapture on the courage and patriotism of MacCarthy; but the verse that should (according to an established law of the order of the bands) be introduced in the praise of O’Brien, he turns into severe satire:— "How am I afflicted (says he) that the descendant of the great Brion Boirinn cannot furnish me with a theme worthy the honor and glory of his exalted race!" Lord Thomond, hearing this, vowed vengeance on the spirited bard, who fled for refuge to the county of Cork. One day, 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 compassion, and not only declared that he most heartily forgave him, but, opening his purse, presented the fair mourner with some pieces to inter him. This instance of his lordship’s pity and generosity gave courage to the trembling bard; who, suddenly 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. 1788, 4to. p. 141.

**Note 3 F.**

**The ancient English minstrel’s dress.—**P. 336.

Among the entertainments presented to Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, was the introduction of a person designed to represent a travelling minstrel, who entertained her with a solemn story out of the Acts of King Arthur. Of this person’s dress and appearance Mr. Laneham has given us a very accurate account, transferred by Bishop Percy to the preliminary Dissertation on Minstrels, prefixed to his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i.

**Note 3 G.**

**Littlecote Hall.—**P. 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 watered by the river Ilmnet. 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, looped with stones, and lighted by large transom windows. The 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-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice 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 seated the whole neighborhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an armchair of cumbersome 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 gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing by the bedchambers and casements of the old 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 now made dingy 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 submit to be blindfolded, 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 pillion behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the 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 ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the bed 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 raffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the interference of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home: he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed: one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bedside, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sewn it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proctor of Littlecote House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corroborating 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.

"It might have been 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—

"Sir • • • Darrell, of Littlecote, in Com. Wilts, having got his lady's waiting-woman with child, when her travell came, sent a servant with a horse for a midwife, whom he was to bring hood-winked. She was brought, and layd the woman, but as soon as the child was born, she saw the knight take the child and murder it, and burn it in the fire in the chamber. She having done her businesse, was extraordinarily rewarded for her pains, and sent blindfolded away. This 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 they might have rode at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great person's house, for the roomes 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 very chamber found. The Knight was brought to his tryall; and, to be 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 nisi prius."

With this tale of terror the author has combined some circumstances of a similar legend, which was current at Edinburgh during his childhood. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, were the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded hotels, like those of the French noblesse, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scenes of strange and mysterious transactions, a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. This was no unusual summons; but what followed was alarming. He was put into a sedan chair, and after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded. The request was enforced by a cocked pistol, and submitted to, but in the course of the discussion, he conjectured, from the phrases employed by the chairmen, and from some part of their dress, not completely concealed by their cloaks, that they were greatly above the menial station they had assumed. After many turns and windings, the chair was carried up stairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered, and he was introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady, newly delivered of an infant. He was commanded 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 that his
APPENDIX TO ROKEBY.

377

safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was sturdily commanded to obey the orders first given, and with difficulty recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task imposed on him. He was then again hurried into 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 least allusion to this dark transaction would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest, and, after long and broken musing, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news that a fire of unknown fury had broken out in the house of * * * * near the head of the Canonage, 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 made them 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 repository 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 formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly surmounted 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: "Anes burned, twice burned; the third time I'll scare you all!" The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified, lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

NOTE 3 H.

As thick a smoke these hearts kane given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.—P. 341.

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given to his followers by a Welsh chief—:

"Eunmy did continue betweene Howell ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonsnes of John ap Meredith. After the death of Evan ap Rebert, Griffith ap Grown (cozen-german to John ap Meredith's sonsnes of Gwynfryn, who had long served in France, and had charge there) coming home to live in the countrye, it happened that a servant of his, coming to fish in Stymlyn, his fish was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell ap Rys and his servants, and by his commandment. Griffith ap John ap Grown took the matter in such dudgeon that he chalenged Howell ap Rys, which he heard of, were-I sayning, assembling his cosmos John ap Meredith's sonsnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the manner he had seene in the French warres, and consumed with fire his barnes and his out-houses. Whilst he was thus assaulting the hall, which Howell ap Rys and many other people kept, being a very strong house, he was shot, out of a crevice of the house, through the sight of his beaver into the hear, and I sayne outright, being otherwise armed at all points. Mr. Griffith notwithstanding his death, the assault of the house was con-

fins, and with great vehemence, the doors fired with great burnsons of straw; besides this, the smoke of the out-houses and barnes not fare distant annoyed greatly the defendants, for that most of them lay under boordes and benches upon the floor, in the hall, the better to avoid the smoke. During this scene of confusion only the old man, Howell ap Rys, never stooped, but stood valiantly in the midst of the floor, armed with a glove in his hand, and called unto them, and bid 'em arise like men, for shame, for he had knowne there as great a smoke in that hall upon Christmas-even.' In the end, seeing the house could noe longer defend them, being overlaid with a multitude, upon paezeley betweene them, Howell ap Rys was content to yeald himself prisoner to Morris ap John ap Meredith, John ap Meredith's eldest sonne, soe as he would swear unto him to bring him safe to Carnarvon Castle, to abide the trial of the law for the death of Graff' 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 seruants, who kept and defended him from the rage of his kindred, and especially of Owen ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very eage against him. They passed by leisure thence like a campe to Carnarvon: the whole countrie being assembled, Howell his friends posted a horseback from one place or other by the way, who brought word that he was some thilfer safe, for they were in great fear lest he should be murdered, and that Morris ap John ap Meredith could not be able to defend him, neither dare 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 Carnarvon Castle, and there kept safely in wards until the assises, it fell out by law, that the burning of Howells houses, and assaulting him in his owne house, was a more hanoys offence in Morris ap John ap Meredith and the rest, than the death of Graff' 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 appearre by the copie of the indictment, which I had from the records."—Sir John Wynne’s History of the Gwydir Family. Lond. 1770, 8vo. p. 116.

NOTE 3 I.

O'er Hezham's altar hung my glass.—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 dines) still prevailed on the Border, where Saxon barbarism held his latest possession. These wild Northumbrians, indeed, went beyond the severity of their an-cestors. They were not content with a duel; such contending party used to muster what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would oft 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 clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approached. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult it some degree ceased. Mr. Gilpin proceeded: when again the combatants 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 private and 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 time in endeavoring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behavior and discourse affected them so much, that, at this farther entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much
respected was he 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 hear,’ said he, ’that one among you hath hanged up a glove, even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down: see, I have taken it down;' and, pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasives to mutual love as he thought would most affect them.’ —Life of Bernard Gilpin. Lond. 1733, 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 Philipson, called, from his desperate and adventurous courage, Robin the Devil; which, as being very inaccurately noticed in this note upon the first edition, shall be now given in a more authentic form. The chief place of his retreat was not Lord’s Island, in Derwentwater, but Curwen’s Island, in the Lake of Windermere:—

This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland. During the Civil Wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise; and for his many feats of personal bravery had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a Justice-of-the-Gaol) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother’s house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted, my authority! does not inform us—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major Philipson endured a siege of eight months with great gallantry, till his brother, the Colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

’It was now the Major’s turn to make reprisals. He put himself, therefore, at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here, being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers (for it was on a Sunday morning), he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the Colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

’The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the Major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly, and being seized, his girths were cut, and he was unhorsed.

’At this instant his party made a furious attack on the assailants, and the Major killed with his own hand the man who had seized him, 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 nobody but Robin the Devil.’

1 Dr. Burn’s History of Westmoreland.
The Bridal of Triermain;

OR,

The Vale of St. John.

A LOVER'S TALE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.¹

In the Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1809, Three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent, that, by these prolusions, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful to the authors was 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, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt 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 indifferent 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 characteristics 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 traditionary 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 add any longer a deception which was going farther than he expected or desired, and the real author's name was given.²
The inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the Epopeia; 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 fatal 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 interest, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Incident.’—Verse 191.

‘Never presume to make a god appear
But for a business worthy of a god.’—ROSCOMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.’

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a TEMPEST.—‘Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse. Add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder the loudest you can, quantum suicit. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew 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 Burning Town.—‘If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt 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 succedaneum.’

As for similes and metaphor, ‘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 bookseller.’

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 knew a painter, who (like our poets) had no genius, make his dibings 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.’

of harmony, 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 decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect, that while men see only a limited space, and while their affects 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;

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read."—Pope. The Guardian, No. 78.

"In all this we cheerfully acquiesce, without abating any thing of our former hostility to the modern Romanist style, which is founded on very different principles. Nothing is, in our opinion, so dangerous to the very existence of poetry as the extreme laxity of rule and consequent facility of composition, which are its principal characteristics. Our very admission in favor of that license of plot and conduct which is claimed by the Romance writers, ought to render us so much the more guarded in extending the privilege to the minor poets of composition and versification. The removal of all technical bars and impediments sets wide open the gates of Parnassus; and so much the better. We dislike mystery quite as much in matters of taste, as of politics and religion. But let us not, in opening the door, pull down the wall, and level the very foundation of the edifice."—Critical Review, 1813.

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 Eneic, 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 Eneic; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and, before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges, and battles, and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and struggles 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 Rokeye, he advert 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 shriveled 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 Rokeye, 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 avowed quartos. He expected great amendment 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 self up as a modest rival to his friend."—Life of Scott, vol iv. p. 12.
The Bridal of Triermain.

INTRODUCTION.

I.
Come, Lucy! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must pass;
So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplarbower,
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 runnels glide,
And chafing off their puny spire,
The shallow murmurers waste their might,
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II.
Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?
Titania's foot without a slip,
Like 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 stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk uprearr
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,
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harner 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 invidious tale,
How Lucy of the lofty eye,
Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
She for whom lords and barons sigh,
Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV.
How deep that blush!—how deep that sigh!
And why does Lucy shun mine eye?
Is it because that crimson draws
Its 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,

1 MS.—"Haughty eye."

2 "with wings as swift; As meditation or the thoughts of love."—Hamlet.
THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

Nor leave me on this mossy bank,
To meet a rival on a throne:
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
That to 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 dare to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart—mid all you courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honor true,
That boasts a pulse so warm as mine?

They praised thy diamonds' lustro rare—
Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded;
They praised the pearls that bound thy hair—
I only saw the locks they braided;
They talk'd 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.

VII.
My lyre—it is an idle toy,
That borrows accents not its own,
Like warbler of Colombian sky,
That sings but in a mimic tone.

Ne'er did it sound o'er painted well,
Nor boasts it aught of Border spell;

Its strings no feudal slogan pour,
Its heroes draw no broad claymore;
No shouting clans applauds raise,
Because it sung their fathers' praise:
On Scottish moor, or English down,
It ne'er was graced with fair renown;
Nor won,—best meed to minstrel true,—
One favoring smile from fair Buccleuch!
By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
And heard by one dear maid alone.

VIII.
But, if thou bid'st these tones shall tell
Of errant knight, and damozelle;
Of the dread knot a Wizard tied,
In punishment of maiden's pride,
In notes of marvel and of fear,
That best may charm romantic ear.

For Lucy loves,—like Collins, ill-starred name!
Whose lay's 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-land;
Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
And slumber soft by some Elysian stream:
Such lays she loves,—and such my Lucy's choice,
What other song can claim her Poet's voice?

The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO FIRST.
I.
Where is the Maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermain?

from those of this vulgar world."—Quarterly Review, July 1813.

"The poem now before us consists properly of two distinct subjects, interwoven together 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 imaginary, we presume not to guess which) of the author's passion, courtship, and marriage, with a young lady, his superior 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 introducing romantic and fabulous narratives which we very much approve, though there may be reason to fear that too frequent repetition may wear out its effect. It attaches 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 imagination."—Critical Review, 1813.

1 See Appendix, Note B.
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 kiss'd the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Hol in hermit's vesper strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs;
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.
Sir 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 lull 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 cape 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.
*Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye all
Touch'd his harp with that dying fall,
So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint?

And hearken, my merry-men! What time or where
Did she pass, that maid with her heavenly
With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step and her angel air,
And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair,
That pass'd from my bower d'en now?*

V.
Answer'd him Richard de Bretville; he
Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy,—
"Silent, noble chieftain, we
Have sat since midnight close,
When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings,
Murmur'd from our melting strings,
And hush'd 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 Fastwhaite 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 redden'd all the Nine-stane Hill,
And the shrieks 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 rein,
And ride to Lyulphi's tower,
And from the Baron of Triermain
Greet well that sage of power.
He is sprung from Druid sires,
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.1
Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace,
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Helvellyn's cliffs sublime;
Sign and sigil well doth he know,
And can bode of weal and woe,
Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,

1 Dunmailraise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland into 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.
CANTO I.

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 Road 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,
Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
He pass'd red Penrith'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 Lyulpé 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!⁶
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant, 'mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale, by bard and sage,
Is handed down from Merlin's age.

X.

Lyulpé's Tale.

"King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle,
When Pentecost was o'er:
He journey'd like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara's ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning guls the sun
Cast umber'd radiance red and dun,
Though never sunbeam could discern
The surface of that sable tarn,⁷
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noontide lights the sky.
The gallant King he skirted still
The margin of that mighty hill;
Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Join'd the rude river that braw'd o'n,
Recollect 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 planned.

XI.

"O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,
On venturous quest to ride,
In plate and mail, by wood and wold,
Than, with ermine trapp'd and cloth of gold,
In princely bow'er to bide;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shiver'd against his mail,
Was merrier music to his ear
Than courtier's whisper'd tale:
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
When on the hostile casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To their monarch's praise

¹ "Just like Aurora, when she ties
A rainbow round the morning skies.\textsuperscript{—\textsc{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, profuse as they are known to have been of perfections now unattainable. His resolution, however, was not more inflexi-
³ "See Appendix, Note C. ⁴ Ibid., Note D.
⁶ Utewater.
⁷ The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply embosomed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so complete-
⁸ See Appendix, Note C.
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 but that lady, so lovely of cheer,
To follow adventures of danger and fear;
And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did wot,
That she smiled, in his absence, on brave 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,
Frown'd the black rocks, and roard the stream.
With toil the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely alone
The narrow valley of Saint John,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The King drew up his charger's rein;
With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And, from beneath his glove of mail,
Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armor bright
Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

"Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midst of the vale, a mound arose
With airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and ramp'ire'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 moated entrance slung,
The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clench'd, and bann'd,
And prong'd portcullis, joint'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,
ly hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it,
and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at mid-day.

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 owl 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 charged 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 blow'd.
But, instant as its 'larum rung,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harishly up its grove of stone:
The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast;
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With naught to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced, with hand
On Caliburn's resistless brand.

XVI.
"A hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
That lour'd along the walls,
And show'd the King's astonish'd sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb,
Nor heathen knight, was there;
But the 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 unhear
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odors on his hair;
His short curl'd ringlets one smooth'd down,
One wreathed 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 fling,
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring,
While some their gentle force unite,
Onward to drag the wondering knight.
Some, bolder, urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.
Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.
Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintadgel's spear:
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length,
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed 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),

1 Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the sixth-place of King Arthur.

2 "In the description of the Queen's entrance, as well as in the contrasted enumeration of the levities of her attendants, the author, we think, has had in his recollection Gray's celebrated description of the power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body."—Quarterly Review

Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverent silence did command,
On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance
Bewilder'd with surprise,
Their smoker'd mirth again 'gan speak,
In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX

"The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, 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;
The longer dwell that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier color took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could brook
The gaze that lasted long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strive with pride,
Had whisper'd, 'Prince, beware!
From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
But shun that lovely snare!"—

XX.

"At once, that inward strife suppress'd,
The dame approach'd her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are bended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart."
A courtely welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,

3 "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."—Waverley Novels, vol. xvii. p. 207

4 "Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart."—Byron's Corsair, 1814
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 meetly thanks express’d;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.¹

XXI
"The Lady sate the Monarch by,
Now in her turn abash’d and shry,
And with indifference seem’d to hear
The toys he whisper’d in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That showed an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft check’d the soft voluptuous sigh,
That heaved 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.

LYULPH’S TALE, continued.

"Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain’s shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady’s bower;
The horn, that foemen wont to fear,
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover’s side.

II.

"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 wretch, ‘mid tresses brown,
The heron’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.
³ MS.—"‘Lovely.’" ⁴ MS.—"‘Paynim knight.’"
² MS.—"‘Vanquish’d foe.’"
⁶ The MS. has this and the sixth couplet of stanza iii. interpolated.
IV.

"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame\nShe practised thus—till Arthur came;\nThen, 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 feebie chain;\nWatch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
To view each fast-decaying link.
Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
Each varied pleasure heard her call,
The feast, the tourney, and the ball;
Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;
Now more than mortal wise, and then
In female softness sunk again;
Now, 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,
Fain would the artist's skill provide,
The limits of his realms to hide.
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines,
With many a varied flowery knot,
And cope, and arbor, decks the spot,
Tempering the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way—
Vain art! vain hope! tis fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And, sick of flower and trim dress'd tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI.

"Three summer months had scantly flown,
When Arthur, in embarras'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 humbler 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 unfinished tale,
Confessing, by his downcast eye,
The wrong he sought to justify.
He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
And then her looks to heaven she raised;
One palm her temples veil'd, to hide
The tear that 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, no! Deem not of British Arthur so,
Nor think he can deserter prove
To the dear pledge of mutual love.
I swear by sceptre and by sword,
As 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;\nOr stir'd his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.'

GOLDSMITH.

7 MS.—"Wreathed were her lips in bitter smile" 6 MS.—"his broken tale
With downcast eye and flushing cheeks,
As one who 'gainst his conscience speaks,'" 10 MS.—"One hand her temples press'd to hide,"
19 "The scene in which Arthur, rated with his lawless love 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.
Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle-battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
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.
"Beyond the outwall street she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood:
Sandall'd her feet, her ankles bare,
And eagle-plume deck'd her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
'Thou goest!" 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 the draught
Which Genii love!—'she said, and quaff'd;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

X.
"The courteous Monarch bent him low,
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup, in act to drink.
A drop escaped the goblet's brink—
Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell.
Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright—
—The peasant still can show the dint,
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint—
From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew.

MS.—"To deep remove.'"

1 MS.—"Her arms and buskin'd feet were bare.'"

2 MS.—"Of burning dew.'"

3 The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure, somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur, having befallen one of the ancient Kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented at that Monarch, is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

4 MS—"Curb, bit, and bridle he dischord'd,
Until a mountain crest he gain'd,
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 gaz'd—
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 hap the while,
The King wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares, that cumber royal sway,
Wore memory of the past away.

XI.
"Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.
Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought:
Ryton, the mighty giant, slain
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:
The Pictish Gillamore in fight
And Roman Lucins, 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 fain'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 Whitsuntide,
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'—etc.

6 See Appendix, Note E.
7 MS.—"But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
The stream begirt a silvan mound,
With rocks in shatter'd fragments crown'd.'"
8 Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.

9 MS.—"And wide was blazing the world around.'"

10 MS.—"Sought before Arthur to complain,
Nor there for succor need 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.
Ah, Minstrel! when the Table Round
Arose, with all its warriors crown’d,
There was a theme for bards to sound
In triumph to their string!
Five hundred years are past and gone,
But Time shall draw his dying groan,
Ere he behold the British throne
Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.
"The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Cærenon or Camelot,
Or Carlisle fair and free.
At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont’s vale were met
The flower of Chivalry.
There Galaad sate with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;
There Morolt of the iron mace,
And love-born Tristrem there:
And Dinadam with lively glance,
And Lanval with the fairy lute,
And Mordred with his look askance,
Brunor and Bevideere.
Why should I tell of numbers more?
Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
Sir Caradoc the keen,
The gentle Gawain’s courteous lore,
Hector de Mares and Pellinore,
And Lancelot, that ever more
Look’d stol’n-wise on the Queen.

XIV.
"When wine and mirth did most abound,
And harpers play’d their blithest round,
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,
And marshals clear’d the ring;
A maiden, on a palfrey white,
Heading a band of damsel bright,
Paced through the circle, to alight
And kneel before the King.
Arthur, with strong emotion, saw
Her graceful boldness check’d by awe,
Her dress, like huntress of the wold,
Her bow and baldric trapp’d with gold,
Her sandall’d feet, her ankles bare,
And the eagle-plume that deck’d her hair.
Graceful her veil she backward flung—
The King, as from his seat he sprang,
Almost cried ‘Guendolen!’
But ’twas a face more frank and wild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled
Than of the race of men;
And in the forehead’s haughty grace,
The lines of Britain’s royal race,
Pendragon’s, you might ken.

XV.
"Faltering, yet gracefully, she said—
‘Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother’s name,
A father’s vow’d protection claim!
The vow was sworn in desert lone,
In the deep valley of St. John.’
At once the King the suppliants raised,
And kiss’d her brow, her beauty praised;
His vow, he said, should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipp’d—
Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen:
But she, unroused 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.”

1 "The whole description of Arthur’s Court is picturesque and appropriate.”—Quarterly Review.
2 See Appendix, Note F.
3 MS.—“And Lancelot for evermore That scow’d I upon the scene.”
4 See Appendix, Note G.
5 MS.—”The King with strong emotion saw, Her dignity and mingled [awn.
Attire, Her dress like huntress of the wold,
Her silken buckskin beseeched with gold,
Her sandall’d feet, her
Her arms and buckskin’d [ankles bare.

6 MS.—“The lineaments of royal race.”
7 Mr. Adolphus, in commenting on the similarity of manners in the ladies of Sir Walter Scott’s poetry, and those of his then anonymous Novels, says, “In Roeby, the filial attachment and dutiful anxieties of 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 amicable; but the monarch’s feelings on first beholding that beautiful ‘slip of wildness,’ 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 the Author of Waverley, 1822, p. 212.
Then might you hear each valiant knight,
To page and squire that cried,
'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 brace and bramble glitter'd gay,
With pearls and cloth of gold.

**XVII.**

"Within trumpet sound of the Table Round
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize,—
They all arise but three.
Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's oath,
One gallant could withhold,
For priests will allow of a broken vow,
For penance or for gold.
But sigh and glance from ladies bright
Among the troop were thrown,
To plead their right, and true-love plight,
And the 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 pleasing, 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 tourney 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.
The first was Lancelot de Lac,
The second Tristrem bold,
The third was valiant Carodac,
Who won the cup of gold,
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 fain surmise,
That, but for very shame,
Sir Carodac, 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 of the wo.
Might from their civil conflict flow;
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew;
To her his leading-staff resign'd,
But added caution grave and kind.

**XX.**

"Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound,
I bid the trump for tourney sound.
Take thou my warder, as the queen
And umpire of the martial scene;
But mark thou this:—as Beauty bright
Is polar star to valiant knight,
As at her word his sword he draws,
His fairest 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.
Bliathe at the trumpet let them go,
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 versification."—Quarterly Review, 1813.
And fairly counter blow for blow:
No striplings these, who succor need
For a razed helm or falling steed.
But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm,
And threatens death or deadly harm,
Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,
Thou drop the warder from thy hands.
Trust thou thy father with thy fate,
Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate;
Nor be it said, through Gyneth's pride
A rose of Arthur's chaplet died.'

XXI.
"A proud and discontented glow
O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow;
She put the warder by;
'Reserve thy boon, my liege,' she said,
'Thuss chaffer'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-burn'd maid, 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 glen
Poor Gyneth can return again;
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.
"Herown'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,
Br't not to these my faults belong.
Use, then, the warder as thou wilt;
But trust me, if life be spilt,"

In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place.'

With that he turn'd his head aside,
Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,
As, with the truncheon raised, she sat
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 heard 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 shone,
It seemed their feather'd crests alone
Should this encounter sue.
And ever, as the combat grows,
The trumpet's cheery voice arose,
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,
Heard while the gale of April blows
The merry greenwood through.

XXIV.
"But soon too earnest grew their game,
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame.
And, horse and man, to ground there came
Knights, who shall rise no more!
Gone was the pride the war that graced,
Gay helmets were effaced, 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 sw'ry,
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 gushing 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;

1 MS.—"if blood be spilt."

2 MS.—"dying knell."
Already gasping on the ground
Lie twenty of the Table Round,
Of chivalry the prime,\textsuperscript{1}
Arthur, in anguish, tore away
From head and beard his tresses gray,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,
And quaked with ruth and fear;
But still she deem'd her mother's shade
Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter staid,
And chid the rising tear.
Then Brunor, Taulas, Macor, fell,
Helias the White, and Lionel,
And many a champion more;
Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
Lies gasping in his gore.
Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd
Even to the confines of the list,
Young Vanoc of the 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 howd'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
Warp'd thine unsuspicious 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 weird\textsuperscript{2} shall overtake thee;
Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee,

For feats of arms as far renown'd
As warrior of the Table Round,
Long endurance of thy slumber
Well may teach the world to number
All their woes from Gyneth's pride,
When the Red Cross champions died.'

XXVII.
"As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye
Slumber's load begins to lie;
Fear and anger vainly strive
Still to keep its light alive.
Twice, with effort and with pause,
O'er her brow her hand she draws;
Twice her strength in vain she tries,
From the fatal chair to rise;
Merlin's magic doom is spoken,
Vanoc's death must now be woken.
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eves
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her 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 Lily, Thames, and Forth.
Most have sought in vain the glen,

\textsuperscript{1} The difficult subject of a tournament, in which several knights engage at once, is admirably treated by the novelist in Ivanhoe, and by his rival in The Bridal of Triermain, and the leading thought in both descriptions is the sudden and tragical change from a scene of pomp, gayety, and youthful pride, to one of misery, confusion, and death."—Adalhauu, p. 245.

\textsuperscript{2} Doom.

sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-flakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awaken terror or compassion."—Ivanhoe—Waverley Novels, vol. xvi. p. 187
II.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

Tower nor castle could they ken;
Not at every time or tide,
Nor by every eye, descried.
Fast and vigill must be borne,
Many a night in watching worn,
Ere an eye of mortal powers
Car. discern those magic towers.
Of the persevering few,
Some from hopeless task withdrew,
When they read the dismal threat
Graven 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 LYLULPH'S TALE.

III.

Here pause, my tale; for all too soon,
My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
Already from thy lofty dome
Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
And each, to kill the goodly day
That God has granted them, his way
Of lazy sauntering has sought;
Lords and withlings not a few,
Incable 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 graceful spectre's scorn?
Faith! ill, I fear, while conjuring wand
Of English oak is hard at hand.

Or grant the hour be all too soon
For Hessian boot and pantaloons,
And grant the loungier seldom strays
Beyond the smooth and gravell'd maze,
Laud we the gods, that Fashion's train
Holds hearts of more adventurous strain.
Artists are hers, who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert
To limit her by pedant art,

1 "The crampels of the palfraye pleased his sight,
And the horse-millanere his head with roses dight."
Rowley's 'Ballads of Chorlton.'

II.

Dannung whate'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 gown'd,
While the chase café glides around;
And such may hither secret stray,
To labor an extempore:
Or sportsman, with his boisterous halo,
May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose this bower 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 hide, 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 pop, trimm'd cap-a-pee,
Who loves in the saloon to show
The arms that never knew a foe;
Whose sabre trails along the ground,
Whose legs in slapeless boots are droun'd;
A new Achilles, sure,—the steel
Fled from his breast to fence his heel;
One, for the simple manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,
Who comes in foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdashery,
Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner's of modern days!

IV.

Or is it he, the worldly 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?"
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

CANTO III.

Who scorcs the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls "order," and "divides the house,"
Who "craves permission to reply,"
Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"
Whose loving tender some have reckon'd
A motion you should gladly second?

V.

What, neither! Can there be a third,
To such resistless swains 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 wield
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 fear 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 bards agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern land.

'Tis there—nay, draw not back thy hand!—
'Tis there this slender finger round
Must golden amulet 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 ecstasy.

VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long
Has 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.

Long 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 agen?
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 'bot be cross'd,
While round Ben-Cr o's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chaise.
The keen old carl, with Scottish pride,
He raised 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-paish1 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.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we lose,
Plunged in the vale, the distant views,
Turn thee, my love! look back once more
To the blue lake's retiring shore.
On its smooth breast the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air:
Even so, on yonder liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky;
The summer-clouds so plain we note,
That we might count each dappled spot;
We gaze and we admire, yet know
The scene is all delusive show.
Such dreams of bliss! would Arthur draw,
When first his Lucy's form he saw;
Yet sigh'd and sicken'd as he drew,
Despairing they could 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 brae,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpets serve, or tapestry.
See how the little runnels leap,
In threads of silver, down the steep,
To swell the brooklet's moan!
Seems that the Highland Naiad grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves,
Of rowan, birch, and elder 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,²
Until the minstrel fit draw 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 you fair capital of Clyde:
My Harp—or let me rather choose
The good old classic form—my Muse,
(For Harp's an over-scutched phrase
Worn out by bards of modern days),
My Muse, then—seldom will she walk,
Save by dim wood and silent lake.
She is the wild and rustic Maid,
Whose foot unsand'dl'd loves to tread
Where the soft greensward is laid
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 blithest melody.³
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!"⁴

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 couplet.
The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Bewcastle now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must ride in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battlement wall;
And Liddesdale may buckler 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 shone
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 Lyulph'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 buckler's boss,
That lay beside him on the moss,
As on a crystal well.

III.

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,
While on the mound the moonlight stream'd,
It alter'd to his eyes;
Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttress'd walls their shapeless range,
Fain 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,
Abotted by an anxious eye
That long'd to be deceived.

Such as, in solitary hall,
Beguiles the musing eye,
When, gazing on the sinking fire,
Bulwark, and battlement, and spire,
In the red gulf we spy.

For, seen by moon of middle night,
Or by the blaze of noontide bright,
Or by the dawn of morning light,
Or evening's western flame,
In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,
The rocks remain'd the same.

IV.

Oft has he traced the charmed mound,
Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it round,
Yet nothing might explore,
Save that the crags so rudely piled,
At distance seen, resemblance wild
To a rough fortress bore.

Yet still his watch the Warrior keeps,
Peeds hard and 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 carreering fast,
Before the fury of the blast
The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swolin the rills,
And down the torrents came;
Mutter'd the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
A sheet of lightning flame.

De Vaux, within his mountain cave
(No human step the storm durst brave),
To moody meditation gave
Each faculty of soul,
Till, lul'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."
'Mongat desert hills, where, leagues around,  
Dwelt but the gocock and the deer;  
As starting from his couch of fern,  
Again he heard, in clangor stern,  
That deep and solemn swell,—  
Twelve times, in measured tone, it spoke,  
Like some proud minister’s pealing clock,  
Or city’s larum-bell.  
What thought was Roland’s first when fell,  
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 unwonted sound,  
Eddying in echoes round and round,  
Was toss’d from fell to fell;  
And Glaramara answer’d flung,  
And Gristdale-pike responsive rung,  
And Legbert heights their echoes swung,  
As far as Derwent’s dell.  

VIII  
Forth upon trackless darkness gazed  
The Knight, bedeck’d and amaz’d,  
Till all was hush’d and still,  
Save the swoln 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 meteor slowly roll’d  
Its orb of fiery red;  
Thou wouldst 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-Sear,  
And the tall steep of Silver-How, sent forth  
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,  
And Fairfield answer’d with a mountain tone;  
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
Carried the lady’s voice,—old Skiddaw blow  
Came mounted on that car of fire,  
To do his errand dread.  
Far on the sloping valley’s course,  
On thicket, rock, and torrent hoarse,  
Shingle and Scree, 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 tincture glows.  

IX  
De Vaux had mark’d the sunbeams set,  
At eve, upon the coronet  
Of that enchanted mound,  
And seen but crags at random flung,  
That, o’er the brawling torrent hung,  
In desolation frown’d.  
What sees he by that meteor’s tour?  
A banner’d Castle, keep, and tower,  
Return the lurid gleam,  
With battled walls and buttress fast,  
And barbacan” and balliwm” 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 drear  
Makes momentary pause;  
Then forth its solemn path it drew,  
And fainter yet and fainter grew  
Those gloomy towers upon the view,  
As its wild light withdraws.  

X  
Forth from the cave did Roland rush,  
O’er crag and stream, through brier and bush;  
Yet far he had not sped,  
Ere sunk was that portentous light  
Behind the hills, and utter night  
Was on the valley spread.  
He paused, 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 battle mound;  
His speaking-trumpet,—back out of the clouds  
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;  
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head."  

Wordsworth  
1 Bank of loose stones.  
2 Waterfall.  
3 "rocks at random piled,  
That on the torrent brawling wild."
4 The outer defence of the castle gate.  
5 Fortified court.  
6 "A perpectives for shooting arrow  
10 MS. ———— "had not gone."
11 MS. ———— "the valley alone."
12 MS. ———— "And far upon the echoes borne."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

And sounds were heard, as when a guard
Of some proud castle, holding ward,
Face forth their nightly round.
The valiant Knight of Triermain
Rung forth his challenge-blast again,
But answer came there none;
And 'mid the mingled wind and rain,
Darkling he sought the vale in vain,¹
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.

XL
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,²
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 mount³
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 hide⁴
The rock's majestic isle;
It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn,
By some fantastic fairy drawn⁵
Around enchanted pile.

XII.
The breeze came softly down the brook,⁶
And, sighing as it blew,
¹ MS.———"he sought the towers in vain."  
² MS.—"But when, through fields of azure-borne,"  
³ MS.—"And with their eddying billows most,"  
⁴ MS.—"Until the mist's gray bosom hide,"
⁵ MS.—"a veil of airy lawn,"  
⁶ "A sharp frost wind, which made itself heard and felt from time to time, removed the clouds of mist which might otherwise have simmered till morning on the valley; and, though it could not totally disperse the clouds of vapor, yet threw them in confused and changeable masses, now hovering round the heads of the mountains, now filling, as with a dense and voluminous stream of smoke, the various deep gullies where masses of the composite rock, or breccia, tumbling in fragments from the cliffs, have rashed to the valley, leaving each behind its course a rent and torn ravine, resembling a deserted water-course. The moon, which was now high, and twinkled with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere, silvered the windings of the river, and the peaks and precipices which the mist left visible, while her beams seemed, as it were, absorbed by the fleecy whiteness of the mist, where it lay thick and condensed, and gave to the more light and vaporous peaks, which were elsewhere visible, a sort of filmy transparency resembling the lightest veil of silver gauze."  
⁷ "The praise of truth, precision, and distinctness, is not very frequently combined with that of extensive magnificence and splendid complication of imagery; yet, how masterly, and often sublime, is the panoramic display, in all these works, of vast and diversified scenery, and of crowded and tumultuous action."  
⁸ MS.—"Is wilder'd,"

The veil of silver mist it shook,
And to De Vaux's eager look
Renew'd that wondrous view.
For, though the loitering vapor brav'd
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 thine eye
Once more the fleeting vision die!
—The gallant knight 'gan speed
As prompt and light as, when the hound
Is opening, and the horn is wound,
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.

XIII.
Wroth wax'd the Warrior.—"'Am I then
Fooled by the enemies of men,
Like a poor hind, whose homeward way
Is haunted by malicious fay?
Is Triermain become your taunt,
De Vaux your scorn? False fiends, avault!
A weighty curtal-axe he bare;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of heben wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore imbrued.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw,
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurl'd with main force, the weapon's shock
Rent a huge fragment of the rock.
If by mere strength, 'twere hard to tell,
CANTO III.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

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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 copse, the earth was torn,
Till staid at length, the ruin dread
Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed,
And bade the waters' high-swoln tide
Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV.

When ceased that thunder, Triermain
Survey'd the mound's rude front again;
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 pond'rous flankers, lower'd
The portal's gloomy way.
Though for six hundred years and more,
Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar
The scutcheon's emblems which it bore
Had suffer'd no decay:
But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And, down in recent ruin rent,
In the mid torrent lay.
Else, o'er the Castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or of time
Unfelt had pass'd away.
In shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore:—

XVI.

Inscription.

"Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumber'd way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given to thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days,
Never mortal builder's hand

This enduring fabric plan'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 icicle in thaw;
But while my heart can feel it dance,
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm wields sword or lance,
I mock these words of awe!"
He said; the wicket felt the sway
Of his strong hand, and straight gave way.
And, with rude crash and jarring Bray.
The rusty bolts withdraw;
But o'er the threshold as he strode,
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm, with force amain,
The ponderous gate flung close again,
And rusted bolt and bar
Spontaneous took their place once more,
While the deep arch with sullen roar
Return'd their surly jar.
"Now closed is the gin and the prey within
By the Rood of Lanercost!
But he that would win the war-wolf's skin,
May rue him of his boast."
Thus muttering, on the Warrior went,
By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII.

Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port
Led to the Castle's outer court:
There the main fortress, broad and tall
Spread its long range of bowery 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 gate;
Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
His arms aside in haste he flings,
Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,
And down falls helm, and down the shield,
Rough with the dints of many a field.
Fair was his mailed form, and fair
XIX.

Accoutred 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 seemed to blow;
And there, in den or desert drear,
They quell’d gigantic foe.  
Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,
Or faced the dragon’s breath of fire.
Strange in their arms, and strange in face,
Heroes they seem’d of ancient race,
Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name,
Forgotten long by later fame,
Were here depicted, to appal.
Those of an age degenerate,
Whose bold intrusion 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.

O, for his arms! Of martial weed
Had never mortal Knight such need!—
He spied a stately gallery; all
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
The vaulting, and the floor;
And, contrast strange! on either hand
There stood array’d in sable band
Four Maids whom Afric bore;—
And each a Lybian tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
As Lucy’s golden hair,—

For the leash that bound these monsters
dread
Was but of gossamer,
Each Maiden’s short barbaric vest*
Left all uncloaked the knee and breast,
And limbs of shapely jet;
White was their vest and turban’s fold,
On arms and ankles rings of gold
In savage pomp were set;
A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hand an assagay.
Such and so silent stood they there,
That Roland wellnigh hoped
He saw a band of statues rare,
Station’d the gazer’s soul to scare;
But, when the wicket oped,
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,
Daughters of the burning day!

“When the whirlwind’s gusts are wheeling,
Ours 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 cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
‘Azrael’s brand hath left the sheath!
Moslems, think upon the tomb!’

“Our 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.”

MS. — “Each Maiden’s short and savage vest.”
6 The MS. has not this couplet.
7 Zaharak or Zabarah is the Arab name of the Great Desert.
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 commenced with his soul.
"When first I took this venturous quest,
I swore upon the rood,
Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,
For evil or for good.
My forward path too well I ween,
Lies yonder fearful ranks between!
For man unarm'd, '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 howe'er I list, I die.
Forward, lies faith and knightly fame;
Behind, are perjury and shame.
In life or death I hold my word!"
With that he drew his trusty sword,
Caught down a banner from the wall,
And enter'd thus the fearful hall.

XXIII.
On high each wayward Maiden threw
Her swarthy arm, with wild hallloo!
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 sheerly gone.
His grisly brethren ramp'd and yell'd,
But the slight less their rage withheld,
Whilst, 'twixt their ranks, the dangerous road
Firmly, though swift, the champion strode.
Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,
Safe pass'd an open portal through;
And when against pursuit he flung
The gate, judge if the echoes rung!
Onward his daring course he bore,
While, mix'd with dying growl and roar,
Wild jubilee and loud hurra
Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV.
"Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done!
We hail once more the tropic sun,
Pallid beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!"

MS.—"That flash'd with such a golden flame.

XXV.
"Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round again;
Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.
"Warrior! thou, whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denial.
"Now for Afrie'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 astray,
While through waste halls and chambers wide
The Knight pursued his steady way,
Till to a lofty dome he came,
That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.
For here the gold, in 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 suppliant kneel'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;

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 pears, that long have slept;
These were tears by Naiads wept
For the less of Marimel.
Tritons in the silver shell
Treasured them, till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite."—

THIRD MAIDEN.

"Does a livelier hue delight!
Here are rubies blazing bright,
Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between;
Here their varied hues unite,
In the changeful chrysolite."—

FOURTH MAIDEN.

"Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all, and look on mine!
While their glories I expand,
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.
Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze
Blind the rash beholder's gaze."—

CHORUS.

"Warrior, seize the splendid store;
Would 'twere all our mountains bore!
We should ne'er in future story,
Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory!"

XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight
Waved aside the treasures bright:—
"Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
Bar not thus my destined way.
Let these boasted brilliant toys
Braid the hair of girls and boys!
Bid your streams of gold expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw never need,
Save to purvey him arms and steed,
And all the ore he delign'd to hoard
Inlays his helm, and hilt's his sword.
Thus gently parting from their hold,
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high,
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry;
When, lo! a plashing sound he hears,
A gladsome signal that he hears
Some frolic water-run;

1 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 led
To the lone dwelling of the dead,
Whose memory was no more.

XXXIX.

Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's space,
To bathe his parched lips and face,
And mark'd with well-pleased eye,
Refracted on the fountain stream,
In rainbow hues the dazzling beam
Of that gay summer sky.
His senses felt a mild control,
Like that which lulls the weary soul,
From contemplation high
Relaxing, when the ear receives
The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood,
As if the nymphs of field and flood
In gay procession came.
Are these of such fantastic mould,
Seen distant down the fair arcade,
These Maids enlink'd in sister-fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid,
Now tripping from the greenwood shads
Nearer the musing champion draw,
And, in a pause of seeming awe,
Again stand doubtful now!—
Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
That seems to say, "To please be ours,
Be yours to tell us 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 hennah lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye.
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement, drawn
The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,
For modesty show'd all too much—
Too much—yet promised more.

XXXI.
"Gentle Knight, a while delay,"
Thus they sung, "thy toilsome way,
While we pay the duty due
To our Master and to you.
Over Avarice, over Fear,
Love triumphant led thee here
Warrior, list to us, for we
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.
Though no treasured gems 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,
Flatterers 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, wouldst thou more?
Wouldest 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 Stoic look,
And meet rebuke,
He lack'd the heart or time;
As round the band of sirens trip,
He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip,¹
And press'd another's proffered hand,
Spoke to them all in accents bland,
But broke their magic circle through;
"Kind Maidens," 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.—

"Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!
Go, where the feelings of the heart
With the warm pulse in concord move;
Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!"

XXXIII.
Downward De Vaux through darksome ways
And ruined vaults has gone,
Till issue from their wilder'd maze,
Or safe retreat, seem'd none,—
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on.
For cheerful sun, for living air,
Foul vapors rise and mine-fires glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers shov'd
That dogg'd him on that dreadful road.
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
They shov'd, but show'd not how to shun
These scenes² of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poison'd air,
How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,
Though 'twere to face yon tigers ranged!
Nay, soothing bards have said,
So perilous his state seem'd now,
He wish'd him under arbor bough
With Asia's willing maid.
When, joyful sound! at distance near
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,
And as it ceased, a lofty lay
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV.
"Son of Honor, theme of story,
Think on the reward before ye!
Danger, darkness, toil despise;
'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.

"He that would her heights ascend,
Many a weary step must wend;
Hand and foot and knee he tries;
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

"Lag not now, though rough the way;
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
Monarch's power, and Conqueror's glory!"²

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
A steep ascent the Wanderer found,
And then a turret stair;
Nor climb'd he far its steepy round
Till fresher blew the air,
And next a welcome glimpse was given,
That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.
At length his toil had won

¹ MS.—"As round the band of sirens press'd,
One damsel's laughing lip he kiss'd."² MS.—"This state,” &c.
A lofty hall with trophies dress’d,
Where, as to greet imperial guest,
Four Maidens stood, whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV.
Of Europe seem’d the damsels all;
The first a nymph of lively Gaul,
Whose easy step and laughing eye
Her borrow’d air of awe belie;
The next a maid of Spain,
Dark-eyed, dark-hair’d, sedate, yet bold;
White ivory skin and tress of gold,
Her shy and bashful comrade told
For daughter of Almaine.
These maidens bore a royal robe,
With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,
Emblems of empire;
The fourth a space behind them stood,
And leant upon a harp, in mood
Of minstrel ecstacy.
Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient British Druidess.
Her hair an azure fillet bound,
Her graceful vesture swept the ground,
And, in her hand display’d,
A crown did that fourth Maiden hold,
But unadorn’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 seignior
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 sit on Despot’s throne.”
So pass’d he on, when that fourth Maid,
As starting from a trance,
Upon the harp her finger laid;
Her magic touch the chords obey’d,
Their soul awaked at once!

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

“Quake to your foundations deep,
Stately Towers, and Banner’d Keep,
Bid your vaulted echoes moan,
As the dreaded step they own.

“Fiends, that wait on Merlin’s spell,
Hear the foot-fall! mark it well!
Spread your dusky wings abroad,"³
Bonne ye for your homeward road!

“It is His, the first who e’er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
His, who hath the snares defied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride

“Quake to your foundations deep,
Bastion huge, and Turret steep!⁴
Tremble, Keep! and totter, Tower!
This is Gyneth’s waking hour.”

XXXVII.
Thus while she sung, the venturous Knight
Has reach’d a bower, where milder light⁵
Through crimson curtains fell;
Such soften’d shade the hill receives,
Her purple veil when twilight leaves
Upon its western swell.
That bower, the gazer to bewitch,
Hath wondrous store of rare and rich
As e’er was seen with eye;
For there by magic skill, I wis,
Form of each thing that living is
Was limm’d in proper dye.
All seem’d to sleep—the timid hare
On form, the stag upon his hair,
The eagle in her eyrie fair
Between the earth and sky.
But what of pictured rich and rare⁶
Could win De Vaux’s eye-glance, where
Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,
He saw King Arthur’s child!
Doubt, and anger, and dismay,
From her brow had pass’d away.
Forgot was that fell tournay-day,
For, as she slept, she smiled:
It seem’d, that the repentant Seer
Her sleep of many a hundred year
With gentle dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII.
That form of maiden loveliness,
’Twixt childhood and ’twixt youth,
That ivory chair, that silvan dress,
The arms and ankles bare, express
Of Lysulph’s tale the truth.
Still upon her garment’s hem

¹ MS.—“Of laurel leaves was made.”
² MS.—“But the firm knight pass’d on.”
³ MS.—“Spread your pennons all abroad.”
⁴ MS.—“Bastion huge, and Turret steep!”
⁵ MS.—“And battled keep.”
⁶ MS.—“Soften’d light.”
⁷ MS.—“But what of rich or what of rare.”
CANTO III.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

407

Vanoc's blood made purple gem,  
And the warden 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.  
Motionless a 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 warded 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,  
Duo to high worth for daring deed,  
Except from Love and Fame!

CONCLUSION.

I.

My Lucy, when the Maid is won,  
The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is done;  

And to require of bard  
That to his dregs the tale should run,  
Wore ordinance too hard.  
Our lovers, briefly be it said,  
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,  
When tale or play is o'er;  
Lived long and blest, loved 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 whence'er the sunbeams glow  
Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

II.

But see, my love, where far below  
Our lingering wheels are moving slow,  
The whiles, 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 unclose!  
But, Lucy, we will love them yet,  
The mountain's misty coronet,  
The greenwood, and the wold;  
And love the more, that of their maze  
Adventure high of other days  
By ancient bards is told,  
Bringing, perchance, like my poor tale,  
Some moral truth in fiction's veil;  
Nor love them less, that o'er the hill  
The evening breeze, as now, comes chill,—  
My love shall wrap her warm,  
And, fearless of the slippery way,  
While safe she trips the heathy brae,  
Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

THE END OF TRIERMAIN.

1 MS.—"Yet know, this maid and warrior too,  
Wedded as lovers wont to do."

2 MS.—"That melts whence'er the breezes blow,  
Or beams a cloudless sun."
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 parody on any production 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 frequently 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 fail altogether of a favorable reception, we shall be disposed to ascribe something of the insignification which we have occasionally expressed against the extravagant gaudiness of modern publications, and imagine that there are readers whose suffrages are not to be obtained by a work without a name.

"The merit of the Bridal of Triermain, in our estimation, consists in its perfect simplicity, and an interweaving the refinement of modern times with the peculiarities of the ancient metrical romance, which are in no respect violated. In point of interest, the first and second cantos are superior to the third. One event naturally leads 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 failure of that 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 prologues and coarsenesses of the earlier romancers. In estimating its merits, however, we should forget that it is offered as an imitation. The diction undoubtedly reminds us of a rhythm and cadence we have heard before; but the sentiments, descriptions, and characters, have qualities that are native and unborrowed.

"In his sentiments, the author has avoided the slight deficiency we ventured to ascribe to his prototypic. The pictures of pure 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 mythology 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.

4 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 Altsidora, 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. 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 be mistaken. 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 27th 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.—

'Harpers must lull him to his rest,
With the slow tunes he loves the best,
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer hill.'

'It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog 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 air,
And the eagle-panace on her dark-brown hair,
That pass'd from my bower e'en now?'

'Although it fell as faint and shy
As bashful maiden's half-form'd sigh,
When she thinks her lover near.'

'And light they fell, as when earth receives,
In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,
That drop when no winds blow.'

'Or if 'twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Framed from the rainbow's varying eyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.'

'These, it will be seen, are not exactly Coleridgian, but 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.
Bnt, above all, the choice of the scenery, both of the Introduc-
tions and of the story itself, reveals the early and treasured pre-
dilections of the poet.

As a whole, the Bridal of Triermain appears to me as char-
acteristic of Scott as any of his larger poems. His genius per-
vades and animates it beneath a thin and playfull 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,

"'Tis sunlight sheathed and gently charm'd;"

and I think there is at once a lightness and a polish o

scription beyond what he has elsewhere attained. If it be a
miniature, it is such a one as a Cooper might have hung fa-
lessly beside the masterpieces of Vandyke.

The Introductions contain some of the most exquisite par-
sages he ever produced; but their general effect has always
struck me as unfortunate. No art can reconcile us to con-
temptuous satire of the merest frivolities of modern life—some
of them already, in twenty years, grown obsolete—interlaid
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 lights not now a lover's dream."

The fall is grievous, from the hoary minstrel of Newark, and
his feverish tears on Killecrankie, 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."

*10*
APPENDIX.

Note A.
Like Collins, thread the maze of Fairy-land.—P. 363.

Collins, according to Johnson, "by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights 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 watersfalls of Elysian gardens." 1

Note B.
The Baron of Triermain.—P. 363.

Triermain was a sef of the Barony of Gililand, in Cumberland: it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Toreroscock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Toreroscock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanecost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gililand, gave Gilmeor's lands to his younger son, named Roland, and let the Baronry descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward the Fourth. That house gave for arms, Vert, a bend dexter, chequy, or and gules."—Burn's Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland, vol. ii. p. 482.

This branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Bradyl of Conishoe Priory, in the county palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that about the time above mentioned, the house of Triermain was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and noble families. The male line falling in John De Vaux, about the year 1663, 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 they alienated about the 15th of Edward the Second, to Andrea de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigemont (miles auratus), in the reign of King Edward the First, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kaehercatroc, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege, 2 his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gules, and a chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmondos removed to their castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Lowther, by the Lady Dorothy de Clifford, only child by a second marriage of Henry Lord Clifford, great-grandson of John Lord Clifford, by Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry (surnamed Hotspur), by Elizabeth Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edw ald Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond, became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermain, Caterlen, and Toreroscock, 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 Workington, Esq., who represented the county of Cumberland for many years in Parliament, and by her had a daughter married to John Christian, Esq. (now Curwen). John, son and heir of William Gale, married Sarah, daughter and heiress of Christopher Wilson of Barlsea Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and co-heiress of Thomas Bradyl, Esq., of Bradyl, and Conishoe Priory in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters. 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2d, Wilson, who, upon the death of his cousin, Thomas Bradyl, without issue, succeeded to his estates, and took the name of Bradyl, in pursuance of his will, by the King's sign-manual; 3d, William, died young; and, 4th, Henry Richmond, a lieutenant-general of the army, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greats Townley, Esq., of Fulbourne, in the county of Cambridge, and of Bellfield, in the county of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland of Bigland Hall, in the same county. Wilson Bradyl, eldest son of John Gale, and grandson of Margaret Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq., of Catgill 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 families 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 saltiers of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions' heads erased, or,—Gale. 2d, Or, 2 bars gules, and a chief or,—Richmond. 3d, Or, a fess chequy, and or and gules between 9 gules or,—Vaux of Caterlen. 4th, Gules, a fess chequy, and or and gules between 6 gules or,—Vaux of Toreroscock. 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 Bradyl of Conishoe Priory.

Note C.
He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round.—P. 385.

A circular intrenchment, about half a mile from Penjurt, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty pacer in circumference, with openings or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chiv
airy, and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

NOTE D.

Mayburgh's mound.—P. 385.

Higher up the river Eamont than Arthur's Round Table, is a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it encloses there stands erect an unewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

NOTE E.

The monarch, breathless and amazed,
Back on the fatal castle gazed—
Nor tower nor donjon could be spy,
Darkening 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 surrounding forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it as an antediluvian structure.

"The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and secrimony, will strip it of all its beauties, and, by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John."—HUTCHINSON'S Excursion to the Lakes, p. 121.

NOTE F.

The flower of Chivalry,
There Glandal sate with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;

There Moret of the iron mace,
And love-born Tristrem there.—P. 301.

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 strung together according to the established custom of minstrels upon such occasions; for example, in the ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine:

"Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
They rode with them that dayes,
And, foremost of the companyes,
There rode the steward Kaye.

"See did Sir Banier, and Sir Bere,
And, eke Sir Garrette kene,
Sir Tristrem too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and Greene."

NOTE G.

Lancelot, that ever more
Look'd stolen-wise on the Queen.—P. 301.

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur:—"But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenevere, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honesty, I would spare the impayed honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willet not only, but commandeth me to declare what the ancientes have deended of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authouritye were indece unto me a controversie, and that grate."—Assertion of King Arthur. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.

NOTE H.

There were two who loved their neighbor's wives,
And one who loved his own.—P. 392.

"In our forefathers' time, when Papistry, as a standing poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savyng certaine books of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, La Morte d'Arthur; the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciall paynts, in open manstantial and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit foulest aduertures by subtlet shifts; as Sir Launcelet, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Mark, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at; or honest men to take pleasure at: yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and La Morte d'Arthur received into the Prince's chamber."—ASCHAM'S Schoolmaster.
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 affording him any means of retirement. Neither conversation nor music seemed to disturb him.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1833.

I could hardly have chosen a subject more popular in Scotland, than any thing connected with the Bruce's history, unless I had attempted that of Wallace. But I am decidedly of opinion, that a popular, or what is called a taking title, though well qualified to ensure the publishers against loss and clear their shelves of the original impression, is rather apt to be hazardous than otherwise to the reputation of the author. He who attempts a subject of distinguished popularity, has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and glows, it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. In this case, the warmth of the author is inferior to that of the party whom he addresses, who has, therefore, little chance of being, in Bayes's phrase, "elevated and surprised" by what he has thought of with more enthusiasm than the writer. The sense of this risk, joined to the consciousness of 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, 2 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. 3 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 ardor 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. 4

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. Chaps. 28-32.

3 Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, died 24th August, 1814. Sir Walter Scott received the mournful intelligence while

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. 394.
which followed, was sufficient to have satisfied a
greater appetite for applause than I have at any
time possessed."

I may as well add in this place, that, being
much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily
no more, William Erskine (a Scottish judge, by
the title of Lord Kinedder), I agreed to write the
little romantic tale called the "Bridal of Trier-
main;" but it was on the condition, that he should
make no serious effort to disown the composition,
if report should lay it at his door. As he was
more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as
I took care, in several places, to mix something
which might resemble (as far as was in my power)
my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily
cought, and two large editions were sold. A third
being called for, Lord Kinedder became unwilling
to aid any longer a deception which was going far-
ther than he expected or desired, and the real au-
thor's name was given. Upon another occasion, I
sent up another of these trifles, which, like school-
boys' kites, served to show how the wind of popu-
lar taste was setting. The manner was supposed
to be that of a rude minstrel or Scald, in opposi-
tion to the "Bridal of Triermain," which was de-
digned to belong rather to the Italian school. This
new fugitive piece was called "Harold the Daunt-
less;" 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," con-
taining imitations of the principal living poets.3
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
ano volume, January, 1817.
3 Mr. Hogg's "Poetic Mirror" appeared in October, 1816
The Lord of the Isles.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artovnish, on the coast of Argyllshire; 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 Rachiun, on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claim 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 will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson.

ABROTEFORD, 10th December, 1814.

1 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 conspicuous 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 on 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 himself, without scruple, of common sentiments and common images wherever they seem fitted for his purposes—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 compounded and dismantled, 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 inartificial 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 parts 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 such publications?—in originality.

'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—not 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 gradins unfolding of the story, while some unruly underling 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. xlvi. 1815.

"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 its 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.

"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 bent 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 decorous to withhold."—Quarterly Review, No. xxvi. 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
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushion, 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's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blite shrub hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer glean's few ears of scatter'd grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright 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 hoarser note
Scarce with the cushion's homely song can vie,
Though faint its beauties as the tintsremote
That gleam through mist in Autumn's evening sky,
And few as leaves that tremble, scar and dry,
When wild November hath his bugle wound;
Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I,
Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound,
Where happier 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 Skye2 the eve beguiles,
'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

I.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels sung,
Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rang;3
And the dark seas, thy towers that lave,
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 Inninmore,
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 echoes4 answer meet,
Since, met from mainland and from isle,
Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle,
Each minstrel's tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day.
Dull and dishonor'd were the bard,
Worthless of guardon and regard,
Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame,
Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim,
Who on that morn's resistless call
Were silent in Artornish hall.

II.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!"'twas thus they sung,
And yet more proud the descent rung,
"Wake, Maid of Lorn! high right is ours,
To charm dull sleep"5 from Beauty's bowers;
Earth, Ocean, Air, have naught so shy
Gala here stands for the poet's neighbor and kinsman, and much attached friend, John Scott, Esq., of Gala.

1 John, fifteenth Lord Somerville, illustrons for his patriotic devotion to the science of agriculture, resided frequently in his beautiful villa called the Pavilion, situated on the Tweed over against Melrose, 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. died in 1819.

2 The river Gala, famous in song, flows into the Tweed a few hundred yards below Abbotsford; but probably the word

3 MS.———"an humble gleaner I."

4 MS.———"the aged of Skye."

5 See Appendix, Note A.

6 MS.———"made mountain echoes,"&c.

7 MS.———"for right is ours To summon sleep,"&c.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

CANTO I

But owns the power of minstrelsy.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pause, the harp’s wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar’s seal through surges dark
Will long pursue the minstrel’s bark;
To list his notes, the eagle proud
Will poise him on Ben-Caillach’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 play the melody of voice;
The dew that on the violet lies
Mocks 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.
By 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 piprochs play,
We see the streamers’ silken band.
What Chieftain’s praise these piprochs swell,
What crest is on these banners wove,
The harp, the minstrel, dare not tell—
The riddle must be read by Love."

1 See Appendix, Note B.

2 MS.—Retired amid her memial train,
Edith of Lorn received the strain."

V.

Retired her maiden train among,
Edith of Lorn received the song;
But tamed the minstrel’s pride had been
That had her cold demeanor seen;
For not upon her cheek awoke
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 Ulna, ’twas thine to braid;
Young Eva with meet reverence drew
On the light foot the silken shoe,
While on the ankle’s slender round
Those strings of pearl fair Bertha wound,
That, bleach’d Lochryan’s depths within,
Seem’d dusky still on Edith’s skin.
But Eion, 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 conquer own—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 sate 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;

3 MS.—"'Tis the train upon the pavement that grow’d.
Then to the floor descending they roll’d."

4 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  
(Form of some sainted patroness,)  
Which cloister'd maids combine to dress;  
She mark'd—and knew her nursling'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 heaI,  
Slender and steep, and battel'd round,  
Ol'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 bears their northern roar,  
To the green Illy's fertile shore:  
Or mainland turn, where many a tower  
Owns thy bold brother's feudal power;  
Each on its own dark cape reclined,  
And listening to its own wild wind,  
From where Mingarry, sternly placed,  
O'rawes the woodland and the waste,  
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging  
Of Connal with his rocks engaging.  
Think'st thou, amid this ample round,  
A single brow but thine has frown'd,  
To sadden this auspicious morn,  
That bids the daughter of high Lorn  
Imply an heretofore faith to wed  
The heir of mighty Somerset?  
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,  
The fair, the valiant, and the young,  
The 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 chief's tain's tower to bondman's cot,  
Who hears the tale? and triumphs not?  
The damsels dons her best attire,  
The shepherd lights his belted fire,  
Joy, joy! each warden'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 boar,  
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 hurring hand indignant dried  
The burning tears of injured pride—  
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise  
To swell you hireling hurpers' lays;  
Make to your maids thy boast of power,  
That they may waste a wondering hour,  
Telling of banners proudly borne,  
Of pealing bell and bugle-horn,  
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,  
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.  
But thou, experienced as thou art,  
Think'st 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 grasping 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! 

XI.

"Since then, what thought had Edith's heart  
And gave not plighted love its part!—  
And what requital!—cold delay—  
Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day.—  
It dawns, and Ronald is not here!—

MS.—"The news."

MS.—"When, from that hour, had Edith's heart  
A thought, and Ronald lack'd his part:  
And what her guerdon?"
Hunts he Bentalla’s nimble deer,
Or loiters he in secret dell
To bid some lighter love farewell,
And swear, that though he may not scorn
A daughter of the House of Lorn, 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, yon lonely 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 scud 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 oft her stooping side,
In weary tack from shore to shore.
Yet on her destined course no more
She gain’d, of forward way,
Than what a minstrel may compare
To the poor meed which peasants share;
Who toil the livelong day;
And such the risk her pilot braves,
That oft, before she wore,
Her bold spirit kiss’d the broken waves,
Where in white foam the ocean raves
Upon the shelving shore.
Yet, to their destined purpose true,
Undaunted 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 trick’d with gold,
Mann’d with the noble and the bold
Of Island chivalry.
Around their prows the ocean roars,
And chafes beneath their thousand oars,
Yet bears them on their way:
So chafes the war-horse in his might,
That fieldward bears some valiant knight,
Champs, till both bit and boss are white,
But, foaming, must obey.
On each gay deck they might behold
Lances of steel and crests of gold,
And hauberk’d with their burnish’d fold,
That shimm’r’d fair and free;
And each proud galley, as she pass’d,
To the wild cadence of the Mast
Gave will’d minstrelsy.
Full many a shrill triumphant note
Sax’line and Scallastle bade float
Their misty shores around;
And Morven’s echoes answer’d well,
And Dunart heard the distant swell
Come down the darksome Sound.

XVI.
So bore they on with mirth and pride,
And if that laboring bark 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.”

* MS.—“ And on its dawn the bridegroom lags; —
Hunts he Bentalla’s nimble stag!”
* See Appendix, Note H.
* MS.—“ Since dawn of morn, with vacant eyes
* MS.—“ the breakers’ verge.”
* MS.—“ So fumes,” &c.
* 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 famish’d wolf, that prowls the wold,
Had scarceless pass’d the unguarded fold,
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,
Unchallenged were her way!²
And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on,
With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone!
But hadst thou known who sail’d so nigh,
Far other glance were in thine eye!
Far other flush were on thy brow;
That, shaded by the bonnet, now
Assumes but ill the 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 armada gay
Be laughter loud and jocund shout,
And bards 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 ope the ebbing currents boil’d
More fierce from strait and lake;
And midway through the channel met
Conflicting tides that foam and fret,
And high their mingled billows jet,
As 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 Inninmore;
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 bower,
When, toiling in his task obscure,
Their greatness pass’d by.”

MS.—“She held unchallenged way.”

Thus to the Leader spoke:—
“Brother, how hopest thou to abide
The fury of this wilder’d 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 yon unfriendly tower,
Or rush amid their naval power.⁵
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,
“May darkness meet the main extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven.
Edward, trim thou the slatter’d sail,
The helm be mine, and down the gale
Let our course be driven;
So shall we escape 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 chieflain’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;⁶
Wild sparkles crest the broken tides,

¹ MS.—“With mirth, song, tale, and lay.”
² MS.—“Then, too, the clouds were sinking fast.”
³ MS.—“As the gay nobles give the bower.
When, toiling in his task obscure,
Their greatness pass’d by.”

⁴ MS.—“She held unchallenged way.”
⁵ See Appendix, Note 1.
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
With elvish lustre lave,¹
While, far behind, their livid light
To the dark billows of the night
A gloomy splendor gave.
It seems as if old Ocean shakes
From his dark brow the lucid² flakes
In envious pageantry,
To match the meteor-light that streaks
Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

XXII.
Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep
Their course upon the darken'd deep;—
Artonish, 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 upreard
Above the eastern fell.

XXIII.
Thus guided, on their course they bore,
Until they neer'd the mainland shore,
Where 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 shrieks with revery,
Or like the battle-shout
By peasants heard from cliffs on high,
When Triumph, Rage, and Agony,
Madden the fight and route.
Now nearer yet, through mist and storm
Dimly arose the Castle's form,
And deepen'd⁵ 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.⁶

XXIV.
Beneath the Castle's sheltering lee,
They staid their course in quiet sea,
Hewn in the rock, a passag' there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,
So straight, so high, so steep,
With peasant's staff one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have mann'd,
'Gainst hundreds arm'd with spear and brand,
And plunged them in the deep.
His bugle then the helmsman wound;
Loud answer'd every echo round,
From turret, rock, and bay,
The postern's hinges crash and groan,
And soon the warder's cresset shone
On those rude steps of slippery stone,
To light the upward way.
"Thrice welcome, holy Sire!" he said;
"Full long the spousal train have staid,
And, vex'd at thy delay,
Feard lest, amidst these wildering seas,
The darksome night and freshening breeze
Had driven thy bark astray."—

XXV.
"Warder," the younger stranger⁷ said,
"Thine erring guess some mirth had made
In mirthful hour; but nights like these,
When the rough winds wake western seas,
Brook not of glee. We crave some aid
And needful shelter for this maid
Until the break of day;
For, to ourselves, the deck's rude plank
Is easy as the mossy bank
That's breathed upon by May,
And for our storm-toss'd skiff we seek
Short shelter in this leeward creek,
Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak
Again to bear away."—
Answered the Warder,—"In what name
Assert ye hospitable claim?
Whence come, or whither bound?
Hath Erin seen your parting sails?
Or come ye on Norweyan gales?
And seek ye England's fertile vales,
Or Scotland's mountain ground?"—

¹ MS.—"And, bursting round the vessel's sides,
A livid lustre gave."'³
² MS.—"Livid."⁴
³ 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 splendor of Artonish,
⁴ 'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,'
⁵ sending her radiation abroad through the terrors of the night, and mingling at intervals the shouts of her revelry with the wilder cadence of the blast, is one of the happiest instances of Mr. Scott's felicity in awful and magnificent scenery."—Critical Review
⁶ "The wind, the wave, the sea-birds' cry,
In melancholy concert vie."⁷
⁷ "Darksome."
⁸ "Mr. Scott, we observed in the newspapers, was engaged during last summer in a maritime expedition; and, accordingly, the most striking novelty in the present poem is the extent and variety of the sea pieces with which it abounds. One of the first we meet with is the picture of the distresses of the King's little bark, and her darkling run to the shelter of Artonish Castle."—Edinburgh Review, 1815
⁹ See Appendix, Note K.
⁸ MS.—"That young leader."
CANTO I.

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XXVI.
"Warriors—for other title none
For some brief space we list to own,
Bound by a vow—warriors are we;
In strife by land, and storm by sea,
We have been known to fame;
And these brief words have import dear,
When 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 revolvs 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 eve 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 Ellerlie,2
Or aided even the murderous strife,
When Comyn 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 flung their smoky glare,
The younger knight that maiden bare
Half lifeless up the rock;
On his strong shoulder lean'd her head,
And down her long dark tresses shed,
As the wild vine in tendrils spread,
Droops from the mountain oak.
Him follow'd close that elder Lord,
And in his hand a sheathed sword,

Such as few arms could wield;
But when he boun'd him to such task,
Well could it cleave the strongest casque,
And rend the surest shield."

XXIX.
The raised portcullis' arch they pass,
The wicket with its bars of brass,
The entrance long and low,*
Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait,
Where bowmen might in ambush wait
(If force or fraud should burst the gate),
To gall an entering foe.
But every jealons post of ward
Was now defenceless and unbarr'd,
And all the passage free
To one low-brow'd and vaulted room,
Where squire and yeoman, page and groom,
Plied their loud revelry.

XXX.
And "Rest ye here," the Warde bade,
"Till to our Lord your suit is said.—
And, comrades, gaze not on the maid,
And on these men who ask our aid,
As if ye ne'er had seen
A damsel tired of midnight bark,
Or wanderers of a moulding stark,4
And bearing martial mien.
But not for Enoch'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;
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 lull,
'Twere honor'd by her use."

XXXI.
Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye
Had that compelling dignity,
His mien that bearing haught and high
Which common spirits fear;5
Needed nor word nor signal more,

1 MS.—"'Gainst claim like yours,
No bolt ere closed our castle doors."
2 Sir William Wallace.
3 See Appendix, Note L.
4 MS.—"Well could it cleave the gilded casque,
And rend the trustiest shield."
5 MS.—"Still sway's their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
What is that spell, that thus his 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 free and fair.

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.

Heros pause we, gentle, for a space;
And, if our tale hath won your grace,
Grant us brief patience, and again
We will renew the minstrel strain.

The Lord of the Isles.

Canto Second.

I.
Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board!
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
Through the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care!

But ask thou not if Happiness be there,
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive three,
Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear;
Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

II.
With beakers' clang, with harpers' lay,
With all that olden time 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

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 makes another's weakness to its will.

Wields with her hands, but, still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun.
The many still must labor for the one!
Tis Nature's doom.

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 clamorous joy.
And call for pledge and lay,
And, for brief space, of all the crowd,
As he was lowest 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 unlistening ear,
They gave to thoughts of raptures near,
And his fierce starts of sudden gleam
Seem'd bursts of bridegroom's ecstasy.
Yet thus alone misjudged the crowd,
Since lofty Lorn, suspicious, proud,
And jealous of his honor'd line,
And 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 bridegroom's varied cheer.

IV.
She watch'd—yet fear'd to meet his glance,
And he shunn'd hers, till when by chance
They met, the point of foeman's lance
Had given a milder pang!
Beneath the intolerable smart
He writhed—then sternly man'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,

\[\text{Byron's Corsair.}\]

1 MS.—"Of mountain chivalry,"
2 "The first Canto is full of business and description, and the scenes are such as Mr. Scott's muse generally excels in. The scene between Edith and her nurse is spirited, and contains many very pleasing lines. The description of Lord Ronald's fleet, and of the bark endeavoring to make her way against the wind, more particularly of the last, is executed with extraordinary beauty and fidelity."—Quarterly Review
3 "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."—Proverbs, xiv. 13.
4 MS.—"and give birth.
5 MS.—"To jest, to wassail, and to mirth!"
6 MS.—"Would seem the loudest of the loud, And gayest of the gay!"
7 MS.---"Since Lorn, the proudest of the proud,"
8 See Appendix, Note L.
9 Ibid. Note M.
And every gem of varied shine
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine!
To you, brave lord, and brother mine,
Of Lorn, this pledge I drink—
The union of Our House with thine,

Py this fair bridal-link!"—

V.

"Let it pass round!" quoth He of Lorn,
'And in good time—that winded horn
Must of the Abbot tell;
The laggard monk is come at last."
Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast,
And on the floor at random cast,
The untasted goblet fell.
But when the wardo 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,
Respite for a day.

VI.

"Brother of Lorn," with hurried voice
He said, "and you, fair lords, rejoice!
Here, to augment our glee,
Come wandering knights from travel far
Well proved, they say, in strife of war,
And tempest on the sea.—
Ho! give them at your board such place
As best their presences may grace;"  
And bid them welcome free?"
With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence saum'd
Of these strange guests; and well he knew
How to assign their rank its due;
For though the costly furs
That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,
And soil'd 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 Erraught 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 broider'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 minstral 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
Scann'd the gay presence o'er,
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 unless censured the mistake.'

"" The first entry of the illustrious strangers into the castle of the Celtic chief, is in the accustomed and peculiar style of the poet of chivalry."—JEFFREY.

7 MS. — "I, too,' old Ferrand said, and laugh'd,
'Am qualified by minstral craft.'"

8 MS. — "the festal rout.'"

9 MS. — "Nor hide," &c.
Of the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
With Carrick's outlaw'd chief? 2
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?

That younger stranger, fierce and high,
At once confronts the Chieftain's eye 2
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, 3
Ere thrice three days shall come and go,
His banner Scottish winds shall blow,
Despite each mean or mighty foe,
From England's every bill and bow,
To Allaster of Lorn,"
Kindled the mountain Chieftain's ire,
But Ronald quench'd 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." 4
"Content," said Lorn; and spoke apart
With Ferrand, master of his art,
Then whisper'd Argentine,—
"The lay I named will carry smart
To these bold strangers' haughty heart,
If right this guess of mine."
He ceased, and it was silence all,
Until the minstrel waked the hall. 5

The Brooch of Lorn. 6
"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;" 7
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Faunter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star!

"Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarf's swift 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 faëry spell,
Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph went thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!

"When the gem was won and lost,
Widely was the war-cry toss'd! 8
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer with wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'peaped, with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

XIII.
Song concluded.
"Vain was then the Douglas brand, 9
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work; 10
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye; 11
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

"Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord, 12
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Conny's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, 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 bend."
3 MS.—"Men say that he has sworn."
4 "The description of the bridal feast, in the second Canto,
   has 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."—
5 "In a very different style of excellence (from that of the
   first three stanzas) is the triumphant and insulting song of the
   band of Lorn, commemorating the pretended victory of his
   chief over Robert Bruce, in one of their rencontres. Bruce,
   in truth, had been set on by some of that clan, and had extric-
   ated himself from a fearful overmatch by stophenious exerceses.
   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 wild
   rapid, 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,
Hem’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,
So Edward glared and grasped his sword—
But stern his brother spoke,—“Be still.
What! art thou yet so wild of will,
After high deeds and sufferings long,
To chafe thee for a menial’s song?
—
Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains,
To raise the hand that pays thy pains!1
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 clench’d within their dying grasp,
What time a hundred 4ecmen more
Rush’d in, and back the victor bore,2
Long after Lorn had left the strife,3
Full glad to escape 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 Columbus’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 hall!
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 clasp’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—’en as now—
With armed hand and scornful brow!—
Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
And lay the outlaw’d felons low!”

1 See Appendix, Note U.
2 The MS. has not this couplet.
3 MS. — “When breathless Lorn had left the strife.”
4 For these four lines the MS. has—

XVI.

Then up sprang many a mainland Lord,
Obedient to their Chieftain’s word,
Barcaldine’s arm is high in air,
And Kinloch-Alline’s blade is bare,
Black Murrphok’s dirk has left its sheath,
And clenched’s it Derrmid’s hand of death.
Their mutter’d threats of vengeance swell
Into a wild and warlike yell;
Onward they press with weapons high,
The affrighted females shriek and fly,
And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray
Had darken’d ere its noon of day,—
But every chief of birth and fame,
That from the Isles of Ocean came,
At Ronald’s side that hour withstood
Fierce Lorn’s relentless thirst for blood.”

XVII.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,
Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
Mac-Niel, wild Bara’s ancient thane,
Duart, of bold Clan-Gillian’s strain,
Fergus, of Caana’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;
Blue 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 brauls ‘mid song and wine),
And, match’d in numbers and in migh’t
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.”

M. S. — “ 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’tmid 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 ne’er spurr’d a steed)—
And Ronald, who his meaning guess’d,
Seem’d half t’acquiesce the request.
This purpose fiery Torquil broke:—
"Somewhat we’ve heard of England’s yoke,”
He said, “and, in our islands, Fame

Hath whisper’d of a lawful claim,
That calls the Bruce fair Scotland’s Lord,
Though dispossess’d by foreign sword.
This craves reflection—but though right
And just the charge of England’s Knight,
Let England’s crown-her rebels seize
Where she has power;—in towers like these,
Midst Scottish Chieftains summon’d here
To bridal mirth and bridal cheer,
Be sure, with no consent of mine,
Shall either Lorn or Argentine
With chains or violence, in our sight,
Oppress a brave and banish’d Knight.”

XXI.
Then waked the wild debate again,
With brawling threat and 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 sainted 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 beads he told,
With Ayes 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.
Scarce this fair accord was o’er,
When through the wide revolving door
The black-stoled brethren wind;
Twelve sandall’d monks, who relish 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.

<ref>MS.—“each Chieftain rade,”
Like that famed Sworder’s statue stood.”</ref>
<ref>MS.—“To waken him to deadly strife.”</ref>
<ref>The MS. adds:—
“With such a frantic fond appeal,
As only lovers make and feel.”</ref>
<ref>MS.—“What time at every cross of old.”</ref>
<ref>MS.—“We will his holy rode obey,”
The Abbot’s voice shall end the fray.”</ref>
<ref>MS.—“Scarce was this peaceful paction o’er.”</ref>
<ref>MS.—“Did slow procession wind;”
Twelve monks, who stole and maple wore,
And chalice, pyx, and relics bore,
With many,” &c.</ref>
CANTO II.
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

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 or his shoulders flow'd his hood,
The torch's glaring ray
Shone, in its red and flashing light,
His withered cheek and amice 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 Benedictine!—
—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;—
"Thou comest, O holy Man,
True sons of blessed church to greet, ¹
But little deeming here to meet
A wretch, beneath the ban
Of Pope and Church, for murder done
Even on the sacred altar-stone!—²
Well mayst thou wonder we should know
Such miscreant here, nor lay him low, ³
Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
With excommunicate Bruce!
Yet will I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate." ⁴

¹ The MS. here adds:—
"Men bound in her communion sweet,
And duteous to the Papal seat."

² MS.—"the blessed altar-stone." ¹²

³ In place of the couplet 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 Torquill, chief of stormy Skye
(In whose wild land there rests the seed,
Men say, of ancient heathen creed),
Who would enforce me to a truce
With excommunicate Bruce."

⁴ The MS. adds:
"Secure such foul offenders find
No favor in a holy mind."

The MS. has:
"Alleged the best of honor's laws,
The succor due to storm-tost 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 pray'rs and tears to back the plea:
And Edith lent her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy pray'd.
"Hence," he exclain'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. ¹³

XXVI.
Then Argentine, in England's name,
So highly urged his sovereign's claim,
He walked a spark, that long suppress'd,
Had shoulder'd in Lord Ronald's breast;
And now, as from the flint the fire,
Flash'd forth at once his generous ire.
"Enough of noble blood," he said,
"By English Edward had been shed,
Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of green,
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.

⁸ MS.—"And wept alike and kneel and pray'd"—The nine lines which intervene betwixt this and the concluding couplet
of the stanza are not in the MS.

⁹ See Appendix, Note V.

⁰ The MS. adds—
"He raised the suppliants 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."

¹¹ See Appendix, Note W.

¹² 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 strife I wage."—

XXXVII
"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 attainted or accursed,
If Bruce shall o'er find friends again,
Once more to brave a battle-plain,
If Douglas couch again his lance,
Or Randolph dare another chance,
Old Torquill 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,
Torquill'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."—

XXXVIII
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,
Sternly 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 defans Heaven against thy prayer;

Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife,
Nay, each whose succor, cold and scant,
With meanest alms relieves thy want;
Haunts thee while living,—and, when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
Rends Honor's scutcheon from thy hearse,
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."—

XXXIX
"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 the blow,
For Comyn died his country's foe.
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfil'd my soon-repent'd deed,
Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
The dire anathema has rung.
I only blame mine own wi'd ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and 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
Torquill, Thormod, &c. are all Norwegian.
1 MS.—"Then turn'd him on the Bruce the Monk."
2 MS.—"Nay, curses each whose succor scant."
3 See Appendix, Note A.
4 See Appendix, Note Z.
5 The MacLeods, and most other distinguished Hebridean
families, were of Scandinavian extraction, and some were late
6 The MacLeods, and most other distinguished Hebridean
families, were of Scandinavian extraction, and some were late

1 See Appendix, Note Y.
2 See Appendix, Note Z.
3 "By saints of isle," &c.
4 MS.—"Nay, cours each whose succor scant."
5 See Appendix, Note 2 A.
6 The MS. adds:—"For this ill-timed and luckless blow"
Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
His breathing came more thick and fast,
And from his pale blue eyes were cast
Strange rays of wild and wandering light;
Uprise his locks of silver white,
Flush'd is his brow, through every vein
In azure tide the currents strain,
And undistinguish'd accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke.¹

XXXI.
"De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,²
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore;—
But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controll'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'ermaster'd yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"⁵
He spake, and o'er the astonish'd throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII.
Again that light has fired 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 strains,
And interrupted tears express'd
The tumult of his laboring breast."⁵

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.

"On this transcendent passage we shall only remark, that of the gloomy part of the prophecy we hear nothing more through the whole of the poem, and though the Abbot informs the king that he shall be 'On foreign shores a man exiled,' the poet never speaks of him but as resident in Scotland, up to 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, foregoes the intended anathema, and breaks out into a prophetic ammunciation of his final triumph over all his enemies, and the veneration in which his name will be held by posterity. These stanzas, which conclude the second Canto, derive their chief title to encomium from the emphatical felicity of their burden,

¹ I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd;⁷

which few and simple words following, as they do, a series

"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,ª
Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd,ª
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, sirs to son
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!—
Enough—my short-lived strength decays,
And sinks the momentary blaze.—
Heaven hath our destined purpose broke,
Not here must muptial vow be spoke;ª
Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
Our task discharged.—'Unmoor, unmoor!'
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'ed sail, and bore away."º
The Lord of the Isles.

Canto Third.

I.
Hast thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head Sudden and deep the thunder-peak has roll'd, How, when its echoes fell, a silence dead Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold? The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built 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

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 ear, The solemn stillness broke; And still they gazed with eager guess, Where, in an oriel'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;— "And 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 rede,—a due return For ancient league and friendship sworn! But well our mountain proverb shows The faith of Islesmen ebb and flowe. Be it even so—believe, ere long, Ho 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 Ech'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 lauch'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. 21.  6 See Appendix, Note 8 E.  6 MS.—"While friends shall labor fair and well These feuds to reconcile."
We need not to each other tell,
That both can wield their weapons well;
Their do me 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 Argentia
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 parted 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 barr'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 Arthornish fort
In confidence remain.
Now torch and menial tendance led
Chieftain and knight to bower and bed,
And eaves were told, and Aves said,
And soon they sunk away
For such sleep, as wont to shed
Oblivion on the weary head,
After a toilsome 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 style,
As king of mainland and of isle,
And Scotland's rightful lord.
"And O," said Ronald, "O'wan'd of Heaven!
Say, is my erring youth forgiven,
By falsehood's arts from duty driven,
Who rebel faction drew,
Yet ever to thy deeds of fame,
Even while I strove against thy claim,
Paid homage just and true?—"
"Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,
Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,
Since, guiltier far than you,
Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.¹
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 repossess him in his right;
But well their counsels must be weigh'd,
Ere banns 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 vassals² 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 burly face
That Cliford 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,

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 F.
² MS.—"Allies."
To shun the perils of a siege,
The vengeful Lorn, with all his powers,
Lies but too near Artornish towers,
And Eng'land'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 Chiefstain," Ronald cried;
"Myself will on my Sovereign wait,"
And raise in arms the men of Sleat,
Whilst thou, renown’d where chiefs debate,
Shalt sway their souls by council sage,
And awe them by thy locks of age."—
"And if my words in weight shall fail,
This ponderous sword shall turn the scale."

XL

"The scheme," said Bruce, "contents me well;
Meantime, ’t 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 gladder hear;
But, all achieved as soon as planned,
Both barks, in secret arm’d and mann’d,
 From out the haven bore;
On different voyage forth they ply,
This for the coast of winged Skye,
And that for Erin’s shore.

XL

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale.
To favoring winds they gave the sail,
Till Mull’s dark headlands scarce they knew,
And Ardmurnaschan’s hills were blue;
But then the squalls blew close and hard,
And, fain to strike the galley’s yard,
And take them to the ear,
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;
"Tis I will on my sovereign wait.""
The MS. has,
"Aye," said the Chief, "or if they fail,
This broadsword’s weight shall turn the scale.""
In altering this passage, the poet appears to have lost a link.
—Ed.

Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his shiver’d crest
The sun’s arising gleam;
But such the labors 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 Strathmardill and Dunskye;"
No human foot comes here,
And, since these adverse breezes blow,
If my good Liege love hunter’s bow,
What hinders that on land we go,
And strike a mountain-deer?
Allan, my page, shall with us 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 moor,
But, by my halidome,
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 shattered way

8 The MS. adds:
"Our bark’s departure, too, will blind
To our intent the foeeman’s mind."
4 MS.—"Till Mull’s dark isle no more they knew,
Nor Ardmurnaschan’s mountains blue."
5 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;¹
And copse 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 clothes with many a varied hue
The bleakest² mountain-side.³

XV.
And wilder, forward, as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black²
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
For from the mountain hour,⁴
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;⁵
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a striping arm might away
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 furled,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower;⁶
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down;⁷

And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.⁸

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?’—
“Corskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
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 Torquill 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—tall cliffs with breakers white,
The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might),
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvreckin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood—
'Tis thus our islemen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names.”

XVII.
Answer'd the Bruce, “And musing 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 blow
May they not mark a Monarch's fate,—
Raised high mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste.”¹⁰

¹ MS.—“And deers have buds” in deep Glencoe.”
² MS.—“Wildest”
³ Rarest.
⁴ The Quarterly Reviewer says, “This picture of barren isolation is admirably touched; ” and if the opinion of Mr. Turner be worth any thing, “No words could have given a truer picture of this, one of the wildest of Nature's landscapes.” Mr. Turner adds, however, that he dissects in one particular; but for one or two tufts 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, 1833.
⁵ MS.—“And wilder, at each step they take,
Turn the proud cliffs and yawning lake;
Huge naked sheets of granite black, “&c.”
⁶ MS.—“From the mountain's crown.”
⁷ MS.—“Huge crags had toppled down, ”
⁸ MS.—“Oft closing too, at once they lower.”
⁹ MS.—“‘Pour’d like a torrent drear,’”
¹⁰ MS.—“Leap from the mountain's head.”
¹¹ He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
O'er hope and love and fear aloft
High rears his crowned head—but soft!
Look, underneath yon jutting crag
Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag.
Who may they be? But late you said
No steps these desert regions tread?—

XVIII.
"So said I—and believed in sooth,"
Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth.
Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
Five men—they mark us, and come on;
And by their badge on bonnet borne,
I guess them of the land of Lorn,
Foes to my Liege."—"So let it be;
I've faced worse ills 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 thou with two, I'll match the rest."—
"Not so, my Liege—for by my life,
This sword shall meet the troble strife;
My strength, my skill in arms, more small,
And less the loss should Ronald fall.
But islemen soon to soldiers grow,
Allan has sword as well as bow,
And were my Monarch's order given,
Two shafts should make our number even."—
"No! not to save my life!" he said;
"Enough of blood rests on my head,
Too rashly spill'd—we soon shall know,
Whether they come as friend or foe."

XIX.
Nigh came the strangers, and more nigh;—
Still less they pleased the Monarch's eye
Men were they all of evil mien,
Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen:¹
They moved with half-resolved pace,
And bent on earth each gloomy face.
The foremost two were fair array'd,
With brogue and bonnet, trews and plaid,
And bore the arms of mountaineers,
Daggers and broadswords, bows and spears.
The three that lagg'd small space behind,
Seem'd serfs of more degraded kind;
Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them cast,
Made a rude fence against the blast;
Their arms and feet and heads were bare,
Matted their beards, unshorn their hair;
For arms, the caftifs bore in hand,
A clout, an axe, a rusty brand.

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 hither 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 hut?"
"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 needleless 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;¹²
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,¹ found

¹ See Appendix, Note 211.
² MS.—"Our boat and vessel cannot stay."
³ MS.—"Deep in the bay when evening glow'd." ¹² MS.—"Wend you the first o'er stock and stone."
⁴ MS.—"Yet rugged brows have bosoms kind;"
⁵ MS.—"Wend we with them—for food and fire."
A slender boy, whose form and mien
Ill suited with such savage scene,
In cap and cloak of velvet green,
Low seated on the ground.
His garb was such as minstrels wear,
Dark was his hue, and dark his hair,
His youthful cheek was marred by care,
His eyes in sorrow droun'd.

"Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald spoke,
The 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 his dark 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, though from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can deftly touch the lute,
And on the rote 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 shround,
Makes blither melody."—

"Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?"—
"Aye; so his mother bade us know,
A crone in our late shipwreck droun'd,
And hence the silly stripling'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 hutt's remoter end."—
"A churlish vow," the eldest said,
"And hard, methinks, to be obey'd.
How say you, if, to wrek 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 mischiev'-boding ray,³
From under eyebrows shagg'd and gray.
The younger, too, who seem'd his son,
Had that dark look the timid shun;
The half-clad serfs behind them sate,
And scow'd a glare 'twixt fear and hate—
Till all, as darkness onward crept,
Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or sly
Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue
Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong,
A longer watch of sorrow made,
But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid.⁴

XXVI.

Not in his dangerous host confides
The King, but wary watch provides,
Ronald keeps ward till midnight past,
Then wakes the King, young Allan last;  
Thus rank'd, to give the youthful page,  
The rest required by tender age.  
What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought,  
To chase the languor toil had brought!—  
(For deem not that he deign'd to throw  
Much care upon such coward foe,)—  
He thinks of lovely Isabel,  
When at her foeman's feet she fell,  
Nor less when, placed in princely selle,  
She glanced on him with favoring eyes,  
At Woodstock 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,¹  
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 storm'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 light² begins to spread,  
The otter to his cavern drew,  
And clamor'd shrill the wakening 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,  
The trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine  
With bickering light the splinter'd pine.

¹ MS.—"Must she alone his musings share.  
    They turn to his betrothed bride."

² MS.—"The cold blue light."

³ See Appendix, Note 2 1.

⁴ MS.—"with empty dream."

⁵ MS.—"Mingled the captive's real scream."

⁶ MS.—"Young Allan's turn (to watch) comes last, which gives

Then gazed awhile, where silent laid  
Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.  
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 bower,  
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 blaze die—  
Again he roused 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 furl'd,  
The morning breeze the lake had curl'd,  
The short dark waves, heaved to the land,  
With ceaseless plash kiss'd cliff or sand;—  
It was a sambreous sound—he turn'd  
To tales at which his youth had burn'd,  
Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd,  
Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,  
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,  
And mermaid's alabaster grot,  
Who bates her limbs in sunless well,  
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.³  
Thither in fancy rapt he flies,  
And on his sight the vaults arise;  
That hut's dark walls he sees no more,  
His foot is on the marble floor,  
And o'er his head the dazzling spar  
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.⁴  
As from the ground he strivès to start,  
A ruffian's dagger finds his heart!  
Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, ...  
Murmurs his master's name, ... and dies!

XXIX.

Not so awoke the King! his hand  
Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand,  
The nearest weapon of his wrath;  
With this he cross'd the murderer's path,  
And vengèd young Allan well!  
The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood  
Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,  
The miscreant gasp'd and fell!*  

* MS.—"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  
  ² MS.—"What time the miscreant fell."
CANTO IV.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

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 band
Behind him rears a coward hand!
—O for a moment's aid,
Till Bruce, who deals no double blow
Dash to the earth another foe,
Above his comrade laid!—
And it is gain'd—the captive sprung
On the 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 shivering 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 burk we sought
With different purpose... and I thought"....
Fate cut him short; in blood and brain,
As he had lived, died Cormac Doll.

XXXI.
Then resting on his bloody blade,
The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,
"Now shame upon us both!—that boy
Lifts his mute face to heaven,
And 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! unfitness 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 scent 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 wore!
Come, wend we hence—the day has broke.
Seek we our bark—I trust the tale
Was false, that she had hoisted sail."

XXXII.
Yet, ere they left that charnel-cell,
The Island Lord bade sad farewell
To Allan:—"Who shall tell this tale,"
He said, "in halls of Donagaille!
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 caitiffs, 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—
(So earthy power at distance shows;
Reveals his splendor, hides his woes.
O'er sheets of granite, dark, and broad,4
Rent and unequal, lay the road.
In sad discourse the warriors wind,
And the mute captive moves behind.4

The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

Stranger! if c'er thine ardent step hath traced
The northern realms of ancient Caledon,

1 "On witnessing the disinterment of Bruce's remains at Dunfermline, in 1822," 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 Bannockburn."—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."”

4 "This canto is full of beauties; the first part of it, containing the conference of the chiefs in Bruce's chamber, might perhaps have been abridged, because the discussion of a more
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,
Listing 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. —nigh,
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 Ramnoch's
lakes,
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise;
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—
But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the price
Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin 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 Ronald, —see him dart
O'er stock and stone like hunted hart,
Precipitate, as is the use,

In war or sport, of Edward Bruce.
—He marks us, and his eager cry
Will tell his news ere he be nigh."

III.
Loud Edward shouts, "What make ye here
Warring upon the mountain-deer,
When Scotland wants her King?"
A bark from Lennox cross'd our track,
With her in speed I hurried back,
These joyful news to bring—
The Stuart sits 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! ²
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 held of him, and hand,
And well may vouch it here,
That, blot the story from his page,
Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage,
You read a monarch brave and sage,
And to his people dear."—
"Let London's burghers mourn her lord,
And Croydon monks his praise record,"
The eager Edward said;
"Eternal as his own, my hate
Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate,
And dies not with the dead!
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clench'd his palsied hand,
That pointe: 
As his last accents pray'd
Disgrace and curse upon his heir,
If he one Scottish head should spare,
Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair.
Each rebel corpse was laid!
Such hate was his, when his last breath
Renounced the peaceful house of death,
And 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 sate
Deepest revenge and deadliest hate.
Now, to the sea! behold the beach,
And see the galleys' pendants stretch
Their fluttering length down favoring gale!
Abound, abound! and hoist the sail.
Hold we our way for Arran first,
Where meet in arms our friends dispersed;
Lemnox the loyal, 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 bide,
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 Torquill's aid, a gallant fleet,
If aught avails their Chieftain's best
Among the islesmen of the west."

VI.

Thus was their venturous council said,
But, ere their sails the galleys spread,
Coriskin 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 islesmen, as they bore
The murder'd Allan to the shore.
At every pause, with dismal shout,
Their coronach of grief rung out,
And ever, when they moved again,
The pipes resumed their clangorous strain,
And, with the pibroch's shrilling wail,
Mourn'd the young heir of Donagail.
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-darch
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-mew,
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 Eisord's lake,
And soon, from Cavilgarrigh's head,
Thick wreaths of eddying smoke were spread;

1 See Appendix, Note 2 L.
2 "The Bruce was, unquestionably, of a temper never sur-
passed for its humanity, manif esse nce, and nobleness; yet to
represent him sorrowing over the death of the first Plantage-
et, after the repeated and tremendous bills inflicted by that
man on Scotland—the patriot Wallace murdered by his order,
as well as the royal race of Wales, and the very brothers of
The Bruce, slaughtered by his command—to represent the
just and generous Robert, we repeat, feeling an instant's com-
pression for the sudden fate of a miscreant like this, is, we are
compelled to say it, so monstrous, and in a Scottish poet, so
unnatural a violation of truth and decency, not to say patrio-
tism, 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 wretched abasement on the part of The
Bruce, is further 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 assassin—Critical
Review
3 MS.—"mountain-shore."
A summons these of war and wrath
To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,
And, ready at the sight,
Each warrior to his weapons sprang,
And targe upon his shoulder flung,
Impatient for the fight.
Mac-Kimnon’s chief, in warfare gray,
Had charge to muster their array,
And guide their barks to Brodick-Bay.

VIII

Signal of Ronald’s high command,
A beacon gleam’d o’er sea and land,
From Canna’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 scathed 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 clamor 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 yonder2 turret gray.3
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 turn’d 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,4
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,5
And each his ashen bow unbent,
And gave his pastime o’er,
And at the Island Lord’s command,
For hunting spear took warrior’s brand,
On Scooreig a 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,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 vault7 a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern’s gloom,
Too well attest their dismal doom.

X

Merrily, merrily goes the bark8
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.9
Then all unknown its columns rose,

We could almost be tempted to believe that he was on his re-

turn from Skye when he wrote this portion of his poem:9—from

Skye, the depository of the’mighty cup of royal Somerled,’ as well as of ‘Rorie More’s’ comparatively modern ‘horn’—and

that, as he says himself of a minister who celebrated the

hospitalities of Dunvegan-castle in that island, ‘it is a pretty

plain, that when this tribute of poetical praise was bestowed,
the horn of Rorie More had not been inactive.’10—Monthly

Review. See Appendix, Note M.

** Of the prominent beauties 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, simple,
and sublime.”—British Critic.
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And walter'd 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. 3
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone 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 shrine
'\(\text{task'd high and hard—but witness mine!}^{*}\)

XI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch-Tua 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; 4
No time for matin or for 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 Illay 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 Corrievrecken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;
—Scenes sung by him who sings no more. 5

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 7
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 cope and alder groves.
Deep import from that selcouth 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 sea
They furrow with fair augury,
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. 6
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 strove and green.

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1 MS.—"Where nighed, his and disturb'd repose."
2 See Appendix, Note 2 P.
3 The MS. adds,
   "Which, when the rains of thy pile
   Cumber the desolate isle,
   Firm and immutable shall stand,
   'Gainst winds, and waves, and spoiler's hand."
4 "We were now treading that illustrious isle, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavors, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws to from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us infil ferment and annove over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."—Johnson.
5 See Appendix, Note 2 Q.
6 MS.—"His short but bright," &c.
7 See Appendix, Note 2 R.
8 Ibid. Note 2 S.
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, seem'd 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 Arthorn 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 chieftains' sight.—
When, to fulfil 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 pleasure 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 shek.
That knight unknown, to whom the prize
She dealt,—had favor in her eyes;
But since our brother Nigel's fate,

1 MS.——"no tongue is mine
To blame her," &c.

2 MS.—"The princely Bruce."

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 held,
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 strilving strope,—
(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 not unredress'd.
Come, cheer thee; thou art now of age
To be a warrior's gallant page;
Thou shalt be mine!—a palfrey fair
O'er hill and holt my boy shall 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, no,
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,
CANTO IV.  
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.  

Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals?  
Fitter by far in yon 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 answer'd gay,  
"For the high laud 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-Ghoill replied again.  
Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,  
Had in a glen a hant at bay,  
And Lennox cheer'd the laggard hounds,  
When waked that born 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!"—  
"Not so," replied the good Lord James,  
"That blast no English bugle claims.  
Oft have I heard it fire the fight,  
Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight.  
Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear,  
If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear!  
Each to Loch Ranald's margin spring;  
That blast was winded by the King!"

XIX.  
Fast to their mates the tidings spread,  
And fast to shore the warriors sped.  
Burusting from glen and Greenwood tree,  
High waked their loyal jubilee!  
Around the royal Bruce they crowd,  
And clasp'd his hands, and wept aloud.  
Veterans of early fields were there,  
Whose helmets press'd their hoary 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 orbossy shield.  
Men too were there, that bore the scars  
Impress'd in Albion's woeful wars,  
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,  
Teynordun'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 reign'd they press'd,  
Wept, shouted, clasp'd him to their breast,  
And young and old, and serf and lord,  
And he who ne'er unsheathed a sword,  
And he in many a peril tried,  
Alike resolved the brunt to bide,  
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 polish'd shield  
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!  
Such transports wake, severe and high,  
Amid the pealing conquest cry;  
Scarcely less, when, after battle lost,  
Muster the remnant's 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, saunty relics of the train  
That hail'd at Scone his early reign,  
This patriot band around him hung,  
And to his knees and bosom clung?—  
Blame ye the Bruce!—his brother blamed,  
But shared the weakness, while ashamed,  
With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,  
And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 T.  
2 MS. —"Impress'd by life-blood of the Dane,"  
3 MS. —"If not on Britain's warlike ground,"  
4 "Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead,  
For us, even banquet-found regret supply  

In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
When those who win at length divide the prey,  
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,  
How had the brave who fell exulted now?"  
BYRON'S CORSAIR  

6 See Appendix, Note 2 U.
XXI.
'Tis morning, and the Convent bell
Long time had ceased its matin knoll,
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;
H'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 forewarn'd, thou royal Maid!"
The portress cross'd herself, and said,—
"Not to be prioress might I
Debate his will, his suit deny."—
"Has earthy 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 ta'en 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 suppliants, 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 meener 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 subdued? 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!
I 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 venturous spirit dared,
When raising first thy valliant 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 stream
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 o'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?"
Truly his penetrating eye
Hath caught that blush's passing dye,—
Like the last beam of evening thrown
On a white cloud,—just seen and gone.¹

Soon with calm cheek and steady eye,
The princess made composed reply:—
"I guess my brother's meaning well;
For not so silent is the cell,
But we have heard the islesmen all
Arm in thy cause at Ronald's call,
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 bursting 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 fainful,
Unfit 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 fixed on heaven.⁶

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 plightèd both with ring and word,
And sworn on crucifix and sword.—
Oh, shame thee, Robert! I have seen
Thou hast a woman's guardian been!
Even in extremity's dread hour,
When press'd on thee the Southern power,
And safety, to all human sight,
Was only found in rapid flight,
Thou heard'st a wretched female plain
In agony of travail-pain,
And thou didst bid thy little 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 oppress'd and injured maid,
Even plead for Ronald's perilly,
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 brokers 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, loosen'd from his hold,
Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;
smile applied to the transient blush observed by Bruce; the countenance of Isabel upon his mention of Ronald."—British Critic.

¹ "We would bow with veneration to the powerful and rugged 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 nicest discrimination; are introduced with the happiest effect. Hence, in his similes, both the genius and the judgment of the poet are peculiarly conspicuous; his accurate observation of the appearances of nature, which others have neglected, imparts a 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

² MS. — "And well I judge that Knight unknown." ³ MS. — "But that his life was so
⁴ MS. — "The Monarch's hand and clench his bow.
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 couples which follow are interpolated on the blank page.
⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 V.
But good King Robert cried,
"Chafe not—by signs he speaks his mind,
He heard the plan my care design'd,
Nor could his transports hide.—
But, sister, now bethink thee well;
No easy choice the convent cell;
Trust, I shall play no tyrant part,
Either to force thy hand or heart,
Or suffer that Lord Ronald 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 uncontr'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 spousal 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 buds 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 importance."

2 This and the two preceding lines are interpolated on the blank page of the MS.

3 "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 Bruce's arrival at the Isle of Arran. The voyage is certainly described with spirit; but

But what have I with love to do?
Far sterner cares my lot pursue.
—Pent in this isle we may not lie,
Nor would it long our wants supply.
Right opposite, the mainland towers
Of my own Turnberry court our powers—
—Might not my father's beadsmen hear,
Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore,
Kindle a signal-flame, to show
The time propitious for the blow?
It shall be so—some friend shall bear
Our mandate with despatch and care;
Edward shall find the messenger.
That fortress ours, the island fleet
May on the coast of Carrick meet—
O Scotland! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line,
To raise my victor-head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free,—
That glance of bliss is all I crave,
Betwixt my labors and my grave!"

Then down the hill he slowly went,
Oft pausing on the steep descent,
And reach'd the spot where his bold train
Held rustic camp upon the plain."

The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

Ox fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward curl'd
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.
And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil,—

For, wake where'er he may, Man wakes to care
And toil.

But other duties call'd each convent maid,
Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell;

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 ought to reserve, as much as possible, the interlocutory 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 poetical beauty of which 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.
CANTO V.  

Sung were the matins, and the mass was said,  
And every sister sought her separate cell,  
Such was the rule, her rosary to tell.  
And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer  
The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell  
Upon the snowly neck and long dark hair,  
As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there.

II.

She raised her eyes, that duty done,  
When glanced upon the pavement-stone,  
Gemmi'd and enchaused, a golden ring,  
Bound to a scroll with silken string;  
With few brief words inscribed to tell,  
"This for the Lady Isabel."  
Within, the writing farther bore,—  
"'Twas with this ring his plight he swore,  
With this his promise I restore;  
To her who can the heart command,  
Well may I yield the plighted hand.  
And O! for better fortune born,  
Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn  
Her who was Edith once of Lorn!"  
One single flash of glad surprise  
Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes,  
But vanish'd in the blush of shame,  
That, as its penance, instant came.  
"O thought unworthy of my race!  
Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and base,  
A moment's throb of joy to own,  
That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown!—  
Thou pledge of vows too well believed,  
Of man ingrate and maid deceived,  
Think not thy lustre here shall gain  
Another heart to hope in vain!  
For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaud,  
Where worldly thoughts are overawed,  
And worldly splendors sink debased."  
Then by the cross the ring she placed.

III.

Next rose the thought,—its owner far,  
How came it here through bolt and bar?—  
But the dim lattice is ajar.—  
She looks abroad, the morning dew  
A light short step had brush'd anew,  
And there were foot-prints seen  
On the carved buttress rising still,  
Till on the mossy window-sill  
Their track effaced the green.  
The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,  
As if some climber's steps to aid.—  
But who the hardy messenger,  
Whose venturous path these signs infer?—

MS.—"a ring of gold,  
A scroll around the jewel roll'd,  
Had few brief words." &c.

MS.—"A single throb of joy to own."

"Strange doubts are mine!—Morn, draw nigh—  
Naught 'scapes old Morn's curious eye—  
What strangers, gentle mother, say—  
Have sought these holy walls to-day?"—  
"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 Morn, 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 couch'd in Greenwood bower,  
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 benedict!  
Like deer, that, rousing from their lair,  
Just shake the dew-drops from their hair,  
And toss their armed crests aloft,  
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 striping mute.  
Thus prays his sister Isabel,  
For causes more than she may tell—

2 MS.—"'Tis she herself."  
4 MS.—"What! know'st thou not in sudden haste  
The warriors from our woods have pass'd!"

6 MS.—"Canst tell where they have bent their way?"
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.  CANTO V

Away, good father! and take heed,
That life and death are on thy speed;" He's o' the good old priest did o'ne,
Took his piked staff and sandal'd shoon,
And, like a palmer bent by eel,
O'er moss and moor his journey held.†

VI.
Heavy and dull the foot of age,
And rugged was the pilgrimage;
But none was there beside, whose care
Might such important message bear.
Through birchen copee he wander'd slow,
Stunted and sapless, thin and low;
By many a mountain stream he pass'd,
From the tall cliffs in tumult cast,
Dashing to foam their waters dun,
And 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
Craved wavy eye and ample stride;‡
He cross'd his brow beside the stone
Where Druids erst heard victims groan,§
And at the carns upon the wild,
O'er many a heathen hero pield,‖
He breathed a timid prayer for those
Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose,
Beside Macfarlane's Cross he laid,
There told his hours within the shade,
And at the stream his thirst allay'd.
Thence onward journeying slowly still,
As evening closed he reach'd the hill,
Where, rising through the woodland green,
Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen,
From Hastings, late their English lord,
Douglas had won them by the sword.¶
The sun that sunk behind the isle,
Now tinged them with a parting smile.

VII.
But though the beams of light decay,
'Twas bustle all in Brodick-Bay.
The Bruce's followers crowd the shore,
And boats and barges some unmour,
Some raise the sail, some seize the car.
Their eyes oft turn'd where glimmer'd far;
What might have seem'd an early star
On heaven's blue arch, save that its light
Was all too flickering, fierce, and bright.
Far distant in the south, the ray
Shone pale amid retiring day,

But as, on Carrick-shore,
Dim seen in outline faintly blue,
The shades of evening closer drew,¶¶
It kindled more and more.
The monk's slow steps now press the sands
And now amid a scene he stands,
Full strange to churchman's eye;
Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
Rivet and clasp their harness light,
And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
And helmets flashing high.
Oft, too, with unaccustomed ears,
A language much unmeet he hears,¶¶¶
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 oft 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 host of Isabel.
—"Now by Saint Giles," the monarch cried,
"This moves me much!—this morning tide,
I sent the strippling to Saint Bride,
With my commandment there to hide."—
—"Thither he came the portress 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,

† MS.—"And cross the island took his way,
O'er hill and holt, to Brodick-Bay."†
‡ See Appendix, Note 2 W.
§ MS.—"He cross'd him by the Druid's stone,
That heard of yon the victim's groan."¶
¶ See Appendix, Note 2 X.
¶¶ MS.—"The shades of even more closely drew,
It brighten'd more and more.
Now print his sandal'd feet the sands,
And now amid," &c.
¶¶¶ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.
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.”—

X.

“O wild of thought, and hard of heart!”  
Answer’d the Monarch, “on a part  
Of such deep danger to employ  
A mune, an orphan, and a boy!  
Unfit for flight, unfit for strife,  
Without a tongue to plead for life!  
Now, were my right restored by Heaven,  
Edward, my crown I would have given,  
Ere, thrust on such adventure wild,  
I peril’d thus the helpless child.”—  
—Offended half, and half submit,  
“Brother and Liege, of blame like this,”  
Edward replied, “I little dream’d.  
A stranger messenger, I deem’d,  
Might safest seek the beasman’s cell,  
Where all thy squires are known so well.  
Noteless his presence, sharp his sense,  
His imperfection his defence.  
If seen, none can his errand guess;  
If ta’en, his words no tale express—  
Methinks, too, yonder beacon’s shine  
Might 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,  
Soon shall my care her page restore.  
Our greeting to our sister bear,  
And think of us in mass and prayer.”—

XI.

“Aye!” said the Priest, “while this poor hand  
Can chalice raise or cross command,  
While my old voice has accents use,  
Can Augustine forget the Bruce!”  
Then to his side Lord Ronald press’d,  
And whisper’d, “Dear 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 aloft,  
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 oft 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 lances bore  
Impatient aid the laboring oar.  
The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,  
And glanced against the whit’ned sail;  
But on that ruddy beacon-light  

Of such deep peril, to employ  
A mune, a stranger, and a boy.”

* The MS. reads:—  
"Keeps careless guard in Turnberry hall,”  
See Appendix, Note 3 A.  
* MS.—“Said Robert, ‘to assign a part  

37
Each steersman kept the helm aright,
And oft, for such the King’s command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warm’d them to crowd or slacken 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 beacon rose;
The light, that seem’d a twinkling star,
Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glow’d,
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow’d,
Red rose the rocks on ocean’s brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropp’d from their crags on plashing wave.¹
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 replied,
“Will learn the truth whate’er betide;
Yet sure the beardman and the child
Could ne’er have waked that beacon wild.”

XIV.

With that the boats approach’d the land,²
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 hardly 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 falchion glister bright,
And in the red and dusky light
His comrade’s face each warrior saw,
Nor marvel’d it was pale with awe,
Then high in air the beams were lost,
And darkness sunk upon the coasts.—
Recall’d to Heaven a prayer address’d,
And Douglas cross’d his dauntless breast;
“Saint James protect us!” Lennox cried,
But reckless Edward spoke aside,
“Deem’st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame
Red Comyn’s angry spirit came,
Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure?”—
“Hush!” said the Bruce, “we soon shall know
If this be sorcerer’s empty show;¹
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 rock’s King Robert drew
His scatter’d files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tide,
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He knelt him lowly⁶ on the sand,
And gave a scroll to Robert’s hand.
“A torch,” the Monarch cried, “What, ho! Now shall we Cuthbert’s tidings know.”
But evil news the letters bare,
The Clifford’s force was strong and ware,⁶ Augmented, too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrow’d by oppressor’s hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk deflection’s iron sleep.—
Cuthbert had seen that beacon-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 these 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 us to the main
As exiles, and embark again?”¹
Answer’d fierce Edward, “Hap what may,
In Carrick, Carrick’s Lord must stay.
I would not minstrels told the tale,
Wildfire or meteor made us quail.”—
Answer’d the Douglas, “If my Liege
May win you walls by storm or siege,

¹ MS.—“And from their crags plash’d in the wave.”
² MS.—“With that the barges near’d the land.”
³ MS.—“A wizard’s.”
⁴ MS.—“Callants be hush’d; we soon shall know,”
⁵ MS.—“If this be sorcerer’s show.”
⁶ MS.—“That Clifford’s force in watch were ware.”
⁷ MS.—“A wildfire meteor,” &c.
Then were each brave and patriot heart
Kindled of new for loyal part."—1
Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame
Would I that aged Torquil came,
And found, for all our empty boast,
Without a blow we fied 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'd bide!"
So Boyd and Haye and Lemnox 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 reck'n to his cost.
Meantime, through well-known book 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 defeat and death,
Or were it but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range,
Startling the traveller late and lone, 6
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 stripling's stay.
To aid him on the rugged way.
"Now cheer thee, simple Amadine!
Why throbs that silly heart of thine?"—
—That name the pirates to their slave
(In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling) gave—

"Dost thou not rest thee on my arm?
Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm?
Hath not the wild-bull's treble hide
This targe for thee and me supplied?
Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel?
And, trembler, canst thou terror feel?
Cheer thee, and still that throbbing heart;
From Ronald's guard thou shalt not part."
—O! many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken
Half soothed, half grieved, half terrified,
Close drew the page to Ronald's side;
A wild delicious 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, 6
And marks a watchful enemy.—
They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's silvan reign 7
(Seek not the scene—the axe, the plough,
The boor's dull fence, have marr'd it now),
But then, soft swept in velvet green
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depth of the brown forest shade.
Here the tall fern obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive fawn;
There, tufted close with copsewood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen;
And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.
The glossy holly loved the park,
The yew-tree lent its shadow dark, 6
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.
Lovely between, the moonbeams fell
On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.
The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see
These glades so loved in childhood free,
Bethinking that, as outlaw, now,
He ranged beneath the forest bough. 6

1 MS.—"" to play their part."
2 MS.—"Since Clifford needs will make his home,
The hour of reckoning soon shall come." 8
3 MS.—"The Knight shall reckon," &c.
4 See Appendix, Note 3 B.
5 MS.—"Such as through midnight ether range,
Affrightening oft the traveller lone." MS.—"Sounds sadly over land and sea." 9
6 MS.—"The dark-green holly loved the down,
The yew-tree lent its shadow brown." 7
7 "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, also display much beautiful painting (stanzas 15 and 19). After the castle is won, the same strain is pursued."—Jeffrey.
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 lengthen'd pause,
His weary step the stripling 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 thine own limbs and strength employ.
Pass but this night, and pass thy care,
I'll place thee with a lady fair,
Where thou shalt tune thy lute to tell
How Ronald loves fair 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 darken'd cell hath sunk;
Enter, and rest thee there a space,
Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face.
I will not be, believe me, far;
But must not quit the ranks of war.
Well will I mark the bosky bourne,
And soon, to guard thee hence, return.—
Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy!
But sleep in peace, and wake in joy."
In 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 overtook.

1 MS. — "From Amadyne's exhausted brow."
2 MS. — "And double toll," &c.
3 "Nay fear not yet," &c.
4 MS. — "his weight refuse."
5 "This canto is not distinguished by many passages of extraordinary merit; as it is, however, full of business, and comparatively free from those long rhyming dialogues which are so frequent in the poem, it is, upon the whole, spirited and pleasing. The scene in which Ronald is described sheltering Edith under his plaid, for the love which he bears to Isabel, is, we think, more poetically conceived than any other in the whole poem, and contains some touches of great pathos and beauty — Quarterly Review.
6 MS. — "And mantle in my plaid thy face."
7 MS. — "In silvan castle warm bestow'd,
He left the page."
8 MS. — "And now with Lorn he spoke aside, And now to squire and yeoman cried.
War-horse and palfrey," &c.
9 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 Lorn¹
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 roar;
They sever'd, and they met not more.
He deems—such tempest vex'd the coast—
Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost.
So let it be, with the disgrace
And scandal of her lofty race²
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 his lurking place."³
"What tidings can the youth afford?"—
"He plays the mute."—³ Then moose a cord—
Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom
For his plight's sake."—³ "Clan-Collin's loom,
Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace
Rather the vesture than the face,
"Clan-Collin's dames such tartans twine;
Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine.
Give him, if my advice you crave,
His own scathed oak,"¹ and let him wave
In air, unless, by terror wrung,
A frank confession find his tongue.—⁵
Nor shall he die without his rite!
—Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight,
And give Clan-Collin'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 sighed, "Adieu!"

XXVI.
And will he keep his purpose still,
In sight of that last closing ill.⁶
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 string—he will not yield!
Since that poor breath, that little word,
May yield Lord Ronald to the sword.—³
Clan-Collin's dirge is pealing wide,
The griesly headman's by his side;
Along the greenwood Chase they bend,
And now their march has ghostly end:
That old and shatter'd oak beneath,
They destinie for the place of death.⁸
—What thoughts are his, while all in vain
His eye for aid explores the plain?
What thoughts, while, with a dizzy ear,
He hears the death-prayer mutter'd near?
And must he die such death accurat,
Or will that bosom-secret burst?
Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew,
His trembling lips are livid blue;
The agony of parting life
Has naught 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,³
"By Heaven, they lead the page to die,
And mock me in my agony!
They shall aby it!"—On his arm
Bruce laid strong grasp, "They shall not harra
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 couch 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 din,
Rush forward, and the passage win,
Secure the drawbridge—storm the port,
And man and guard the castle-court—
The rest move slowly forth with me,
In shelter of the forest-tree,
Till Douglas at his post I see."

¹ MS.—"To all save to himself alone.
Then, says he, that a bark from Lorn
Laid him aboard," &c.
² 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 bond-maid tame,
Lost to each sense of pride and shame."³
³ MS.—"A spy, whom, guided by our hound,
Lurking conceal'd this morn we found."
XXVIII.

Like war-horse eager to rush on,
Compell’d to wait the signal blown,1
Hid, and scarce hid, by Greenwood 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 oft 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 mutter’d prayer The victim for his fate prepare.—
What glances o’er the Greenwood shade? The spear that marks the ambuscade:—
“Now, noble Chief! I leave thee loose; Upon them, Ronald!” said the Bruce.

XXIX.

‘The Bruce, the Bruce!’ to well-known cry His native rocks and woods reply. “The Bruce, the Bruce!” in that dread word The knell of hundred deaths was heard. The astonish’d Southern gazed at first, Where the wild tempest was to burst, That waked in that presaging name. Before, behind, around it came! Half-arm’d, surprised, on every side Hemm’d in, hew’d down, they bled and died. Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged, And fierce Clan-Goliath’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 Douglas’s redoubted 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 claim’d his hand, He raised the page, where on the plain His fear had sunk him with the slain;

And twice, that morn, surprise well near Betray’d the secret kept by fear; Once, when, with life returning, came To the boy’s lip Lord Ronald’s name, And hardly recollection4 drown’d The accents in a murmuring sound; And once, when scarce he could resist The Chief’s care to loose the vest, Drawn tightly o’er his laboring breast. But then the Bruce’s bugle blew, For martials work was yet to do.

XXXI.

A harder task fierce Edward waits. Ere signal given, the castle gates His fury had assails’d;5 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,6 And struck the iron chain in two, By which its planks arose; The warder next his axe’s edge Struck down upon the threshold ledge, ’Twixt door and post a gashly wedge! 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 way7 Against a hundred foes. Loud came the cry, “The Bruce, the Bruce!” No hope or in defence or truce, Fresh combatants pour in; Mad with success, and drunk with gore, They drive the struggling foe before, And ward on ward they win. Unsparring 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, Clamor’d the dogs till turrets rung, Nor sunk the fearful cry, Till not a foeman was there found Alive, save those who on the ground Groan’d in their agony.8

1 MS.—“Yet waiting for the trumpet tone.”
2 MS.—“See the slow death-train,”
3 MS.—“And scarce his recollection, ” &c.
4 MS.—“A harder task fierce Edward waits, Whose ire assails’d the castle gates,”
5 MS.—“Where sober thought had fail’d, Upon the bridge himself he threw.”
6 MS.—“His axe was steel of temper’d edge, That truth the warden well might pledge, He sunk upon the threshold ledge! The gate,” &c.
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.
8 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 complete:
9 All the living things that heard That deadly earth-shock disappear’d;
The wild birds fled; 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,
Yet gain’d with slender train the port,
Where lay his bark beneath the fort,
And cut the cable loose.²
Short were his shrift in that debate,
That hour of fury and of fate,
If Lorn encounter’d Bruce³
Then long and loud the victor shout
From turret and from tower rung out,
The rugged vaults replied;
And from the donjon tower on high,
The men of Carrick may descry
Saint Andrew’s cross, in 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 chieftain, prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.
Great God! once more my sire’s abode
Is mine—behold the floor I trode
In tottering infancy!
And there⁵ the vaulted arch, whose sound
Echoed my joyous shrift and sound:
In boyhood, and that rung around
To youth’s unthinking glee!
O first, to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
Then to my friends, my thanks be given!”⁶—
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 o’er.

XXXIV.
"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four,
My noble fathers loved of yore.⁷
Thrice let them circle round the board,
And howling left the unburied dead;
The camels from their keepers broke;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o’er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein."³ &c.

¹ Ir point of fact, Clifford fell at Bannockburn.
² MS.—"And swiftly hoisted sail.”
³ MS.—“Short were his shrift, if in that hour
Of fate, of fury, and of power,
He encounter’d Edward Bruce!”
⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 D.
⁵ MS.—“And see the vaulted arch,” &c.
⁶ See Appendix, Note 3 B.
⁷ MS.—“Be lasting infamy his lot,
And brand of a disloyal Scot!”

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!⁸
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 new⁹
Warn Lanark’s knights to gird their mail,
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Ettrich’s archers sharp their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts!
Call all, call all! from Reedswar-Path,
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath;
Wide let the news through Scotland ring,
The Northern Eagle claps his wing!”

The Lord of the Isles

CANTO SIXTH.

I.
O who, that shared them, ever shall forget⁰
The emotions of the spiritrousing 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 was 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

⁸ See Appendix, Note 3 F.
⁹ MS.—“Hast thou forgot—No! who can o’er forget.”
¹⁰ MS.—“Who can avoid conjuring up the idea of men with broad sheets of foofaraw scored with victories rolled round their hats and horns 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 close and sudden intrusion of the clamors of some hot and hornfaced patriot, blowing ourselves, as well as Bonaparte, to the devil! And what has all this to do with Bannockburn?”—Monthly Review.
¹¹ MS.—“Watch’d Joy’s broad banner rise, watch’d Triumph’s flashing gan.”
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 regain’d,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remain’d,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Rounded 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,
Beleaguer’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 bled,
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 must’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 horsemen good,
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude,
And Connought pour’d from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre ran
Dark Eth O’Connor away’d.

V.

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slow’ry on, 29

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears!
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay’d,
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears
That track’d with terror twenty rolling years,
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee!
Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
That hail’d the Despot’s fall, and peace and liberty!

Such news o’er Scotland’s hills triumphant rode,
When ’gainst the invaders turn’d the battle’s scale,
When Bruce’s banner had victorious flow’d
O’er Loudoun’s mountain, and in Ury’s vale;
When Edward blood oft deluged Douglas-dale, 3
And fiery Edward routed stout St. John, 4
When Randolph’s war-cry swell’d the southern gale, 5
And many a fortress, town, and tower, was won,
And Fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done.

II.

Blite tidings flew from baron’s tower,
To peasant’s cot, to forest-bower,
And waked the solitary cell,
Where lone Saint Bride’s recluses dwell.
Princess no more, fair Isabel,
A votress of the order now,
Say did the rule that bid thee wear
Dim veil and woollen scapulaire,
And reft thy locks of dark-brown hair,
That stern and rigid vow,
Did it condemn the transport high,
Which glisten’d in thy watery eye,
When minstrel 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,

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1 See Appendix, Note 3 G. 2 Ibid. Note 3 H.
3 Ibid. Note 3 I. 4 Ibid. Note 3 K.
4 Ibid. Note 3 L. 6 Ibid. Note 3 M.
7 The MS. has not this line.
8 See Appendix, Note 3 N. 9 Ibid. Note 3 O.
10 MS — "The gathering storm of war rolls on."
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,
Suspend awhile the threaten'd 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 side,
His royal summons warn'd the land,
That all who own'd their King's command
Should 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 biding came,
To battle for the right!
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway-Sands to Marshal's-Moss, ²
All boun'd them for the fight.
Such news the royal courier tells,
Who came to rouse dark Arran's dells;
But farther 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— ⁴
Long since that mood is gone:
Now dwells he on thy juster claims,
And oft his break of faith he blames—
Forgive him for thine own!"—

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 his elfin page,
By her own heart, and her own eye,
Her lover's penitence to try— ⁵
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 ta'en,
And Lorn had own'd King Robert's reign; ⁶
Her brother had to England fled,
And there in banishment was dead;
Ample, through exile, death, and flight,
O'er tower and land was Edyth's right;
This ample right o'er tower and land
Were safe in Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.
Embarrass'd eye and blushing cheek
Pleasure and shame, and fear bespeak!
Yet much the reasoning Edith made:
"Her sister's faith she must uphold,
Who gave such secret, dark and dear,
In council to another's ear.
Why should she leave the peaceful cell?—
How should she part with Isabel?—
How wear that strange attire aven?—
How risk herself 'midst martial men?—
And how be guarded on the way?—
At least she might entreat delay."
Kind Isabel, with secret smile,
Saw and forgave the maiden's wile,
Reluctant to be thought to move
At the first call of truant love. ⁷

IX.
Oh, blame her not!—when zephyrs wake,
The aspen's trembling leaves must shake;
When beams the sun through April's shower,
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;

From Arran's mountains left the land;
Their chief, MacLouie, had the care;
The speechless Amadine to bear
To Bruce, with honor and reverence,
"To page the monarch dearly loved." ⁸
With one verbal alteration these lines occur hereafter—the poet having postponed them, in order to apologize more at length for Edith's acquiescence in an arrangement not, certainly, at first sight, over delicate.
And Love, howe'er the maiden strive,
Must with reviving hope revive!
A thousand soft excuses came,
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.
Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,
He had her 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
Only brief space—one little day—
Close hidden in her safe disguise
From all, but most from Ronald's eyes—
But once to see him more!—nor blame
Her wish—to hear him name her name!—
Then, to bear back to solitude
The thought he had his falsehood rued!
But Isabel, who long had seen
Her pallid cheek and pensive mien,
And well herself the cause might know,
Though innocent, of Edith's woeful
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:
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.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 P.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 Q.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 R.
4 "As 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 bailliffy of Kyle Stewart, his patrimonial inheritance, lying in the immediate vicinity of the town of Ayr, which grant King James VI. confirmed to their succes-
sors 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 freemans or baro-

5 wise 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
freeman dispose of his freehold except to the community, who
must, within a certain time, dispose of it to a neutral person,
as no freeman or baron can possess more than one allotment,
whereby the original number of freemen is always kept up.

Each freethinker has a vote in the election of the baillies,
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 office, lock
the prison doors on him, but if he leaves the prison without
the proper liberation of the baillies, he thereby forfeits his
barracks or freedom."—Inqwisit. Special, pp. 72, 555, 762.—
Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. ii
pp. 363, 364, 581.—Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. iii, pp. 504
508.—Note from Mr. Joseph Train (1840).
6 See Appendix, Note 3 S.
CANTO VI.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

For one she look’d—but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war—
Yet with affection’s troubled eye
She mark’d his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle’s desperate chance.

XII.

To centre of the vaward-line
Fitz-Louis guided 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 Lodon’s land;
Ettrick 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 far divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and left-ward 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 marshall 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 mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And clasped 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,
Accoutred 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 fearful¹ to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o’er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England’s King and peers;
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
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 their line?”—
“The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well.”—
“And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?”—
“So please my Liege,” said Argentine,
“Were he but harned 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 blood!¹ he came,
A race renown’d for knightly fame.
He burn’d before his Monarch’s eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spur’d his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye—
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink;  
While on the King, like flash of flame,  
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!  
The partridge may the falcon mock,  
If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
But, swerving from the Knight's career,  
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.

XVI.

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,  
Where on the field his foe lay dead;  
Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,  
And, pacing back his sober way,  
Slowly he gain'd his own array.  
There round their King the leaders crowd  
And blame his recklessness aloud,  
That risk'd gainst each adventurous spear  
A life so valued and so dear.  
His broken weapon's shaft survey'd  
The King, and careless answer made,—  
"My loss may pay my 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 threw,  
While to the seeming page he drew,  
Clearing war's terrors from his eye.  
Her hand with gentle ease he took,  
With such a kind protecting look,  
As to a weak and timid boy  
Might speak, that elder brother's care  
And elder brother's love were there.

1 MS.—"The heart took hardly time to think,  
The eyelid scarce had space to wink."  
2 MS.—"Just as they closed in full career,  
Bruce swerved the palfrey from the spear."  
3 MS.—"her wonted pranks, I see."  

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 wreath has lost a rose."  
The Earl his visor closed, and said,  
"My wreath 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 hand 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—

4 See Appendix, Note 3 U  
5 MS.—"Lo! round thy post have pass'd the foes,  
through"  
6 MS.—"Earl Randolph's strength is one to ten."
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO VI.

"See, 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 loos'n'd rein.— That skirmish closed the busy day, And couch'd 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. 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 murmurd prayer, the early mass!— Here, numbers had presumption given; There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from Heaven.

XX.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands The battle-field, fair Edith stands, With serf and page unit'd for war, To eye the conflict from afar. O! with what doubtful agony She sees the dawning tint the sky!— Now on the Ochils gleams the sun, And glistens now 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 bugle sound were toss'd, His breast and brow each soldier cross'd, And started from the ground; Arm'd and array'd for instant fight, Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight, And in the pomp of battle bright The dread battalia frown'd.

XXI.

Now onward, and in open view, The countless ranks of England drew, Dark rolling like the ocean-tide, When the rough west hath chafed his pride, And his deep roar sends challenge wide To all that bars his way! In front the gallant archers trode, The men-at-arms behind them rode, And midmost of the phalanx broad The Monarch held his sway. Beside him many a war-horse 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 bridle-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."— "Aye!—but they bend to other powers, And other pardon sue than ours! See where you bare-foot Abbot stands, And blesses them with lifted hands!" Upon the spot where they have kneel'd, These men will die, or win the field)— "Then prove we if they die or win! Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

fertile poetical power of a writer, who had before so greatly excelled in this species of description."—Monthly Review.
"The battle, we think, is not comparable to the battle in Marmion, though nothing can be finer than the scene of contrasted repose and thoughtful anxiety by which it is introduced (stanzas xix. xx. xxi.)."—Jeffrey.

1 MS.—"Back to his post the Douglas rode, And soon the tidings are abroad." 1 The MS. here interposes the complet— "Glimpse by fits from hostile line, Armor and lance return'd the shine." 3 See Appendix, Note 3 V. 4 "Although Mr. Scott retains that necessary and characteristic portion of his peculiar and well-known manner, he is free, we think, from any faulty selfimitation; and the battle of Bannockburn will remain forever as a monument of the
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—3
—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 hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December’s blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough-bullhide,
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 peasant foe!
We’ll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose!”

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 sprung,
High o’er their heads the weapons swung,
And shriek’d and groan and vengeful shout
Give note of triumph and of rout!

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 stag of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dalloch-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock’s shore
Shall in the Greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield’s merry May-pole new,
The maides may twine 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’erta’en,
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands slain,
They cumber Bannock’s bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight,
“Are these,” he said, “our yeomen wight
Each bragart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!4
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 flight!”
To rightward of the wild affray
The field show’d fair and level way;
But, in mid space, the Bruce’s care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet;
That form’d a ghostly 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 clamor 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,
Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction’s gorge,
Their followers wildly o’er them urge;—
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying 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 MS.—“Their brandish’d spears.”
3 See Appendix, Note 3 Y.
4 Ibid. Note 3 Z.
5 MS.—“An arm’d foe.”
6 MS.—“With many a pit the ground to bore,
With turf and brushwood cover’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 tumult,
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,
Bald Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavare,
Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came,
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar;
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poiatiers.
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,
Unceasing 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 feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-award now,
And Randolph wips his bloody brow;
Nor less had told each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beachamp undo's his visor clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,

'The tug of strife to flag begins,
Though neither loses yet nor wins,'!
but the description of it, as we have ventured to prophesy,
will last forever.

"It will be as unnecessary for the sake of our readers, as it would be useless for the sake of the author, to point out many of the obvious defects of these splendid passages, or of others in the poem. Such a line as "

'The tug of strife to flag begins,'
must wound every ear that has the least pretension to judge of poetry; and no one, we should think, can miss the ridiculous point of such a couplet as the subjoined,—

'Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk.'"

*Monthly Review*

"The adventures of the day are versified rather too literally from the contemporary chronicles. The following passage, however, is emphatic; and exemplifies what this author has so often exemplified, the power of well-chosen and well-arranged names to excite lofty emotions, with little aid either from sentiment or description."—Jeffrey.
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.

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,  
The slackening' of the storm could spy.  
"One effort more, and Scotland's free!  
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee  
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;  
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,  
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;  
Now, forward to the shock!"  
At once the spears were forward thrown,  
Against the sun the 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 fainting 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 Soutbern shout,  
Beheld them turning from the rout,  
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,  
In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.  
That rallying force, combined anew,  
Appear'd in her distracted view  
To hem the Islesmen round;  
"O God! the combat they renew,  
And is no rescue found!  
And ye that look thus tamely on,  
And see your native land o'erthrown,  
O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar,  
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  
Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;  
But, when mute Amadine they heard  
Give to their zeal his signal-word,  
A phrensy fired the throng;  
"Portents and miracles impeach  
Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—  
And he that gives the mute his speech,  
Can bid the weak be strong.  
To us, as to our lords, are given  
A native earth, a promised heaven;  
To us, as to our lords, belongs  
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;  
The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms  
Our breasts as theirs—To arms, to arms!"  
To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—  
And mimic ensigns high they rear,  
And, like a banner'd host afar,  
Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,  
Reproof, command, and counsel vain,  
The rearward squadrons fled amain,  
Or made but doubtful stay;—  
But when they mark'd the seeming show  
Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,  
The 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 caffiff 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 bands 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.  
“Now then,” he said, and couched 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 unarm’d—a lance’s point  
Has found his breastplate’s loosen’d joint,  
An axe has razed his crest;  
Yet still on Colonays’s fierce lord,  
Who press’d the chase with gory sword,  
He rode with spear in rest,  
And through his bloody tartans bore,  
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 Colonays  
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 Southrons’ scatter’d rear,  
Nor let his broken force combine,  
—When the war-cry of Argentine  
Pell 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 rais’d 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 stumbleth 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, crave—  
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 manly face—  
Bid Ninian’s convent light their shrine,  
For late-wake of De Argentine,  
O’er better knight on death-bier laid,  
Torch never gleam’d nor mass was said!”

XXXV.

Nor for De Argentine alone,  
Through Ninian’s church these torches shine,  
And rose the death-prayer’s awful tone.  
That yellow lustre glimmer’d pale,  
On broken plate and bloodied mail,  
Rent crest and shatter’d coronet,  
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;  
And the best names that England knew,  
Claim’d in the death-prayer dismal due.  
Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!  
Though ne’er the leopards on thy shield  
Retreated from so sad a field,  
Since Norman William came.  
Oft may thine annals justly boast  
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;  
Grudge not her victory,  
When for her freeborn rights she strove;  
Rights dear to all who freedom love,  
To none so dear as thee!  

1 The MS. has not the seven lines which follow.  
2 MS.—“Now toil’d the Bruce as leaders ought,  
To use his conquest boldly bought.”  
3 See Appendix, Note 4 F.  
4 MS.—“And the best names that England owns  
Swell the sad death-prayer’s dismal tones.”  
5 MS.—“When for her rights her sword was bare,  
Rights dear to all who freedom bore.”  
6 The fictitious part of the story is, on the whole, the least

interesting—though we think that the author has hazarded rather 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 flatness to his narration, by adhering too closely to the authentic history; and has lowered down the tone of his poetry to the same level of the rude chronicles by whom the incidents were originally recorded. There is a more serious and general fault, however, in the conduct of all this part of the story—and that is, that it is not
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 bonnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen!"
"Spoke he with none?"—"With none—o! the word
Burst when he saw the Island Lord,1
Returning from the battle-field."—
"What answer made the Chief?"—"He kneel'd,
Burst not look up, but mutter'd low,
Some mingled sounds that none might know,
And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear,
As being of superior sphere."

XXXVII

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,
Heap'd then with thousands of the slain,
'Mid victor monarch's musings high,
Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye
"And bore he such angelic air,
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 ani-

mosity towards England, or that exultation 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 discounts
solemnly 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 ap-

pense critics, and attract readers in the southern part of the
island—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
troubling his own liberality and loyalty into question, although,
in speaking of the events of that remote period, where an over-

bearing conqueror was overthrown in a lawless attempt to sub-
dom 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
lessened 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,2
To pay for high deliverance given,
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
Let him array, besides, such state,
As should on princes' nuptials wait.
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace, with early morn,
The bridal of the Maid of Lorn."3

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
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 woe;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow

1 MS.—"Excepted to the Island Lord,
When turning," &c.

2 MS.—"Some mingled sounds of joy and woe."3

3 The MS. adds—
"That priests and choir, with morning beams,
Prepare, with reverence as becometh,
To pay," &c.

4 "Bruce 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 banns; be-
cause, although it is conceivable that the mere lapse of time
might not have eradicated the passion of Edith, yet how such
a circumstance alone, without even the assistance of an in-
terview, could have created one in the bosom of Ronald, is
altogether inconceivable. He must have proposed to marry
her merely from compassion, or for the sake of her lands;
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 bride'scake 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."
Slane, yet more lovely in a form so fair; And, least of all, what vails the world should know,

1 The reader is referred to Mr. Hogg's "Pilgrims of the Sun" for some beautiful lines, and a highly interesting note, on the death of the Duchess of Buccleuch. See ante, p. 412.
2 The Edinburgh Reviewer (Mr. Jeffrey) says, "The story of the Lord of the Isles, in so far as it is fictitious, is palpably deficient both in interest and probability; and, in so far as it is founded on historical truth, seems to us to be objectionable, both for want of incident, and want of variety and connection in the incidents that occur. There is a romantic grandeur, however, in the scenery, and a sort of savage greatness and rude antiquity in many of the characters and events, which relieves the insipidity of the narrative, and atones for many defects in the execution."

After giving copious citations from what he considers as "the better parts of the poem," the critic says, "to give a complete and impartial idea of it, we ought to subjoin some from its more faulty passages. But this is but an inexact task at all times, where such an author as Mr. Scott, is both inviolate and unnecessary. His faults are nearly as notorious as his beauties; and we have announced in the outset, that they are equally conspicuous in this as in his other productions. There are innumerable harsh lines and uncoordinated expressions, passages of a coarse and heavy diction, and details of uninteresting minuteness and oppressive expression. It is needless, after this, to quote such couples as

'A damsel tired of midnight bark, Or wanderers of a moulding stark,'—

or to recite the many weary pages which contain the colloquies of Isabel and Edith, and set forth the uninteresting reasons of their unreasonable conduct. The concerns of these two young ladies, indeed, form the heaviest part of the poem. The wanton generosity of the one, and the piteous fidelity of the other, are equally oppressive to the reader, and do not tend at all to put him in good humor with Lord Ronald,—who, though the beloved of both, and the nominal hero of the work, is certainly as far as possible from an interesting person.

The lovers of poetry have a particular aversion to the inconsistency of other lovers,—and especially to such sort of inconsistency which is liable to the suspicion of being partly inspired by worldly ambition, and partly abjured from considerations of a still mannered selfishness. We suspect, therefore, that they will have but little indulgence for the fickleness of the Lord of the Isles, who breaks the truth he had pledged to the heiress of Lorn, as soon as to see a chance of succeeding with the King's sister, and comes back to the slighted bride, when his royal mistress takes the vows in a covet, and the heiress gets into possession of her lands, by the forfeiture of her brother. These characters, and this story, form the great blench of the poem; but it has rather less fire and flow and facility, we think, on the whole, than some of the author's other performances."

The Monthly Reviewer thus assails the title of the poem:—

"The Lay of the Isles himself, selon les rigoles of Mr. Scott's compositions, being the hero, is not the first person in the poem. The attendant here is always in white muslin, and Tiberina herself in white linen. Still, among the Deuteroproteus (or second best) of the author, Lord Ronald holds a respectable rank. He is not so mere a magic-lantern figure, once seen in bower and once in field, as Lord Cranstoun; he far exceeds that tame rabbit boiled to rats without onion or otherwise sauce, De Wilton; and although he certainly falls infinitely short of that accomplished swimmer Malcolm Grame, yet he rises proportionately above the red-haired Redmond. Lord Ronald, indeed, bating his intended marriage with one woman while he loves another, is a very noble fellow; but, 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 poetical as the great. Nevertheless, it would have been just as proper to call Virgil's divine poem 'The Anchialis,' 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 in voluntary blessing it excels any single part of any one of them. The battle, too, and many dispersed lines besides, have transcendent merit. In point of failure, however, it has not the grace and elegance of 'The Lady of the Lake,' nor the general clearness and vivacity of its narrative; nor the unexpected happiness 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 so pathetic as 'The Cynus 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 Northram'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 what has it (with the exception before stated) equal to the immurement of Constance? On the whole, however, we prefer it to 'Marmion,' which, in spite of much merit, always had a sort of noisy royal-circus air with it; a clap-trappery, if we may venture on such a word. 'Marmion,' in short, has become quite identified with Mr. Graham in our minds; and we are therefore 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 remaining longer works; and as to 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' for numerous commonplaces and separate beauties, that poem, we believe, still constitutes one of the highest steps, if 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 novel, that is, of the most Minivera-perscription; 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 fabliau 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 poem of Mr. Scott has yet appeared with fairer claims to the public attention. If it have less pathos than the Lady of the Lake, or less display of character than Marmion, it surpasses them both in grandeur of conception and facility 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 name 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 advancement by this last effort of his genius. We discover in it a brilliancy in detached expressions, and a power of language in
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.

"These passages [referring to the preceding extract from the Quarterly, and that from the Edinburgh Review, at the commence ment 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. v. 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.

Note A.

Thy rugged halls, Artornish! sung.—P. 415.

The ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull, a name given to the deep arm of the sea, which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful salt-water lake, called Loch Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds, which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire. Here they assembled what popular tradition calls their parliaments, meaning, I suppose, their cour pleniêre, or assembly of feudal and patriarchal vassals and dependents. From this Castle of Artornish, upon the 19th day of October, 1461, John de Yle, designing himself Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted, in the style of an independent sovereign, a commission to his trusty and well-beloved cousins, Ronald of the Isles, and Duncan, Arch-Dean of the Isles, for empowering them to enter into a treaty with the most excellent Prince Edward, by the grace of God, King of France and England, and Lord of Ireland. Edward IV., on his part, named Laurence, Bishop of Durham, the Earl of Worcester, the Prior of St. John's, Lord Wenlock, and Mr. Robert Stillington, keeper of the privy seal, his deputies and commissioners, to confer with those named by the Lord of the Isles. The conference terminated in a treaty, by which the Lord of the Isles agreed to become a vassal to the crown of England, and to assist Edward IV. and James, Earl of Douglas, then in banishment, in subduing the realm of Scotland.

The first article provides, that John de Isle, Earl of Ross, with his son Donald Balloch, and his grandson John de Isle, with all their subjects, men, people, and inhabitants, become vassals and liege-lords to Edward IV. of England, and assist him in his wars in Scotland or Ireland; and then follow the allowances to be made to the Lord of the Isles, in recompense of his military service, and the provisions for dividing such conquests as their united arms should make upon the mainland of Scotland among the confederates. These appear such curious illustrations of the period, that they are here subjoined:

"Item, The said John Erle of Rosse shall, from the said feast of Whittesontyde next coming, yerely, during his lyf, have and take, for his wages yearly, as English money; or for the rate of the tyme,

"Item, The seid John, sonn and heire seid Donald, shall have and take, yerely, from the seid seid Donald, horse, fees and wages, in the tyme of pees, x l. sterling of English money; and for tyme of warr, this seid Donald, shall have wages, of xx l. sterlyng of English money, for the rate of the tyme that he shall be occupied in the service of the seid John, th' Erle Donald and John, and shall have good and sufficient painiment for tyme of warr, as well for tyme of pees as of warr.

"Item, It is now concluded, and finally determined, that, if after the said resumne of Scotlande, or the same shall be conquered, subdued, and brought to the seid seid highest, and Christian prince, and his heires and successours, of the seid Lionell, in fowrme above, and as the assistance, helpe, and aide of the said seid John and Donald, and of James Erle of Dongal, for fees and wages for the tyme of peace essyin,

"Item, If so be he that, by th' aide and assistance of the seid James Erle of Douglas, the said resumne of Scotlande shall be conquered and subdued as above, then he shall have in his tyme, all his possessions, lands, and said syde the Scotishe see; that is to say, the Scotishe see and Englande, such he hath possed of before this; there to hold them c Answers and Christian prince, his heires, and succesors, for evermore, in right of the corone of the seid Erle of Douglas, as his heires and succesors, shall have wages, fees, and homage and fanete to be done therefore."

Conventions Litterae et cujusque gentilium, fol. v., 1741.

Such was the treaty of Artornish; but that the allies ever made any very active or ambitious designs. It will serve to show these reguli, and their independence upon their land.

It is only farther necessary to say of the seid John that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aberearty, where there was another castle, the castle of the Lords of the Isles.

Note B.

Rude Heiskar's seal through swivers,
Will long pursue the minstre's lay.
The Dean of the Isles says of Heiskar, a small uninhabited rock, about twelve (Scottish) miles from the isle of Ulst, that an infinite slaughter of seals takes place there.

**Note C.**

_A turret's airy head_
_Slender and steep, and battled round,_
_O'erook'd, dark Mull! I thy mighty Sound._—P. 417.

he 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 Arrochar, 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 there of that district of Argyleshire, called Morven, or Moyvern, successively indented by deep salt-water lochs, running up many miles inland. To the southeastward, a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruachan-Ben is preeminent. And to the northeast is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Ardnamurchan hills. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene. Those of Donnelly and Dunstaffnage are first passed, then that of Duart, formerly belonging to the chief of the warlike and powerful sept of Macleans, and the scene of Miss Baillie's beautiful tragedy, entitled the Family Legend. Still passing on to the northward, Arternal and Aros become visible upon the opposite shores; and at last, Mingarry, and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more impressive scene, both from its natural beauties, and associations with ancient history and tradition, can hardly be imagined. When the weather is rough, the passage is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channel, and in part from the number of inland lakes, out of which sally forth a number of conflicting and thwarting tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden flaws and gusts of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain gales, are equally formidable. So that in unsettled weather, a stranger, if not much accustomed to the sea, may sometimes add to the other sublime sensations excited by the scene, that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger.

**Note D.**

"these seas behold,\nRound twice a hundred islands roll'd,\nFrom Hirt, that hears their northern roar,\nTo the green Isay's fertile shore."—P. 417.

The number of the western isles of Scotland exceeds two hundred, of which St. Kilda is the most northerly, anciently called Hirth, or Hirt, probably from "earth," being in fact, the whole globe to its inhabitants. Ilay, 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 abode of the Lords of the Isles, being, if not the largest, the most important island of their archipelago. In Martin's time, some relics of their grandeur were yet extant. "Loch-Finglass, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, trout, and eels; this lake lies in the centre of the isle. The Isle Finlaggan, from which this lake hath its name, is in it. It's famous for being once the court in which the great MacDonald, King of the Isles, had his residence; his houses, chapel, etc., are now ruinous. His guards de corps, called Luchtach, kept guard on the lake side nearest to the isle; the walls of their houses are still to be seen there. The high court of judi-

**Note E.**

—Mingarry sternly placed,\nO'er awes the woodland and the waste.—P. 417.

The Castle of Mingarry is situated on the sea-coast of the district of Ardnamurchan. The ruins, which are tolerably entire, are surrounded by a very high wall, forming a kind of polygon, for the purpose of adapting itself to the projecting angles of a precipice overhangiing the sea, on which the castle stands. It was anciently the residence of the Mac-Lans, a clan of Mac-Donalds, descended from Ian, or John, a grandson of Angus Og, Lord of the Isles. The last time that Mingarry was of military importance, occurs in the celebrated Leabhar darg, or Red-book of Clanranald, a MS, renowned in the Osseian controversy. Allaster Mac-Donald, commonly called Colquhito, who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, went over by the Earl of Antrim, during the great civil war, to the assistance of Montrose, began his enterprise in 1644, by taking the castles of Kioloch-Alline, and Mingarry, the last of which made considerable resistance, as might, from the strength of the situation, be expected. In the mean while, Allaster Mac-Donald's ships, which had brought him over, were attacked in Locht Eoin, in Skye, by an armament sent round by the coveniating parliament, and his own vessel was taken. This circumstance is said chiefly to have induced him to continue in Scotland, where there seemed little prospect of raising an army in behalf of the King. He had no sooner moved eastward to join Montrose, a junction which he effected in the bays of Athole, than the Marquis of Argyle besieged the castle of Mingarry, but without success. Among other warriors and chiefs whom Argyle summoned to his camp to assist upon this occasion, was John of Moidart, the Captain of Claranald. Clanranald appeared; but, far from yielding effectual assistance to Argyle, he took the opportunity of being in arms to lay waste the district of Sunart, then belonging to the adherents of Argyle, and sent part of the spoil to relieve the Castle of Mingarry. Thus the castle was maintained until relieved by Allaster Mac-Donald (Colquhito), who had been detached for the purpose by Montrose. These particulars are hardly worth mentioning, were they not connected with the memorable successes of Montrose, related by an eye-witness, and hitherto unknown to Scottish historians.

**Note F.**

_The heir of mighty Somerled._—P. 417.

Somerled was thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV., and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince, about the yea
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

1357. In 1194, he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large, but probably a tumultuary army, collected in the isles, in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighboring provinces of Ireland. He was defeated and slain in an engagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew. His son Gillicollane fell in the same battle. This mighty chieffruit married a daughter of Olave, King of Man. From him our genealogists derive two dynasties, distinguished in the stormy history of the middle ages; the Lords of the Isles descended from his elder son Ronald,—and the Lords of Lorn, who took their surname of M'Dougal, as descended of his second son Ronald. That Somerled's territories upon the mainland, and upon the islands, should have been thus divided between his two sons, instead of passing to the elder exclusively, may illustrate the uncertainty of descent among the great Highland families, which we shall presently notice.

NOTE G.

Lord of the Isles.—P. 417.

The representative of this independent principality, for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the pre-eminence of the Scottish crown, was, at the period of the poem, Angus, called Angus Og; but the name has been, expansive gratae, 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 Dunnaverty, during the time of his greatest distress. As I shall be equally liable to censure for attempting to decide a controversy which has long existed between three distinguished chiefflains of this family, who have long disputed the representation of the Lord of the Isles, or for leaving a question of such importance altogether untouched, I choose, in the first place, to give such information as I have been able to derive from Highland genealogists, and which, for those who have patience to investigate such subjects, really contains some curious information concerning the history of the Isles. In the second place, I shall offer a few remarks upon the rules of succession at that period, without pretending to decide their bearing upon the question at issue, which must depend upon evidence which I have had no opportunity to examine.

Angus Og," says an ancient manuscript translated from the Gaelic, "son of Angus Mor, son of Donald Mor, son of Somerled, high chief and superior Lord of Inisgal (the Isles of the Gaeil, the general name given to the Hebrides), he married a daughter of Cunbri, 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 Faoch, whose descendants are called Clan-Ean of Glencoe, and the M'Donalds of Faoch. This Angus Og died in Isla, where his body was interred. His son John succeeded to the inheritance of Inisgal. He had good dozen lants, namely, three sons procreate of Ann, daughter of Rodi; high chief of Lorna, and one daughter, Mary, married to John MacLean, Laird of Duart, and Lachlan, his brother, Lairi' of Col; she was interred in the church of the Black Nuns. The eldest sons of John were Ronald, Godfrey, and Angus. They gave Ronald a great inheritance. These were the lands which he gave him, viz., from Killeum in Abertarf to the river Seil, and from thence to Beulli, north of Eil and Rum, and the two Uists, and from thence to the foot of the river Glenachan, and thencecore long strips. John married afterwards Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, called John Fernery; she bore him three good sons, Donald of the Isles, the heir, John the Tainister (i.e. Thane), the second son, and Alexander Car-

rach. John had another son called Marcus, of whom the clan Macdonald of Cnoc, in Tireowen, are descended. This John lived long, and made donations to Iolcolmkill; he covered the chapel of Easny-Elan, the chapel of Finlagam, and the chapel of the Isle of Tuvibine, 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 Ardfrankish; many priests and monks took the sacrament at his funeral, and they embalmed the body of this dear man, and brought it to Iolcolmkill; the abbott, monks, and vicar, came as they ought to meet the King of Fiongal, and out of great respect to his memory mourned eight days and nights over it, and laid it in the same grave with his father, in the church of Oran, 1389.

"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 Eigr, and delivered it to his brother Donald, who was thereupon called M'Donald, 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 Clanronald. He gave the lands of Tirma in Uist, to the minister of it forever, for the honor of God and Columkill; he was proprietor of all the lands of the British isles, and the isles; he died in the year of Christ 1380, in his own mansion of Castle Tirim, leaving five children. Donald of the Isles, son of John, son of Angus Og, the brother of Ronald, took possession of Inisgal by the consent of his brother and the gentry thereof; they were all obedient to him: he married Mary Lesley, daughter to the Earl of Ross, and by her came the earldom of Ross to the M'Donalds. After his succession to that earldom, he was called M'Donald, Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross. There are many things written of him in other places.

"He fought the battle of Garloch (i.e. 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 Muli and Isla to the minister of Hi, and every privilege which the minister of Iona had formerly, besides vessels of gold and silver to Columkill for the monastery, and became himself one of the fraternity. He left issue, a lawful heir to Umigall and Ross, namely Alexander, the son of Donald: he died in Isla, and his body was interred in the south side of the temple of Oran. Alexander, called John of the Isles, son of Alexander 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 betwixt the two families about their marches and division of lands, the one party adhering to Angus, and the other to John; the differences increased so much that John obtained from Allan all the lands betwixt Abhain Fhada (i.e. the long river) and old na sionach (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 to the north of Inverness, where he was murdered by his own harper Mac-Caibre, 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-

3 The murderer, I presume, not the man who was murdered.
great feats between these families while Donald Du was in confinement, insomuch that Mac-Cean of Ardnamuranach destroyed the greatest part of the posterity of John Mor of the Isles and Cantyre. For John Cathanach, son of John, son of Donald Balloch, son of John Mor, son of John, son of Angus Og (the chief of the descendants of John Mor), and after the son of John Cathanach, and young John, son of John Cathanach, and young Donald Balloch, son of John Cathanach, were treacherously taken by Mac-Cean in the island of Fingalain, in Isla, and carried to Edinburgh, where he got them hanged at the Burrow-muir, and their bodies were buried in the Church of St. Anthony, called the New Church. There were none left alive at that time of the children of John Cathanach, except Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, and Agnes Flach, who concealed themselves in the glens of Ireland. Mac-Cean, hearing of their hiding-places, went out to cut down the woods of those glens, 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 children. The Mac-Donalds of the North had also descendants; for, after the death of John, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Ross, and the murder of Angus, Alexander, the son of Archibald, the son of Alexander of the Isles, took possession, and John was in possession of the earldom of Ross, and the north bordering country; he married a daughter of the Earl of Moray, of whom John of the Isles, Earl of Ross, was the eldest grandson. In the person of John of the Isles, Mac-Kenzies rose against Alexander, and fought the battle called Bier na Paire. Alexander had only a few of the men of Ross at the battle. He went after that battle to take possession of the Isles, and sailed in a ship to the south to see if he could find any of the posterity of John Mor alive, to rise along with him; but Mac-Cean of Ardnamuranach watched him as he sailed past, followed him to Oransay and Colonsay, went to the house where he was, and he and Alexander, son of John Cathanach, murdered him there.

"A good while after these things fell out, Donald Gallda, son of Alexander, son of Archibald, became mayor; 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 Ardnamuranach, where they met Alexander, the son of John Cathanach, were reconciled to him, he joined his men with theirs against Mac-Cean of Ardnamuranach, came upon him at a place called the Silver Craig, where he and his three sons, and a great number of his people, were killed, and Donald Gallda was immediately declared Lord of the Isles; and, after that affair of Ardnamuranach, all the men of the Isles yielded to him, but he did not live above seven or eight weeks after it; he died at Carnaborg, in Mull, without issue. He had three sisters 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, had a natural son, called John Cam, of whom is descended Achnacloichan, in Ramore, and Donald Gorm, of son of Ronald, son of Alexander Duson, of John Cam, Donald Du, of son of Angus Og, of son of Donald of the Isles, son of John of the Isles, son of Angus Og, namely, the true heir of the Isles and Ross, came after his release from captivity to the Isles, and conveened the men thereof, and he and the Earl of Lennox agreed to raise a great army for the purpose of taking possession, and a ship came from England with a supply of money to carry on the war, which landed at Mull, and the money was given to Mac-Lean of Duart to be distributed among the commanders of the army, which they not receiving in proportion as it should have been distributed among them, caused the army to disperse, which, when the Earl of Lennox heard, he disbanded his own men, and made it up with the king. Mac-Donald went to Ireland to raise men, but he died on his way to Dublin, at Drogheda, of a fever, without issue of either sons or daughters."

In this history may be traced, though the Bard, or Seanachie, touches such a delicate discussion with a gentle hand, the point of difference between the three principal septs descended from the Lords of the Isles. The first question, and one of no easy solution, where so little evidence is produced, respects the heir and the daughter of John called the Archdeacon of the Isles 'the Good John of Ila,' and the last Lord of the Isles,' with Anne, daughter of Roderick Macdungal, high-chief of Lorn. In the absence of positive evidence, presumptive must be resorted to, and I own it appears to render it in the highest degree improbable that this connection was otherwise than legitimate. In the wars between David II. and Edward Balliol, John of the Isles espoused the Balliol interest, to which he was probably determined by his alliance with Roderick of Lorn, who was, from every family predilection, naturally to Balliol, and hostile to Bruce. It seems absurd to suppose, that between two chiefs of the same descent, and nearly equal power and rank (though the MacDougals had been much crushed by Robert Bruce), such a connection should have been that of concubinage; and it appears more likely that the tempting offer of an alliance with the Bruce family, when they had obtained the decided superiority in Scotland, induced 'the Good John of Ila' to disinherit, to a certain extent, his eldest son Ronald, who came of a stock so unpopular as the MacDougals, and to call to his succession his younger family, born of Margaret Stuart, daughter of Earl of Lennox, and sisters of the King of Scotland, and the surviving side of this elder branch of his family was most probably a condition of his new alliance, and his being received into favor with the dynasty he had always opposed. Nor were the laws of succession at this early period so clearly understood as to bar such transactions. The numerous and strange claims set up to the crown of Scotland, when vacant by the death of Alexander III., make it manifest how very little the indefeasible hereditary right of primogeniture was valued at that period. In fact, the title of the Bruce themselves to the crown, though instantly the most popular, when assailed with the determination of asserting the independence of Scotland, was, upon true principle, greatly inferior to that of Balliol. For Bruce, the competitor, claimed as son of Isabella, second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon; and John Balliol, 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 collateral relation of Alexander III., he was entitled to succeed in exclusion of the great-great-grandson of the same monarch, Ronald of Donald, though he had been the senior in 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 maxims 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 he 'and his peers' had not obtained a suitable marriage with Janet Scottish. In many other examples might be quoted to show that the question of legitimacy in not always determined by the fact of succession; and there seems reason to believe, that Ronald, descendant 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 Stewarts, now Lords MacDonnell. On the other hand, from Ronald, the excluded heir, upon whom a very large appanage was settled, descended the chiefs of Glengarry and Clannordon, each of whom had large possessions and a numerous vassalage, and boasted a long descent of warlike ancestry. Their common ancestor Ronald was murdered by the Earl of Ross, at the Monastery of Elcho.
This bridge the mountaineers attempted to demolish, but Bruce's followers were too close upon their rear; they were, therefore, without refuge and defence, and were 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, exhume him from the charge of cowardice.

"To Jhone of Lorn it saud displese
I tow, quhen he men mycht se,
Owtie off his chiips fra the se,
Be slayne and chaswyt in the hill,
That he mycht set na help thar till.
Bot it angris ain gretly,
To gad harris that ar worthi,
To se thar faysull filluir will
As to tham seif to thole the ill."—B. vii., v. 392.

After this decisive engagement, Bruce laid waste Argyllshire and besieged Dunstaffnage Castle, on the western shore of Lorn, compelled it to surrender, and placed in that principal stronghold of the Mac-Dougals a garrison and governor of his own. The elder Mac-Dougal, now wearied with the contest, submitted to the victor; but his son, "rebellious," says Barbour, "as he went to be," fled to England by sea. When the wars between the Bruce and Baliol 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 confirmed upon Stewart, called the Knight of Lorn. The House of Mac-Dougal continued, however, to survive the loss of power, and affords a very rare, if not a unique, instance of a 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 chiefshipship over the families of their name and blood. These they continued to enjoy until the year 1715, when the representative incurred the penalty of forfeiture, for his accession to the insurrection of that period; thus losing the remains of his inheritance, to replace upon the throne the descendants of those princes, whose succession his ancestors had opposed at the expense of their feudal grandeur. The estate was, however, restored about 1745, to the father of the present proprietor, whom family experience had taught the hazard of interfering with the established government, and who remained quiet upon that occasion. He therefore regained his property when many Highland chiefs lost theirs.

Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly. The ruins are situated upon a bold and precipitous promontory, overhanging Loch Etive, and distant about a mile from 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 Dunstaffnage. These fragments enclose a courtyard, of which the keep probably formed one side; the entrance being by a steep ascent from the neck of the isthmus, formerly cut across by a moat, 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

**NOTE H.**

The House of Lorn. — P. 418.

The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Benfrew, in 1154. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprising the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyllshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages. The Lord of Lorn, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, was Allaster (or Alexander) Mac-Dougal, called Allaster of Argyllie. He had married the third daughter of John, called the Red Comyn, who was slain by Bruce in the Dominican Church at Dumfries, 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 obtain an ascendency in Scotland, took the first opportunity in his power to requisite these injuries. He marched into Argyllshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the chief, was posted with his followers in the formidable pass between Dalnally and Bunawe. It is a narrow path along the verge of the hags and precipitous mountain, called Crachan-Ben, and guarded on the other side by a precipice overhanging Loch Awe. The pass seems to the eye of a soldier as strong, as it is wild and romantic to that of an ordinary traveller. But the skill of Bruce had anticipated this difficulty. While his main body, engaged in a skirmish with the men of Lorn, detained their attention to the front of their position, James of Douglas, with Sir Alexander Fraser, Sir William Wiseman, and Sir Andrew Gray, ascended the mountain with a selected body of archery, and obtained possession of the heights which commanded the pass. A valley of arrows descending upon them directly warned the Argyllshymen of their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river of Awe was then (we learn the fact from Barbour with some surprise) crossed by a bridge.

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1 The aunt, according to Lord Hailes. But the genealogy is distinctly

even by Wyntoun:

"The thryd dochtyr of Red Ouwyn,
Alyawndryr of Argyle syne

106"
mild lies about a quarter of a mile from the south of this isle (Barra); it is the seat of Mackniel of Barra; there is a stone wall round it two stories high, reaching the sea; and within the wall there is an old tower and an hall, with other houses about it. There is a little magazine in the tower, to which no stranger has access. I saw the officer called the Cockman, and an old cock he is; when I bid him ferry me over the water to the island, he told me that he was but an inferior officer, his business being to attend in the tower; but if (says he) the constable, who then stood on the wall, will give you access, I'll ferry you over. I desired him to procure me the constable's permission, and I would reward him; but having waited some hours for the constable's answer, and not receiving any, I was obliged to return without seeing this famous fort. Mackniel and his lady being absent, was the cause of this difficulty, and of my not seeing the place. I was told some weeks after, that the constable was very apprehensive of some design I might have in viewing the fort, and thereby to expose it to the conquest of a foreign power; of which I supposed there was no great cause of fear.'

Sir Egidius, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxemburg with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fame assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxemburg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slay two antagonists in each engagement—an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two pagan dogs. His death corresponded with his high character. With Amer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed to attend immediately upon the person of Edward II. at Banockburn. When the day was utterly lost they forced the king from the field. De Argentine saw the king safe from immediate danger, and then took his leave of him; "God be with you, sir," he said, "it is not my wont to fly." So saying, he turned his horse, cried his war-cry, plunged into the midst of the combatants, and was slain. Baston, a rhyming monk who had been brought by Edward to, obtain his expected triumph, and who was compelled by the victors to compose a poem on his defeat, mentions with some feeling the death of Sir Giles de Argentine:

*Nobilis Argentin, paguli inclyte, dulcis Egidi, Vix scieram mentem cum te succumbere vidi.*

"The first line mentions the three chief requisites of a true knight, noble birth, valor, and courteousness. Few Leontine incomplete can be produced that have so much sentiment. I wish that I could have collected more ample memorials concerning a character altogether different from modern manners. Sir Giles d'Argentine was a hero of romance in real life." So observes the excellent Lord Hailes.

A Hebridian drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leod of Mac-Leod, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of

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**Note I.**

*Awaked before the rushing prow,*

_The mimic fires of ocean glow,*_  
_Neath lightnings of the wave—P. 419._

The phenomenon called by sailors Seaw-fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness. These phosphoric appearances, concerning the origin of which naturalists are not agreed in opinion, seem to be called into action by the rapid motion of the ship through the water, and are probably owing to the water being saturated with fish-spawn, or other animal substances. They remind one strongly of the description of the sea-snakes in Mr. Coleridge’s wild, but highly poetical ballad of the Ancient Mariner:—

"Beyond the shadow of the ship   
I watch’d the water-snakes,   
They moved in tracks of shining white,   
And when they read’d, the elvish light   
Fell off in hoary flakes.”

**Note K.**

—the dark fortress.—P. 420.

The fortress of a Hebridian 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 stairs and arched vaults were the usual mode of access; and the drawbridge appears at Dunstaffange, and elsewhere, to have fallen from the gate of the building to the top of such a staircase; so that any one advancing with hostile purpose, found himself in a state of exposed and precarious elevation, with a gulf between him and the object of his attack. These fortresses were guarded with equal care. The duty of the watch devolved chiefly upon an officer called the Cockman, who had the charge of challenging all who approached the castle. The very ancient family of 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 procuring entrance there:—"The little island Kias-
It which they and carry'd Btrong grandson John, hundred by fore tain Migni. 

This very curious piece 'x antiquity is nine inches and three-quarters in inside depth, and ten and a half in height on the outside, the extreme measure over the lips being four inches and a half. The cup is divided into two parts by a wrought ledge, beautifully ornamented, about three-fourths of an inch in breadth. Beneath this ledge the shape of the cup is rounded off, and terminates in a flat circle, like that of a 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 appearance), but most curiously wrought and embossed with silver work, which projects from the vessel. There are a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set with stones; two or three of them still hold pieces of coral; the rest are empty. At the four corners of the projecting ledge, or comice, are four sockets, much larger, probably for pebbles or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge, brim, and legs of the cup, are of silver. The family tradition bears that it was the property of Neil Ghunse-dhu, or Black-knee. But who this Neil was, is one pretends to say. Around the edge of the cup is a legend, perfectly legible, in the Saxon black-letter, which seems so run thus:


The inscription may run thus at length: Ubo Johanis Mich Magni Principis de Hir Manae Fich Lassia Magryneill et aperit Domino Iluoe darius etc luum opera. Fecit June Dominit 993 Onlt Oimi. Which may run in English: Ubo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Lassia Magryneill, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (i.e. his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. Onell Oimi made this in the year of God nine hundred and ninety-three.

But this version does not include the puzzling letters hr before the word Manae. Within the mouth of the cup the letters Ibs. (Jews) 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 numbers 93. These figures were introduced by Pope Sylvester, A. D. 901, and might be used in a vessel formed for church service so early as 903. 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 trinkets of mere show. Martin gives the following account of the festivals of his time, and I have heard similar instances of brutality in the Lowlands at no very distant period.

"The manner of drinking used by the chief men of the Isles is called in their language Strach, i.e. a Round; for the company sat in a circle, the cup-bearer filled the drink round to them, and all was drunk out, whatsoever it was: liquor was, whether strong or weak; they continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours: It was reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk, and there were two men with a 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 their post as long as any continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became drunk. Severa. of my acquaintance have been witnesses to this custom of drinking, but it is now abolished."

This savage custom was not entirely done away within the last generation. I have heard of a gentleman who happened to be a water-drinker, and was permitted to abstain from the strong potations of the company. The bearers carried away one man after another, till no one was left but this Scottish Mignip. 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 obtain. Never城乡 a thing had happened, they said, in the castle; that it was impossible but he must require their assistance, at any rate he must submit to receive it; and carried him off in the barrow accordingly. A classical penalty was sometimes imposed on those who balked the rules of good fellowship by evading their share of the banquet. The same author continues:

"Among persons of distinction it was reckoned an affront put upon any company to broach a piece of wine, ale, or aquavitae, 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 take his seat, to make an apology for his absence in rhyme; which if he cannot perform, he is liable to such a share of the reckoning as the company thinks fit to impose: which custom obtains in many places still, and is called Biachiz Bard, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company."

Few cups were better, at least more actively, employed in the rule hospitality of the period, than those of Dunvegan, one of which we have just described. There is in the Leabhar Dearg, a song, intimating the overflowing gratitude of a bard of Clans-Ronald, after the exuberance of a Hebridean festival at the patriarchal fortress of MacLeod. The translation being obviously very literal, has greatly flattened, as I am informed, the enthusiastic gratitude of the ancient bard; and it must be owned that the works of Homer or Virgil, to say nothing of Mac-Vuirich, might have suffered by their translation through such a medium. It is very plain, that when the tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Boro More had not been inactive.

Upon Sir Roderic Mor MacLeod, by Neil Mor MacPuirich.

"The six nights I remained in the Dunvegan, it was not a show of hospitality I met with there, but a plentiful feast in thy fair half 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 unaccustomed to guile, or fraud, 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. MacIntosk.

It would be unpardonable in a modern bard, who has experienced the hospitality of Dunvegan Castle in the present day, to omit paying his own tribute of gratitude for a reception more elegant indeed, but not less kindly sincere, than Sir Rod- erick More himself could have afforded. But Johnson has already described a similar scene in the same ancient patriarchal residence of the Lords of MacLeod: — "Whatever is imagined in the wildest tales, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried, amidst his terror and uncertainty, to the hospitalities and elegance of Raasay or Dunvegan."
NOTE N.

With solemn step and silver wound,
The Seneschal the presence won'd
Of these strange guests.—P. 433.

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 Marischal Tach: the first of these served always at home, and was obliged to be versed in the pedigrees of all the tribes in the isles, and in the highlands of Scotland; for it was his province to assign every man at table his seat according to his quality; and this was done without one word speaking; only by drawing a score with a white rod, which this Marischal 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 Marischal might sometimes be mistaken, the master of the family incurred no censure by such an escape; 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 purse-masters, who kept their money. Both these officers had an hereditary right to their office in writing, and each of them had a town and land for his service: some of those rights I have seen fairly written on good parchment.”—Martin’s Western Isles.

NOTE O.

—the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Ruth-Erin’s shelter drew
With Carrick’s outlaw’d Chief?—P. 424.

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Conyn at Dunfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year “a summer king, but not a winter one.” On the 23rd March, 1306, he was crowned king at Scone. Upon the 19th June, in the same year, he was totally defeated at Methven, near Perth; and his most important adherents, with few exceptions, were either executed, or compelled to embrace the English interest, for safety of their lives and 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 Kildrummie, in Aberdeenshire, where they afterwards became captives to England. From Aberdeenshire, Bruce retreated to the mountainous parts of Breadalbane, and approached the borders of Argyleshire. There, as mentioned in the Appendix, Note H, and more fully in Note P, he was defeated by the Lord of Lorn, who had assumed arms against him in revenge of the death of his relative, John the Red Conyn. 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 Rowardenan probably, to the western banks of Lochlomond, partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. The vantage and loyal Earl of Lennox, to whose territories they had now found their way, welcomed them with tears, but was unable to assist them to make an effectual exit. The Lord of the Isles, then in possession of great part of Cantyre, received as a fugitive monarch and future restorer of his country’s inde-

dependence, in his castle of Dunnaverty, in that district. But treason, says Barbour, was so general, that the King durst not abide there. Accordingly, with the remnant of his followers, Bruce embarked for Ruth-Erin, or Rachrine, the Recina of Ploemcy, a small island lying almost opposite to the shores of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ireland. The islands at first fled from their new and armed guests, but upon some explanation submitted themselves to Bruce’s sovereignty. He resided among them until the approach of spring [1306], when he again returned to Scotland, with the desperate resolution to reconquer his kingdom, or perish in the attempt. The progress of his success, from its commencement to its completion, forms the brightest period in Scottish history.

NOTE P.

The Brooch of Lorn.—P. 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 despairing remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce’s personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Dougals of Lorn, that their chieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-Dugal 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-Keoch, 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 redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle, and brooch which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochees. A studded brooch, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dugal, 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 Argyleshire men, in Glen-Douchart, at the head of Breadalbane, near Teygarn. The place of action is still called Dalry, or the King’s Field. The field of battle was unfavorable to Bruce’s adherents, who were chiefly men-at-arms. Many of the horses were slain by the long pole-axes, of which the Argyleshire Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat up a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturesome assailants. Lorn, observing the skill and valor used by his enemy in protecting the retreat of his followers, "Methinks, Murchoison," said he, addressing one of his followers, "he resembles God! Mak-sorn, protecting his followers from Fingal."—"A most unworthy comparison," ob serves the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, unsuspicious of the future fame of these names; "he might with more propriety have compared the King to Sir Guillaume de Lapis, protecting the
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forgers of Gadyrs against the attacks of Alexander."

Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, whose names Barbour calls Maclyn-Drewer (interpreted Durward, or Pat-

teron), resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe.

A third person (perhaps the Mac-Keoch of the family tradition)

associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched

their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass 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 sprang upon him at
once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which

hewed off his arm; a second grasped Bruce by the stirrup and

leg, and 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, sprang up

behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal

strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most

men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the

ground, and clef his skull with his sword. By similar ex-
erction he drew the stirrup from his grasp whom he had

overthrown, and killed him also with his sword as he

lay among the horse's feet. The story seems romantic, but

this was the age of romantic exploit; and it must be remem-
bered that Bruce was armed cap-a-pie, and the assailants were

half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circum-

stance, 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-
orable 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," repled

Mac-Naughton; "but he be friend or foe who achieves high deeds
deh chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valor;
and never have I heard of one, who, by his knightly feats,
has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day
surrounded Bruce."

NOTE Q.

Wrought and chased with fair device,
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 marks value. "It was broad as any or-
dinary pewter plate, the whole curiously 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

NOTE R.

Vain was then the Douglas brand—
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand.—P. 424.

The gallant Sir James, called the Good Lord Douglas, the
most faithful and valiant of Bruce's adherents, was wounded at
the battle of Dally. Sir Nigel, or Niel Campbell, was also

in that unfortunate skirmish. He married Maud, 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 materials for Archbishop Spottiswood's His-
tory of the Church of Scotland, I find the following passage
concerning Sir Niel 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 indenture bearing these words:—"Memo-
randum quod eam ab incarcurationi Domini 1306 convertit
fuit et concordatum inter nobis eum Dominum Alexand-
num de Scotores mittit et Dominum Gilbertum de Hay
mitiem et Dominum Nigelium Campbelli mitiem apud mo-
nonasterium de Canbuskeneth 9 Septembris qui taeta sancta
eucharista, magnumque jurisfacto, juravit s se debere
libertatem regii et Robertum nuper regem coronatum contra
omnes mortales Francos Anglos Scotas defendere usque ad
ultimum terminium vita iporum. Their seals are appended to
the indenture in green wax, together with the seal of Gul-
frid, Abbot of Cambuskenneth."

NOTE S.

When Comyn fell beneath the knife
Of that fell homicide The Bruce.—P. 421
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work.—P. 424.

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of
Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland, was the
dearth 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 Grey-
frari's Church in Dunfermline, 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 Clo-
burn, and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him what
was the matter; "Bad tidings," answered Bruce: "I doubt I have
slain Comyn."—"Doubtest thou I?" said Kirkpatrick; "I make
sicker" (i.e., sure). With these words, he and Lindsay
rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Comyn.
The Kirkpatricks of Cloburn assumed, in memory 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 Cloburne, my kind and ingenious friend,
Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, has furnished me with the
following memorandum, which appears to fix the deed with
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 con-
or 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 6th of August, 1357; for, on that day, Humphrey, 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 3d October, 1357 ( Frederic ); it follows, of necessary consequence, that Roger de K., murdered in June, 1357, must have been a different person. — Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 942.

"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 Kehoe (1278) Dominus villa de Closhburn, Filius et hares Domini Ade de Kirkpatrick, Militis (whose father, Ivone de Kirkpatrick, witnessed a charter of Robert Bras, Lord of Annandale, before the year 1141), had two sons, Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closhburn, and Duncan, who married Isobel, daughter and heiress of Sir David Torthorwald of that ilk; they had a charter of the lands of Torthorwald from King Robert Bras, dated 10th August, the year being omitted—Unphray, the son of Duncan and Isobel, got a charter of Torthorwald from this king, 16th July, 1322—his son, Roger of Torthorwald, got a charter from John the Grahame, son of Sir John Grahame, of Moskessen, of an annual rent of 40 shillings, out of the lands of Overley, 1335—his son, William Kirkpatrick, grants a charter to John of Garroch, of the two merk land of Glemgip and Garvolgill, within the tenement of Wamphray, 25th April, 1372. From this, it appears that the Torthorwald branch was not concerned in the affair of Comyn’s murder, and the confiscations of Provence which ensued: Duncan Kirkpatrick, if we are to believe the Blind Minsault, was the firm friend of Wallace, to whom he was related:—

'Ane Kyrk Patrick, that cruel was and keyne,
In Edail wod that half yer he had byne;
With Inglis men he couthe nocht weyly accord,
Off Torthorwald he Barron was and Lord,
Off kyn he was, and Wallace modir nor?' — &c.
B. v., v. 520.

But this baron seems to have had no share in the adventures of King Robert; the crest of his family, as it still remains on a carved stone built into a cottage wall, in the village of Torthorwald, bears some resemblance, says Grose, to a rose.

"Universal tradition, and all our later historians, have attributed the regent’s death-blow to Sir Roger K., of Closhburn. The author of the MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates’ Library, affirms, that the crest and motto were given by the King on that occasion: and proceeds to relate some circumstances respecting a grant to acottager and his wife in the vicinity of Closhburn Castle, which are certainly authentic, and strongly vouch for the probability of the other report. ‘The steep hill,’ says he, ‘called the Dana of Tyntor, of a considerable height, upon the top of which there hath been some habitation or fort. There have been in ancient times, on all hands of it, very thick woods, and great about that place, which made it the more inaccessible, into which K. Ro. Bruce is said to have been conducted by Roger Kirkpatrick, of Closhburn, after they had killed the Cumia at Dumfries, which is nine miles from this place, wherewithal it is probable that he did abide for some time thereafter; and it is reported, that during his abode there, he did often drive a poor man’s cottage, named Brownrig, situate in a small parcel 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 petition the King for somewhat, was so modest in her desires, that she sought no more but securing for the croft in her hand’s possession, and a liberty of pasture for a very few cattle of different kinds on the hill, and the rest of the bounds Of which privilege that and at family, by the injury of time, hath a long time been, and is deprived: but the croft continues in the possession of the heirs and successors lineally descended of this Brownrig and his wife: so that this family, being more ancient than rich, doth yet continue in the name, and, as they say, retains the old charter.―MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates’ Library of Edinburgh.

Note T.
Banfendown fled fast away,
Fled the fery 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 baron,
Schyr William the Baronbloun,
Schyr Gilbert de la Haye alsoun."

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, 1368, where, in a letter from the peers of Scotland to Philip the Fair of France, he is designed Gilbertus de Hay Constabularius Scotiae. He was slain at the battle of Halidon-hill. Hugh de la Haye, his brother, was made prisoner at the battle of Methven.

Note U.
Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains,
To praise the hand that pays thy pain.—P. 425.

The character of the Highland bard, however high in an earlier period of society, seems soon to have degenerated. The Irish affirm, that in their kindred tribes severe laws became necessary to restrain their avarice. In the Highlands they seem gradually to have sunk into contempt, as well as the orators, or men of speech, with whose office that of family poet was often united.―‘The orators, in their language called Idleane, 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 chieftains; and upon the occasion of marriages and births, they made clamour and panegyricks, 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 excluded against by a satyr, which, in those days, was reckoned a great dishonour. But these gentlemen becoming insolent, lost ever since both the profit and esteem which was formerly due to their character: for neither their panegyricks 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
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... which is very singular: They shut their doors and windows for a day's time, and lie on their backs, with a stone upon their belly, and pluck about their heads, and their eyes being covered, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium at panegyric; and indeed they furnish such a style from this dark cell as is understood by very few; and if they purchase a couple of horses as the reward of their meditation, they think they have done a great matter. The poet, or bard, had a title to the bridgroom's upper garb; that is, the plaid and bonnet; but now he is satisfied with what the bridgroom pleases to give him on such occasions."—Martín's Western Isles.

Note V.

War's not enough to Ronald's bower
I brought thee, like a paramour.—P. 427.

It was anciently customary in the Highlanders to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the complaisance was stretched so far, that she remained there upon trial for a twelvetide; and the bridgroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fulfill his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued between the clans of Mac-Donald of Dumbarton 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.

Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mockery crown'd with wreaths of green.—P. 437.

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 Debet, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch-street. On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to Westminster. John Legroove 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 apprehended for a traitor by Sir Peter Malorie, 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 hanged and quartered.'—Strow, C. r. p. 590. There is something singularly poetical about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That so was betrayed to the English is indubitable; and popular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the indeflible infamy. "Accursed," says Arnold Blair, "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 favorer of the English interest, and was governor of Dumbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and therefore, as the accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not be the friend and partisan of Wallace, as tradition states him to be. The truth seems to be, that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in the English interest, pursued Wallace closely; and made him prisoner through the treachery of an attendant, whom Peter Langtoft calls Jack Short.

"William Wallace is nomen that master was of thieves,
Tiding to the king is custom that robbery mischiefes,
Sir John of Menestet sued William so nigh,
He took him when he ween'd least, on night, his leman
him by,
That was through treason of Jack Short his man,"

He was the enchanter that Sir John so him ran,
Jack's brother had he slain, the Walies that is said,
The more Jack was fain to do William that brained.

From this it would appear that the infamy of seizing Wallace must rest between a degenerate Scottish nobleman, the vassal of England, and a domestic, the obscure agent of his treachery; between Sir John Menteith, son of Walter, Earl of Menteith, and the traitor Jack Short.

Note X.

Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye,
And valiant Seton—where are they?
Where Sorrellville, the king and I?
And Fraser, hower of chivalry?—P. 427.

When these lines were written, the author was remote from the means of correcting his indiscriminate recollection concerning the individual fate of Bruce's followers, after the battle of Methven. Hugh de la Haye, and Thomas Somerville of Lin- toum 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 Kildrumnis, near the head of the Don, in Aberdeenshire. Kildrumnis long resisted the arms of the Earls of Lancaster and Hereford, until the magazine was disastrously burnt. The garrison was then 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 Seatoun 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 disembarked Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, but was in his turn discomfited by Sir Philip Mowbray. In this emergency Seatoun came to his aid, and remounted him. Langtoft mentions, that in this battle the Scottish wore white surplices, or shirts, over their armor, that those of rank might not be known. In this manner both Bruce and Seatoun escaped. But the latter was afterwards betrayed to the English, through means according to Barbour, of one MacNab, "a disciple of Judges" in whom the unfortunate knight repos'd entire confidence. There was some peculiarity respecting his punishment; because, according to Matthew of Westminster, he was considered not as a Scottish subject, but an Englishman. He was therefore taken to Dunferries, 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 Newcastell; both were considered as accomplices in the slaughter of Comyn, but in what manner they were particularly accessory to that deed does not appear.

The fate of Sir Simon Frazer, or Frizeel, 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 the Earl of Athole as not yet in custody. It was first published:
by the indefatigable Mr. Ritson, but with so many contracted and peculiarities of character, as to render it illegible, except by antiquaries.

"This was before Saint Bartholomew's mass, That Frizel was y-taken, were it more other less, To Sir Thomas of Multon, gentil baron and free, And to Sir Johan Jose be-take tho was he To hand He was y-fettered wele Both with iron and with steel To bringen of Scotland.

"Soon thereafter the tiding to the king come, He sent him to London, with many armed groom, He came in at Newgate, I tell you it on a-plit, A garland of leaves on his head y-light Of green, For he should be y-know, Both of high and low, For traitor I ween.

"Y-fettered were his legs under his horse's wombe, Both with iron and with steel manched were his hand, A garland of perryke\(^1\) set upon his hevel,\(^2\) Much was the power that him was bereved, In land. So God me amend, Little he ween'd So to be brought in hand.

"This was upon our lady's even, forsooth I understand, The justices sate for the knights of Scotland, Sir Thomas of Multon, an knide knight and wise, And Sir Ralph of Sandwich that nickname is told in price. And Sir Johan Abel, Moe! 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 Frizel the king's traitor hast thou be; In water and in land that myghten might see, What sayst thou therto, how will thou quyte thee, Do say, So foul he him wist, Nede war on trust For to say nay.

"With fetters and with gives\(^3\) y-hot he was to-draw From the Tower of London that many men might know, In a kirtle of burl, a selcouth wise, And a garland on his head of the new guise. Through Cheape Many men of England For to see Symbold Thitherward can leap.

"Though he cam to the gallows first he was on hung, All quick beheaded that him thought long; Then he was y-opened, his bowels y-brend,\(^4\) The heved to London-bridge was send To shende. So evermore mote I the, Some while weened he Thus little to stand.\(^3\)

He rideth through the city, as I tell may, With gamen and with sauce that was their play,  

To London-bridge he took the way,  
Mony was the wives child that thereon latcheth a day,\(^6\) And said, alas! That he was y-born  
And so vilely forecorn, So fair man he was.\(^7\)

"Now standeth the heved above the ta-brigge, Fast by Wallace sooth for to segge;  
After succour of Scotland long may he pry, And after help of France what hait to it lie 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 bode him that men might not him find; but S. Simon Friell pursued was so sore, so that he turned again and abode battaille, for he was a worthy knight and a bold of body, and the Englishmen pursued him sore on every side, and quelled the steed that Sir Simon Friell rode upon, and then toke him and led him to the host. And S. Symond began for to flatter and spake fair, and saide, Lords, I shall give you four thousand marks of silver, and myne horse and harness, and all my armes and income. Tho answered Thobande of Pevens, that was the kings archer, Now, God me so helps, it is for naught that thou speakest, for all the gold of England I would not let thee go without commandment of King Edward. And tho! he was led to the King, and the King would not see him, but commanded to lead him away to his doom in London, on Our Lady's even nativity. And he was hung and drawn, and his head smitten off, and hanged again with chains of iron upon the gallows, and his head was set at London-bridge upon a spear, and against Christmas the body was burnt, for enuision (reason) that the men that kept the body saw many devils raming with iron crooks, running upon the gallows, and horribly tormenting the body. And many that them saw, anon them after died for dread, or waxen mad, or sore sickness they had."—Misc. Chronicle in the British Museum, quoted by Ritson.

\(^1\) Pettiwinkle. —2 Head. —3 He was condemned to be drawn. —4 Burned.  
\(^5\) Meaning, at one time he little thought to stand thus. —6 viz. Saith.
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sim morbo tum langueret, levius tamen tulit dolorem." To
this singular expression the text alludes.

NOTE Z.

And must his word, till dying day,
Be taught but quarter, hang, and slay.—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 Kildrummie 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 Kildrummie arrived when he was in his
mortal sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands.

"And when he to the death was near,
The folk that at Kyldromry wer
Come with prisoners that they had tane,
And syne to the king are gane.
And for to comfort him they tauld
How they the castell to them yauld;
And how they till his will were brough,
To do off that whatever he thought;
And ask'd what men should off them do.
Then look'd he angry to them to,
He said, grinning, 'hangs and draws.'
That was wonder of sic saws.
That lie, that to the death was near,
Should answer upon sic maner,
For once moaning and mercy;
How might he trust on him to cry,
That soothe-fastly dooms all thing
To have mercy for his crying,
Off him that, throw his felony,
Into sic point had no mercy!"

There was much truth in the Leonine couplet, with which
Matthew of Westminster concludes his encomium on the first
Edward:—

"Scotos Edwardus, dum vivit, suppeditavit,
Tennis, afflictis, depressit, dilaniavit."

NOTE 2 A.

While I the blessed cross advance,
And expiate this unhappy chance,
In Palestine, with sword and lance.—P. 428.

Bruce uniformly professed, and probably felt, compunction
for having violated the sanctuary of the church by the slaugh-
ter of Comyn; and finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his
faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested James Lord Douglas
to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the
Holy Sepulchre.

NOTE 2 B.

De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head.—P. 429.

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome,
Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was pub-
lished first by the Archbishop of York, and renewed at differ-
ent times, particularly by Lambryton, Bishop of St. Andrews,
in 1308; but it does not appear to have answered the purpose
which the English monarch expected. Indeed, for reasons
which it may be differ't it trace, the thunders of Rome de-

scended 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 pre-
lates, Lambryton the primate particularly, declared for Bruce,
while he was yet under the ban of the church, although he
afterwards again changed sides.

NOTE 2 C.

I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repress'd.—P. 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 re-
pose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of
straw, and abandoned himself to his melancholy meditations.
He had now been defeated four times, and was upon the point
of resolving to abandon all hopes of further opposition to his
fate, and to go to the Holy Land. It chambered, his eye, while
he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spli-
der, 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 re-
newed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to
him that he would decide his own course according to the suc-
cess 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 ungrate-
ful, 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 Pythones, who not only predicted his
good fortune as he left the island of Rashbir, but sent her two
sons along with him, to insure her own family a share in it

"Then in short time men mycht thaim so
Schulte all thair galayis to the se,
And ber to se baith ayr and ster,
And othyr things that mysti' wer.
And as the king apon the sand
Wes gangand wp and doun, bidland
Till that his menye rody war,
His oum cyme ryght till him thar.
And quhen that scho him halyt had,
And priv'e spek till him scho made;
And said, ' Takis ged kep till my saw:
For or ye pass I sall you schaw,
Ofl your fortoun a gret party.
Bot our alee speecally
A wytring her I sall yow ma,
Quhat end that your purpose sall ta.
For in this land is nane trewly
Wate things to cum sa well as I.
Ye pass now furth on your wiage,
To wenge the harme, and the owtrag,
That Ingles men has to yow done;
Bot ye wot nocht quhhatkyne fortom
Ye mon drey in your werraying.
Bot wyt ye well, with oystin leisng,
That fra ye now haif takyn land,
Nane sa mychty, na sa strenth thi of hand,
Sall gier yow pass owt of your countr.
Till all to yow abandownyt be.
With in ahort tyne ye sall be king,
And haif the land at your liking,
And ourcum your fayis all.
Bot fele anoyis thole ye sal,

1 Need.—2 Abdir
Or that your purpose and haif tane:
Bot ye sail thain ourdryve likane.
And, that ye trow this sekerly,
My two sonns with yow sail I
Send to tak part of your trawall;
For I wate well that sail nocht fail
To be rewardt weil at rycht,
Quhen ye ar heit to your mycht.
"

BRABOURNE'S Bruce, Book iii., v. 856.

Note 2 D.

A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled.—P. 429.

This is not metaphorical. The echoes of Scotland did actually

"ring

With the bloodhounds that bayed for her fugitive king."

A very curious and romantic tale is told by Barbour upon this
subject, which may be abridged as follows:—

When Bruce had again got footing in Scotland in the spring
of 1306, he continued to be in a very weak and precarious con-
dition, gaining, indeed, occasional advantages, but obliged to
fly before his enemies whenever they assembled in force. Upon
one occasion, while he was lying with a small party in the
wilds of Cumnock, in Ayrshire, Aymer de Valence, Earl of
Pembroke, with his inveterate foe John of Lorn, came against
him suddenly with eight hundred Highlanders, besides a large
body of men-at-arms. They brought with them a slough-dog,
or bloodhound, which, some say, had been once a 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 situa-
tion, 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 com-
manded 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 at-
tention to the others. The king again subdivided his small
body into three parts, and with the same result, for the pur-
suers 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-dog fol-
lowed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself
and his attendants to the pursuit of the king. Lorn became
convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and de-
tached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and
intercept his flight. They did so with all the agility of moun-
taineers. "Wha, aid wilt thou make thus?" said Bruce to his
single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on
said Bruce, "here I make my stand." The five pursuers
came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the
other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who en-
countered him; but observing his foster-brother hard pressed,
he sprung to his assistance, and dispatched one of his assail-
ants. 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 liketh you to say so," answered his follower; "but
you yourself slew four of the five."—"True," said the king,
but only "because I had better opportunity than you. They

were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter
three, so I had a moment's time to spring to my 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 exhausted by
fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near, that
his foster-brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by
retreating further. "I have heard," answered the king, "that
whoever will wade a bow-shot length down a running stream,
shall make the slough-hound lose scent.—Let us try the ex-
periment, for were you devilish hound 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 moon, and threat-
ened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound
to the side of the brook, down which the king had waded a
great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn,
after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relin-
quished the pursuit.

"Others," says Barbour, "affirm, that upon this occasion
the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompa-
nied him, and who perceiving they would be finally taken by
means of the blood-hound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot
him with an arrow. In which way," adds the metrical biog-
rapher, "this escape happened I am uncertain, but at that
brook the king escaped from his pursuers."

"Quhen the chasseris relyt war,
And Jhon of Lorn had met thaim thear,
He tauld Schyr Aymer all the caw.
How that the king escapit wass;
And how that he his five men slew,
And syne to the wode him drew.
Quhen Schyr Aymer herd thit, in hy
He sayd to his for the fer:
And said; 'He is gretly to pryss;
For I knew nane that liffand is,
That at myscheyff gan help him swa.
I trow he sayd be hard to sla,
And he war bodyn ewlyn.'

On this wis spak Schyr Aymer."—
BRABOURNE'S Bruce, Book v., v. 391.

The English historians agree with Barbour as to the mode
in which the English pursued Bruce and his followers, and
the dexterity with which he evaded them. The following is
the testimony of Harding, a great enemy to the Scottish na-
tion:—

"The King Edward with hooch hym sought full sore,
But ay he fled into woodes and strayte forest,
And slewe his men at staites and daungers thare,
And at marreys and mires was ay full prest
Englische men to kyll withoutan any rest;
In the mountaynes and crages he swe of ay where,
And in the nyght his foes he frayed full sore:

"The King Edward with hones and houndes him softe,
With menne on fote, through marris, moose, and myre,
Through woodes also, and mountenes (wher thei fought),
And euer the Kyng Edward hight men greate lyre.
Hym for to take and by myght conquere;
But thei might hym not gette by force ne by train,
He satt by the fyre when thei went in the rain."—

HARDING'S Chronicle, pp. 303-4.

Peter Langtoft has also a passage concerning the extremities
to which King Robert was reduced, which he entitles

1 Matched.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

De Roberto Brus & fuga circum circa 78,
Ad uti velae I understande that the Kyng Robyn
Hes drunken of that blode the drink of Dan Waryn.
Dan Waryn he lez tennes that he hold.
With wrong he mad a res, and misteryng of scheld,
Sithen into the forest he yeze naked and wode,
Als a wild beast, etc of the gras that stole,
Thus of Dan Waryn in his boke men rede,
God gyf the King Robyn, that alle his kynde so spede,
Sir Robynet the Brus he durst noure abide,
That thei mad him restis, both in more and wode-side,
To while he mad this train, and did umwhile outrage;' &c.


* NOTE 2 E. *

For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doel.—P. 430.

A sort of persons common in the isles, as may be easily believed, until the introduction of civil polity. Witness the Dean of the Isles' account of Ronay. "At the north end of Raasay, be half myle of sea fre it, lyes ane ile callit Ronay, mair then a myle in length, full of wood and hedder, with ane hevein for helland gales in the middle of it, and the same hevein is guld for fostering of thieves, ruggairs, and reivairs, till a nail, upon the pelling and spulzeing of poor pepl. This ile pertains to M-Gillyshallan of Raasay by force, and to the bishop of the Isles he heritage."—Sir Donald Monro's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1805, p. 32.

Note 2 E.

"Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,"
Answer'd the Bruc, "must hear the crime,
Since, guillett far than you,
Even I"—he paused; for Falkeirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose.—P. 431.

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the army 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 set down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands.

"Fasting he was, and had been in great need,
Bleedde were all his weapons and his weed;
Souteron lords scorn'd him in tums rade,
And said, Belold yon Scot eats his own blood.

"Then rued he sore, for reason bad he known,
That blood and land alike should be his own;
With them he long was, ere he got away,
But contrir Scots he fought not from that day." The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Carron river, is equa.7 apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirk; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Balliol, 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 sedantly acquiesced 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 turn the partisan of Edward, and the viceroy of Balliol, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in maturer age became firm and consistent."—Annals of Scotland, p. 290 4to. London, 1776.

Note 2 G.

These are the savage wilds that lie North of Strathardill and Dunyke.—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 therabouts divided from the estate of Mr. Macalister of Straths-Aird, called Strathardill 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 Skye 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 Einort, 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 Quillin, or Oculin, whose weather-beaten and serrated peaks we had admired at a distance from Dunvegan. They sink here upon the sea, but with the same bold and peremptory aspect which their distant appearance indicated. They appeared to consist of precipitous sheets of naked rock, down which the torrents were leaping in a hundred lines of foam. The tops of the ridge, apparently inaccessible to human foot, were rent and split into the most tremendous pinnacles. Towards the base of these bare and precipitous crags, the ground, enriched by the soil washed down from them, is comparatively verdant and productive. Where we passed within the small Isle of Soa, we entered Loch Slavig, under the shoulder of one of these grisly mountains, and observed that the opposite side of the loch was of a mildler 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 up 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 the honor of his own loch, though we were speedily convinced it was not that which we were recommended to examine. It had no particular merit, excepting from its neighborhood to a very high cliff, or precipitous mountain; otherwise the sheet of water had nothing differing from any ordinary low-country lake. We returned and recalculated 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 sea-fowl, then busy apparently with a shoal of fish.

"Arrived at the depth of the bay, we found that the discharge from this second lake forms a sort of waterfall, or rather a rapid stream, which rushes down to the sea with great fury and precipitation. Round this place were assembled hundreds of trouts and salmon, struggling to get up into the fresh water;
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 of naked rock, 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 mist made us pay the penalty by some heavy and downright showers, from the frequency of which a large 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 dear corrie, or hollow, in the mountains of Cullin, which affords the basin for this wonderful sheet of water. It is as exquisitively savage a scene as Loch Katrine is a scene of romantic beauty. After having penetrated so far as distinctly 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, is the strangest and most precarious situations, as if abandoned by the torrents which had borne them down from above. Some lay loose and tottering upon the ledges of the natural rock, with so little security, that the slightest push moved them, though their weight might exceed many tons. These detached rocks, or stones, were chiefly what is called plum-pudding stones. The bare rocks, which formed the shore of the lake, were a species of granite. The opposite side of the lake seemed quite pathless 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 extinguished 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 as bare as the pavements of Cheapside. There are one or two small klets 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 dreary character of utter barrenness."

"And the gude king held forth his way, Betux him and his man, quhill thai Passyt owt throw the forest war; Syne in the more thai entry thrat. It wes bathe hey, and lang, and braid; And or thai half it passyt had, Thai saw on syd thre men cummadg, Lik to lycht men and waternaud. Swords thai had, and axs als; And ane off thaim, apon his hals, A meklit boundyn weibhir bar. Thai met the king, and haisd^ him thar: And the king thaim thair hailsing said; And askyt thaim queithir thai would. Thai said, Robert the Brusye thair sochit; For mete with thim gift that thanh mont, Thar dwelling with him would thuat mu. The king said, ' Giff that ye will swa, Haldy furth your way with me, And I shall gow yow sone him se'. "Thai pereawyt, be his speking, That he wes the selwyn Robert king, And chaungyt contenance and late; And held nocht in the first state. For thai war fayis to the king:— And thought to camin in to sculing, And duel with him, quhill thai saw Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw. Thai grantyt till his spek forthi. Bot the king, the wes witty, Peraewyt weerl, by thair hawing, That thai luftit him na thing: And said, ' Falowy, ye meon, all thre, Forthir aqwent till that we be, All be your selwyn furth ga; And, on the samyn wyys, we twa Sall folow hir here na thair ear.' Quoth thai, ' Selyt, it is na mystery To trow in wes ony ill.— ' None do I, ' said he; ' bot I will, That yhe ga fourth thus, quhill we Better with othyr knawin be.— ' We grant, ' thai said, ' sen ye will swa? ' And furth apon thair gate gan ga. "Thus yeid thai till the nycht wes mer. And than the forrest cummun wer Till a wast housband house; and thar Thai slew the weibhir that thai bar. And slew fyr for to rost thar mete; And askyt the king gift he walt ets, And rest him till the mete war dycht. The king, that hungry was, Ik hycht, Amentyt till thair spek in hy. Bot he said, he walder anelry At a fry; and thai all thre On na wyss with them till gydrhir be. In the end off the house that said ma Ano othyr fry; and thai did saw. Thai drew thaim in the house end, And halff the weibhir till him send, And thai royst in by thair mete;"
And fell rycht freshely for till eto,
For the king well lang fastryt had;
And had rycht mekill trawail mad:
Tharfor he cye full egerly;
And quhen he had etyn hastily,
He had to sley sa mekill will,
That he moucht set na let thar till.
For quhen the wynys fillyt ar,
Men worthy hewy enirnar;
And to sley drewys hownyes.
The king, that all fortrawaillyt wes,
Saw that him worthylt sley nedwaya.
Tharfor he sleyt as soule on twyst.
'Till his fasty Brolyry he sayis;
'May I tryst in the, me to waik,
Till I a little sleyng tak?'—
'Ya, Schyry,' he said, 'till I may dre.'
The king then wynty ad liyll wey;
And sleyt nocht full enerely;
Bot gliffynt wp oft sodanly.
For he had dreid off thar thre men,
That at the tothyr fyrr war then.
That thar thre warriors he wynt;
Tharfor he sleyt as soule on twyst.
'The king sleyt bot a liyll then;
Quhen sie sley fell on his man,
That he mycht nocht hald wp his ey,
Bot fell in sley, and rowtyt hey.
Now is the king in gret peril:
For sley he swa a liyll quilhe,
He saill be ded, for owytyn dreid.
For the thre traturs tak gud heid,
That he on sley wes, and his man.
In full gret by thar raiss wp than,
And dreed the snedris hastily;
And went towart the king in hy,
Quhen that thai saw him sley spwa,
And sleyd thought thei wald him sla.
The king wp blenkit hastily,
And saw his man sleyand him by;
And saw cummand the tothyr thre.
Dellurly on fute gat he;
And drow his sureld owt, and thaim mete.
And, as he rade, his fate he set
Apon his man, weill hewly
He waknyt, and raiss disly:
For the sley maistryt hym sway,
That or he gat wp, ane off thar,
That come for to sley the king,
Gaff hym a strak in his rysing,
Swa that he mycht help him no mar.
The king sa straitly wes thar,
That he wes neuir yeyt sa stad.
Ne war the swayng that he had,
He had been dede, for owytyn wer.
But nocht for thar on sie maner
He helptyt him, in that bargayne,
That thar thre tratowris he has sian,
Throw Goddis grace, and his manheid.
His fasty-brothyr thar was dede.
Then wes he wondre will of wayn,
Quhen he saw him left alane.
His fasty-brothyr menyt he;
And warryth all the tothyr thre.
And syne hys way taka him alane,
And rycht towart his tryst is gane.

The Bruce, Book v. p. 405.

Note 2 I.

And mermaid's alabaster grot,
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.—P. 430.

Imagination can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander Mac-Allister, Esq., of Strathaird. It has since been much and deservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. Mac-Leay of Oban. The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal, which, written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then 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 reflected 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 attaining the summit of this ascent, the cave opens into a splendid gallery, adorned with the most dazzling crystallizations, and finally descends with rapidity to the brink of a pool, of the most limpid water, about four or five yards broad. There opens beyond this pool a portal arch, formed by two columns of white spar, with beautiful chasing 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 were prepared to learn by the light he had carried) that the enchantment of Macallister's caveeminates with this portal, a little 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 naisad. The groups of combined figures projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exquisitely elegant and fanciful. A statuary might catch beautiful hints from the singular and romantic disposition of those stalactites. 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 petrifactions. Many of those 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, something of that vivid silver tint which was originally one of its chief distinctions. But enough of beauty remains to compensate for all that may be lost.'—Mr. Mac-Allister of Strathaird has, with great propriety, built up the exterior entrance to this cave, in order that strangers may enter properly attended by a guide, to prevent any repetition of the wanton and selfish injury which this singular scene has already sustained.

Note 2 K.

Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o'er Edward's bier.—P. 438.

The generosity which does justice to the character of an enemy, often marks Bruce's sentiments, as recorded by the faithful Barbour. He seldom mentions a fallen enemy with out prasing such good qualities as he might possess. I shall
only take one instance. Shortly after Bruce landed in Car-
rick, in 1306, Fir 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 informa-
tion, Bruce, resorting to a small chicket at a distance from his
men, with only a single page to attend him, met the traitor,
accompanied by two of his sons. They approached him with
their wonted familiarity, but Bruce, taking his page's bow and
arrow, commanded them to keep at a distance. As they still
pressed forward with professions of zeal for his person and
service, he, after a second warning, shot the father with the
arrow; and being assaulted successively by the two sons, dis-
patched first one, who was armed with an axe, then 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 boy came fast running,
And said, 'Our lord might lowly be,
That granted you might and power to
To fell the fagon and the pride,
Of three in so little tide.'

The king said, 'So our lord me see,
They have been worthy men all three,
Hail they not been full of treason:
But that made their confusion.'"

BARBOUR'S Bruce, B. v. p. 152.

NOTE 2 L.

Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clenched his pierced hand,
That pointed yet to Scotland's land.—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 inveterate
resentment against the insurgents, who so frequently broke
the English yoke when he deemed it most firmly riveted.
After the battles of Falkirk and Methven, and the dreadful
examples which he had made of Wallace and other cham-
pions of national independence, he probably concluded every
chance of insurrection was completely annihilated. This was
in 1306, when Bruce, as we have seen, was utterly expelled
from Scotland; yet, in the conclusion of the same year, Bruce
was again in arms and formidable; and in 1307, Edward,
though exhausted by a long and wasting malady, put himself
at the head of the army destined to destroy him utterly.
This was, perhaps, partly in consequence of a vow which he had
taken upon him, with all the pumm of chivalry, upon the day
in which he dubbed his son a knight, for which see a subse-
quent note. But even his spirit of vengeance was unable to
restore his exhausted strength. He reached Burgh-upon-Sands,
a petty village of Cumberland, on the shores of the Solway
Firth, and there, 6th July, 1307, expired in sight of the de-
tested and devoted country of Scotland. His dying injunc-
tions 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:—

Lauded. 2 Power.

"In the said forest, the old King Robert of Scotland dyd
kepe himselfe, when King Edward the Fryr conquered nygh
all Scotland; for he was so often chased, that none durst lye
him in castell, nor fortresse, for feare of the said Kyng.
And ever when the King was returned into England, than
would gather together againe his people, and conquer
townes, 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 would he assemble his pow-
er, and wyn the realme of Scotland again; thus the chance
went between these two foressed Kings. It was shewed me,
how that this King Robert wan and lost his realme v. times.
So this continued 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
barones, he caused him to wear, that as so long as he were dead,
that he should take his body, and hoyle it in a caturdun, till
the flesh departed clean from the bones, and than to bury the
flesh, and keep still the bones; and that as often as the Scots
should rebel against him, he should assemble the people against
them, and carry with him the bones of his father; for he
believed verily, that if they had his bones with them, that the
Scots should never attain any victory against them. The
which thing was not accomplished, for when the King died his
son carried him to London.—BERNERS' PROISSART's

Edward's commands were not obeyed, for he was interred
in Westminster Abbey, with the appropriate inscription,—

"EDWARDUS PRIMUS Scotorum malleus hic est.
PACTUM SERVA."

Yet some steps seem to have been taken towards rendering
his body capable of occasional transportation, for it was exqui-
sitely 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 inci-
dents is reversed in the poem, yet, in point of historical accu-
racry, Bruce had landed in Scotland, and obtained some suc-
cesses of consequence, before the death of Edward I.

NOTE 2 M.

—-mfull tower, that, steep and gray,
Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay.—P. 440.

The little island of Canna, or Cannay, adjoins to those of
Ram and Muick, with which it forms one parish. In a pretty
bay opening towards the east, there is a lofty and slender rock
detached from the shore. Upon the summit are the ruins of a
very small tower, scarcely accessible by a steep and precipitous
path. Here, it is said, one of the kings, or Lords of the Isles,
confined a beautiful lady, of whom he was jealous. The
ruins are of course haunted by her restless spirit, and many
romantic stories are told by the aged people of the island con-
cerning her fate in life, and her appearances after death.

NOTE 2 N.

And Ronin's mountains dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore.—P. 440.

Roin (popularly called Ram, a name which a poet may
be pardoned for avoiding if possible) is a very rough and moun-
tainous island, adjacent to those of Eigg and Cannay. There
is almost no arable ground upon it, so that, except in the
plenty of the deer, which of course are now nearly extirpated,
it still deserves the description bestowed by the archdeacon of
the Isles. "Renin, sixteen my'e north-west from the ile of Coll, lyes ane ile callit Renin Is, of sixteen myle long, and six in breadth in the narrow, ait of loch ait of heigh mountains, and abundance of little deir in it, quikit deir will never be slane donnith, but the principal satit deirs be in the height of the hill, because the deir will be callit upwart ay be the tainchill, or without tainchill they will pass upwart in the water. In this ile will be gotten about Britane ails many wild nests upon the pane mair as men pleasit to gather, and yet by reason the fowls few to start them except deir. This ile lyes from the west to the east in length, and pertains to McKenbrey of Colla. Many solan geese are in this ile."—Monro's Description of the Western Isles, p. 18.

NOTE 2 Q.

On Scoorrigg next a warning light
Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern MacLeod
O'er their black shores in vengeance stride.—P. 440.

These, and the following lines of the stanza, refer to a dreadful tale of feudal vengeance, of which unfortunately there are relics that still attest the truth. Scoor-Eigg is a high peak in the centre of the small Isle of Eigg, or Egg. It is well known to mineralogists, as affording many interesting specimens, and to others whose chance or curiosity may lead to the island, for the astonishing view of the mainland and neighboring isles which it commands. I shall again avail myself of the journal I have quoted. 1

1 29th August, 1814.—At seven this morning we were in the Sound which divides the Isle of Rum from that of Eigg. The latter, although hilly and rocky, and traversed by a remarkably high and barren ridge, called Scoor-Eigg, has, in point of soil, a much more promising appearance. Southward of both lies the Isle of Muck, or Mack, a low and fertile island, and though the least, yet probably the most valuable of the three. We manned the boat, 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, which its rocks exhibited, without finding that which we sought, until we procured a guide. Nor, indeed, was it surprising that it should have escaped the search of strangers, as there are no outward indications more that 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, who were slain on the following occasion:—The Mac-Donalds of the Isle of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-Ranald, had done some injury to the Laird of Mac-Leod. The tradition of the Isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the chiefest, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears, more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the Mac-Leods, who, landing upon Egg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seized by the islanders, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which the winds and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offence 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 Island, or some of Clan-Ranald'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 individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chiefest then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purpose vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity, until all within were destroyed by suffocation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cave afforded. Before re-embarking 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 Eigg used to perform the Roman Catholic service, most of the islanders being of that persuasion. A huge ledge of rocks rising about half-way up one side of the vault, served for altar and pulpit; and the appearance of a priest and Highland congregation in such an extraordinary place of worship, might have engaged the pencil of Salvator."

NOTE 2 P.

Scenes sung by him who sings no more.—P. 441.

The ballad, entitled "Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievreckin" [see Border Minstrelsy, vol. iv. p. 438, and. 483, and. 496.]
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

183], 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 farther 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, 1811.

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 South Knapdale 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 Cantyre, so dreaded and so little known was the navigation round that promontory. It is the opinion of many, that these little isthmuses, so frequently styled Tarbat in North Britain, took their name from the above circumstance; Tarring, signifying to draw, and Balla, a boat. This ten offiger might be called, by way of pre-eminence, the Tarbat, from a very singular circumstance related by Turfens. When Magnus, the barefooted King of Norway, obtained from Donald-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 Cantyre 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:

"Bot to King Robert will we gang,
That we haff left waspokyn of lang.
Quhen he had convoyit to the se
His brodier Edunard, and his meny,
And othry men ofret nobilty.
To Tarbat thay held their way,
In galayis ordanyt for thair fur.
Bot thay worthyt draw thair schippis thair:"

And yele wes betuix the seyes;
Bot thay wes lompiist all with trein.
The King his schippis thar gert draw.
And for the wynd coust stontly blaw
Apon thair bak, as thail wald ga,
He gert men rapsy and mastic ta,
And set thain in the schippis hey,
And sayllis to the toppis tey;
And gert men gang thar by drawand.
The wynd thaim helptay, that was blawand;
Swa that, in a littill space,
Thair dote all our drawin was.

"And quhen thair, that in the ilis war,
Hard tell how the gud King had thar
Gert lys schippis with saillis ga.
Owt our betuix [the] Tarbat [in] twa,
Thai war abouty as wretyle.
For thai wynt, thow sayd prophhecy,
Were obliged to.—2 Laid with trees.—3 Caused.—4 Could.

That he suld gete schippis su.
Betzix thai seis with saillis ga,
Suld wyne the ilis su till hand,
That none with strent heuld him withand.
Tharfor they come all to the King.
Wes none withstud his bidding,
Owtakyn? thone of Lorne allayne.
Bot welli some ebre wes he tayne;
And present rchyt to the King.
And thai that war of his leading,
That till the King had brokyn say.
War all dede, and destoryt a way."

BARBOUR'S Bruce, Book x. v. 821

Note 2 S.

The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghaoil, "the Mountain of the Wind,"
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch 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 ruined castle near the lower end, on a low far projecting neck of land, that forms another harbor, with a narrow passage; but within has three fathoms of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar above."—PENNANT'S Tour to the Western Isles, p. 191-2.

Ben-Ghaoil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by its English, and less poetical name, of Goatfield.

Note 2 T.

Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring;
That blast unwawed 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 thirty-three small row-boats. He interrogated a female; if there had arrived any warlike men of late in that country.

"Surely, sir," she replied, "I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfitted the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodieck. 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 Dowglas 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 Bold it knew;
And said, 'Yon is the king, but dread,
Go we forth till him, better speed.'
Then went they till the king in bay,
And him inclined courteously.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

And blithely welcomed them the king,
And was joyful of their meeting,
And kissed them; and spenned1 synne
How they had fared in hunting?
And they him told all, but leing 2
Synne land they God of their meeting.
Synne with the king till his harbourye
Went both joyful 2 and jolly.1


Note 2 U.

— his brother blamed,
But shared the weakness, while ashamed,
With haughty laugh his head he turn’d,
And dash’d away the tear he scornd. — P. 443.

The kind, and yet fiery character of Edward Bruce, is well painted by Barbour, 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 had lived.

"Out-taken him, men has not seen
Where he for any men made moaning."

And here the venerable Archdeacon intimates a piece of scandal. Sir Edward Bruce, it seems, loved Ros’s sister, par amour, to the neglect of his own lady, sister to David de Strathebogie, Earl of Athole. This criminal passion had evil consequences; for, in resentment to the afront done to his sister, Athole attacked the guard which Bruce had left at Cambuskenneth, during the battle of Bannockburn, to protect his magazine of provisions, and slew Sir William Keith, the commander. For which treason he was forfeited.

In like manner, when in a sally from Carrickfergus, Neil Fleming, and the guards whom he commanded, had fallen, after the protracted resistance which saved the rest of Edward Bruce’s army, he made such moan as surprised his followers:

"Sic moan he made men had ferly,3
For was not customably
Wont for to moan men any thing,
Nor would not hear men make moaning."

Such are the nice traits of character so often lost in general history.

Note 2 V.

Thou heard’st a wretched 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 purverss 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 Barbour. It occurred during the expedition which Bruce made to Ireland, to support the pretensions of his brother Edward to the throne of that kingdom. Bruce was about to retreat, and his host was arrayed for moving.

"The king has heard a woman cry,
He asked what that was in hy.4
It is the laundress, sir, said one,

1 Asked. 2 Without lying. 3 Wonder. 4 Haste. 5 Laundress. Child-bed.

That her child-life right now has ta’en:
And must leave now behind us here.
Therefore she makes an evil cheer;7
The king said, ‘Ceris,8 it were pity
That she in that point left should be,
For ceris I trow there is no man
That he no will rue9 a woman than.’
his hosts all there amsted be,
And gert10 a tent soon staintd11 be,
And gert her gang in hastily,
And other women to be her by.
While she was delivered he bade:
And syne forth on his ways rade.
And how she forth should carried be,
Or he forth fure,12 ordained he.
This was a full great courtesy,
That swilk a king and so mighty,
Gert his men dwell on this manner,
But for a poor lavender."

Barbour’s Bruce, Book xvi. pp. 39, 40

Note 2 W.

O’er chaos he pass’d, where fractures wide
Craved very eye and ample stride. — P. 448.

The interior of the island of Arran abounds with beautiful Highland scenery. The hills, being very rocky and precipitous, afford some cataracts of great height, though of inconceivable breadth. There is one pass over the river Machar, renowned for the dilemma of a poor woman, who, being tempted by the narrowness of the ravine to step across, succeeded in making the first movement, but took fright when it became necessary to move the other foot, and remained in a posture equally ludicrous and dangerous, until some chance passenger assisted her to extricate herself. It is said she remained there some hours.

Note 2 X.

He cross’d his brow beside the stone
Where Druids erst had victims groan;
And at the cairns upon the wild,
O’er many a heathen hero piled. — P. 448.

The isle of Arran, like those of Man and Anglesea, abounds with many relics of heathen, and probably Druidical, superstition. There are high erect columns of unewn stone, the most early of all monuments, the circles of rude stones, commonly entitled Druidical, and the cairns, or sepulchral piles, within which are usually found urns enclosing ashes. Much doubt necessarily rests upon the history of such monuments, nor is it possible to consider them as exclusively Celtic or Druidical. By much the finest circles of standing stones, excepting Stonehenge, are those of Stonehouse, at Stennis, in the island of Fomons, the principal isle of the Orcades. These, of course, are neither Celtic nor Druidical; and we are assured that many circles of the kind occur both in Sweden and Norway.

Note 2 Y.

Old Brodicke’s gothic towers were seen;
From Hastings late their English Lord,
Douglas had won them by the sword. — P. 448.

Brodick or Benthwick Castle, in the Isle of Arran, is an ancient fortress, near an open roadstead called Brodick-Bay,
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 Raenbrine, seems, in the spring of 1306, to have tired of its abode there, and set out accordingly, in the phase 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 Brodick, and surprised a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and nearly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did so, has been generally averred by historians, although it does not appear from the narrative of Barbour. On the contrary, it would seem that they took shelter within a fortification of the ancient inhabitants, a rampart called Tor an Schian. When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they had gained Brodick Castle. At least tradition says, that from the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal-fire on Turnberry-nook. . . . The castle is now much modernized, but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing plantations.

NOTE 2 Z.

Oft, too, with unaccustomed d Orr,
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 too 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 hardly expression, that the house contained warlike guests, he immediately assailed it, and had the good fortune to make prisoners Thomas Randolph, afterwards the famous Earl of Murray, and Alexander Stuart, Lord Bonkle. Both were then in the English interest, and had come into that country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They afterwards ranked among Bruce’s most zealous adherents.

NOTE 3 A.

For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry men all,
Guards carelessly our father’s hall.—P. 439.

The remarkable circumstances by which Bruce was induced to enter Scotland, under the false idea that a signal-fire was lighted upon the shore near his maternal castle of Turnberry—the disappointment which he met with, and the train of success which arose out of that very disappointment, are too curious to be passed over unnoticed. The following is the narrative of Barbour. The introduction is a favorable specimen of his style, which seems to be in some degree the model for that of Gawain Douglas:

"This was in ver’ quhen wynter tid,
With his blustis hidwyse to bid,
Was our drywyn: and hyrdis smale,
As turturs and the nychtyngale,
Begothis rycht sariely to syng:
And for to mak in their singyng
Swete notis, and soundys ser."

And melody plesand to her.
And the treis begonth to ma:
Baroughtis, and breyht blomys alaun,
To wyn the helynge o’their heidw.
That wykkyt wyntir had thaim rowid.
And all gressys beguth to syngyng.
In to that tym the nobill king,
With his flote, and a few menye,
The hundry I trow thai mycht be,
To the se, owt oﬀ Arane
A littil forthon, 13 owyn gane.

"Thai rowit fast, with all thair mycht,
Till that apon tham fel the nycht,
That wox myrk? apon gmt maner,
Swa that thai wste nocht qhar thai wer.
For thai na nedill had, na stane;
Bot rowit always in till ane,
Sterand all tym topon the fyr.
That thai saw brynnand lyecht and schyr."

It was bot aenaut? thaim led:
And they in schort tymse sa thaim sped,
That at the fyr arwyth thai;
And went to land bot mar delay.
And Cuthbert, that of the fyr;
Was full oﬀ angry, and off ire;
For he durst nocht do it away;
And wes alaun dowtand ay
That his lord said pase to se.
Thairfor thair cummyn waytit he;
And met them at thair arwyng.
He wes wele some brought to the King,
That speyt at him how he had done.
And he with sar hart tauid him sone,
How that he fend same weel luffand;
Bot all war fayis, that he faid;
And that the lord the Perys.
With her thre hundre in companie,
Was in the castell thar besid,
Fullilfyt oﬀ dispitty and prid.
Bot ma na twa partis oﬀ his rowt
War herberyt in the toonne without;
And dyspretty yow mar, Schir King,
Thain men may dispit oy thing.’

That said the King, in full gre iri;
'Tarour, quhy maid thow than the fyr?'—
A Schyr, said he, 'as God me se
The fyr wes newyr maid for me.
Na, or the nycht, I wyst it nocht;
Bot fra I wyst it, well I thocht
That ye, and haly your menyse
In hy? said put yow to the se.
For thi i cum to mete yow her,
To tell perellis that may aper.'

"The King wes off his spek angry,
And askyt his pryw men, in hy.
Qahat at thaim thocht wes best to do.
Schr Edward fryst answert that to,
Hys brodyr that wes owa harly,
And said: 'I saw yow eklyer
Thar sall na perell, that may be,
Drzeve me econsyne? to the se.
Myne anentur her tak will I,
Chethibir it be esfull or angry.'—
'Brothyr,' he said 'sen thou will sun,
It is gude that we wold to
Disease or ese, or payne or play,
Eklyr as God will we purray.'
And men say that the Percy
Myn herateau will occupye;
And his mynaye sauer wyth,
That ws dispytis mony wyse;
Ga we and weagel sun off the dispyte
And that may we haif done als tite z,
For that ly traetly, but drediing
Off we, or off our cunmyng.
And thought we slepand aew thaim all,
Repruff tharof na man sail.
For werenour na fores salf man.
Quethir he mynaye stream his fa
Throw strength, or throw sucute;
But that gud faith ay haldyn be.'

"Barnbour's Bruce, Book iv. v. 1.

NOTE 3 B.

Now ask you whence that wondrous light,
Whose fairy close beguiled their sight?
It never was known. — P. 451.

The following are the words of an ingenious correspondent, to whom I am obliged for much information 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, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the flame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year, on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Bruidock Castle; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared, being called the Bogles' Brue, beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o'lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Firth of Clyde, between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the couriers of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery." — Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton Stuart, author of an ingenious Collection of Poems, illustrative of many ancient Traditions in Galloway and 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 gairnd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's aitern reign. — P. 451.

The Castle of Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, was the property of Robert Bruce, in right of his mother. Lord Hailes mentions the following remarkable circumstance concerning the mode in which he became proprietor of it: — "Martha, Countess of Carrick in her own right, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, had him a son, afterwards Robert L. (11th July, 1274). The circumstances of her marriage were singular: happening to meet Robert Bruce in her domains, she 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; but 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." — Annales of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 180. The same obliging correspondent, whom I have quoted in the preceding note, gives me the following account of the present state of the ruins of Turnberry: — "Turnberry Point is a rock projecting into the sea; the top of it is about eighteen feet above high-water mark. Upon this rock was built the castle. There is about twenty-five feet high of the wall next to the sea yet standing. Upon the land side the wall is only about four feet high; the length has been sixty feet, and the breadth forty-five: it was surrounded by a ditch, but that is now nearly filled up. The top of the ruin, rising between forty and fifty feet above the water, has a majestic appearance from the sea. There is not much local tradition in the vicinity connected with Bruce or his history. In front, however, of the rock, upon which stands Outean Castle, is the mouth of a romantic cavern, called the Cove of Colean, in which it is said Bruce and his followers concealed themselves immediately after landing, till they arranged matters for their further enterprises. Burns mentions it in the poem of Hallowe'en. The only place to the south of Turnberry worth mentioning, with reference to Bruce's history, is the Weary Nuki, 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 copsewood and venture of this extensive meadow, before it was invaded by the ploughshare.

NOTE 3 D.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall! — P. 453.

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 outskirts 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 mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself so strong, that the English were obliged to evacuate Turnberry, and at length the Castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his attachment to the hereditary followers of his house, in this part of the country.

It is generally known that Bruce, in consequence of his distresses after the battle of Methven, was affected by a scrobutinous disorder, which was then called a leprosy. It is said he experienced benefit from the use of a medicinal spring, about a mile north of the town of Ayr, called from that circumstance King's Ease.1 The following is the tradition of the country, collected by Mr. Train: — After Robert ascended the throne, he founded the priory of Dominican monks, every one of whom was under the obligation of putting up to Heaven a prayer once a week-day, and twice in holydays, for the recovery of the king; and, after his death, these masses were continued for the saving of his soul. The ruins of this old monastery are now nearly level with the ground. Robert likewise caused

1 King's Ease, but King's Cave, L. e. Cave Regis, the name of the royal foundation described below. Mr. Train's kindness enables the Editor to make this correction. — 1833.
NOTE 3 E.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four,
My noble fathers loved of yore."—P. 455.

These mazers were large drinking-cups, or goblets. Mention of them occurs in a curious inventory of the treasure and jew-

Note 2 F.

Arouse old friends, and gather new.—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 forty-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 Jameses, and is dated at Faulkland. The freemen of Newton were formerly officers by rotation. The Provost of Ayr at one time was a freeman of Newton, and it happened to be his turn, while provost at 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 mountainous, 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 Lyrshire. At the fatal battle of Falkirk, Sir John Stewart of Bonkhill, 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 commemorated the tull and stately persons, as well as the unserving faith, of these foresters. Nor has their interesting fall escaped the notice of an elegant modern poetess, whose subject led her to treat of that calamitous engagement.

"The glance of the morn had sparkled bright
On their plumage green and their actons light;
The bugle was strung at each hunter's side,
As they had been bound to the chase to ride;
But the bugle is mate, and the shafts are spent,
The arm unnerved and the bow unbent,
And the tired forester is laid
Far, far from the clustering Greenwood shade!
Sore have they toil'd—they are fallen asleep,
And their slumber is heavy, and dull, and deep!
When over their bones the grass shall wave,
When the wild winds over their tombs shall rave,
Memory shall glean on their graves, and tell
How Selkirk's hunters hold around old Stewart fell!"

Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk [by Miss Holroyd], Lond. 4to. 1809, pp. 170-1.

Note 3 G.

When Bruce's banner had victorious low'd,
Over Loudoun's mountain, and in Try's vale.—P. 450.

The first important advantage gained by Bruce after landing at Turnberry, was the capture of Tryner 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 there was assailed by Conyn, Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Conyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Moubrey. Bruce was ill at the time of a serious disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although

Note 3 H.


The "good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often sooner Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again rise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle to be heaped together, bursting 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 pleasantry of the "good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the Douglas's Larder. A more pleasing tale of chivalry is recorded by Geddes-croft.—"By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jealousy to keep this castle, which began to be called the adventurous (or hazardous) Castle of Douglas; whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Threuswall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, having first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grass, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way to Lanark, the chief market town in that county: so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both. Neither was this expectation frustrated, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this virtual (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him; and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed, as it was unlooked for: wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to his 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 mistress's letter about him."—Hume's History of the House of Douglas, fol. pp. 29, 30.

Note 3 I.

And fery Edward routed stout St. John.—P. 456.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavored to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timeously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, ar -rising to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valor would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the manner sort of his army, to intrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harrowed, issued forth under cover of a thick

1 This is the foundation of the Author's last romance, Castle Dange-rous.—Ed.
must, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them."—D'ALRIMPLE'S Annals of Scotland, quarto, Edinburgh, 1779, p. 52.

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**Note 3 K.**

When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the Southern gale.—P. 456.

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for constancy than Bruce himself. He espoused the uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce; appeared in arms against him; and, in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his nephew took his standard with his own hand. But Randolph was afterwards made prisoner by Douglas in Tweeddale, and brought before King Robert. Some harsh language was exchanged between the uncle and nephew, and the latter was committed for a time to close custody. Afterwards, however, they were reconciled, and Randolph was created Earl of Moray about 1312. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

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**Note 3 L.**

Stirling's towers,
Beloeague'd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce.—P. 456.

When a long train of success, actively improved by Robert Bruce, had made him master of almost all Scotland, Stirling Castle continued to hold out. The care of the blockade was committed by the king to his brother Edward, who concluded a treaty with Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, that he should surrender the fortress, if it were not succored by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The King severely blamed his brother for the impolicy of a treaty, which gave time to the King of England to advance to the relief of the castle with all his assembled forces, and obliged himself either to meet them in battle with an inferior force, or to retreat with dishonor. "Let all England come," answered the reckless Edward; "we will fight them were they more." The consequence was, of course, that each kingdom mustered its strength for the expected battle; and as the space agreed upon reached from Lent to Midsummer, full time was allowed for that purpose.

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**Note 3 M.**

To summon prince and peer,
At Bernice bounds to meet their Liege.—P. 456.

There is printed in Rymer's Fæderam the summons issued upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued. It seems to respect the infantry alone, for it is entitled, De pedibus ad recursum Castri de Styrlevae a Scoticis occupatis, propter faciendis. This circumstance is also clear from the reasoning of the writ, which states: "We have understood that our Scottish enemies and rebels are endeavoring to collect as strong a force as possible of infantry, in strong and marshy grounds, where the approach of cavalry would be difficult, between us and the castle of Stirling." It then sets forth Mowbray's agreement to surrender the castle, if not relieved before St. John the Baptist's day, and the king's determination, with divine grace, to raise the siege. "Therefore," the summons further bears, "to remove our said enemies and rebels from such places as above mentioned, it is necessary for us to have a strong force of infantry fit for arms." And accordingly the sheriff of York is commanded to equip and send forth a body of four thousand infantry, to be assembled at Wark, upon the tenth day of June first, under pain of the royal displeasure, &c.

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**Note 3 N.**

And Cambria, but of late subdu'd,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude.—P. 456.

Edward the First, with the usual policy of a conqueror, employed the Welsh, whom he had subdued, to assist him in his Scottish wars, for which their habits, as mountaineers, particularly fitted them. But this policy was not without its risks. Previous to the battle of Falkirk, the Welsh quarrelled with the English men-at-arms, and after bloodshed on both parts, separated themselves from his army, and the feud between them, at so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II., followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanny dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes even of the Scottish peasantry; and after the rout of Bannockburn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkley.

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**Note 3 O.**

And Connacht pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Conor sway'd.—P. 456.

There is in the Fæderam an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connought, setting forth that the King was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster. Similar mandates were issued to the following Irish chiefs, whose names may astonish the unlearned, and amuse the antiquary.

"Eth O Donnald, Duci Hibernicorum de Tyrconil;
Daum O Kahan, Duci Hibernicorum de Fennromise;
Donneal O Neil, Duci Hibernicorum de Tryswyn;
Neel Maelreen, Duci Hibernicorum de Kynelewan;
Eth O'Fynn, Duci Hibernicorum de Turbery;
Admelre Mac Aengus, Duci Hibernicorum de Oneagh;
Neel O Hanlan, Duci Hibernicorum de Erther;
Hien Mac Mahun, Duci Hibernicorum de Uriel;
Laurence Mac Wyr, Duci Hibernicorum de Lougheria,
Gillys O Rbog, Duci Hibernicorum de Bresliy;
Geoffrey O Perse, Duci Hibernicorum de Montirwill;
Ro ci O Roventeur, Duci Hibernicorum de Connach;
Dunethath O Bien, Duci Hibernicorum de Tothmund;
Dermol Mac Asthly, Duci Hibernicorum de Desmesond;
Dennol Carbragh;
Maer. Kavenagh Mac Margh;
Marghagh O Bryn;
David O Tothvil;
Dermol O Tonoghar, Dofally;
Pyn O Dymsy;"
Sounethach Mac Gillepaptrick; 
Lysagh O Morth; 
Gilbertus Eekly, Duci Hibernicorum de Omsany; 
Mac Elehola; 
Oaman Helyn, Ducii Hibernicorum Midia.'" 


**NOTE 3 P.** Their chief, Fitz-Louis.—P. 438.

Fitz-Louis, or Mac-Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the Isle of Arran. They are said to be of French origin, as the name intimates. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing; and Fergus Mac-Louis, or Fullarton, received from the grateful monarch a charter, dated 26th November, in the second year of his reign (1307), for the lands of Kilminchel, and others, which still remain in this very ancient and respectable family.

**NOTE 3 Q.** In battles four beneath their eye, The forces of King Robert lie.—P. 438.

The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannockburn, are given very distinctly by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tacticians. Yet, till commented upon by Lord Hailes, this important passage of history has been generally and strangely misunderstood by historians. I will here 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 copses of wood and marshy ground. He divided his regular forces into four divisions. Three of these occupied a front line, separated from each other, yet sufficiently near for the purpose of communication. The fourth division formed a reserve. The line extended in a north-easterly direction from the brook of Bannock, which was so rugged and broken as to cover the right flank effectually, to the village of Saint Ninians, probably in the line of the present road from Stirling to Kilsyth. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing, which was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Keith, the Marischal of Scotland, to whom was committed the important charge of attacking the English archers; Douglas, and the young Steward of Scotland, led the central wing; and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, the left wing. The King himself commanded the fourth division, which lay in reserve behind the others. The royal standard was pitched, according to tradition, in a stone, having a round hole for its reception, and thence called the Bore-stone. It is still shown on the top of a small eminence, called Brock's-bran, to the southwest of Saint Ninians. His main body thus disposed, King Robert sent the followers of the camp, fifteen thousand and upwards in number, to the eminence in rear of his army, called from that circumstance the Gilets (i.e. the servants') Hill.

The military advantages of this position were obvious. The Scottish left flank, protected by the brook of Bannock, could not be turned; or, if that attempt were made, a movement by the reserve might have covered it. Again, the English could not pass the Scottish army, and move towards Stirling, without exposing their flank to be attacked while in march.

If, on the other hand, the Scottish line had been drawn up east and west, and facing to the southward, as affirmed by Buchanan, and adopted by Mr. Nimmo, the author of the History of Stirlingshire, there appears nothing to have prevented the English approaching upon the 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 Gillies' Hill, if this less probable hypothesis be adopted, would be situated, not in the rear, as allowed by all the historians, but upon the left flank of Bruce's army. The only objection to the hypothesis above laid down, is, that the left flank of Bruce's army was thereby exposed to a sally from the garrison of Stirling. But, 1st, the garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbray's treaty; and Barbour even seems to suspect, 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. 2dly, Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. 3dly, The adverse hypothesis leaves the rear of the Scottish army as much exposed to the Stirling garrison, as the left flank would be in the case supposed. It only remains to notice the nature of the ground in front of Bruce's line of battle. Being part of a park, or chase, it was considerably interspersed with trees; and an extensive marsh is still visible, in some places rendered it inaccessible, and in all of difficult approach. More to the northward, where the natural impediments were fewer, Bruce fortified his position against cavalry, by digging a number of pits so close together, says Barbour, as to resemble the cells in a honey-comb. They were a foot in breadth, and between two and three feet deep, many rows of them being placed one behind the other. They were slightly covered with brush-wood and green sods, so as not to be obnoxious 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. 439.

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 shinning were so sheen, And hussotts burnish'd bright, That gave against the sun great light. They saw so felle braydykes, banes, Standards and pennons and spears, And so felle knights upon steeds, All fluming in their weedes, And so felle battails, and so broad. And too so great room as they rode, That the maist host, and the stoutest Of Christendom and the greatest, Should be absayst for to see Their foes into such quantity." 

The Bruce, vol. ii. p. 111.

The two Scottish commanders were cautious in the account which they brought back to their camp. To the king in pri.

1 An adistant o which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had not the English approached from the southeast; since, had there march been due north, the whole Scottish army must have been between this and the garrison.

2 Many.

3 Duplied.
vate 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 these the vauntant of the Isles.
Beneath their chieftains rank'd, their files.—P. 458.

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 MacDougalls 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 Scriptum."


The copy of this curious document was supplied by my friend, Mr. Thomson, Deputy Registrar 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. 459.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earl of Glouces-ter 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 Bolun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies. It is thus recorded by Barbour:

"And quhen Glossyter and Herfurd war With their batall, approchand ner, Before thaim all thar came ryand, With helm on heid, and sper in hand Schyr Henry the Boune, the worthi, That was a wycht kynche, and a hardy; And to the Erle off Herfurd-eusye: Armyt in armys gud and fyn; Come on a sted, a how schotter ner, Befor all othar that ther wer: And knew the King, for that he saw Him swa rang his men on raw; And by the crowne, that wes set Alus upon his bassynet. And towarth him he went in hy, And [quhen] the King sua aperty Saw him cum, foroith all his feris,1 In hy2 till him the hurs he storis. And quhen Schyr Henry saw the King Cum on, for owtyn abaying,3 Till him he raid in full gret hy He thoncht that he sull welly lythly Wyn him, and haf him at his will, Sen he him horsyt saw an ill. Sprant1 thai samyn in till a ling.4 Schyr Henry myseth the noble King. And he, that in his sterys stud, With the ax that was hard and gud, With sa gret mayne5 sacht him a dynth, That nethyr bat, na helm, mychyt styn. The hewy6 duschte6 that he him gave, That ner the heid till the haryns clave. The hand ax schaft fruscht6 in twa; And he doune to the efd gan ga All flatlynys,6 for him failyt mycht. This wes the fryst strak off the fycht."  

Barbour's Bruce, Book viii. v. 684.

The Scottish leaders rannestred with the King upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good battle axe."—The English vanguard retreated after witnessing this single combat. Probably their generals did not think it advisable to hazard an attack while its unfavorable issue remained upon their minds.

Note 3 U.

What train of dust, with trumpet sound, And glimmering spears, is wheeling round Our leftward flank 7—460.

While the van of the English armie advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Hailes gives the following account of this manouv're 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 "my advanced parties of the English from throwing succors into the castle of Stirling."

"Eight hundred horsemen, commanded by Sir Robert Clif-1 Comrades.—2 Ulster.—3 Without shrinking.—4 Spurred.—5 Line.
ford, 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 peril. 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 pretended 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, enveloped him, and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the King's permission to go and succor him. "You shall not move from your ground," cried the King; "let Randolph extricate himself as he best may. I will not alter my order of battle, and lose the advantage of my position."—"In truth," replied Douglas, "I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish; and, therefore, with your leave, I must aid him." The King unwillingly consented, and Douglas flew to the assistance of his friend. While approaching, he perceived that the English were falling into disorder, and that the perseverance of Randolph had prevailed over their impetuous courage. "Halt!" cried Douglas, "those brave men have repulsed the enemy; let us not diminish their glory by sharing it."—DAVY, THE ANNALS OF SCOTLAND, 4to. Edinburgh, 1779, pp. 44, 45.

Two large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the eulogy of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish line had Stirling on its left flank. It will be remembered, that Randolph commanded infantry, Dayncourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up, facing to the south, in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Milltown bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, with whatever celerity, could cut off from Stirling a body of cavalry who had already passed St. Ninians, or, in other words, were already between them and the town. Whereas, supposing Randolph's left to have approached St. Ninians, the short movement to Newhouse could easily be executed, so as to intercept the English in the manner described.

Note 3 V.

The Scottish of this period certainly observed some musical cadence, even in winding their horns, 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, who has wi' Wallace bled."

Note 3 W.

Non annuunt, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England 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 battles or divisions; but from the following passage, it appears that there was no room or space for them to extend themselves, so that, except the vanguard, the whole army appeared to form one solid and compact body:

["The English men, on either party,
That as angels shone brightly,
Were not array'd on such manner:
For all their battles samyn:
In a schiltrum. But whether it was
Through the great straitness of the place
That they were in, to bide fighting;
Or that it was for abaying:
I wete not. But in a schiltrum
It seemed they were all and some;
Out tal'en the vaward anerly,
That right with a great company,
Be them selwyn, arrayed were.
Who had been by, might have seen there
That folk outake a meilk field.
On brethith, where many a shining shiel'd,
And many a burnisht bright armour,
And many a man of great valour,
Might in that great schiltrum be seen:
And many a bright banner and sheen."—BARBOUR'S BRUCE, VOL. II. P. 15.

Note 3 X.

See where yon barefoot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands.—P. 461.

["Maurice, abbot of Inchafray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front barefooted, and bearing a crucifix in his hand, and exhorting the Scots, in a few and forcible words, to combat for their rights and their liberty. The Scots kneeled down. "They yield," cried Edward; 'see, they implore mercy.'—"They do," answered Ingelram de Umfranville, 'but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die.'—ANNALES OF SCOTLAND, VOL. II. P. 47.

1 Barbour says expressly, they avoided the New Park (where Bruce's army lay), and held "well near the Kirk," which can only mean St. Ninians.
2 Together.
3 Schiltrum.—This word has been variously limited or extended in its signification. In general, it seems to imply a large body of men drawn up very closely together. But it has been limited to imply a round or circular body of men so drawn up. I cannot understand it with this limitation in the present case. The schiltrum of the Scottish army at Falkirk was un-
NOTE 3 Y.

"The Inglis archeris shocht sa fast,
That mycht their shoch haff ony last
It had bene hard to Scottis men.
Bot King Robert, that wele gan ken!"

That their archeris war perilous,
And their shoch rycht hard and grewous,
Ordanit, fortoth the assemble,
Hys marshell with a gret meny,
Fyve hundred aryme in to stele;
That on lycht hors war horsyt welle,
Fot to pryk 3 among the archeris;
And sae assaille thaim with thei spesia,
That thai na layser haff to schute.
This marshell that Ik of mate, 4
That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld,
As Ik befor her has yow tauld;
Quben he saw the bataliis sua
Assembl, and to gilder ga,
And saw the archeris schoyt stoutly;
With all thaim off his comapny,
In by apon thaim gan he rid;
And our tuk thaim at a sid:
And ruescht amyng thaim sa ruddly,
Stekand thaim sa dispithonally,
And in sic fusound 5 berndoun doun,
And slayand thaim, for owyt ransouns: 6
That thai thaim sclyt 6 eur likane; 6
And fra that tymde furth thar wes nane
That assemblyt schocht to ma; 6
Quben Scottis archeris saw that tha su
War rebu,7 thai woux hardly,
And with all their mycht shocht ergely
Amonyng the horse men, thai thair said;
And woundis wid to thaim thai maidd;
And slew of thaim a full gret dele. 7

BArBouR's BRuCE, Book Ix. v. 225.

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 succeeding battle which they lost against England, was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting 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 II. was defeated and made prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his command. "But, to confess the truth," says Fordun, "he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed." Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by habit or prejudice.

NOTE 3 Z.

Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lines his baldric bore!—P. 402.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer backend under his girdle twenty-four Scottes.' Indeed Tzocplious says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, 'The Scottes surely be good men of warre in thayr owne feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profite, nor yet challenge it for any praise.'—Works of Ascham, edited by Bennet, 4to. p. 110.

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

NOTE 4 A.

Down! down! in headlong overthrew,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go.—P. 402.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour does not mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

NOTE 4 B.

And steeds that shrick in agony.—P. 462.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses submit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt, that, in moments of sudden and intolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erkine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

NOTE 4 C.

Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock:
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen charge.—P. 404.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing up
the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this cri-
sis, he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a
moito by some of his descendants, "My trust is constant in
thee." Barbour intimates, that the reserve "assembled on
one field," that is, on the same line with the Scottish forces
already engaged; which leads Lord Hailes to conjecture that
the Scottish ranks must have been much thinned by slaughter,
since, in that circumscribed ground, there was room for the
reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish
cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the va-
sancy occupied by the reserve.

NOTE 4 D.

Ty arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—
And minis ensigns high they bear.—P. 464.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gil-
es' Hill in this way, the impression produced upon the English
army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and, prompted
by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder,
assumed, in a tumultuary manner; such arms as they found
nearest, fastest sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed
themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

"Yomen, and swanys, and pitsall, that
That in the Park yemt wicatt, War left; quhen thay wyst but losing,
That their lochis, with fell feochtygg, On their fayis assembly wer;
Ane off thigh selwyn that war thar
Capitans of thaim all that maid.
And schetis, that war sumede bad, Thai festnayt in steid off baneirs,
Apon lang treys and sporis: And said that thal wald se the fycht;
And help their lordis at thair mycht.
Quhen her till all assenyt wer,
In a rout assembly er?
Fystene thousand thay war, or ma.
And than in gret hy gan thay ga,
With thair baneirs, all in a rout,
As thai had men bene styth and stout.
Thai came, with all that assembly,
Rycht qhithl thay mycht the bataill so;
Than all at anys that gave a cry,
'Sla! sla! Apon thaim hastyly!"

BArbour's BRUCE, Book ix. v. 410.

The unexpected apperition, 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 Firth, and perished there, which, by the way, could
hardly have happened, had the armies been drawn up east
and west; since, in that case, to get at the river, the English
fugitives must have fled through the victorious army. About
a short mile from the field of battle is a place called the
Bloody Folds. Here the Earl of Glouceter is said to have
made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own mili-
tary tenants and vassals. He was much regretted by both
diles; and it is said the Scottish would gladly have saved his
life, but, neglecting to wear his surcoat with armorial bear-
ings over his armor, he fell unknown, after his horse 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," answered the knight.
"I receive you," answered the king, and, treating him with
the utmost courtesy, loaded him with gifts, and dismissed him
without ransom. The other prisoners were all well treated.
There might be policy in this, as Bruce would naturally
have 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. 464.

Edward II., according to the best authorities, showed, in
the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not un-
worthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the
field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was
lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling, and demanded
admittance; but the governor, demonstrating upon the impru-
dence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so
soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred
men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victor-
ious 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 Tor-
wood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he
easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist
in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as
Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough
to harass his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant
behind, was instantly slain or made prisoner. Edward's igno-
milous flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March,
who still professed allegiance to him, "received him full
gently." From thence, the monarch of so great an empire,
and the late commander of so gallant and numerous an army,
escaped to Bamborough in a fishing vessel.

Bruce, as will appear from the following document, lost no
time in directing the thunders of Parliamentary censure against
such part of his subjects as did not return to their natural alle-
liance after the battle of Bannockburn.

AUPD MONASTERIUM DE CAMBUSKEENETH,
VI DIE NOVEMBRI, MCCC.XIV.

Judicium Reditum apud Kambusketin contra omnes illos qui
tunc fuerant contra fidem et pacem Domini Regis.

Anno gracie millesimo triumcentimo quarto decimo sexto die
Novembri tenente parliamentum sum. Excellentissimo princi-
pe Domino Roberto Dei gracia Regis Scottorum Illustri in
monasterio de Cambuskeyneth concordatum fuit finaliter Ju-
dicatum [ae super] hoc statutum de Concilio et Assenso Epis-
coporum et ceterorum Presbyterorum Comitum Baronum et alia-
um nobilium regni Scotiae nec non et tocius communis
regni predicti quot omnes qui contra fideum et pacem dicti
domini regis in bello seu alibi mortui sunt [vel qui dic] to die
ad pacem ejus et, fideem non venerant licet sepus vocati et le-
gitime expectati fuissent de terris et tenementis et omni ali
statu infra regnum Scotiae perpetuo sint exhereditati et habes-
tur de cetero tanquam inimici Regis et Regni ab omni vindi-
cactione juris hereditarii vel juris alterius ejusque in pos-
terum pro se et hereditibus suis in perpetuum privat. Ad per-
petuum igitur rei memoriam et evidentem probationem hujus
renowned warrior, there fell many representatives of the
noblest houses in England, which never sustained a more
bloody and disastrous defeat. Barbour says that two hundred
pairs of gilded spurs were taken from the field of battle; and
that some were left the author can bear witness, who has in
his possession a curious antique spur, dug up in the morass,
not long since.

"It was for a gret ferly,
To se samyn as fele deide.
Twa hundre payr of spars reid,2
War tane of knichtis 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 Wal-
lace.3 The only good edition of The Bruce was published by
Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols., in 1790; and, the learned editor
having had no personal access to consult the manuscript, it is
not without errors; and it has besides become scarce. Of
Wallace there is no tolerable edition; yet these two poems do
no small honor 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 Rivet's Annals, will show the extent
of the national calamity.

LIST OF THE SLAIN.

Knights and Knights Ban-
erets.
Simon Ward,
Ross de Felton,
Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Glou-
cester,
Michael Poyning,
Edmund Maslay.

Robert de Clifford,
Payan Tybetot,
William Le Mareschal,
Henry de Boum,
John Comyn,
Thomas de Ufford,
William de Vesey,
John de Elingfeldes,
John de Harcourt,
Nicolas de Hasteleigh,
Walter de Hakeult,
John de Montfort,
Philip de Courtenay,
William Daynecourt,
Edmond Comyn,
Hugo de Scales,
John Lovel (the rich),
Radulph de Beauchamp,
John de Penbrigge,
Edmund de Hastyngs,
With 33 others of the same
Milo de Stapleton,
rank, not named.

PRISONERS.

Barons and Baronets.
Antony de Luce,
Henry de Boum, Earl of Here-
ford,
John Giffard,
William de Latimer,
Lord John Ferrer,
Maurice de Berkeley,
Ingeham de Umvraville,
John de Wyleton,
Robert de Maulee,
Henz Fitz-Hugh,
Thomas de Gray,
Walter de Beauchamp,
Richard de Charon,
John de Wevelmont,
Robert de Nevil,
John de Segrave,
Gilbert Pechee,
John de Claverings,
Antony de Luce,
Bartholomew de Ensfield,
Thomas de Ferrers, [tort
Radulph and Thomas Botte
John and Nicholas de King
stone (brothers),
been uniformly corrected by the text of Dr. Jamieson's Bruce, pub-
lished, along with Blind Harry's Wallace, Edin. 1800, 3 vols. 4to.—Re. 1.

NOTE 4 F.
Nor for De Argentine alone,
Through Nitan's church these torches shine,
And roses the death-prayer's awful tone.—P. 405.

The remarkable circumstances attending the death of De
Argentine have been already noticed (Note L). Besides this
1 Together.
2 Red, or gilded.
3 This extract from Barbour in this edition of Sir Walter Scott's poems

500 SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
William Lovel, Henry de Wileton, Baldwin de Frevill, John de Clivedon,1 Adomar la Zouche, John de Merewode, John Maufe,2 Thomas and Odo Lele Erce-dekene, Robert Beaple (the son), John Mautravers (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-eight knights. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburge, keeper of the king's signet (Custos Targis Domini Regis), was made prisoner with his two clerks, Roger de Wakenfelde and Thomas de Switon, upon which the king caused a seal to be made, and entitled it his privy seal, to distinguish the same from the signet so lost. The Earl of Hereford was exchanged against Bruce's queen, who had been detained in captivity ever since the year 1306. The Targis, 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, afford 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 hand,
With Europe's chosen sons, in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound."* 

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.

Abbotsford, 1815.

The Field of Waterloo.

I.

Fair Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
From proud St. Michael's tower;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,*
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough

* Published by Constable & Co. in October, 1815. 8vo. 5s.

1 "The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes famous in Bolando's Orlando, and immortal in Shakespeare's 'As you Like it.' It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments."—BYRON.
Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.
A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;¹
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields, glance between;
The peasant, at his labor blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and short'ned seythe:²
But when these ears 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 fane: —
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view;
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire are thine,³
Immortal Waterloo!⁴

III.
Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorched't the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest straggler now
To shade us spreads a woodland 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 Waterloo,
Some three hours' journey for a well-girt 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 thin of antic 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."

³ Southerly's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

⁴ See Appendix, Note A.

⁵ "Let not the stranger with disdain
Its misproportions view;
You rudely form'd
('Tis awkward and)
And yonder humble spire, are thine."

⁶ "What time the second Carlos ruled in Spain,
Last of the Austrian line by fate decreed,
Here Castaazza rear'd a votive fane,
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 uphold ground,
Shuts the horizon all around.
The soft'en'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 feuce are found,
Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
Rise Hougoumont's dismantled towers.⁷

IV.
Now, see'st thou gath in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been? —
A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately light'ned of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh.⁸

"His childless sovereign. Heaven denied an heir,
And Europe morn'd in blood the frustrate prayer." "

Southerly.

To the original chapel of the Marquis of Castaazza has now
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.

⁷ "MS. — "Save where the fire-scarth bowers among,
Rise the rent towers of Hougoumont.""

⁸ "Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
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,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory!"

⁹ Byron

"Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
Where armies had with recent fury fought
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Teniers loved to draw;
And where the earth seems scorched by flame,
To dress the homely feast they came,
And told the kershief’d village dame
Around her fire of straw.”

V.
So deemst thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems:—
But other harvest here,
Than that which peasant scythe demands,
Was gather’d in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No tinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Fell thick as ripen’d grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

VI.
Ay, look again—that line, so black
And trampled, marks the bivouac,
You deep-graved ruts the artillery’s track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden’d mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle’s flood,
Daugh’d 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 sultry beam,
From yonder trench’d mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish’d there
Her garner-house profound.

VII.
Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,
On these scorn’d fields were known;

To mark how gentle Nature still pursued
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
For what her noblest work had suffer’d there.

“...”

SOUTHEY.

Death hover’d o’er the maddening rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-shout.
Sent for the bloody banquet out
A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon’s eye
Could well each destined guest esp’y,
Well could his ear in ecstasy
Distinguish every tone
That fill’d the chorus of the fray—
From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons’ wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark’d their way,
Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life’s decay,
When breath was all but flown.

VIII.
Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on!—but think not that a strife,
With such promiscuous carnage rife,
Protracted space may last;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
And cease when these are past.
Vain hope!—that morn’s o’erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
Ere he attain’d his height,
And through the war-smoke, volumed high,
Still peals that unremitted cry,
Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succors 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.
Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher 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.

“...”

SOUTHEY.

* * * See Appendix, Note B.
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded shaw'd their mangled plight
In token of the unfinished fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,
While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and glory brand!—
Cheer thee, fair City! From yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretched hand
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstanded,
He fires the fight again.

X.
On! On! was still his stern exclaim;
"Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
Rush on the levell'd gun!"

My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
Each Hulan forward with his lance,
My Guard—my Chosen—charge for France,
France and Napoleon!"

Loud answer'd their acclamation shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shunn'd to share.

But Hé, his country's sword and shield,
Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief—
"Soldiers, stand firm," exclam'd the Chief,
"England shall tell the fight!"

XI.
On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—

On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
 Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each err'd square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their dimish'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 went,
Corselets were pierced, and penuus 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 taughed
The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breathed when his pain is more than he can bear."

Southey.

What had it been, then, in the recent days
Of that great triumph, when the open wound

\footnote{MS.—"" Habringers."
MS.—"" Streaming."
MS.—"" Bloody plight."
Within those walls there linger'd at that hour,
Many a brave soldier on the bed of pain,
Whom aid of human art should ne'er restore
To see his country and his friends again;
And many a victim of that fell debate,
Whose life yet wav'er'd in the scales of fate.

Others in waggons borne abroad I saw,
Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight;
Languid and helpless, some were stretch't 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.

\footnote{MS.—"" his stern exclaim;
\footnote{\"Where fails the sword that make way by flame!\"
Recoll not from the cannon's aim;
Confront them and they're won.\"}}
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 thine hour of ill);
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
In Prussia’s trumpet tone?

What yet remains?—shall it be thine
To head the relics of thy line
In one dread effort more?
The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou canst tell what fortune proved
That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition’s dizzy paths essay’d,
And with the gladiators’ aid
For empire enterprised—
He stood the cast his rashness play’d,
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.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,—

sages of Mr. Scott’s present work, to the compositions of Lord 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 resemblance. We allude principally to such passages as that which begins:

‘The Roman lore thy leisure loved,’ &c.

and to such lines as,
‘Now, seem thou aught 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 mostest pretzels of genius, and one of the proudest tributes which it receives.”—Monthly Review.

8 “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; those 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, breathing a little, with an air of that fierceness still in his face 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 the
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 tame
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 Wagram’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;
Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,
Whose channel shows display’d
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made!

XV.
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 sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,
Back on thy 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’s bloody spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina’s icy flood
Redden’d and th’aw’d with flame and blood;
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra
The children of the Don.
Than e’en 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 wilt—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;

3 MS.—“Where in one tide of terror ran,
The warriors that, when morn begun.”

4 MS.—“So ominous a shriek was none,
Not even when Beresina’s flood
Was th’aw’d by streams of tepid blood.”

4 For an account of the death of Poniatowski at Leipsic, see

5 MS.—“Not such were heard, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found gallant grave.”

6 “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 full complexion as his rise,
Even in that faith had look’d not for defeat
So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.”

SOUTHEY.
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—
Come, howsoe'er—but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile, by gifted bard espy'd,
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 dagger in the hand
From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.
Yet, even in your 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! 4

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's knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well may'est thou think, "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;"

MS. —— "but do not hide
Once more that secret germ of pride,
Which erst you gifted bard espy'd."

"The Desolater desolate!
The Victor overthrown,
The Arbitre 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?"

Byron's Ode to Napoleon.

" 'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
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 woe,
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 claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubtled Picton's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsonby could die—
De Lancy change Love's bridal-wreath,

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 fiend hath fallen so far!"

Byron's Ode to Napoleon.

4 "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 bloodshed lay
Where Prussia late, with strong and stern delight,
Hung on her fated foes to persecute their flight."

Southey
For laurels from the hand of Death—
Saw'lt gallant M'lar's3 falling eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous Gordon, '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,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.
Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
Who may your names, your numbers, say?
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name?
Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
From your cold 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 scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!1
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The markman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals 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
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 striven,
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

"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 first
In all its force, the storm of battle burst."

SOUTHEY.

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 Sainte, 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 emulous 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,
Rivall'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. 99-104, 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 8vo; 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 pomposity 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 marks of 'The Mighty Minstrel':—

Saw gallant Miller's fading eye
Still bent where Albion's standards fly,
And Cameron, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring 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 fame 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 Buonaparte's poorness of spirit in adversity, which always struck me as pre-eminent 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;
Rest of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,
Whose channel shows display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made!'

"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 innovation with the tales of Byron, which was the deathblow to the system of verse in quarto)—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. 106–107
APPENDIX TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.
The peasant, at his labor blithe,
Picks the hook'd staff and short'ned scythe.—P. 503.

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

NOTE B.
Pale Brussels! what thoughts were thine.—P. 504.

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

NOTE C.
"On! On!" was still his stern exclaim.—P. 505.
The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his 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 stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—

to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day was 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 aide-de-camp who brought the message."—Relation de la Bataille de Mont-St-Jean. Par un Temoign Oculaire. Paris, 1815, 8vo p. 51.

NOTE D.
The fate their leader shunn'd 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 Charloni, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of Vive Empereur, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach 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.1 It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valor for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

NOTE E.
England shall tell the fright!—P. 505.

In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England!" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

NOTE F.
As plies the smith his clanging trade.—P. 506.

A private soldier of the 85th regiment compared the sounds which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles."

NOTE G.
The British shock of heed'd steel.—P. 506.

No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The Imperial Guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment "The Guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and retrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eye-witness; he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which ran along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer mentions the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

1 The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was 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, 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;' and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr. James Hogg, had published, about the same time, a work called the 'Poetic Mirror,' containing imitations of the principal living poets. There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a resemblance to 'Harold the Dauntless,' that there was no discovering the original from the imitation; and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true, and not the fictitious Simon Pure."—INTRODUCTION TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES. 1830.

Harold the Dauntless.

INTRODUCTION.

There is a mood of mind, we all have known On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day, When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone, And 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?

1 Published by Constable and Co., January, 1817, in 12mo. 7a. 6d.
2 "Within less than a month, the Black Dwarf and Old Mortality were followed by 'Harold the Dauntless, by the author of the Bridal of Triermain.' This poem had been, it appears, begun several years back; nay, part of it had been actually printed before the appearance of Childe Harold, though that circumstance had escaped the author's remembrance when he penned, in 1830, his Introduction to the Lord of the Isles; for he there says, 'I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous.' The volume was published by Messrs. Constable, and had, in those booksellers' phrase, 'considerable success.' It has never, however, been placed on a level with Triermain; and, though it contains many vigorous pictures, and splendid verses, and here and there some happy humor, the confusion and harsh transitions of the fable, and the dim rudeness of character and manners, seem sufficient to account for this inferiority in public favor. It is not surprising that the author should have redoubled his aversion to the notion of any more serious performances in verse. He had seized on an instrument of wider compass, and which, handled with whatever rapidity, seemed to reveal at every touch treasures that had hitherto slept unconsciously within him. He had thrown off his fetters, and might well go forth rejoicing in the native elasticity of his strength."—Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 181.
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 trifling grave and much of buxom game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance  
Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote!  
Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;—  
But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote,  
That bears thy name, and is thine antidote;  
And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,  
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,  
What time to 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 can 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 outstretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,  
Upon the rack of a too-easy chair;  
And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell  
In old romants of errantry that tell,  
Or 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 unfitting 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 Ennui's yawning smile, what time she drops it down.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

List to the valorous deeds that were done  
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witkind's son!  
Count Witkind came of a regal strain,  
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the sea,  
Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there  
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,  
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,  
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:  
When he hosted his standard black,  
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,  
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 rage 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 rung  
Fearful and faintly the gray brothers sung,  
"Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,  
From famine and pest, and Count Witkind's ira!"

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 Earls came against him with all their tram,  
Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain.  
Count Witkind left the Humber's rich strand,  
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland  
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,  
Weak in battle, in council sage;  
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 liegeman of Britain's broad isle.

1 The dry humor, and sort of half Spenserian cast of these, as 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

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 hoary his hair;
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad,
And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode.
As he grew feeble, his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace with prelate and priest,—
Made his peace, and, stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said:
Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.
"Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,
Time is thy poor soul were assol'd;
Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn;
Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with fiendish rite,
Leave now the darkness, and went 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 foot of grace.
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook;
And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood,
"Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good!"

VII.
Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite
The Prelate in 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 spearmen behind;
Coward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne;
And full in front did that fortress lower,
In darksome strength with its buttress and tower:
At the castle gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.
Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood,
His strength of frame, and his fury of mood.
Rude he was and wild to behold,
Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,
Cap of vair nor rich array,
Such as should grace that festal day:
His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced,
Uncover'd his head, and his sandal 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 clotted 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 Gunhild's haughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the axe and sword,
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tore,
And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor;
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull,
Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull?
Then ye worship'd with rites that to 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 patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,—
Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,—
Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear?
Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower
To batten with priest and with paramour?
Oh! out upon thine endless shame!
Each Scald's high harp shall blast thy fame,
And thy son will refuse thee a father's name!"

X.
Iref. I 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 my son such accounting will show.
Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
Who ne'er from thy childhood knew reason or ruth?
Hence! to the wolf and the bear in her den;
These are thy mates, and not rational men?"

XI.
Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
"We must honor our sires, if we fear when they 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 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.—
'Tis thou know'st not truth, that hast barter'd in eld,
For a price, the brave faith that thine ancestors held.
[plain,—
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,
Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all;
And e'en the good Bishop was faint 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-christen'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, Norweyan, and Finn,
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Outstretched on the rushes that strew'd the halfloor;
[rout,
And the tempest within, having ceased its wild Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without.

XIV.
Apart from the wassail, in turret alone,
Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son;
In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the first,
For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed;
And grief was young Gunnar his master should roam,
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home.
He heard the deep thunder, the slashing of rain,
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and pane;
"And oh!" said the Page, "on the shelterless wold
Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold!
What though he was stubborn, and wayward, and wild,
[child.—
He endured me because I was Ermengarde's
And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
In the chase, by his stirrup, unbid'd. I run;
I would I were older, and knighthood could bear,
I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and the Wear;
[breath,
For my mother's command, with her last parting Bade me follow her nursling in life and to death.

XV.
"It pours and it thunders, it lightens amain,
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?
Unash'd, unmantled, he dies on the moor!
Whate'er comes of Gunnar, he tarries not here.
He leapt from his couch, and he grasp'd to his spear;
tread,
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!
[store,
And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have plenty in 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 Jorvaux's purse:
Saint Meneholt's Abbot next morning has miss'd his mantle, deep fur'd from the cape to the wrist
The Seneschal's keys from his belt he has ta'en
(Well drench'd on that eve was old 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 at so rash a pace;  
So long he snorted, so loud he neigh'd,  
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,  
And the red flash of lightning show'd there where lay  
His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the clay.  

XVII.  
Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand!"  
And raised the club in his deadly hand.  
The flaxen-hair'd Gunnar his purpose told,  
Show'd the palfrey and 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 foes,  
The gods above, the fiends below,  
And man on earth, more hateful still,  
The very fountain-head of ill?  
Desperate of life, and careless of death,  
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,  
Such must thou be with me to roam,  
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!"

XVIII.  
Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough, [brow,  
As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the dark  
And half he repented his purpose and vow.  
But now to draw back were bootless shame,  
And he loved his master, so urged him to 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 surcoat 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 heath 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 scapulaire,  
And folded hands in the act of prayer.  
Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now  
On the haughty Saxon, 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 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 hear  
Wear 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 Eustace, a canon old,—  
"Harold is nameless, and furious, and bold;  

Ivanhoe."

—Adolphus' Letters on the Author of Waverley 1859, p. 281.
Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO SECOND.

I.
'Tis merry in Greenwood,—thus runs the old lay,—
In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild birds’ song on stem and spray
Invites to forest bower;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak’s proud breast,
Like a chieftain’s frowning tower;
Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
And tip the leaves with lighter green,
With brighter tints the flower;
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
When the sun is in his power.

II.
Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
That follows so soon on the gather’d sheaf;
When the greenwood loses the name;
Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the redbreast’s note, and the rustling sound
Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouth’d cry of the distant hound
That opens on his game:
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendor ride,
And gild its many-color’d side;
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vaporey folds, o’er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze,
Like an early widow’s veil,
Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrays,
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 Wulfstan’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 Gannlesse river.
Yet free though he trespass’d on woodland game,
More known and more fear’d was the wizard fame
Of Jetta of Rookhope, the outlaw’s dame;
Fear’d when she round was her eye of flame,
More fear’d when in wrath she laugh’d;
For then, ’twas said, more fatal true
To its dread aim her spell-glance flew,
Than when from Wulfstan’s bended yew
Sprung forth the gray-geese 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 naught of fraud, or ire, 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,
Were 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 rushy corset,
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 morn, 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 heir 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 gavds 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.
Sudden 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 soild’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 thou 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 atone
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 fishers 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 lordly 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, damsel, coy it not!—
And now go seek thy parents’ cot,
And say, a bridegroom soon I come,
To woo my love, and bear her home."

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 forbade
Her steps should stray to distant glade.
Night came—to her accustom'd nook
Her distaff aged Jutta took,
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and bow.
Sudden and clamorous, from the ground
Upstar'd slumbering brach and hound;
Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
And Wulfstane snatches at his arms,
When open flew the yielding door,
And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

XI.
"All peace be here—What! none replies?
Dismiss your fears and your surprise.
'Tis I—that Maid hath told my tale,—
Or, trembler, did thy courage fail?
It recks not—it is I demand
Fair Metelill in marriage band;
Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
Is brave men's boast and caitiff's shame."
The parents sought each other's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise:
Wulfstane, to quarril prompt, began
The stranger's size and thewes to scan;
But as he scann'd, 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 howso'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 crost,
And soon he was in darkness lost.

XIII.
Appall'd a while the parents stood,
Then changed their fear to angry mood,
And foremost fell their words of ill
On unresisting Metelill:
Was she not caution'd and forbid,
Forewarn'd, implored, accused and chid,
And must she still to greenwood roam,
To marshal such misfortune home?
"Hence, minion—to thy chamber hence—
There prudence learn, and penitence."
She went—her lonely couch to steep
In tears which absent lovers weep;
Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep,
Fierce Harold's suit was still the theme
And terror of her feverish dream.

XIV.
Scarce was she gone, her dame and sire
Upon each other bent their ire;
"A woodsman thou, and hast a spear,
And couldst thou such an insult bear?"
Sullen he said, "A man contends
With men, a witch with sprites and fiends;
Not to mere mortal wight belong
Yon gloomy brow and frame so strong.
But thou—is this thy promise fair,
That your Lord William, wealthy heir
To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-Wear,
Should Metelill to altar bear?"
Do all the spells thou boast'st as thine
Serve but to slay some peasant's kine,
His grain in autumn's storms to steep,
Or thorough fog and fen to sweep,
And hog-ride some poor rustic's sleep?
Is such mean mischief worth the fame
Of sorceress and witch's name?
Fame, which with all men's wish conspires,
With thy deserts and my desires,
To damn thy corpse to penal fires?
Out on thee, witch! aroint! aroint!
What now shall put thy schemes in joint?
What save this trusty arrow's point,
From the dark dingle when it flies,
And he who meets it gasps and dies."

XV.
Stern she replied, "I will not wage
War with thy folly or thy rage;
But ere the morrow's sun be low,
Wulfstane of Rookhope, thou shalt know,
If I can venge me on a foe.
Believe the while, that whatsoe'er
I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,
It is not Harold's destiny
The death of pifler'd deer to die.
But he, and thou, and yon pale moon
(That shall be yet more pallid soon,
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 slake his ire.

XVI.
Far faster than belong'd to age
Has Jutta made her pilgrimage.
A priest has met her as she pass'd,
And cross'd 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 crook;
The mountain-cat, which sought his prey,
Glared, scream'd, and started from her way.
Such music cheer'd her journey lone
To the deep dell and rocking stone;
There, with unhallow'd hymn of praise;
She called a God of heathen days.

XVII.
Invocation.
"Faux 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!

"Mightiest of the mighty known,
Here thy wonders have been shown;
Hundred tribes in various tongue
Oft have here thy praises sung:
Down that stone with Runic 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 nigh,—
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 votaress at her need repay?
Thou—shall I call thee god or fiend?—
Let others on thy mood attend
With prayer and ritual—Jutta's arms
Are necromantic words and charms;
Mine is the spell, that utter'd once,
Shall wake Thy Master from his trance,
Shake his red mansion-house of pain,
And burst his seven-times-twisted chain!—
So! com'st thou ere the spell is spoke?
I own thy presence, Zernebock."—

XVIII.
"Daughter of dust," the Deep Voice said,
—Shook while it spoke the vale for dread,
Rock'd on the base that massive stone,
The Evil Deity to own,—
"Daughter of dust! not mine the power
Thou seek'st on Harold's fatal hour.
'Twixt heaven and hell there is a strife
Waged for his soul and for his life,
And fain would we the combat win,
And snatch him in his hour of sin.
There is a star now rising red,
That threatens him with an influence dread:
Woman, thine arts of malice whet,
To use the space before it set.
Involve him with the church in strife,
Push on adventurous chance his life;
Ourselves 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 thunders on the hill's brown side.

XIX.
"And is this 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 damsel stirs her tardy steed;
But to the blow the stone gave place,
CANTO III.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Gray towers of Durham! there was once a time
I view'd your battlements with such vague hope,
As brightens life in its first dawning prime;
Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope
A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope;
Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,
Her flattering dreams would in perspective ope
Some reverend room, some prebendary's stall,—
And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth all.¹

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 Surtess² happy 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 knighthly 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 Bearepaire,
Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding Wear.

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams danced,
Betraying beneath the woodland bank;
And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
Broad lights, and shadows fell 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 sweep.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
Each merry bird awaken'd round,
As if in revelry;
Afar the bugles' clanging sound
Call'd to the chase the lagging hound;
The gale breathed soft and free,
And seem'd 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 greensward sate him down,
And from his dark habitual brow
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 subside,
And cautious watch'd the fittest tide
To speak a warning word.
So when the torrent's billows shrink,
The timid pilgrim on the brink
Waits long to see them wave and sink,
Ere lie 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 stanch churchman, and a man of the gentlest habits, if he did not in early life design to follow the paternal 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 Runie 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 hail the day.
Such was my grandsire Eric's sport,
When dawn gleam'd on his martial court.
Heymar the Scald, with harp's high sound,
Summon'd the chiefs who 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 Valhalla hast thou quaff'd,
From foeman's skull methelin draught,
Or wanderest where thy cairn was piled
To frown o'er oceans wide and wild?
Or have the milder 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
O'er the beetling cliffs of Hoy,
Crimson foam the beach overspread,
The heath was dyed with darker red,
When o'er Eric, Inguar'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 Bersi's burgh and Graemsay's isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-mingled 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 hon'rd rite was duly paid;
No daring hand thy helm unclasp'd,
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,—
Thy flinty couch no tear profan'd,
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 turban'd race of Termagaunt."—

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 he 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;
Loth 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 depends
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:
"P'rf'ctune not, youth—it is not thine
To judge the spirit of our line—
The bold Berserker's rage divine,
CANTO III.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

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 ’gainst 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 what’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 charm’d away;
Then fear not I will rashly deem
Ill of thy speech what’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 fink
His hand o’er the melodious string,
And to his moody breast apply
The soothing charm of harmony,
While hinted half, and half exprost,
This warning song convey’d the rest.—

Song.

1. “I’ll 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. “I’ll 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 plann’d his death.

3. “I’ll 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 falshion wrung;
But worse, if instant ruin token,
When he lists rede by woman spoken.”

X.

“How now, fond boy!—Canst thou think ill
Said Harold, “of fair Metelill?”—
“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 charms,—
A Danish maid for me.

2. “I love my fathers’ northern land,
Where the dark pine-trees grow,
And the bold Baltic’s echoing strand
Looks o’er each grassy oe.¹
I love to mark the lingering strand
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 snowy 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—Island.
"'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,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!"

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 Metaill?"—
"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 desperate deed."

"Thou errest; Jutta wisely said,
He that comes suitor to a maid,
Ere link'd in marriage, should provide
Lands and a dwelling for his bride—
My father's, by the Tyne and Wear,
I have reclaim'd."—"O, all too dear,
And all too dangerous the prize,
Even 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 think'st thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monastic knight?—
Up and away, that deepening bell
Doth of the Bishop's conclave tell.
Thither will I, in manner due,
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue;
And, if to right me they are loth,
Then woe to church and chapter both!"
Now shift the scene, and let the curtain fall,
And our next entry be Saint Cuthbert's hall.

Harold the Dauntless.

Canto Fourth.

I.

Full many a hard bath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
Over-canopying shrine and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof,
And blending with the shade—a matchless proof
Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold;
Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof
Intruded oft within such sacred fold, [of old.]
Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his fame

Well pleased am I, how'er, that when the route
Of our rude neighbors whilome deg'n'd 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 fane 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 swel ling 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 stone
Their predecessors' frailties trebly told:
Matthew and Morton we as such may own—
And such (if fame speak truth) the honor'd Barrington.

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

Congreve's Mourning Bride, Act ii. Scene 1.
See also Joanna Baillie's "De Montfort," Acts iv. and v.
See, in the Apocryphal Books, "The History of Bel and the Dragon."

For the lives of Bishop Matthew and Bishop Morton, here alluded to, Mr. Surtew's History of the Bishops of Durham: the venerable Saint Barrington, their honored successor, ever a kind friend of Sir Walter Scott, died 1826.
II.
But now to earlier and to ruder times,
As subject meet, I tune my rugged rhymes,
Telling how fairly the chapter was met,
And rood and books in seemly order set;
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand
Of studious priest but rarely scannd,
Now on fair carved desk display'd,
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
O'erhead with many a stoucheon 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 hautty graced Saint Cuthbert's chair;
Canons and deacons were placed below,
In due degree and lengthen'd row,
Unmoved and silent each sat there,
Like image in his oaken chair;
Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirrd,
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard;
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle shov'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,
Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges Bray,
And, ere upon angel or saint they can call,
Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the hall.

IV.
"Now save ye, my masters, both rochet and rood,
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood!
For here stands Count Harold, old Witiкиnd'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 seest for a boon which thou canst not obtain;
The Church hath no fies 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 fies 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 banner to bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray the
Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or blame,
But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye

V.
Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan,—"They're free from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere, —
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corselet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens:'—and, sever'd anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudderd with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glaz'd 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 fies, 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 shrilly sung,
And the ailes 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 hand
That can wield such a mace may be reft of its land?
No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be.
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you—grave fathers, farewell."

VII.
He turn'd from their presence, he clash'd the oar
door,
And the clang of his stride died away on the floor;  
And his head from his bosom the Prelate upears  
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 yon goblin in fight;  
Then rede me aright to his claim to reply,  
'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny."  

VIII.  
On ven'son and malsme that morning had fed  
The Cellarer Vinsauf—'twas thus he said:—  
"Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's reply;  
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine be pour'd high:  
If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, he is ours—  
His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our towers."  
This man had a 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 fill'd me my wine,  
Pass'd me his jest, and laugh'd at mine,  
Though the buck were of Bearpark, of Bourdeaux the vine,  
With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine  
On an oaken cake and a draught of the Tyne.  

IX.  
Walwayne the leech spoke next—he knew  
Each plant that loves the sun and dew,  
But special those whose juice can gain  
Dominion o'er the blood and brain;  
The peasant who saw him by pale moonbeam  
Gathering such herbs by birk and stream,  
Deem'd his thin form and soundless tread  
Were those of wanderer from the dead.  
"Vinsauf, thy wine," he said, "hath power,  
Our gyves are heavy, strong our tower;  
Yet three drops from this flask of mine,  
More strong than dungeons, gyves, or wine,  
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 Walwayne 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 ne'er  
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."  

XL  
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 might 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 foam 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 cowls and the shawlings that herd in thy yard  
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 chancel make Cuthbert take wing,  
With the speed of a bullet dismiss'd from the "Nay, spare such probation," the Cellarer said,


*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 thyself, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it, tell 
That the Bishop, his cowls, and his shavelings 
meant well.*

**XIII.**

Loud revel'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang, 
But louder the minstrel, Hugh Menevile, sang; 
And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul, 
E'en when verging to fury, own'd music's control, 
Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye, 
And often untasted the goblet pass'd by; 
Than wine, or than wassail, to him was more dear 
The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to hear; 
And the Bishop that day might of Vinsauf complain 
That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in vain.

**XIV.**

The Castle of the Seven Shields.

A BALLAD.

The Druid Urien had daughters seven, 
Their skill could call the moon from heaven; 
So fair their forms and so high their fame, 
That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and Wales, 
Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails; 
[Name] 
From Strath-Clwyde was Ewain, and Ewain was 
And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth; 
Dumnaill of Cumbria had never a tooth; 
But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir, 
Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one would have 
For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave; 
And envy 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, 
"Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of heaven.

*Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,

1 "The word ' peril' is continually used as a verb by both writers:—

"Nor peril aught for me aen.'

_Lady of the Lake._ Canto ii. stanza 26.

I peril'd thus the helpless child.'

_Lord of the Isles._ Canto v. stanza 10.

**And, for every spindle shall rise a tower, 
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have power, 
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour."**

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold, 
And the rhymes which they chanted must never be told; 
And as the black wool from the distaff they sped, 
With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the thread.

[gleam, 
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.

"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 handless too.'

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he wed 
Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere bount to his bed; 
[drew, 
He sprung 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 guesten 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.

1 "Were the blood of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have peril'd it in this quarrel."—Waverley.

1 I were undeserving his grace, did I not peril it for his good? 
_Irregular._

&c. &c."—ADOLPHUS' Letters on the Author of Waverley.
XV.

'And is this my probation?' wild Harold he said,
"Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Guthbert to borrow,
[row."
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 Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil.
The tints of ruddy eye, or dawning pale,
Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze,
Are but the ground-work of the rich detail
Which Fantsay with pencil wild portrays,
Blending what seems and is, in the wrapt muser's
gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
Less to the Sorceress's empire given;
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
Caught from the varying surge, or vacant heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
She limns her pictures: on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven;
And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the
share.

II.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove,
Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay;
Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love,
Ever companion of his master's way.
Midward their path, a rock of granite 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, flay
and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought engage
Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye,

And at his master ask'd the timid Page,
"What is the emblem that a hard shou'd spy
In that rude rock and its green canopy?"
And Harold said, "Like to the helmet brave
Of warrior alain 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 afar,
Though destined by thy evil star
With one like me to rove,
Whose business and whose joys are found
Upon the bloody battle-ground.
Yet, foolish trembler as thou art,
Thou hast a nook of my rude heart,
And thou and I will never part;—
Harold would wrap the world in flame
Ere injury on Gunnar came!"

IV.

The grateful Page made no reply,
But turn'd to Heaven his gentle eye,
And clasp'd his hands, as one who said,
"My toils—my wanderings are o'erpaied!"
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 pride,
He loves the bed of gray wolf's hide.

¹ "Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape
of a camel?
Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed!'
Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.
Ham. Or, like a whale!'
Pol. Very like a whale."
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 eyestrings would have broke,
And then resolvedly said,—
“Be what it will yon 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,¹
I will subdue it!”—Forth he strode,
Paused where the blighted oak-tree showed
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,
Furious thy purpose to fulfill—
Heart-ear’d and unrepentant still,
How long, O Harold, shall thy tread
Disturb the slumbers 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
¹ “I’ll speak to it, though hell itself should gape.”

Hamlet.
² “Why sist thou by that ruin’d hall,
67

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 flock,
Or with its hardness taunt the rock,—
I am as they—my Danish strain
Sends streams of fire through every vem.
Amid thy realms of goule and ghost,
Say, is the fame of Eric lost,
Or Witkind’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, sprung of him,
That rover merciless and grim,
Can I be soft and tame?
Part hence, and with my crimes no more upbraided
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-roe 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 unremitting 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,
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 earl, so stern and gray?

¹ “Know’st thou not me?” the Deep Voice cried.”

Waverley Novels—Antiquary, vol. v. p. 145
There is naught on the path but the shade of the oak.
He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling oppressed,
Like the night-bag that sits on the slumberer's breast.
My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread,
And cold dews drop from my brow and my head.

Ho! Gunnar, the flasket yon 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 aid, lacks the juice of a flower?
The page gave the flasket, which Walwayn had fill'd—
With the juice of wild roots that his art had
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 clamor were heard on the hill,
And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and o'er stone,
The train of a bridal came blithesomely on;
There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel, and still
The burden was, "Joy to the fair Metellill!"

XII.
Harold might see from his high stance,
Himself unseen, that train advance
With mirth and melody—
On horse and foot a mingled throng,
Measuring their steps to bridal song
And bridal minstrelsy;
And ever when the blithesome rout
Lent to the song their choral shout,
Redoubling echoes roll'd about,
While echoing cave and cliff sent out
The answering symphony
Of all those mimic notes which dwell
In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.
Joy shook his torch above the band,
By many a various passion fam'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 unrepress'd,
He fired the bridegroom's gallant breast;
More feebly strove with maiden fear,
Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear
On the bride's blushing cheek, that shows
Like dew-drop on the budding rose;
While Wulfstane'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 Metellill."
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!"

XIV.
Such was their various mood of glee
Blent 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 snares 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 redening terrors of his eye,—
The frown of rage that writhed his face,—
The lip that foam'd like boar's in chase;—
But all could see—and, seeing, all
Bore back to shun the threaten'd fall—
The fragment which their giant foe
Rent from the cliff and heaved to throw.

XV.
Backward they bore;—yet are there two
For battle who prepare:
No pause of dread Lord William knew
Ere his good blade was bare;
And Wulfstane bent his fatal yew,
But ere the silken cord he drew,
As 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 Wulfstan's rests behind,
Save that beneath that stone,
Half-buried in the dented clay,
A red and shapeless mass there lay
Of mingled flesh and bone!

XVI.
As from the bosom of the sky
The eagle darts amain,
Three bounds from yonder summit high
Placed Harold on the plain.
As the scared wild-fowl scream and fly,
So fled the bridal train;
As 'gainst the eagle's peerless might
The noble falcon dares the fight,
But dares the fight 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 hapless bridegroom's slain!

XVII.
Count Harold's phrenzied rage is high,
There is a death-fire in his eye,
Deep furrows on his brow are trench'd,
His teeth are set, his hand is clenched,
The foam upon his lip is white,
His deadly arm is up to smite!
But, as the mace aloft he swung,
To stop the blow young Gunnar sprang,
Around his master's knees he clung,
And cried, "I am 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 rood,"
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 towards heaven.

XVIII.
But though his dreaded footsteps part,
Death is behind and shaks his dart;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metellus 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 Walwyn's potion was not wasted,
For when three drops the hay had tasted,
So dismal was her yell,
Each bird of evil omen woke,
The raven gave his fatal croak,
And, shriek'd the night-crow from the oak,
The screech-owl from the thicket broke,
And flutter'd down the dell!
So fearful was the sound and stern,
The slumberers of the full-gorged erne
Were startled, and from furze and fern
Of forest and of fell,
The fox and famish'd wolf replied
(For wolves then prow'd the Cheviot side)
From mountain head to mountain head
The unhallow'd sounds around were sped;
But when their latest echo fled,
The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.
Such was the scene of blood and woes,
With which the bridal morn arose
Of William and of Metellus;
But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread,
The summer morn peeps dim and red
Above the eastern hill,
Ere, bright and fair, upon his road
The King of 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, p. 454 ante.
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 level light ere sinking down.—
Illumined thus, the Dauntless Dane surveys
The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal frown,
And on their blazons traced high marks of old
A wolf North Wales had on his armor-coat,
And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag;
Strath-Clwyd's strange emblem was a stranded boat,
Donald of Galloway's a trotting nag;
A corn-sheaf gilt was fertile Lodon's brag;
A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmoll worn;
Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag
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 bar'd 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 emblazon'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 dear—
It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of fear.

IV.

Yet Harold and his Page no signs have traced
Within the castle, that of danger show'd;
For still the halls and courts were wild and waste,
As through their precincts the adventurers trode
The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and broad,
Each tower presenting to their scrutiny
A hall in which a king might make abode,
And 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 unhallow'd festival:
Flagons, 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 ghastly 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 grim'd, as if in scorn amongst them thrown,
The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust bestrown.

For these were they who, drunken with delight
On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head,
CANTO VI.

For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow and light,  
Was changed ere morning to the murderer'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 disjoin'd,  
Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which comes behind.

VI.
But where the work of vengeance had been done,  
In that seventh chamber, was a sternier sight;  
There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton,  
Still in the posture as to death when light.  
For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright;  
And that, as one who struggled long in dying;  
One bony hand held knife, as if to smite;  
One bent on fleshless knees, as mercy crying;  
One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.¹

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-house to see,—  
For his chafed thought return'd to Metellis;—  
And "Well," he said, "hath woman's perfidy,  
Empty as air, as water volatile,  
Been here avenged—The origin of ill  
Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine saith:  
Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill  
Can show example where a woman's breath  
Hath made a true-love vow, and, tempted, kept her faith."

VII.
The minstrel-boy half smiled, half sigh'd,  
And his half filling eyes he dried,  
And said, "The theme I should but wrong,  
Unless it were my dying song  
(Our Scalds have said, in dying hour  
The Northern harp has treble power),  
Else could I tell of woman's faith,  
Defying danger, scorn, and death.  
Firm was that faith,—as diamond stone  
Pure and 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 guerdon none  
Required, save that her burial-stone  
Should make at length the secret known,  
'Thus hath a faithful woman done.'—

¹ "In an invention like this we are hardly to look for probabilities, but all these preparations and ornaments are not quite consistent with the state of society two hundred years before the Danish Invasion, as far as we know any thing of it. In these matters, however, the author is never very scrupulous, and has too little regard'd propriety in the minor circumstan-

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 conch thee, boy; the darksome shade  
Falls thickly round, nor be dismay'd  
Because the dead are by.  
They were as we; our little day  
O'erspent, and we shall be as they.  
Yet near me, Gunnar, be thou laid,  
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 gulfs 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 Sorcress was there,  
..."
And there pass’d Wulfstane, 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 headsman’s sword is bare,
And, with an accent of despair,
Commanded them quit their cell.
I felt resistance was in vain,
My foot had that fell stirrup ta’en,
My hand was on the fatal mane,
When to my rescue sped
That Palmer’s visionary form,
And—like the passing of a storm—
The demons yell’d and fled!

XI.
“His sable cowl, flung back, reveal’d
The features it before conceal’d;
And, Gunnar, I could find
In him whose counsels 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 hmnt 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 knits 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.

Metthought 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 pluney crest a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o’er his head,
Yet veil’d its haggard 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-pine,
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 thine
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior-God? —
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embellish’d hosts before my face
Are 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 Thorarin? —
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 foeman’s skull.”
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,
The faithful pledge of vassal’s love."

**XV.**

"Tempter," said Harold, firm of heart,
"I charge thee hence! whate’er thou art.
I do defy thee—and resist
The kindling phrenzy of my breast,
Waked by thy words; and of my mail,
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
And God, or Demon, part in peace."—
"Eivir," the Shape replied, "is mine,
Mark’d in the birth-hour with my sign.
Think’st thou that priest with drops of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark away?
Or that a borrow’d sex and name
Can abrogate a Godhead’s claim?
Th’rill’d this strange speech through Harold’s brain,
He clench’d 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.

**XVI.**

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 heap’d,
Till quail’d that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Ev’rish’d in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Eivir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

**XVII.**

He placed her on a bank of moss,
A silver 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 dow

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!"

**XVIII.**

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 Eivir—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.

**XIX.**

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 strangers 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),
"Eivir! 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 thee.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert’s tide,
And we will grace his altar’s side,
A Christian knight and Christian bride;
And of Witikind’s son shall the marvellous be said,
That on the same morn he was christened and wed."

**CONCLUSION.**

And now, Emmui, what ails thee, weary maid! And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow

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1 Mr. Adolphus, in his Letters on the Author of Waverley, p. 230, remarks on the coincidence between "the catastrophe of 'The Black Dwarf,' the recognition of Mortim’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."
From Bartholomew, or Terinskiold, or Snorro.

Then pardon thou minstrel, who hath wrote
A Tale six canto long, yet scond'd to add a
note.

END OF HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.
Introductory Remarks

on

Popular Poetry,

AND ON THE

AUSOUS 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, assonance 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 riches of his own individual genius, the poetry of Homer argues a degree of perfection in an art which practice had already rendered regular, and concerning which, his frequent mention of the bards, or chanters of poetry, indicates plainly that it was studied by many, and known and admired by all. It is indeed easily discovered, that the qualities ed that the Iliad and Odyssey were substantially the works of one and the same individual. He said of the Wolfian hypothesis, that it was the most irreligious one he had heard of, and could never be believed in by any poet.

1 These remarks were first appended to the edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1830.—Ed.
2 Sir Walter Scott, as this paragraph intimates, never doubt-
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 some-
thing 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 at-
tained 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 charac-
ter; 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 pro-
fession, 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
Poëtæ, 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 Trouvœurs, 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 pleas-
ing or useful purpose.

The mere arrangement of words into poetical
rhythm, or combining them according to a tech-
nical 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 acci-
dental; and it signifies little whether the musician
adapts verses to a rude tune, or whether the pri-
mitive poet, in reciting his productions, falls natu-
really into a chant or song. With this additional
accomplishment, the poet becomes dasos, or the
man of song, and his character is complete when
the additional accomplishment 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 or-
gin, 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 ener-
geic character of the language spoken by the
tribe. But the progress of the art is far more de-
pendent upon the rise of some highly gifted indi-
vidual, 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 na-
tions, 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 bar-
barous, we distinguish it as the heroic period.

No other poet (sacred and inspired authors ex-
cepted) 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 divine poems,
would otherwise, if preserved at all, have ap-
peared to succeeding generations in the humble
state of a collection of detached ballads, connected
only as referring to the same age, the same gen-
eral 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 lan-
guage or in picturesque incident, it cannot be sup-
posed that even the genius of Homer could have
sired 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 forma-
tion 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 a
more ancient than the detached ballads on the Adventures
of the Campeador, which are included in the Cancioneros.—
En.

1 The "Poema del Cid" (of which Mr. Freese has translated
some specimen) is, however, considered by every historian of
Spanish literature, as the work of one hand; and is evidently
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 fabling race from the very beginning of time, and so much addicted to exaggeration, that their accounts are seldom to be relied on without corroborative evidence, yet instances frequently occur where the statements of poetical tradition are unexpectedly confirmed.

To the lovers and admirers of poetry as an art, it 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 if 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 splendour or melts into pathos. These were the merits which induced the classical Addison to write an elaborate commentary upon the ballad of Chevy Chase, and which roused, like the sound of a trumpet, the heroic blood of Sir Philip Sidney.

It is true that passages of this high character seldom occur; for, during the infancy of the art of poetry, the bards have been generally satisfied with a rude and careless expression of their sentiments; and even when a more felicitous expression, or loftier numbers, have been dictated by the enthusiasm of the composition, the advantage came unsought for, and perhaps unnoticed, either by the minstrel or the audience.

Another cause contributed to the tenantry of thought and poverty of expression, by which old ballads are too often distinguished. The apparent simplicity of the ballad stanza carried with it a strong temptation to loose and trivial composition. The collection of rhymes, accumulated by the earliest of the craft, appear to have been considered as forming a joint stock for the common use of the profession; and not mere rhymes only, but verses and stanzas, have been used as common property, so as to give an appearance of sameness and crudity to the whole series of popular poetry. Such, for instance, is the salutation so often repeated,—

"Now Heaven thee save, thou brave young knight,

Now Heaven thee save and see."  

And such the usual expression for taking course, with,

"Ride me, redeem 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 unceremoniously appropriated to himself; thereby greatly facilitating his own task, and at the same time degrading his art by his slovenly use of over-scatched phrases. From the same indulgence, 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 ruder 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 impropriety of ballad poetry, is to be ascribed less to the compositions in their original state, when rehearsed by their authors, than to the ignorance and errors of the reciters or transcribers, by whom they have been transmitted to us. The more popular the composition of an ancient poet, or Maker, became, the greater chance there was of its being corrupted; for a poem transmitted through a number of reciters, like a book reprinted in a multitude of editions, incur the risk of imperient interpolations from the conceit of one rehearser, unintelligible blunders from

found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, 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 Brunne
there complains, that though the Romance of Sir
Tristrem was the best which had ever been made,
if it could be recited as composed by the author,
Thomas of Erceldoune, yet that it was written in
such an ornate style of language, and such a dif-
cult 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 au-
thorized 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 ex-
pected that compositions subjected in this way to
mutilation and corruption, should continue to pre-
sent their original sense or diction; and the accu-
racy 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 inca-
elably 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 obso-
lete, 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 deterio-
ration of ancient poetry. The minstrel who en-
deavored 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 authen-
ticity 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 de-
grading and vulgarizing, the rugged sense and
spirit of the antique minstrel. Thus, undergoing
from age to age a gradual process of alteration
and recomposition, our popular and oral minstrelsy
has lost, in a great measure, its original appear-
ance; and the strong touches by which it had
been formerly characterized, have been generally
smoothed down and destroyed by a process simi-
lar 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 ex-
ample 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 clas-
sical criticism on that ballad, he naturally took for
his text the ordinary stiil-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 appareled in the dust and cob-
webs of an uncivilized age." The venerable Bish-
op 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 Sheale. But even the
Rev. Editor himself fell under the mistake of
supposing the modern Chevy Chase to be a new
copy of the original ballad, expressly modernized
by some one later bard. On the contrary, the
current version is now universally allowed to have
been produced by the gradual alterations of nu-
umerous reciters, during two centuries, in the course
of which the ballad has been gradually moulded
into a composition bearing only a general resem-
bance 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

1 "That thou may hear in Sir Tristrem:
Over gestes It has the steem,
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomas;
But I hear it no man so say—
But of some copele some is away," &c.

An instance occurs in the valuable old ballad, called Auld

Maitland. The reciter repeated a verse, descriptive of the de-
fense of a castle, thus:

"With spring-wall, stones, and goads of arm,
Among them fast he threw." 1

Spring-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 vowe to God mayd he,
That he wole hunte in the mountayns
Off Chevii within dayes thre,
In the manger of daughtie Doulges,
And all that ever with him be,"

"The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vowe to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take," &c.

From this, and other examples of the same kind, of which many might be quoted, we must often expect to find the 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 frequenters of the rustic ale-bench. It is unnecessary to mention more than one other remarkable and humbling instance, printed in the curious collection entitled, a Ballad-Book, where we find, in the words of the ingenious Editor,* a stupid ballad, printed as it was sung in Annandale, founded on the well-known story of the Prince of Salerno's daughter, but with the uncoath change of Dysnaul for Ghismonda, and Guiscard transformed into a greasy kitchen-boy.

"To what base uses may we not return!"

Sometimes a still more material and systematic difference appears between the poems of antiquity, as they were originally composed, and as they now exist. This occurs in cases where the longer metrical romances, which were in fashion during the middle ages, were reduced to shorter composition,† so that they might be chanted before an inattentive audience. A ballad, for example, of Thomas of Kreceloume, and his intrigues with the Queen of Faery-Land, is, or has been, long current in Rotheid, 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 such ballads have been gradually contracted into their modern shape by the impatience of later audiences, combined with the lack of memory displayed by more modern reciters, or whether, in particular cases, some ballad-maker may have actually set himself to work to 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 "Roswal 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 Greyesteil," had also its own particular chant, or tune. The stall-copies of both these romances, as they now exist, are very much abbreviated, and probably exhibit them when they were undergoing, or had nearly undergone, the process of being 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; nay, it is more to be wondered at that we possess so many ballads of considerable merit, than that the much greater number of them which must have once existed, should have perished before our time.

Having given this brief account of ballad poetry in general, the purpose of the present prefatory remarks will be accomplished, by shortly noticing the popular poetry of Scotland, 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 Ir, 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

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* Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. The Ballad-Book was printed in 1823, and inscribed to Sir Walter Scott; the impression consisting of only thirty copies.

† These two ancient Romances are reprinted in a volume of "Early Metrical Tales," edited by Mr. David Laing, Edinburgh, 1826, small 8vo. Only 172 copies printed.

‡ The author seems to have latterly modified his original opinion on some parts of this subject. In his review of Mr. P. F. Tytler's History of Scotland (Quart. Rev. vol. xi. p. 320), he says, speaking of the period of the final subjugation of the Picts, "It would appear the Scæumæricæ had colonies along the fertile shores of Moray, and among the moors..."
afford pleasure even to those who cultivate the art upon a more refined and varied system.

This skill in music did not, of course, exist without a corresponding degree of talent for a species of poetry, adapted to the habits of the country, celebrating the victories of triumphant clans, pouring forth lamentations over fallen heroes, and recording such marvellous adventures as were calculated to amuse individual families around their household fires, or the whole tribe when regaling in the hall of the chief. It happened, however, singularly enough, that while the music continued to be Celtic in its general measure, the language of Scotland, most commonly spoken, began to be that of their 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

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 savoury morsels of the chime; but they seem rather to have been accounted fit company for the feigned fools and sturdy beggars, with whom they were ranked by a Scottish statute.

Time was necessary wholly to eradicate one language and introduce another; but it is remarkable that, at the death of Alexander the Third, the last Scottish king of the pure Celtic race, the popular lament for his death was composed in Scotto-English, and, though closely resembling the modern dialect, is the earliest example we have of that language, whether in prose or poetry.

About the same time flourished the celebrated Thomas the Rhymere, 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 thesweetest to the ear, after the complex system of the more courtly measures, used by Thomas of Erceldoune, was laid aside, was that which, when originally introduced, we very often find arranged in two lines, thus:

1 A curious account of the reception of an Irish or Celtic tales of Sutherland, whose name speaks for itself, that it was given by the Norwegians; and probably they had also settlements in Caithness and the Orkneys. In this essay, however, we adhere in the main to his Anti-Pinkertonian doctrine, and treat the Picts as Celts.—Ed.

2 "When Alexander our king was dead, Wha Scotland led in love and lee, Away was sons of ale and bred, 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 'ke gold;" but which, after being divided into four, constitutes what is now generally called the ballad stanza,—
"End 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 intimation how the stanza ought to be read, than every one could gather from the original mode of writing out the poem, where the position of the casaur, or inflection of voice, is left to the individual's own taste. This was sometimes exchanged for a stanza of six lines, the third and sixth rhyming together. For works of more importance and pretension, a more complicated versification was still retained, and may be found in the tale of Ralph Coilsair, the Adventures of Arthur at the Tarn-Wathelyn, Sir Gawain, and Sir Goloep, 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 exaltation of which is peculiarly favorable to the encouragement of poetry. Hence, the expressions of Losly the historian, quoted in the following Introduction, in which he paints the delight taken by the Borderers in their peculiar species of music, and the rhyming ballads in which they celebrated the feats of their ancestors, or recorded their own ingenious stratagems in predatory warfare. In the same Introduction, the reader will find the reasons alleged why the taste for song was and must have been longer preserved on the Border than in the interior of the country.

Having thus made some remarks on early poetry in general, and on that of Scotland in particular, 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 a memory that ought to have been charged with more valuable matter, enabled him to recollect as many of these old stanzas as would have occupied several days in the recitation.

The press, however, at length superseded the necessity of such exertions of recollection, and sheets of ballads issued from it weekly, for the amusement of the sojourners at the alehouse, 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 Garlands, and circulating amongst persons of loose and careless habits—so far as books were concerned—were subject to destruction from many causes; and as the editions in the early age of printing were probably much limited even 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, in which the late Duke John of Roxburgh 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

1 This, and most of the other romances here referred to, may be found reprinted in a volume, entitled "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland" (Edin. 1722. Small 4to.). Edited by Mr. David Laing, and inscribed to Sir Walter Scott.

2 See Minstrelsy of the Scotch Border, vol. i. p. 213.

3 "A Collection of Old Ballads, collected from the best and most ancient Copies extant, with Introductions, Histories, and Critical, illustrated with copper-plates." This anonymous collection, first published in 1723, was so well received, that it soon passed to a second edition, and two more volumes were added in 1723 and 1725. The third edition of the first volume is dated 1727.—En.
writes with some flippance, but with the air of a person superior to the ordinary drudgery of a mere collector. His work appears to have been got up at considerable expense, and the general introductions and historical illustrations which are prefixed to the various ballads, are written with an accuracy of which such a subject had not till then been deemed worthy. The principal part of the collection consists of stall-ballads, neither possessing much poetical merit, nor any particular rarity or curiosity. Still this original Miscellany holds a considerable value amongst collectors; and as the three volumes—being published at different times—are seldom found together, they sell for a high price when complete.

We may now turn our eyes to Scotland, where the facility of the dialect, which cuts off the consonants in the termination of the words, so as greatly to simplify the task of rhyming, and the habits, dispositions, and manners of the people, were of old so 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 sprung, flourished, faded, and were forgotten, in their turn; and the names of a few specimens are only preserved, to show us how abundant the display of these wild flowers had been.

Like the natural free gifts of Flora, these poetical garlands can only be successfully sought for where the land is uncultiivated; 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, no bad specimen of the gists 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 seventeenth century. A very fine one, belonging to Lord Montagu, perished in the fire which consumed Ditton House, about twenty years ago.

James Watson, in 1706, published, at Edinburgh, a miscellaneous collection in three parts, containing some ancient poetry. But the first editor who seems to have made a determined effort to preserve our ancient popular poetry was the well-known Allan Ramsay, in his Evergreen, containing chiefly extracts from the ancient Scottish Makers, whose poems have been preserved in the 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 genuine 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 several old ballads, such as Cruel Barbara Allan, The Bonnie Earl of Murray, There came a Ghost to Margaret's door, and two or three others. But his unhappy plan of writing new words to old tunes, without at the same time preserving the ancient verses, led him, with the assistance of "some 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 selection and annotation, till it was undertaken by Dr Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. This reverend gentleman, himself a poet, and ranking high among the literati of the day, commanding access to the individuals and institutions which could best afford him materials, gave the public the result of his researches in a work entitled Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,3 in three volumes, published in London 1765, which has since gone through four editions.4 The taste with which the materials were chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the dis-

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 Galagrus and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems," in 1837, 4to. The "litil geste" of Robin Hood, referred to in the text, is a fragment of a piece contained in Ritson's Collection.—Ed.

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 materials of the "Border Minstrelsy."—Ed.
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play at once of antiquarian knowledge and classical reading which the collection indicated, 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 nimosity, 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 defined 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 professedly 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 as 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 singular ballad respecting Thomas of Erceldoune, 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 English 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 Rhymer, for example, a minstrel who flourished in the end of the twelfth century, was not only a man of talent in his art, but of some rank in society; the companion of nobles, and himself a man of landed property. He, and his contemporary Kendall, wrote, as we are assured by Robert de Brunne, in a passage already alluded to, a kind of English, which was designed for "pride and noblesse," and not for such inferior persons as Robert himself addressed, and to whose comprehension he avowedly lowered his language and structure of versification. There existed, therefore, during the time of this historian, a more refined dialect of the English language, used by such composers of popular poetry as moved in a higher circle; and there can be no doubt, that while their productions were held in such high esteem, the authors must have been honored in proportion.

The education bestowed upon James I. of Scotland, when brought up under the charge of Henry IV., comprehended both music and the art of vernacular poetry; in other words, Minstrelsy in both branches. That poetry, of which the King left several specimens, was, as is well known, English; nor is it to be supposed that a prince, upon whose education such sedulous care was bestowed, would have been instructed in an art which, if we are to believe Mr. Ritson, was degraded to the last degree, and discreetionable to its professors. The same argument is strengthened by the poetical exercises of the Duke of Orleans, in English, written during his captivity after the battle of Agincourt. It could not be supposed that the noble prisoner was to solace his hours of imprisonment with a degrading and vulgar species of composition.

We could produce other instances to show that this acute critic has carried his argument considerablsy 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 respectability by the severe tenure of exhibiting excellence in their department. We are well enough satisfied with the tradesman who goes through his task in a workmanlike manner, nor are we disposed to look down upon the divine, the lawyer, or the physician, unless they display gross ignorance of their profession; we hold it enough, that if they do not possess the highest knowledge of their respective sciences, they can at least instruct us on the points we desire to know. But

"mediocribus esse poesis
Non di, non homines, non concessere columnas."

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 Brunne, according to this author's text, says of the elder rector of the metrical romance,

"They said it for pride and noblesse,
That none were sooth as they!"

1 See the edition printed by Mr. Watson Taylor, for the Roxburghie Club.

1 That monarch first used the vernacular English dialect in a motto which he displayed on his shield at a celebrated tournament. The legend which graced the representation of a white swan on the king's buckler, ran thus:—

"Ha! ha! the white swan!
By God's soul I am thy man."
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no situation in society is too high for them which
their manners enable them to fill; if they fall
short of the highest point of aim, they degenerate
into sign-painters, stone-cutters, common crowders,
doggerel rhymers, and so forth, the most contempt-
ible 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 circum-
stances, and should an individual want a coat, he
must employ the village tailor if Stiltzke is not to
be had. But if he seeks for delight, the case is
quite different; and be that cannot hear Pasta or
Sontag, would be little solaced for the absence of
those sirens, by the strains of a crack-voiced bal-
ad-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 ex-
ample 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 dra-
matic art are proportionally poorer and more de-
graded 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 preci-
sious subsistence is, according to the ordinary
phrase, from hand to mouth only, should fall un-
der general contempt, while the stars of the pro-
ession, 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 apologue
of the gold and silver shield. Dr. Percy looked
on the minstrel in 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 con-
idered 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
crowder upon an untuned fiddle, accompanying
his rude strains with a ruder ditty, the helpless
associate of drunken revellers, and marvellously
afraid of the constable and parish-beadle. The
difference between those holding the extreme pos-
itions 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.²

There was still another and more important
subject of debate between Dr. Percy and his hos-
tile 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 please a
more critical age than that in which they were
composed. Words were thus altered, phrases im-
proved, and whole verses were inserted or omit-
ted at pleasure. Such freedoms were especially
taken with the poems published from a folio man-
uscript in Dr. Percy's own possession, very curious
from the miscellaneous nature of its contents, but
unfortunately having many of the leaves mutil-
ated, and injured in other respects, by the gross
carelessness and ignorance of the transcriber.
Anxious to avail himself of the treasures which
this manuscript contained, the editor of the Re-
liques did not hesitate to repair and renovate the
songs which he drew from this corrupted yet cu-
rious source, and to accommodate them with such
emendations as might recommend them to the
modern taste.

For these liberties with his subject, Ritson cen-
sured 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 man-
script, so often referred to as the authority of ori-
ginals inserted in the Reliques. In this charge,
the eagerness of Ritson again betrayed him far-
ther than judgment and discretion, as well as cour-
tesy, 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 bal-
lads, but how to arrest attention upon the subject
at all. That great and important service to na-
tional literature would probably never have been
attained without the work of Dr. Percy; a work
which first fixed the consideration of general read-
ers on ancient poetry, and made it worth while to
inquire how far its graces were really antique, or
how far derived from the taste with which the
publication had been superintended and revised.
The object of Dr. Percy was certainly intimated
in several parts of his work, where he ingenuously
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 here 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 accusation 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 an 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 injurious language.

It would be now, no doubt, desirable to have had some more distinct account of Dr. Percy's folio manuscript and its contents; and Mr. Thomas Percy, accordingly, gives the original of the marriage of Sir Gawain, and collates it with the copy published in a complete state by his uncle, who has on this occasion given entire 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 beauties from Dr. Percy's poetical powers. Judging from these two specimens, we can easily conceive why the Reverend Editor of the "Reliques" should have declined, by the production of the folio manuscript, to furnish his severe Aristarch with weapons against him, which he was sure would be unsparingly used. Yet it is certain, the manuscript contains much that is really excellent, though mutilated and sophisticated. A copy of the fine ballad of "Sir Caulin" is found in a Scottish shape, under the name of "King Malcolm and Sir Colvin," 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 vestiges. It would be desirable to know exactly to what extent Dr. Percy had used the license of an editor, in these and other cases; and certainly, at this period, would be only a degree of justice due to his memory.

On the whole, we may dismiss the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" with the praise and censure conferred on it by a gentleman, himself a valuable 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 severe antiquary, 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 8vo. Miscellany of 1783 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, strewed at random into ordinary words, resembling the real fashion of antiquity as little as the niches, turrets, and tracery of plaster stuck upon a modern front. In the year 1810, the four volumes of 1784 were republished by Mr. R. H. Evans, the son of the original editor, with very considerable alterations and additions. In this last edition, the more ordinary modern ballads were judiciously retrenched.

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1 Introduction to Evans's Ballads, 1810. New edition, enlarged, &c.

2 See Appendix, Note F.
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON POPULAR POETRY.

m 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 Edinburgh, 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 Graystiel. 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 I 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, 1783, 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 novelty and interest 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 Hardyknute, which has some good verses. It labors, however, under this great defect, that, in order to append 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 continuations 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 suppositious compositions are executed, it may be briefly stated, that they are the work of a scholar much better acquainted with ancient books and manuscripts, than with oral 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 Hardyknute, and of the fine poem called the Vision. The first is due to Mrs. Hakelt of Wardlaw, the second to Allan Ramsay, although, it must be owned, it is of a character superior to his ordinary poetry. Sir John Bruce was a brave, blunt soldier, who made no pretence whatever to literature, though his daughter, Mrs. Bruce of Arnot, had much talent, a circumstance which may perhaps have misled the 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 audacity as the studied and labored defence of obscurity with which he disgraced 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 poetical compositions, under the name of "Select Poets," Sir Robert Sibbald, 1776, 12mo, contains many pieces, which may give rise to the supposition that this collection was founded on the Miscellaneous Collection of Poems and Songs, the London, 1714, 4to.

1 David Herd was a native of St. Cyrus, in Kincardineshire, and though often termed a writer, he was only a clerk in the office of Mr. David Russell, accountant in Edinburgh. He died, aged 78, in 1810, and left a very curious library, which was dispersed by auction. Herd by no means merited the character given him by Pinkerton, of "an illiterate and injudicious compiler."—Ed.

2 Blustering, for example, a word generally applied to the men, on a harvest field, who bind the sheaves, is derived from bon, or curse, and explained to mean, "blustering, swearing fellows."
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, sanctioned 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,” 1799; and “A collection of Scottish Songs, with the genuine music,” London, 1794. This last is a genuine, but rather meagre collection of Caledonian popular songs. Next year Mr. Ritson published “Robin Hood,” 2 vols., 1796, 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 judging between two recited copies, he was apt to consider the worst as most genuine, as if a poem was not more likely to be deteriorated than improved by passing through the mouths of many reciters. In the Ballads of Robin Hood, this superstitious scrupulousness was especially to be regretted, as it tended to enlarge the collection with a great number of doggerel compositions, which are all copies of each other, turning on the same idea of bold Robin meeting with a shepherd, a tinker, a mendicant, a Tanner, &c. &c., by each and all of whom he 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 bout at quarter-staff with his young recruits, might indeed have authorized one or two such tales, but the greater part ought to have been rejected as modern imitations of the most paltry kind, composed probably about the age of James I., of England. By adopting this 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 depurate the cagerness 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 1803. In 1808, Mr., now Sir John Grahame 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 Belrines, which has some stanzas of considerable merit.

The year 1806 was distinguished by the appearance of “Popular Ballads and Songs, from Traditions, Manuscripts, and Scarce Editions, with Translations of Similar Pieces from the Ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor, Rob

The first opening of the ballad has much of the martial strain with which a pibowch commences. *Properat in medias res*—according to the classical admonition.

MacCallammore came from the west
With many a bow and brand;
To waste the Rhines he thought it best
The Earl of Hantly’s land"
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 introubables 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 comic 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 plainstanes, 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...
south of the Tay, to recover any ballad having a
claim to antiquity, which has not been examined
and republished in some one or other of our collec-
tions of ancient poetry, those of Aberdeenshire
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-
spected friend, Lord Woodhouselee. Mr. Jamieson,
in his collections of "Songs and Ballads," being
himself a native of Morayshire, was able to push
this inquiry much farther, and at the same time,
by doing so, to illustrate his theory of the con-
nection between the ancient Scottish and Danish bal-
lads, upon which the publication of Mr. Buchan
throws much light. It is, indeed, the most com-
plete collection of the kind which has yet appeared.

Of the originality of the ballads in Mr. Buchan's
collection we do not entertain the slightest doubt.
Several (we may instance the curious tale of
"The Two Magicians") are translated from the
Norse, and Mr. Buchan is probably unacquainted
with the originals. Others refer to points of
history, with which the editor does not seem to
be familiar. It is out of no disrespect to this
laborious and useful antiquary, that we observe
his prose composition is rather florid, and forms,
in this respect, a strong contrast to the extreme
simplicity of the ballads, which gives us the most
distinct assurance that he has delivered the lat-
to the public in the shape in which he found
them. Accordingly, we have never seen any col-
lection of Scottish poetry appearing, from in-
ternal evidence, so decidedly and indubitably
original. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Buchan
did not remove some obvious errors and cor-
rup tions; but, in truth, though their remaining
on record is an injury to the effect of the ballads,
in point of composition, it is, in some degree, a
proof of their authenticity. Besides, although
the exertion of this editorial privilege, of select-
ing readings, is an advantage to the ballads them-
selves, we are contented rather to take the whole
in their present, though imperfect state, than
that the least doubt should be thrown upon them,
by amendments or alterations, which might render
their authenticity doubtful. The historical poems,
we observe, are few and of no remote date.
That of the "Bridge of Dee," is among the oldest,
and there are others referring to the times of the
Covenants. Some, indeed, are composed on

still more recent events; as the marriage of the
mother of the late illustrious Byron, and a cata-
trophe of still later occurrence, "The Death of
Leith-hall."

As we wish to interest the admirers of ancient
minstrel lore in this curious collection, we shall
only add, that, on occasion of a new edition, we
would recommend to Mr. Buchan to leave out a
number of songs which he has only inserted be-
cause they are varied, sometimes for the worse,
from sets which have appeared in other publica-
tions. This restriction would make considerable
room for such as, old though they be, possess to
this age all the grace of novelty.

To these notices of late collections of Scottish
Ballads, we ought to add some remarks on the
very curious "Ancient Legendary Tales, printed
chiefly from Original Sources, edited by the Rev.
Charles Henry Hartshorne, M.A. 1829." The
editor of this unostentations work has done his
duty to the public with much labor and care, and
made the admirers of this species of poetry ac-
quainted with very many ancient legendary poems,
which were hitherto unpublished and very little
known. It increases the value of the collection,
that many of them are of a comic turn, a species
of composition more rare, and, from its necessity
allusion to domestic manners, more curious and
interesting, than the serious class of Romances.

We have thus, in a cursory manner, gone
through the history of English and Scottish popu-
lar 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, of
late, the public attention has been so much turned
unto the subject by men of research and talent, that
we may well hope to retrieve from oblivion as
much of our ancient poetry as there is now any
possibility of recovering.

Another important part of our task consists in
giving some account of the modern imitation of
the English Ballad, a species of literary labor
which the author has himself pursued with some
success.

ABROTSFORD, 1st March, 1830.

1 Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland,
hiberto unpublished ; with Explanatory Notes. By P. B.
2 vols. 8vo. Edin. 1828

2 This song is acosted in More's Life of Byron, vol. 1: En.
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 tune, adapted to the bagpipe, was long extremely popular, and, within the remembrance of man, the first which was played at kirns 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 Harie,
Such slaughter was heard or seen."

Query. Who was the "auld King Harie" here meant? If Henry VIII. be intended, as is most likely, it must bring the date of the poem, at least of that verse, as low as Queen Mary's time. The ballad is said to have been printed in 1668. A copy of that edition would be a great curiosity.

See the preface to the reprint of this ballad, in the volume of "Early Metrical Tales," ante referred to.

NOTE B.

ALLAN RAMSAY'S "EVERGREEN."—P. 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 confident of a preference on the part of both, he was unable to make a choice between them. While this singular situation of the three persons of the tale continued, the breaking out of the plague forced the two ladies to take refuge in the beautiful valley of Lynedoch, where they built themselves a bower, in order to avoid human intercourse and the danger of infection. The lover was not included in their renunciation of society. He visited their retirement, brought with him the fatal disease, and unable to return to Perth, which was his usual residence, was nursed by the fair friends with all the tenderness of affection. He died, however, having first communicated the infection to his lovely attendants. They followed him to the grave, lovely in their lives, and undivided in their death. Their burial-place, in the vicinity of the bower which they built, is still visible, in the romantic vicinity of Lord Lynedoch'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 bow'er on yon burn braes.
And thekit it o'er wi' roses.

"They wadna rest in Methvin kirk,
Among their gentle kins;
But they wad lie in Lednoch braes,
To beek against the sun."

There is, to a Scottish ear, so much tenderness and simplicity in these verses, as must induce us to regret that the rest should have been superseded by a pedantic modern song, turning upon the most unpoetic part of the legend, the hesitation, namely, of the lover, which of the ladies to prefer. One of the most touching expressions in the song is the following exclamation:

"Oh, Jove! she's like thy Pallas."

Another song, of which Ramsay chose a few words for the theme of a rifacimento, seems to have been a curious specimen of minstrel recitation. It was purely 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:

"FURSEER.

Good morrow, shepherd, and my friend,
Saw you a young man this way riding;
With long black hair, on a bob-tail'd mare,
And I know that I cannot be far behind him."

THE SHEPHERD.

Yes, I did see him this way riding,
And what did much surprise my wit,
The man and the mare flew 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 bacchanalian song to it with some success; but we should have thanked him much had he taken the trouble to preserve the original legend of the old minstrel. The valuable and learned friend to whom we owe this mutilated account of it, has often heard it sung among the High Jinks of Scottish lawyers of the last generation.

1 The late Right Honorable William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Scotch Jury Courts.—Ed.
Note C.
Joseph Ritson.

"— Neglecting, in literary debate, the courteousies 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 Rob, I've heard of you,
You dwell upon the Border."

Ritson insisted the genuine reading was,

"Come ye free the Border?"

And he expatiates with great keenness on the crime of the Bishop's having sophisticated the text (of which he produces no evidence), to 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 untuned fiddle."—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 mastership's correction I can sing,
'The Duke of Norfolk,' or the merry ballad
Of Divius and Lazarus; 'The Race of England?"
"In Crete, where Deditus first began;"
"Jonas his crying out against Coventry:"

Thomas. Excellent!

Rare masters all.

Fiddler. 'Mawlin the Merchant's Daughter;'
'The Devil and ye Dainty Dames.'

Thomas. Rare still.

Fiddler. 'The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,
With the bloody battle at Mil-end.'

The poor minstrel is described as accompanying the young rake in his revels. Launcelot describes

"The gentleman himself, young Monsieur Thomas,
Errant with his furious myrmidons;
The fiery fiddler and myself—now singing,
Now beating at the doors," &c.

Note E.

Minstrels.—P. 547.

The "Song of the Traveller," an ancient piece lately discovered in the Cathedral Library at Exeter, and published by the Rev. Mr. Coneybeare, in his Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry (1836), furnishes a most curious picture of the life of the Northern Sead, or Minstrel, in the high and palmy state

of the profession. The reverend editor thus translates the closing lines:

"Ille est carissimus Terrae incolis
Cui Deus addidit Hominum imperium gerendum,
Quam ille eoe [bador] habeat caros.
Ita comenantes cum cantilenis ferantur
Bardi hominum per terras multas;
Sicui eoe remuneretur ob cantilenas pulchras,
Musaetatis insignis, ille qui ante nobles
Vult judicium suum extollere, digitatione sustineat.
Habet ille sub cuno stabilem famam."—P. 22.

Mr. Coneybeare contrasts this "flattering picture" with the following "melancholy specimen" of the Minstrel life of later times—contained in some verses by Richard Sheale (the alleged author of the old Chevy Chase), which are preserved in one of the Ashmolean MSS.

"Now for the good cheere that I have had here,
I give you hearty thanks with bowing of my shanks,
Desiring you by petition to grant me such commision—
Because my name is Sheale, that both for meat and meale,
To you I may resort sum tymes for my comforte,
For I perceiue here at all tymes is good cheere,
Both ale, wyne, and heere, as hyt doth now appere,
I perceiue without fable ye keepe a good table,
I can be contente, if hyt be out of Lent,
A piece of beefe to take my honger to ablake,
Both mutton and veale is goode for Rychard Sheale;
Though I look so grave, I was a wry knave,
If I wolde thinke skorne ether evenyng or morne,
Beying in honger, of freshe salmon or kongur,
I can fynde in my hearte, with my frendys to take a parte
Of such as Godde shal sende, and thus I make an ende.
Now farewell, good myn Hoste, I thank youe for youre coste
Untyl another tymes, and thus do I ende my ryme."—P. 33.

Note F.

William Julius Mickle.—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 Cowcubine," but in subsequent editions called, "Sir Martyn, or The Progress of Dissipation."

"Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faery bower betake;
Even now, with balmy sweetness breathes the gale,
Dimpling with dowry wing the stilly lake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedropp'd with dew;
On Desmond's moulderig turrets slowly shake
The wither'd rygrass, and the harebell blue,
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew."

Mickle's facility of versification was so great, that, being a printer by profession, he frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing; thus uniting the composition of the author with the mechanical operation which typographers call by the same name.
ESSAY
ON
IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD. 1

The invention of printing necessarily occasioned
the downfall of the Order of Minstrels, already re-
duced 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 music-
cians, 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 republic; nor
does the tenor of his poetry evince whether it was
his own composition or that of some other. 2

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, in-
stead of being preserved by recitation; but in the
Garlands, and similar collections for general sale,
the authors aimed at a more ornamental and regu-
lar style of poetry than had been attempted by
the old minstrels, whose composition, if not extem-
poraneous, 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 ele-
gance 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 monotonv of the ancient recitals was
for the same causes, altered and improved upon.
The eternal descriptions of battles, and of love di-
lemmas, which, to satiety, filled the old romances
with trivial repetition, was retrenched. If any
one wishes to compare the two eras of lyrical po-
try, 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 de-
gree, the power of doing so.

The rude lines from Anthony Now Now, which
we have just quoted, may, for example, be com-
pared, 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 she 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 mastership did strive."

It may be rash to affirm, that those who lived
by singing this more refined poetry, were 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 sunk
in reputation.

The facility of versification, and of poetical dic-
tion, 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 thou:
And then he said to Anthony,
O Anthony now now now,"

1 This essay was written in April, 1830, and forms a con-
1

2 He might be supposed a contemporary of Henry VIII., if
2

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 Feste 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, Caesar; 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 sooth,
And dailies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.”

The song, thus beautifully prefaced, is as follows:

“Come away, come away,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair enez maid.
My shroud of white, stack all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

“Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.”

_1_ Twelfth Night, Act ii. Scene 4th.

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 crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil appareled 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 inanity. Unfortunately it also happened, that those who, like Sidney, could ascertain, feel, and do full justice to the beauties of the heroic ballad, were few, compared to the numbers who could be sensible of the trite _verbiage_ of a bald passage, or
the ludicrous effect of an absurd rhyme. In England, accordingly, the popular ballad fell into contem

tment 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.”

If it be true, as in other cases, that when things at 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 voices 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 engratify modern refinement upon ancient simplicity, is extremely beautiful, both from the words, and the simple and affecting melody in 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 maidens fair,” Mallet, Goldsmith, Shenstone, Percy, and many others, followed an example which had much to recommend it, especially as it presented considerable facilities to those who wished, at as little exertion of trouble as possible, to attain for themselves a certain degree of literary reputation.

Before, however, treating of the professed 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

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 not disdained the trouble of preserving it from oblivion.

2 See Hogg’s Jacobite Relics, vol. i.—Ed.

3 Miss Ray, the beautiful mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty, was assassinated by Mr. Hackman, “in a fit of frantic jealousy,” as Boswell expresses it, in 1770. See Grocker’s Boswell vol. iv. p. 234.—Ed
I have only met, in my researches into these matters, with one poem, which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence. It is the "War Song upon the victory at Brunanburh, translated from the Anglo-Saxon into Anglo-Norman," by the Right Honorable John Hookham Frere. See Ellis's Specimens of Ancient English Poetry, vol. i. p. 32. The accomplished Editor tells us, that this very singular poem was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century, and was written during the controversy occasioned by the poems attributed to Rowley. Mr. Ellis adds, "the reader will probably hear with some surprise, that this singular instance of 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 Ercildoune, the only one which chances to be preserved. And he thinks himself entitled to state, that a modern poet engaged in such a task, is much in the situation of an architect of the present day, who, if acquainted with his profession, finds no difficulty in copying the external forms of a Gothic castle or abbey; but when it is completed, can hardly, by any artificial tints or cement, supply the spots, weather-stains, and hues of different kinds, with which time alone had invested the venerable fabric which he desires to imitate.

Leaving this branch of the subject, in which the difficulty of passing off what is modern for what is ancient cannot be matter of regret, we may bestow advantage some brief notice on the fair trade of manufacturing antiques, not for the purpose of passing them as contraband goods on the skilful antiquar., but in order to obtain the credit due to authors as successful imitators of the ancient simplicity, while their system admits of a considerable infusion of modern refinement. Two classes of imitation may be referred to as belonging to 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 distinctly 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

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1 "Hardyknute was the first poem that I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget."—M.S. note of Sir Walter Scott on a cas 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 acquainted with that department of poetry, was peculiarly successful. The "Hermit of Warkworth" the "Child of Elle," and other minstrel tales of his composition, must always be remembered with fondness by those who have perused them in that period of life when the feelings are strong, and the taste for poetry, especially of this simple nature, is keen and poignant. This learned and amiable prelate was also remarkable for his power of restoring the ancient ballad, by throwing in touches of 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 antiquities, 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 avowed, 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 avowed lyrical poems of his own composition, which he communicated to Mr. George Thomson, but of the manner in which he recomposed and repaired the old songs and fragments for the collection of Johnson and others, when, if his memory supplied the theme, or general subject of the song such as it existed in Scottish lore, his genius contributed that part which was to give life and immortality to the whole. If this praise should be thought extravagant, the reader may compare his splendid lyric, "My heart's in the Highlands," with the tame and scarcely half-intelligible remains of that song as preserved by Mr. Peter Buelan. Or, what is perhaps a still more magnificent example of what we mean, "Macpherson'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 brilliant rafacimento, the same strain of wild ideas is expressed as we find in the original; but with an infusion of the savage and impassioned spirit of Highland chivalry, which gives a splendor to the 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 slain," 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, dignified 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 not most unjustly in this department of Scottish ballad poetry, not to mention the names of Leyden, Hogg, and Allan Cunningham. They have all three honored their country, by arriving at distinction from a humble origin, and there is none of them under whose hand the ancient Scottish harp has not sounded a bold and distinguished tone. Miss Anne Bannerman likewise should not be forgotten, whose "Tales of Superstition and Chivalry" appeared about 1802. They were perhaps too mystical and too abrupt; yet if it be the purpose of this kind of ballad poetry powerfully to excite the imagination, without pretending to satisfy it, few persons have succeeded better than this gifted lady, whose volume is peculiarly fit to be read in a lonely house by a decaying lamp.

As we have already hinted, a numerous class of the authors (some of them of the very first class) who condescended to imitate the simplicity of ancient poetry, gave themselves no trouble to observe the costume, style, or manner, either of the old minstrel or ballad-singer, but assumed a structure of a separate and peculiar kind, which could not be correctly termed either ancient or modern, although made the vehicle of beauties which were common to both. The discrepancy between the mark which they avowed their purpose of shooting at, and that at which they really took aim, is best illustrated by a production of one of the most distinguished of their number. Goldsmith describes the young family of his Vicar of Wakefield, as amusing themselves with conversing about poetry. Mr. Burchell observes, that the British poets, who

1 Johnson's "Musical Museum," in 6 vols., was lately reprinted at Edinburgh.
imitated the classics, have especially contributed to introduce a false taste, by loading their lines with epithets, so as to present a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or 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 Angelina! which, in felicitous attention to the language, and in fanciful ornament of imagery, is as unlike to a minstrel ballad, as a lady assuming the dress of a Shepherdess for a masquerade, is different from the actual Sisy 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 Bowes, in Yorkshire, might have seduced the poet from the beau idéal 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 but trite frivolity 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, which 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,

'So will the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown,
And such the robe that Kings must wear
When death has reft 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."

It may be found in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany."

We need only stop to mention another very beautiful piece of this fanciful kind, by Dr. Cartwright, called Armin and Elvira, containing some excellent poetry, expressed with unusual felicity. I have a vision of having met this accomplished gentleman in my very early youth, and am the less likely to be mistaken, as he was the first living poet I recollect to have seen. His poem had the distinguished honor to be much admired by our celebrated philosopher, Dugald Stewart, who was wont to quote with many pathos, the picture of resignation in the following stanza—

"And whilp his eye to Heaven he raised,
Its silent waters stole away."

After enumerating so many persons of undoubted genius, who have cultivated the Arcadian style of poetry (for to such it may be compared), it would be endless to enumerate the various Sir Eldred's 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 untired 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 palling and monotonous character of the poetry or music which he produces, becomes desirous to strike a more independent note, even at the risk of its being a more difficult one.

The same simplicity involves an inconvenience fatal to the continued popularity of any species of poetry, by exposing it in a peculiar degree to ridicule and to parody. Dr. Johnson, whose style of poetry was of a very different and more stately description, could ridicule the ballads of 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 quat.

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.

2 Happily altered by an admiring foreigner, who read

"The silent waters stole away."
It did not require his talents to pursue this vein of raiayll, 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 men 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 advancement in the career for which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure 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 obstructions to a path in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration and influence efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these particulars merely because they are true. Many better men than myself have owed their rise from indigence and obscurity to their own talents, which were, doubtless, much more adequate to the task of raising them than any which I possess. But although it would be absurd and ungracious in me to deny, that I owe to literature many marks of distinction to which I could not otherwise have aspiring, 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 malady, 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

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand," 71

2 See the Introduction to Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, 1823 p. xxii.
persons who habitually devote a part of their leisure to literature, even those of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, were still but little known. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty.

As far back as 1788, a new species of literature began to be introduced into this country. 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, 1789, 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 flaming boundaries of the universe, and investigate the realms of chaos and old night; and of dramatists, who, disclaiming the pedantry of the unities, sought, at the expense of occasional improbabilities and 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

1 “Flammantia moenia mundi.”—Lucretius.
same time, the accomplished critic showed himself equally familiar with the classical rules of the French stage, and failed not to touch upon the acknowledged advantages which 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 Scottish, encouraged young men to approach this newly discovered spring of literature, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this new study was felt as a period of great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, averse to the necessary toil of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, 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 desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and therefore were ambitious of pursuing Goethe and Schiller, and others whose name 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 Genser, 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 taste than "The Death of Abel."

About this period, or a year or two sooner, the accomplished and excellent Lord Woodhouselee,¹ 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 particular may be here inserted by one to whom he was well known.²

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

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 the complexion 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." Is this work, written in his twentieth year, and founded on the Eastern apologue of the Santon Barisa, 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 ofletters. 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 bear an English heart,
Unused at ghosts or ratling bones to start."

Yet the acute and learned critic betray some inconsistency 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 novelist.

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 repugnant to decency and good breeding. But as Lewis at once, and with a good grace, submitted to the voice of censure, and expunged the objectionable passages, we cannot 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 palliade.

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 Imagine;" and by several other pieces of legendary poetry, which addressed themselves in all the charms of novelty and of simplicity to a public who had for a long time been 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

1 See Appendix, Note B.
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 pulls by being much hackneyed, it was only to be for a short time forgotten in order to recover its original popularity.

It chanced that, while his fame was at the highest, Mr. Lewis became almost a yearly visitor to Scotland, chiefly from attachment to the illustrious family of Argolie. 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. Out of this accidental acquaintance, which increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish 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," although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental Platanus to which it belonged. 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, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprang up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buckined 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 really made; but as I had, like most premature pretz, 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 daw-pling 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 mistress's 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 excelled 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 wilderness of expression, which serves to set forth the marvellous tale in its native terror. The ballad of "Lenore" accurately 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-

1 The Lady Charlotte Bury.—En.
3 This tree grew in a large garden attached to a cottage at Kelso the residence of my father's sister, where I spent many

of the happiest days of my youth. (1831.) [See Life, vol. 1. p. 156.—En.]

4 See these Verses among the "Miscellanies," which follow this "Essay," where also many other pieces from the pen of Sir Walter Scott are now for the first time included in an edition of his Poetical Works. (1841.)
ceived 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 hurre, hurre, hop, hop, hop,
Gings fort in sansdem Galopp,
Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben,
Und Kies und Funken stoben.""

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 distinguished advantage of being a familiar friend and frequent visitor of Professor Stewart and his family. But he was absent from town while Miss Aikin was in Edinburgh, and it was not until his return that he found all his friends in rapture with the intelligence and good sense of their visitor, but in particular with the wonderful translation from the German, by means of which she had delighted and astonished them. The enthusiastic description given 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 Hamburgh. 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, materially to interfere with the sale; and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr. Taylor to which I had been so much indebted, and which was published in "The Monthly Magazine," were

1 Born Countess Harriet Brüh of Martinskirchen, 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. Tayler (upon whose property I had committed the kind of piracy already noticed, and who generously forgave me the invasion of his right) of my ingenious and amiable friend of many years, William Robert Spenser; or of Mr. Pye, the Lausane 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 ballads, 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, perhaps, without 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 I 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 Pepper, a monk of the Scotch College of Ratisbon. Other wants of the same nature were supplied by Mrs. Scott of Har- 

drew, whose kindness in a similar instance I have had already occasion to acknowledge. Through this lady's connections on the continent, I obtained copies of 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 friendship and kindness with that family, which is, according to Scottish ideas, the head of my house.

Being thus furnished with the necessary originals, I began to translate on all sides, 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 "Glenfinlas" 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 diction they nearly resemble fragments of poetry extant in that language, to the genuine antiquity of which no doubt can attach. Indeed, the celebrated dispute on that subject is something like the more bloody, though scarce fiercer controversy, about the Papish Plot in Charles the Second's time, concerning which Dryden has said—

"Succeeding times will equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all."

The Celtic people of Erin and Albyn had in

which appeared in 1799. He about the same time translated several other German plays, which yet remain in MS.—Ed.


See Appendix Note G.
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 irreconcilable 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 clan, and all partook of the sport, forming a ring, or enclosure, called the Tinchell, and driving the prey towards the most distinguished persons of the hunt. This course would not have suited me, so Ronald and Moy were cooped up in their solitary wigwam, like two 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 Smailholm 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 Smailholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated.\(^1\) 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 Roxburgh Club derives its name.

Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon, and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, showing my precious wares, and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed, that, in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves, hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of others; and, no doubt, with justice to a certain degree;

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1 This is of little consequence, except in as far as it contradicts a story which I have seen in print, averring that Mr. Scott of Harden was himself about to destroy this ancient building: than which nothing can be more inaccurate.

for the merits of composition produced for the express purpose of pleasing the world at large, can only be judged of by the opinion of individuals, and perhaps, as in the case of Molière's old woman, the less sophisticated the person consulted so much the better.\(^2\) 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 displeased 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, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advice, or 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-
ESAY ON IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

icism, and reduced my ballads back to the original form, stripping them without remorse of those "lendings" which I had adopted at the suggestion of others, an opportunity unexpectedly offered of introducing to the world what had hitherto been confined to a circle of friends. Lewis had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of "Tales of Terror," and afterwards published under that of "Tales of Wonder." As this was to be a collection of tales turning on the preternatural, there were risks in the plan of which the ingenious editor was not aware. The supernatural, though appealing to certain powerful emotions very widely and deeply sown amongst the human race, is, nevertheless, a spring which is particularly apt to lose its elasticity by being too much pressed on, and a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible, than a collection of jests to be merry or entertaining. But although the very title of the proposed work carried in it an obstruction to its effect, this was far from being suspected at the time, for the popularity of the editor, and of his compositions, seemed a warrant for his success. The distinguished favor with which the "Castle Spectre" was received upon the stage, seemed an additional pledge for the safety of his new attempt. I readily agreed to contribute the ballads of "Glenfinlas" and of "The Eve of Saint John," with one or two others of less merit; and my friend Dr. Leyden became also a contributor. Mr. Southey, a tower of strength, added "The Old Woman of Berkeley," "Lord William," and several other interesting ballads of the same class, to the proposed collection.

In the mean time, my friend Lewis found it no easy matter to discipline his northern recruits. He was a martinet, if I may so term him, in the accuracy of rhymes and of numbers; I may add, he had a right to be so, for few persons have exhibited more mastery of rhyme, or greater command over the melody of verse. He was, therefore, rigid in exacting similar accuracy from others, and as I was quite unaccustomed to the mechanical part of poetry, and used rhymes which were merely permissible, as readily as those which were legitimate, contests often arose amongst us, which were exasperated by the pertinacity of my Mentor, who, as all who knew him can testify, was no granter of propositions. As an instance of the obstinacy with which I had so lately adopted a tone of defiance to criticism, the reader will find in the Appendix 1 a few specimens of the lectures which I underwent from my friend Lewis, and which did not at the time produce any effect on my inflexibility, though I did not forget them at a future period.

The proposed publication of the "Tales of Wonder" was, from one reason or another, postponed till the year 1801, a circumstance by which, of itself, the success of the work was considerably impeded; for protracted expectation always leads to disappointment. But besides, there were circumstances of various kinds which contributed to its depreciation, some of which were imputable to the editor, or author, and some to the bookseller.

The former remained insensible of the passion for ballads and ballad-mongers having been for some time on the wane, and that with such alteration in the public taste, the chance of success in that line was diminished. What had been at first received as simple and natural, was now sneered at as puerile and extravagant. Another objection was, that my friend Lewis had a high but mistaken opinion of his own powers of 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 incapable,—that of collusion 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," Lisles's "Porsenna King of Russia," and many other popular poems of old date, and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales, "written and collected" by a modern author. His bookseller was also accused in the public print, 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-
When the book came out, in 1802, the imprint, Kelso, was read with wonder by amateurs of typography, who had never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the example of handsome printing which so obscure a town produced.

As for the editorial part of the task, my attempt to imitate the plan and style of Bishop Percy, observing only more strict fidelity concerning my originals, was 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, 1839.
APPENDIX ON IMITATIONS OF ANCIENT BALLAD.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

THE PRODUCTION OF MODERN AS ANCIENT BALLADS.—

P. 558.

This failure applies to the repairs and refinements of old ballads, as well as to complete imitations. In the beautiful and simple ballad of Gil Morris, some affected person has stuck in one or two fictitious verses, which, like vulgar persons in a dressing-room, betray themselves by their over finery. Thus, after the simple and affecting verse which prepares the readers for the coming tragedy,

"Gil Morris sat in good green wood,
He whistled and he sang;
'O, what mean a' yon 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 dripping dew,
His breath was a' perfume.

"His brow was like the mountain snow,
Gilt by the morning beam;
His cheeks like living roses blow,
His een like azure stream.

"The boy was clad in robes of green,
Sweet as the infant spring;
And, like the mavis on the bush,
... 'tis 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 you pain is my motive for now addressing you, and also to assure you, that you shall not feel that pain a second time on my account. Having made you feel it at all, would be a sufficient reason, had I no others, to make me regret having published the first edition of 'The Monk;' but I have others, weaker, indeed, than the one mentioned, but still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence in the accuracy of my own judgment; that convinced of my object being unexampleable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I attained that object were equally so; and that, upon many accounts, I have to accuse myself of high impiudence. Let me, however, observe, that twenty is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected. Inexperience prevented my distinguishing what would give offence; but as soon as I found that offence was given, I made the only reparation in my power—I carefully revised the work, and expanded every syllable on which could be grounded the slightest construction of immorality. This, indeed, was no difficult task; for the objections rested entirely on expressions too strong, and words carelessly chosen, not on the sentiments, characters, or general tendency of the work;—that the letter is undeserving deserves, Addison will vouch for me. The moral and outline of my story are taken from an allegory inserted by him in the 'Guardian,' and which he commends highly for ability of invention, and 'propriety of object.' Unluckily, in working it up, I thought that the stronger my 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 bear. But though I did not hope much benefit to arise from the perusal of a trifling romance, written by a youth of twenty, I was in my own mind convinced, that no harm could be produced by a work whose subject was furnished by one of our best moralists, and in the composition of which, I did not introduce a single incident, or a single character, without meaning to illustrate some maxim universally allowed. It was then with infinite surprise, that I heard the outcry raised against the!

[I regret that the letter, though once perfect, now only exists in my possession as a fragment.]

NOTE C.

GERMAN BALLADS.—P. 507.

Among the popular Ballads, or Volkslieder, of the celebrated Heinder, is (take one instance out of many) a version of the old Scottish song of 'Sir Patrick Spencer,' 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 Konig sitzt in Dunfermling Schloss:
Er trinkt blutrothen Wein;
'O wo triff ich einen Segler gut
Dies Schiff zu seglen mein?'"

In like manner, the opening stanza of 'Child Waters,' and many other Scottish ballads, fall as naturally and easily into
the German habits and forms of speech, as if they had originally been composed in that language:

"About Yule, when the wind was cule,
And the round tables began,
O there is come to our king's court
Many weel favor'd man."

"In Christmasfest, in winter kalt,
Als Tafel rund began,
Da kam zu König's Hoff and Hall
Munch wacker Ritter an."

It requires only a smattering 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,

'Jesu Maria shield thee well!'

is word for word from Coleridge.'

There are some parts of this passage extremely mistaken and exaggerated, as generally attends any attempt to record what passes in casual conversation, which resembles, in difficulty, the experiments of the old chemists for fixing quicksilver.

The following is a specimen of my poor friend Lewis's criticism on my juvenile attempts at ballad poetry; severe enough, perhaps, but for which I was much indebted to him, as forcing upon the notice of a young and careless author hints which he said author's vanity made him unwilling to attend to, which were absolutely necessary to any hopes of his ultimate success.

Supposed 1799.

"Thank you for your revised 'Glenfinlas.' I grumble, but say no more on this subject, although I hope you will not be so inflexible on that of your other Ballads; for I do not despair of convincing you in time, that a bad rhyme is, in fact, no rhyme at all. You desired me to point out my objections, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and so have at 'Frederic and Alice.' Stanza 1st, 'kissèd' and 'joyed' are not rhymes; the 1st stanza ends with 'joyed'; the 2d begins with 'joying.' In the 4th there is too sudden a change of tense,'flows' and 'rose.' 6th, 7th, and 8th, I like much. 9th, Does not 'ring his ears' sound ludicrous in yours? The first idea that presents itself is, that his ears were pulled; but even the ringing of the ears does not please. 12th, 'Shower' and 'roar,' not rhymes. 'Soil' and 'aistle, in the 13th, are not much better; but 'head' and 'described' are excusable. In the 14th, 'bor' and 'star' are ditto; and 'groping' is a nasty word. Vide Johnson, 'He groips his breeches with a monarch's air.' In the 15th, you change your metre, which has always an unpleasant effect; and 'safe' and 'wane' rhyme just about as well as Scott and Lewis would. 16th, 'within' and 'strain' are not rhymes. 17th, 'hear' 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 melody, whereas, in my opinion, in these instances, it is diminished.

'The Chase.'—15th, The 2d line reads very harshly; and 'choir' and 'lore' are not rhymes. 15th, 'Rides' and 'side' are not rhymes. 34th, 'Pows' and 'obscure,' not rhymes. 40th, 'Spreads' and 'spreades' are not rhymes. 46th, 'Rends' and 'ascend' are not rhymes.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.—In order that I may bring it nearer the original title, pray introduce, in the first stanza, the name of Ellenora, instead of Ellen. '(rusado' and 'stood,' 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 'bliss' are not rhymes. 14th, 'Bale' and 'hell' are not rhymes. 18th, 'Rain' and 'fames' are not rhymes. 20th, 'Scotch' and 'knows' is not rhyme; and as a verb is wanted, the line will run better thus, 'A word with every prayer.' 19th, Is not 'to her' absolutely necessary in the 4th line? 20th, 'Grace' and 'bliss,' not rhymes. 21st, 'Bale' and 'hell,' not rhymes. 22d, I do not like the word 'spent.' 23d, I 'O'er' and 'star' are vile rhymes. 26th, A verb is wanted in the 4th line; better thus, 'Then whispers thus a voice.' 28th, Is not 'Is't thou, my love?' better than 'My love! my love!' 31st, If 'wight' means, as I conjecture, 'enchanted,' does not this let the cat out of the bag? Ought not the spur to be sharp rather than bright? In the 4th line, 'Stay' and 'day' jingle together; would it not be better, 'I must be gone e'er day'? 23d, 'Steed' and 'bed' are not rhymes. 34th, 'Bride' and 'bed,' not rhymes. 35th, 'Sett' and 'wait,' not rhymes. 39th, 'Keep hold' and 'sit fast' seem to my ear vulgar and prosaic. 40th, The 4th line is defective in point of English, and, indeed, I do not quite understand the meaning. 43d, 'Arose' and 'nursees' are not rhymes. 45th, I am not pleased with the epithet 'savage,' and the latter part of the stanza is, to me, unintelligible. 46th, Is it not closer to the original in line 3d to say, 'Swift ride the dead'? 50th, Does the rain 'whistle' ? 55th, line 3d, Does it express, 'Is Helen afraid of them?' 56th, 'Door' and 'flower' do not rhyme together. 60th, 'Scared' and 'heard' are not rhymes. 63d, 'Bone' and 'skeleton,' not rhymes. 64th, The last line sounds ludicrous; one fancies the heroine coming down with a plump, and sprawling upon her bottom. I have now finished my severe examination, and pointed out every objection which I think can be suggested."

6th January, 1799.

WELLWYN,—99.

"DEAR SCOTT.

"Your last Ballad reached me just as I was stepping into my chaise to go to Brocket Hall (Lord Melbourne), 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 Glengyle 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,1 too (who writes good

1 Now Lord Melbourne.—Ed.
verses himself, and, therefore, may be allowed to judge those of other people, was decidedly for the omission of the last stanza but one. These were the only 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 Eve, 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. Glenfinlas, 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 tore to be torn? Tore seems to me not English. In verse 16th, the last line is word for word from Gil Morrice. 21st, ‘Floor’ and ‘bower’ are not rhymes, &c. &c. &c.

The gentleman noticed in the following letter, as partaker in the author’s heroines respecting rhyme, had the less occasion to justify such license, as his own have been singularly accurate. Mr. Emythe 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 Mistsley of the Border’! is spoken of, but what is meant is the ‘Tales of Wonder.’ The former work contains none of the Ballads mentioned by Mr. Medwin—the latter has them all. Indeed, the dynasty of Elemental Kings were written entirely for Mr. Lewis’s publication.

My intimate friend, William Clerk, Esq., was the person who heard the legend of Bill Jones told in a mail-coach by a sea captain, who imagined himself to have seen the ghost to which it relates. The tale was verified by Lewis himself. I forget where it was published, but certainly in no miscellaneous or publication of mine.

I have only added, in allusion to the passage I have quoted, that I never wrote a word parodying either Mr. Coleridge or any one else, which, in that distinguished instance, it would have been most ungracious in me to have done; for which the reader will see reasons in the Introduction to the ‘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 Stanza which you sent me. The Spirit, being a wicked one, must not have such delicate wings as pale blue ones. He has nothing to do with Heaven except to deface it with storms; and therefore, in ‘The Monk,’ I have fitted him with a pair of sable plumes, to which I must request your friend to adapt his Stanza. With the others I am much pleased, as I am with your Fire King; but every body makes the same objection to it, and expresses a wish that you had conformed your Spirit to the description given of him in ‘The Monk,’ where his office is to play the Will o’ the Wisp, and lead travellers into bogs, &c. It is also objected to, his being removed from his native land, Denmark, to Palestine; and that the office assigned to him in your Ballad has nothing peculiar to the ‘Fire King,’ but would have suited Arimanes, Beelzebub, or any other evil spirit, as well. However, the Ballad itself I think very pretty. I suppose you have heard from Bell respecting the copies of the Ballads. I was too much distressed at the time to write myself," &c. &c.

"M. G. L"
CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

Imitations of the Ancient Ballad.

Thomas the Rhymer.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.—ANCIENT.

Few personages are so renowned in tradition as Thomas of Ercildoun, 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 Ercildoun, 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 in consequence of his poetical compositions. There remains, nevertheless, some doubt upon the subject. In a charter, which is subjoined at length, 1 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 Ercildoun lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1300 (List of Scottish Poets), which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (hereditarie) in Ercildoun, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet’s birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red Cummin, the sanctity, and (let me add to Mr. Pinkerton’s words) the uncertainty of antiquity, must have already involved his character and writings. In a charter of Peter de Haga de Bemersyde, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near

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 Ercildoun 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 schyf quiliun spak Thomas
Of Ercyldoun, that sayd in derne,
There suld mect staitwardly, stark and steme.
He sayd it in his prophecye;
But how he wis it was ferily." Book viii. chap. 32.

There could have been no ferily (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 Loeblevan. 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 Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge, which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, retaining 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 Ercildoun, 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 Eildon Tree, from beneath the shade of which he delivered his prophecies, now no longer exists; but the spot is marked by a large stone, called Eildon Tree Stone. A neighboring rivulet takes the name of the Bogle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the 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 Ercildoun, 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 canto, 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.

1 Henry the Minstrel, who introduces Thomas into the history of Wallace, expresses the same doubt as to the source of his 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 deemed of wit he mekile can,
And so he told, though that they bles or ban,
In rules of war whether they tint or war:

Which happened sooth in many divers rac.
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
It may be deemed by division of grace," &c.

History of Wallace, Book ii.


3 There is a singular resemblance betwixt this tradition, and an incident occurring in the life of Merlin, Caledonius, which the reader will find a few pages onwards.
Thomas the Rhymer.

PART FIRST.

ANCIENT.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;  
A ferlie he spied wi' his ee;  
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 fyne;  
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,  
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas, he pull'd aff his cap,  
And louted low down to his knee,  
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
For thy peer on earth I never did see."—

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,  
"That name does not belong to me;  
I am but the Queen of fair Elfinand,  
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;  
"Harp and carp along wi' me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your bodie I will be."—

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird shall never daunton me."—3

Syne he has kisst 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 rade on, and farther on;  
The steed gaed 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 yon 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 Elfinand,  
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see;  
For, if ye speak word in Elfin land,  
Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade 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 stern light,  
And they waded thro' red blude to the knee;  
For a' the blude that's shed on earth  
Rins thro' the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came on to a garden green,  
And she put'd an apple frae a tree—5

"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;  
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."—

"My tongue is mine ain," True Thomas said;  
"A guidely gift ye wad gie to me!  
I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."—

"Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,  
"For as I say, so must it be."—

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green;  
And till seven years were gane and past,  
True Thomas on earth was never seen 4

1 Huntly Bank, 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.—Ed.
2 That weird, &c.—That destiny shall never frighten me.
3 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 debarred the use of falsehood when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.
4 See Appendix, Note B.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

Ah comen ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

PINKERTON's Poems, from MAITLAND's MSS, quoting from Harl. Lib. 2253, F. 127.

As I have never seen the MS, from which Mr. Pinkerton makes this extract, and 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 1337. 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 botwixt 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 PROPHECIES.

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 Tristan would long ago have joined, in the vale of oblivion, "Clerk of Tranent, who wrote the adventure of Schir Ga-wain," if, by good hap, the same current of ideas respecting antiquity, which causes 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 Erce-
doune quant la guerre d'Escoc prendroit fyn. Egl'la
reponvay et dy.

When man is mad a kynge of a capp'd man;
When man is levere other moneys thyngh than his owne;
When londe thounys forest, ant forest is foldie;
When hares kendles o' the her'stane;
When Wyte and Wille Surely tookedere;
When mon makes stables of kyrkes, and stoles castels with
stile;
When Rokesboronghe nys no burgh ant market is at Forwy-
ke;
When Bambonrre is donged with dede men;
When men ledes men in ro pes to buyen and to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty where is changed for a colt of ten
markes;
When prude (pride) strikes and pes is leyd in prisoyn;
When a Scot ne me hym hune ase hare in forme that the
English ne shall hym fynde;
When rye et ant wronge satente the togedere;
When laddes weitheth lovelies;
When Scottes fien so faste, that, for faute of shep, by crowne-
heth hemselfe;
When shal this be?
Nowther in thine tymne 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 Teviotaldale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

"The hare shall kittle [liter] on my hearth steane,
And there will never be a Laird Learmont again."

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from the MS. of the Harl. Library.—"When harees kandes o’ the herstane"—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 tells,
The hare shall bipple on the hard [hearth] steane."

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vended in the name of Thomas of Ercildoune. "The prophecies, yet extant in Scottish rhymes, whereupon he was commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, 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 Boece, 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 “ruvalis ille viates.”—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, 1615. Nisbet the herald (who claims the prophet of Ercildoune as a brother-professor of his art, founding upon the various allegorical and emblematical allusions to heraldry) intimates the existence of some earlier copy of his prophecies than that of Andro Hart, which, however, he does not pretend to have seen.1 The late excellent Lord Hailes made these compositions the subject of a dissertation, published in his Remarks on the History of Scotland. His attention is chiefly directed to the celebrated prophecy of our bard, mentioned by Bishop Spottiswoode, bearing that the crowns of England and Scotland should be united in the person of a King, 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:

1 Of Bruce’s left side shall spring out a leaf,
As near as the ninth degree,
And shall be deemed of faire Scotland,
In France far by the sea.
And then shall come again ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberladie he shall light,
With hempen helters and horse 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;
And from the Bruce’s blood shall come also,
As near as the ninth degree.

Yet shall there come a keene knight over the rait wate,
A keene man of courage and bold man on erme;
A duke’s son dowbled [i. e. dubbed], a borz man in France
That shall our mirths augment, and mend all our harms;
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad Isle to himself.
Between thirteen and thrice three the thrip shall be ended,
The Saxons shall never recover after."1

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—

1 See Appendix, Note C.
"flee of fair Scotland." His arrival must necessarily be by sea, and his landing was expected at Aberlady, in the Frith of Forth. He was a duke's son, dubbed knight; and nine years, from 1513, are allowed him by the pretended prophet for the accomplishment of the salvation of his country, and the exaltation of Scotland over her sister and rival. All this was a pious fraud, to excite the confidence and spirit of the country.

The prophecy, put in the name of our Thomas the Rhymer, as it stands in Hart's book, refers to a later period. The narrator meets the Rhymer upon a land beside a lee, who shows him many emblematical visions, described in no mean strain of poetry. They chiefly relate to the fields of Flodden and Pinkie, to the national distress which followed these defeats, and to future halcyon days, which are promised to Scotland. One quotation — two will be sufficient to establish this fully:—

"Our Scottish King sal come ful keene,  
The red lyon heareth he;  
A fethered arrow sharp, I ween,  
Shall make him winke and warre to see.  
Out of the field he shall be led,  
When he is blude and woe for blood;  
Yet to his men shall he say,  
' For God's love turn you again,  
And give you sutherne folk a frey!  
Why should I lose, the right is mine?  
My date is not to die this day? '"

Who can doubt, for a moment, that this refers to the battle of Flodden, and to the popular reports concerning the doubtful fate of James IV. Allusion is immediately afterwards made to the death of George Douglas, heir apparent of Angus, who fought and fell with his sovereign:—

"The sternes three that day shall die,  
That bears the harte in silver sheen."

The well-known arms of the Douglas family are the heart and three stars. In another place, the battle of Pinkie is expressly mentioned by name:—

"At Pinkie Cluch there shall be split  
Much gentle blood that day;  
There shall the bear lose the gault,  
And the eagil 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 country?  
[Or who shall rule the isle of Britaine,  
From the north... the south say  
A French queen shall bear the sonne,  
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;  
Which of the Bruce's blood shall come,  
As near as the nint degree;  
I frained fast what was his name,  
Where that he came, from what country;}  
In Eresington I dwell at home,  
Thomas Rymour men calls me."

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailies, that the eight lines, enclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Berlington, with such alterations as might render the supposed prophecy applicable to the union of the crowns.

While we are on this subject, it may be proper briefly to notice the scope of some of the other predictions, in Hart's Collection. As the prophecy of Berlington was intended to raise the spirits of the nation, during the regency of Albany, so those of 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 lyon,  
Four crescents under one crowne,  
With Saint Andrew's cross thrice,  
Then three ore and threee three:  
Take tent to Merling true,  
Then shall the wars ended be,  
And never again rise.  
In that yere there shall a king,  
A duke, and no crowne'd king:  
Because the prince shall be young,  
And tender of yeares."

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 fained 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, Gildas, 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 morn at Eldoun hills."  
'The Prophecy of Gildas.
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 Merdwyn Wyltt, 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 Drumelzlar, 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 Laioken, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the peneance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carvanolow, of which battle he had been the cause. According to his own prediction, he perished at once by wood, earth, and water; for, being pursued with stones by the rustics, he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:—

"Sude perfossus, lapide percusus, et unda,
Hoc trina Merlinum furor intre neccum.
Sicque ruit, morsuque suit lignaque prehensus,
Et incit vatem per terna pericula 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 Merlin is pointed out at Drumelzlar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the churchyard, the brook, called Pauy, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:—

"When Tweed and Pauy 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 Pauy at the prophet's grave.—Pennyceck'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, 1 under whose name a set of prophecies was published, describes himself as lying upon Lomond Law; he hears a voice, which bids him stand to his defence; he looks around, and beholds a flock of hares and foxes 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 assails 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 land 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 freke [man] all his four quarters;
And then his chin and his face haired so thick,
With hair growing so grime, 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 purses 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 be Waldhave, an abbot of Melrose, who died in the odor of sanctity about 1160.
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 lady with a ladye shall go over the fields."

The original stands thus:—

"When ladde waddeith lovedies."

Another prophecy of Merlin seems to have been current about the time of the Regent Morton's execution. When that nobleman was committed to the charge of his accuser, Captain James Stewart, newly created Earl of Arran, to be conducted to his trial at Edinburgh, Spottiswoode says, that he asked, "Who was Earl of Arran?" and being answered that Captain James was the man, after a short pause, he said, 'And is it so? I know then what I may look for? meaning, as was thought, that the old prophecy of the 'Falling of the heart' by the mouth of Arran,' should then be fulfilled. Whether this was his mind or not, it is not known; but some spared not, at the time when the Hamiltons were banished, in which business he was held too earnest, to say that he stood in fear of that prediction, and went that course only to disappoint it. But if so it was, he did find himself now 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 mouthes of Arrane a selcouth shall fall, Two bloodie hearts shall be taken with a false traine, And derfy doun without any deme."

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 Gavaine and Gologras, two romances rendered almost unintelligible by the extremity of affected alliteration, are perhaps not prior to that period. Indeed, although we may allow that, during much earlier times, prophecies, under the names of those celebrated soothsayers, have been current in Scotland, yet those published by Hart have obviously been so often vamped and re-vamped, to serve the political purposes of different periods, that it may be shrewdly suspected, that, as in the case of Sir John Cutler's transmigrated stockings, very little of the original materials now remains. I cannot refrain from indulging my readers with the publisher's title to the last prophecy, as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumaean Sibyl: "Here followeth a prophecye, pronounced by a noble queene and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four bookes, at the instance 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 Constantinus Magnus; that was Leprosus, the son of Saint Helena, 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 oscular obscurity of prediction?

If there still remain, therefore, among these predictions, any verses having a claim to real antiquity, it seems now impossible to discover them from those which are comparatively modern. Nevertheless, as there are to be found, in these compositions, some uncommonly wild and masculine expressions, the Editor has been induced to throw a few passages together, into the sort of ballad to which this disquisition is prefixed. It would, indeed, have been no difficult matter for him, by a judicious selection, to have excited, in favor of Thomas of Ercildome, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:

"But then the lilye shal be loused when they least think; Then clear king's blood shall quake for fear of death; For charis shall chop of heads of their chief heirs, And carpe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed."

Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shall arise; The barges of clear barons down shall be sunken; Seculars shall sit in spiritual seats, Occupying 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.

1 The heart was the cognizance of Morton.
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 *Fordan*, 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,

"Betide, betide, what'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their 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 predestined 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 Eildon 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.

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**Thomas the Rhymer.**

**PART SECOND.**

When seven years were come and gane,
The sun blink'd fair on pool and stream; And Thomas lay on Huntlie bank, Like one awaken'd from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steed, He saw the flash of armor flee, And he beheld a gallant knight Come riding down by the Eildon-tree.

He was a stalwart knight, and strong; Of giant make he 'pear'd to be: He stirr'd his horse, as he were wode, Wi' gilded spurs, of fashion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas! Some unco' fories 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 garne, And change the green to the black livery.

"A storm shall roar this very hour, From Ross's hills to Solway sea."— "Ye lied, ye lied, ye warlock lye! For the sun shines sweet on fauld and lee."—

He put his hand on the Earlie's head; He show'd him a rock beside the sea, Where a king lay stiiff beneath his steed, And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

"The neist curse lights on Branxton hills! By Flodden's high and heathery 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; natyne Club, under the care of the learned antiquary, Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh.—En. 1633.

1 An exact reprint of these prophecies, from the edition of Waldegrave, in 1603, collated with Hart's, of 1615, from the copy in the Abbotsford Library, was completed for the Ban-

2 King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to blodde,
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 hand,
And woe and wonder ye sall see;
How forty thousand spearman stand,
Where you rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gyte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be split
Much gentill bluid that day."—

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessings show thon 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 shall thee show,
Is by a burn, that's call'd o' bread;?
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that brig, 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 ern shall go,
And drink the Saxon bluid saw 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 furthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
With hempen bridles, and horse of tree."

The uncertainty which long prevailed in Scotland concerning the fate of James IV., is well known.

1 One of Thomas's rhymes, preserved by tradition, runs—

Thomas the Rhymer.

PART THIRD.—MODERN.

THOMAS THE RHYMER WAS RENOUNCED 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 ERCILDOUNE, IS AT LEAST THE EARLIEST SPECIMEN OF SCOTTISH POETRY HITHERTO PUBLISHED. SOME ACCOUNT OF THIS ROMANCE HAS ALREADY BEEN GIVEN TO THE WORLD IN MR. ELLIS'S SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT POETRY, VOL. I. P. 165, III. P. 410; A WORK TO WHICH OUR PREDECESSORS AND OUR POSTERITY ARE ALIKE OBLIGED; THE FORMER, FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE BEST-SELECTED EXAMPLES OF THEIR POETICAL TASTE; AND THE LATTER, FOR A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, WHICH WILL ONLY CEASE TO BE INTERESTING WITH THE EXISTENCE OF OUR MOTHER-TONGUE, AND ALL THAT GENIUS AND LEARNING HAVE RECORDED IN IT. IT IS SUFFICIENT HERE TO MENTION, THAT SO GREAT WAS THE REPUTATION OF THE ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTREM, THAT FEW WERE THOUGHT CAPABLE OF RECITING IT AFTER THE MANNER OF THE AUTHOR—A CIRCUMSTANCE ALLUDED TO BY ROBERT DE BRUNNE, THE ANNALIST:—

"I see in song, in sedgyeng tale,
Of Ercildoun, and of Kendale,
Now thame says as they thame wrought,
And in thare saying it sercez nocht.
That thou may here in Sir Tristem,
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 Tristem, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Ercildoune:

"Plusieurs de nos granter ne volent,
Co que del nain dire se solent,
Ki femme Kaherdin dut aimer,
Li nain redut Tristem narver,

"The burn of breid
Shall run faw reid."

Bannock-burn is the brook here meant. The Scots give the name of bannock to a thick round cake of unleavened 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 Rusticien de Puisse, and analyzed by M. de Tressan; but agrees in every essential particular with the metrical performance just quoted, which is a work of much higher antiquity.

The following attempt to commemorate the 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 more were come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show'd high Dunyon;1
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,2
Pitch'd pallions took their room,
And crested helmets, and spears a-rove,
Glanced gayly through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensenie;3
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.4

The feast was spread in Ercildoune,
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 quaighs5 of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
When as the feast was done:
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
The elfin harp he won.)

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords leant'd on their swords,
And hearken'd to the tale.

In number's high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail6
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 Gwaine met the wound,6
And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell;
Was none excelle'd in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand;
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
Had probed the rankling wound.

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1 Ruberslaw and Dunyon, are two hills near Jedburgh.
2 An ancient tower near Ercildoune, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:—

"Vengeance! vengeance! when and where! On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever mair!"

The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the Broom o' the Cuddenknows.

3 Ensenzie—Warcry, or gathering word.

4 Torwoodlee and Caddenhead are places in Selkirkshire; both the property of Mr. Pringle of Torwoodlee.

5 Quaighs—Wooden cups, composed of staves hooped together.

6 See Introduction to this ballad.

7 This stanza was quoted by the Edinburgh Reviewer, of 1804, as a noble contrast to the ordinary humility of the genuine ballad diction.—Ed.

8 See, in the Fabliaux of Mounier le Grand, elegantly translated by the late Gregory Way, Esq., the tale of the Knight 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 rear’d its glittering head;
And Avalon’s enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin’s gramarye;
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 lylie 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 Tristem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Join’d in a kiss his parting breath;
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp: its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem’d to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak:
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader’s stream, and Learmont’s tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

Lord Douglas, in his lofty tent,
Dream’d o’er the woeful tale;
When footsteps light, across the bent,
The warrior’s ears assail

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 selcouth! sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairmalie.

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 wox pale, and then wox red;
Never a word he spake but three;—
“ My sand is run; my thread is spun;
This sign regardeth me.”

The elfin harp his neck around,
In 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 soft,
The autumn moonbeams fall.

And Leader’s waves, like silver sheen,
Danced shimmering in the ray;
In deepening mass, at distance seen,
Broad Soltra’s mountains lay.

“Farewell, my fathers’ ancient tower.
A long farewell,” said he:
“The scene of pleasure, pomp, or power,
Thou never more shall 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 Clifton.
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 roun'—
"Farewell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Ercildoune!"
The heart and hand 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 spur'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.

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APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—P. 574.

From the Chartulary of the Trinity House of Soltra.
ERSLYTON.

Omnibus has literas visuris vel audituris Thomas de Ercildoun filius et heres Thomae Eynoum de Ercildoun salutem in Domino., Noverit me per fustem et baculum in pleno judicio resignasse ac per presentes quietem clamaisse pro me et hereditibus meis Magistro domus Sanctae Trinitatis de Soltre et sanctis ejusdem dominus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinentibus suis quam in tenemento de Ercildoun hereditario tenit renunciando de toto pro me et hereditibus meis omnium et channeo que ego seu antecessores mei in eadem terra aliqua tempore de perpetuo habuimus sine de futuro habere possessum. In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui data apud Ercildoun die Marii proximo post festum Sanctorum Apostolorum Symonis et Iude Anno Domini Millesimo cc. Nonagesimo 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.

Inciptit Prophesia Thomae de Ercildoun.

In a lande as I was lent,
In the gryksing of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Huntle bankys me for to play;
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye mawes maybye of her song,
Ye woolwale sange notes gay,
That at the wod about range.
In that longyng as I lay,
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

The figge and als 1, berte tre;
The nyghtyngale brelyng in her neste,
The papaigre about gan fle,
The distraught swan waild hafe no rest.
He press to pull fruyt with his hand,
As man fo faute that was faynt;
She sayd, Thomas, lat al stand,
Or els the deuyl wil the ataynt.
She sayd, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To lay thi hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see fayrer syght,
Than easy sawe man in their kintre.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon fayr way,
That lygges ouyr yone fayr playn?
Yonder is the way to heney for ay,
Whan synfyl sawlwis haf denyed their paysn.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon secund way,
That lygges lawe undir the ryse?
Straight is the way, sothly to say,
To the joyes of paradysce.
Sees thou, Thomas, yon thylw way,
That lygges ouyr ynone how?
Wile is the way, sothly to say,
To the bryneng fyres of helle.
Sees thou, Thomas, yone fayr castell,
That standes ouyr yone fair hill?
Of town and tower it beareth the belle,
In middell erth is none like theretill.
Whan thou comyst in yone castell gaye,
I pray thee curtis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Loke thi answer none but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxx knyghtes feir and fre;
I shall say styfng on the dese,
I toke thy speche beyone the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And behelde that lady gaye;
Than was sche fayr, and rych e anone,
And alsy ryal on hir palfreye.
The grehoverdys had fylde thaim on the der,
The raches coupled, by me fay,
She blew her horn Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way.
The ladye into the hall went,
Thomas folowyd at her hand;
Thar kept her mony a lady gent,
With curtasay and lawe.
Harp and fedyt both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lyt and rybbl ther gen gan,
Their was all maner of myntrasly,
The most lortly that Thomas thoght,
When he com eyndyses the flore,
Fourty hertes to quarre were broght,
That had been befor both long and store.
Lymors lay lappynge blode,
And kokes standynge with dressyng knye,
And dressyd dere as thay wer wolde,
And rewell was thair wonder.
Knyghtes danyed by two and thre,
All that leue long day.
Ladies that were gret of gre,
Sat and sang of ryche array.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can descryve,
Til on a day, alas, alas,
My lovelye ladye sayd to me,
Bisk ye, Thomas, you must agayn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then zere that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Elidy Tro
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, concedes 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 Poysan of pretended Prophecies."

**Note D.**—P. 580.

The strange occupation in which Waldegrave 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, Guendolen, had resolved, upon the next morning, to take another husband. As he had pressed 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 stages and lesser game in his neighborhood; and, having seated himself upon a buck, drove the herd before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalcade Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of an antler of the stag. The original runs thus:—

"Dixerat: et siluae et saltus circuit ornatus, Cervorumque greges agmen collegit in unum, Et damas, capraraque simul; cervoque resediat, Et, ventiente die, compellens agmen pra præ, Fortunae medicina mutin Guendolanae."

Poiquam venit ea, pariter ipsam coegit Cervos ante foros, proclamans, "Guendolana, Guendolana, venit, te talia munera spectant, Octavi ergo venit subridens Guendolana, Gestarique virum cervo miratur, et illum Sic parere viro, tantum quoque posses ferarum Uniri numerum pra se solius aegrot, Sicut pastor ovos, quos ducere solet ad herbas. Statuet ex ectione sponsus spectando facies, In salio mirans opitem, risumque movetur. Ast ubi vidit eum vectis, animique quoque esset Callisius, extemplo divulisit cornua cervo Quo gestabatur, vibroque jacit in illum. Et copulat illius penitus contrivit, cumque Reddedit exanimem, citemque fugavit in auras; Octavi inde suum, talorum vertere, cervum Diffugius agit, silvaeque redire paruit,"

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton Library, nearly coeval with the author of the book, I am indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr. Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining Specimens of Early English Romances, published by Mr. Ellis.
Glenfinlas;

OR,

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH

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 lass: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trumpe, 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 Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Trossachs. 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.¹

Glenfinlas,

OR,

LORD RONALD'S CORONACH

"For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding head, 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."

Collins

"O none a rie! O none a rie!³
The pride of Albin’s line is o’er,
And fall’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,*
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,⁴
While youths and maids the light strathspey,
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

Cheer’d by the strength of Ronald’s shell,
E’en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O no’er to see Lord Ronald more!"*

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.
³ "O none a rie" signifies — "Alas for the prince or chief."
⁴ The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-Country neighbours.
⁵ 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 esp'y the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their 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.

"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 mayst teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
HANG on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the Greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,  
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

"Since Errick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With glist'nt 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,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

1 See Appendix, Note B.
2 See Appendix, Note C.
"Thou only saw'st their tartans' wave,
As town Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch, answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon 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; [now...
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and
No more is given to gifted eye!"

"Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour!

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall burn at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buxkins 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 couched beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moping howl;
Close press't to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
A huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush, she softly said,
"O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:

"With her a Chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?"

"And who art thou? and who are they?"
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?"

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

"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."—

1 Tartans—The full Highland dress, made of the checkered stuff so termed.
2 Pibroch—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe.
"O shame to knighthood, strange and foul
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

"Not so, by high Dunlathmon'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 clime,
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 howling 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 soul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled 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 Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
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 hone a rie! O hone a rie!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

1 See Appendix, Note D.

"Lewis's collection produced also what Scott justly calls his 'first serious attempts in verse'; and of these the earliest appear to have been the Glenfinlas. Here the scene is laid in the most favorite district of his favorite Perthshire Highlands; and the Gaelic tradition on which it was founded was far more likely to draw out the secret strength of his genius, as well as to arrest the feelings of his countrymen, than any subject with which the stores of German dichteris 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 lofty and sonorous stanzas themselves; that the vague terror of the original dream loses, instead of gaining, by the expanded elaboration of the detail. There may be something in these objections; but no man can pretend to be an impartial critic of the piece which first awoke his own childish ear to the power of poetry and the melody of verse. "—Laye of Scott, vol. ii. p. 25.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

Hi a Mized Lord Ronald's beltane-tree.—P. 589.

The fires sighted 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 caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the cemetery, was called Relig 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 thrice 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 Cameroun, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A.D. 649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth such a 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 9th of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Fillians, 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 Rob- ert 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 it to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms, to Malice Doyle, an inhabitant of Strathfillan, in Perthsire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St. Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Qeggich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Qeggich was used to cure diseases, this document is probably the most ancient patent ever granted for a quack medicine. The ingenious correspondent, by whom it is furnished, farther observes, that additional particulars, concerning St. Fillan, are to be found in Bellenden's Bocce, Book 4, folio 442l., and in Penman's Tour in Scotland, 1772, pp. 11, 15.

See a note on the lines in the first canto of Marmon.

"Thence to St. Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can phrenesied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore." &c.—Ed
SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow'Craggs, 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 usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicated 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 formed 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, by 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.

1 Then rise those crags, that mountain tower, Which charmed my fancy's waking hour.'"
Scots Mag. March, 1800.

2 The following passage, in Dr. Henry More's Appendix to the Antidote against Atheism, relates to a similar phenomenon:— "I confess, that the bodies of devils may not be only warm, but sinigingly hot, as it was in him that took one of Melancthon's relations by the hand, and so scorched her, that

3 The farm-house in the immediate vicinity of Smallholm.

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 vaunt-brace of proof he wore; At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe, Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days space, And his looks were sad and sour; And weary was his courser's pace, As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor Ran red with English blood; Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch, 'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet lack'd and hew'd, His acton pierced and tore, His axe and his dagger with blood imbriued,— But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage, He hold 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 Cantius, when he touched the arm of a certain woman of Pentoch, as she lay in her bed, he felt as cold as ice; and so did the spirit' claw to Anne Styles.'—Ed. 1699, 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. &c.

4 The plate-jack is coat-armor; the vaunt-brace, or wam-brace, armor for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

5 See Appendix, Note A.
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 Smaylo'ne 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 eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat 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 fire 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;
The 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 warder
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 bugle 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 ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne."—

"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that
night,
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, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high.
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast
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 order of
Premonstratensians.—[The ancient Barons of Newmains were
ultimately represented by Sir Walter Scott, whose remains now
repose in the cemetery at Dryburgh.—Ed.]
Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."—

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name is name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldingham."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow.
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldingham!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower,
And he mounted the narrow stair, [gate,
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd o'er hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's® wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southeron fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she step'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,

And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep . . . .
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was wellnigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldingham!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand
Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, 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'd 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. 375.
1 Eildon is a high hill, terminating in three conical summits, directly above the town of Melrose, where are the admired ruins of a magnificent monastery. Eildon-tree is said to be the spot.
2 Mertoun is the beautiful seat of Lord Polwarth.
3 Trysting-place—Place of rendezvous.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

1 See Appendix, Note B.

The next of these compositions was, I believe, the Eve of St. John, in which Scott re-peopled the tower of Smolholm, the awe-inspiring haunt of his infancy; and here be touches, for the first time, the one superstition which can still be appealed to with full and perfect effect; the only one which lingers in minds long since weaned from all sympathy with the machinery of witches and goblins. And surely this mystery was never touched with more thrilling skill than in that noble

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.—P. 594.

LORD EVERS, and Sir Brian Latoun, during the year 1544, committed the most dreadful ravages upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most of the inhabitants, and especially the men of Liddesdale, to take assurance under the King of England. Upon the 17th November, in that year, the sum total of their depredations stood thus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers:

| Towns, towers, baronykes, paryshe churches, bastill houses, burned and destroyed | 102 |
| Scots slain | 403 |
| Prisoners taken | 816 |
| Nott (cattle) | 10,386 |
| Shepe | 12,492 |
| Nags and geldings | 1,296 |
| Gayt | 200 |
| Boils of corn | 816 |
| Insight gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable quantity. |

MURDIN'S State Papers, vol. i. p. 51.

For these services Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament. See a strain of exciting congratulation upon his promotion poured forth by some contemporary minstrel in vol. i. p. 417.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to the deed of investiture upon their skins, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose.—Godsartoft. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assumed 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 Norman Lesley, with a body of Fifemen. The English, being probably unwilling to cross the Teviot while the Scots hung upon their rear, halted upon An- cram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, came up at full speed with a small but chosen body of his retainers, the rest of whom were near at hand. By the advice of this experienced warrior (to whose conduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe the success of the engagement), Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Pansier-hen, or Pansier-heng. 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 precipitately forward, and having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array, upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwixt the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—Godsartoft. 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 assailed Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—Lesley, p. 475.

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic cylindrical London, Read by name who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a

cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kala Water, belonging to the same chief's wife, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; thirty Scotts slain, and the Moon Tower (a fortress near Eskford) smok'd very sore. Thus Buccleuch had a long account to settle at Anoram Moor.—

MURDIN'S State Papers, pp. 45, 46.
benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at setting his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactons than the monarch.—Redpath's Border History, p. 563.

Ever was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favors received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas: "Is our brother-in-law offended?" said he, "that I, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced temples of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable? I can keep myself there against all his English host."—Godscroft.

Such was the noted battle of Auncam Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Llyllard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

"Fair maiden Llyllard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louds she laid many thumps.
And, when her legs were cutt off, she fought upon her stumps."

Vide Account of the Parish of Melrose.

It appears, from a passage in Stowe, that an ancestor of Lord Evers held also a grant of Scottish lands from an English monarch. "I have seen," says the historian, "under the broad-scale of the said King Edward I., a manor, called Ketnes, in the county of Forfar, in Scotland, and near the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Ure and his heirs, ancestor to the Lord Ure, that now is, for his service done in these parts, with market, &c., dated at Laner-

1 Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.
2 Kirnetable, now called Cairnstable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale. [See notes to Castle Dangerous, Waverley Novels, vol. xiv.]
3 See Cherry Chase.

Cadyow Castle.

The ruins of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family of Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, about two miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conclusion of the Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose cause the house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occasioned their temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation of the ruins, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overhanging the brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate vicinity of Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern to the Atlantic Ocean. Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, in circumference; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that they have witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the magnificent and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved in this forest the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned their being extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being milk-white, with

1 The breed had not been entirely extirpated. There remained certainly a magnificent herd of these cattle in Cadyow Forest within these few years. 1833—Ed.

NOTE B.

That nun who ne'er beholds the day.—P. 597.

The circumstance of the nun, "who never saw the day," is not entirely imaginary. About fifty years ago, an unfortunate female wanderer took up her residence in a dark vault, among the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which, during the day, she never quitted. When night fell, she issued from this miserable habitation, and went to the house of Mr. Haliburton of Newmails, the Editor's great-grandfather, or to that of Mr. Erskine of Sheffiel, two gentlemen of the neighborhood. From their charity, she obtained such necessaries as she could be prevailed upon to accept. At twelve, each night, she lighted her candle, and returned to her vault, assuring her friendly neighbors, that, during her absence, her habitation was arranged by a spirit, to whom she gave the uncouth name of Fatlips; describing him as a little man, wearing heavy iron shoes, with which he trampled the clay floor of the vault, to dispel the damp. This circumstance caused her to be regarded, by the well-informed, with compassion, as deranged in her understanding; and by the vulgar, with some degree of terror. The cause of her adopting this extraordinary mode of life she would never explain. It was, however, believed to have been occasioned by a vow, that, during the absence of a man to whom she was attached, she would never look upon the sun. Her lover never returned. He fell during the civil war of 1745-6, and she never more would behold the light of day.

The vault, or rather dungeon, in which this unfortunate woman lived and died, passes still by the name of the supernatural being, with which its gloom was tenanted by her disturbed imagination, and few of the neighboring peasants dare enter it by night.—1833.
Calmly from through expression furiously and calm, the Hamiltons, 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 kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of that age justified the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He followed the Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the blow. He resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow, through which he was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread a feather-bed on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung up a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without; and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who had lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which he had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But as the crowd about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly along the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers 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.—Thwaites, 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 interfluence of the Deity.—Jena, 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 Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neither Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by lyre, and promise of preferment it was attached was the property of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, a natural brother to the Duke of Chatelherault, and uncle to Bothwellhaugh. This, among other circumstances, seems to evince the aid which Bothwellhaugh received from his clan in effecting his purpose.

1 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.
2 This was Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk, whose shameful and inhuman rapacity occasioned the catastrophe in the tail.—Scotswode.
3 This projecting gallery is still shown. The house to which who rode on his other side. His followers in

This text is a historical account detailing the assassination of the Regent, the reaction to it, and subsequent events involving Hamilton and the wider historical context. The narrative is rich in historical detail, legal terms, and references to contemporary figures and events.
Cadyow Castle.

Addressed to

The Right Honorable

Lady Anne Hamilton.

When princely Hamilton’s abode
Ennobled 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,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan’s hoarser 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, canst turn,
To draw oblivion’s pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid! at thy command,
Again the crumbled halls shall rise;
Lo! as on Evan’s banks we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rock’s wood-cover’d side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
As turret in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flaunt between;

Where the rude torrent’s brawling course
Was shagg’d with thorn and tangled sloe.
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

’Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan’s stream;
And on the wave the warder’s fire
Is 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
Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.

First of his troop, the Chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men throng behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fitter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red-deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle’s warrior sound
Has roused 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 of swarthy glow,
Spurns, 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 p’ryse.

’Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dig the woodland cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark’d his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss’d his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

“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?”—

Stern Claud replied, 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 Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh’s bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glees,
The war-worn soldier turn’d him home.

“There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sate in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

“O change accursed! past are those days
False Murray’s ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth’s domestic blaze,
Ascending destruction’s volumed flame.

“What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eseke 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 bush, o’er stream and rock,
Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard’s frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some vision’d sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair!—
‘Tis he! ‘tis he! ‘tis Bothwellhaugh.

And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash’d his carbine on the ground.
Sternly he spoke—“’Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge’s ear,
To drink a tyrant’s dying groan.

“Your slaughter’d quarry proudly trode,
At dawning mom, 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 marched he,
While Knox relax’d his bigot pride,
And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

“But can stern Power, with all his vaunt,
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

“With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark’d, where, mingling in his band,
Troop’d Scottish pikes and English bows.

“Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder’s foul minion, led the van;
And clash’d their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes’ plaided clan.

“Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obscuous at their Regent’s rein,
And haggard Lindesay’s iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

“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.

“From the raised vizar’s shade, his eye,
Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem’d marshalling the iron throng.

“But yet his sadder’d brow confess’d
A passing shade of doubt and awe
Some fiend was whispering in his breast;
‘Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!’

7 Of this noted person, it is enough to say, that he was active in the murder of David Rizzio, and at least privy to that of Darnley.
8 See Appendix, Note G.
9 Ibid. Note H.
10 Ibid. Note I.
11 Ibid. Note K.
"The death-shot parts— the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's starting roar!
And Murray's plummy 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!

"But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trobled joy,
To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near;
With pride her bleeding victim saw;
And shriek'd in his death-deafon'd ear,
'Remember injured Bothwellhang!'" 

"Then speed thee, noble Chatterlaut!
Spread to the wind thy banner tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow—
Murray is fall'n, and Scotland free!"

1 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 was introduced by her friend, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and both the late and the present Dukes of Hamilton appear to have partaken of Lady Anne's admiration for Glenfinlas, 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 princeful Hamilton.' Had the subject been taken up in after years, we might have had another Marmion or Heart of Mid-Lothian; 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 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 bull comes thundering on—

And the arrival of Hamilton, when

'Steeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbone on the ground.'"

I have repeated these lines so often on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of couchmen 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 lunacy when one stamps with the harried pace and fervent shake of the head, which strong, pith poetry excites."'—Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 77.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

— sound the preyse!—P. 600.

Pryse.—The note blown at the death of the game.—In Caledonia sylva frequens est sylvestria quidam bos, nunc vero varior, quo, colore candidissimo, juvam densaem et demissaem instar levius gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrans, ut quaecunque homines vel manibus contracta virint, vel balitus perfervint, ab his multos post dies omnino obstet-

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
"Murray is fall'n, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

But, see! the minstrel vision fails—
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 o'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 ruler guest be known
On the fair banks of Evandale!

non solum irritatus equites fuenter prostrerrer, sed ne tantulum lacetextus omnes promiscue homines cornibus ac angulis peterit; ac canum, qui opus nos ferociissimi sunt, impetus plane contemuerat. Ejus carnes cartilaginosae, sed saporis nauseoxim. Eret est olivam per illam vastissimam Caledonia spillum frequens, sed humana ingluvium jam as- sumptus tribus tantum locis est reliqua, Striobilina, Cumberlandia, et Kincarina. —LULLUS, Scotii Descrip. p. 13.—[See a note on Castle Dangerous, Waverley Novels, vol. xlvii.—Ed]
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY. 603

Note B.

Stern Claud replied.—P. 601.

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commissary of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and rem'sd unequally attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

Note C.

Woodhouselee.—P. 601.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Bothwell, whose Lament is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the rights of ghosts, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honorable Alexander Fraser Tyler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

Note D.

Drives to the leap his faded steed.—P. 601.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spurr and wand had fallen him, he drew forth his dagger, and stroke his horse behind, whilk caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [i.e. ditch], by whilk means he escapit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—Birrel's Diary, p. 18.

Note E.

From the wild Border's humbled side.—P. 601.

Murray's death took place shortly after an expedition to the Borders; which is thus commemorated by the author of his Elegy:

"As having stablished all things in this sort,
To Isddishall againe he did resort,
Throw Ewisdall, Eskdall, and all the daills rode he,
And also lay three nights in Carnbie,
Which na prince lay thir hundred yeirs before.
Nae thief durst stir, they did him for sa sair;
And, that they suld na mir their thift allege,
Three score and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
Syne wardit thame, whilk maist the rest keep onlore;
Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Border."—Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 232.

Note F.

With hackbut bent.—P. 601.

Hackbut bent—Gun cock'd. The carbine, with which the Regent was shot, is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece, of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a matchlock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted.

Note G.

The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.—P. 601.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Hollinshead, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "In this battaile the valiancy of an Heiland gentleman, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great steede; for, in the hottest brunte of the fighte, he came up with two hundred of his friends and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flankes 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 sayle of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that lenity by this piece of service now at this bataille."—Calderwood's MS. apud Keith, p. 480. Melville mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commoners of the barony of Renfrew.

Note H.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh.—P. 601.

The Earl of Glencairn was a steady adherent of the Regent. George Douglas of Parkhead was a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, whose horse was killed by the same ball by which Murray fell.

Note I.

—haggard Lindeeay'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 to her in Lochleven 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, averted her eyes from the fatal deed, he plunged her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Note K.

So close the minions crowd'd 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 a 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.—Spottiswoode p. 233. Buchan.
The Gray Brother.

A FRAGMENT.

The imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest which is often found to arise from ungrati- fied 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 friend- ship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the complaisance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, under- terred 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.

The scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II, and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed him- self, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the con- stant dangers which were incurred through their proscription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, what John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came from Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon the Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the door, at the back of the 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 insisted [went on], yet he saw him neither come in nor go out."—The Life and Prophecies of Mr. Alexander Peden, late Minister of the Gospel at New Gienluce, in Galloway, part ii. § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden."—Vide Hygini Fabulas, cap. 26. "Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Aegaeum Pandionis filium devenit in hospitium, eique nupsit.

— Postea sacerdos Diana Medeam exangui tare ceptit, regique negabat sacra caste facere posse, co quod in ea civitate esset mulier venefica et scele- ruin; tune exulatur."

of Britain to concentrate her thunders, and to launch them against her foes with an unerring aim.
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 ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhor’d,
Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear!
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel’d,
In gown of sackcloth 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 bugle free,¹
To Auchendinny’s hazel glade,²
And haunted Woodhouselee.³

Who knows not Melville’s beechy grove,⁴
And Roslin’s rocky glen,⁵
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 Burndale’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 scathed with fire.

It fall 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 Ladye’s evening song:

¹ See Appendix, Notes 1 to 7
The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring 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 feebler, but laudatory, with the exception of the following remark:—"The painter is justly blamed, whose figures do not correspond with his landscape—who assembles banditti in an Elysium, or bathing loves in a lake of storm. The same adaptation of parts is expedient in the poet. The stanzas—

'Sweet are thy paths, O passing sweet!'—
And classic Hawthornlens,

disagreeably contrast with the mysterious, gloomy character of the ballad. Were these omitted, it would merit high rank for the terrific execution it excites by the majestic introduction, and the awful close."—Critical Review, November, 1803.—En.

APPENDIX.

NOTES 1 TO 7.

SCENERY OF THE ESK.—P. 605.

1 The barony of Penycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment called the Buckstone, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted as their crest a demi-forester proper, winding a horn, with the motto, Free for a Blast. The beautiful man sion-house of Penycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

2 Auchendinny, situated upon the Esk, below Penycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. MacKenzie, Esq., author of the Man of Feeling, &c.—Edition 1803.

3 "Haunted Woolhouselee."—For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see Ballad of Cadwyne Castle, Note p. 603.
Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Honorable Lord Melville, to whom it gives the title of Viscount, is delightfully situated upon the Eske, near Lasswade.

The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St. Clair. The Gothic chapel, which is still in beautiful preservation, with the romantic and woody dell in which they are situated, belong to the Right Honorable the Earl of Rosslyn, the representative of the former Lords of Roslin.

The village and castle of Dalkeith belonged of old to the famous Earl of Morton, but is now the residence of the noble family of Buccleuch. The park extends along the Eske, which is there joined by its sister stream of the same name.

Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond. A house of more modern date is enclosed, as it were, by the ruins of the ancient castle, and overhangs a tremendous precipice upon the banks of the Eske, perforated by winding caves, which in former times were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London on foot in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy tower.

"Where Jonson sat in Drummond’s social shade."

Upon the whole, tracing the Eske from its source till it joins the sea at Musselburgh, no stream in Scotland can boast such a varied succession of the most interesting objects, as well as of the most romantic and beautiful scenery. 1803.

—The beautiful scenery of Hawthornden lane, since the above note was written, recovered all its proper ornament of wood 1831.

War-Song

OF THE

ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

"Nemini. Is not peace the end of arms?

"Caratach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest.

If we are difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbors, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight commotion,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honors,
And, with those, swords that know no end of battle—
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbor,
Those 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’s 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 ouches." — Bonduca.

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 Galignani: "Proinde ituri in aciem, et maiores vestros et posteros cogitate." 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 crown’d;
We boast the red and blue. 2

2 Now Viscount Melville. — 1831.

3 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 call
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.

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 footprint 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.
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 Continent, have, at length, been converted into the citadel of a foreign and military despot. A state degraded is half enslaved.—1812.

Sir Walter Scott was, at the time when he wrote this song, Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry. See one of the Epistles Introductory to Marmion.—Ed.
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, as translated by Mr. Taylor, in the house of the celebrated Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh. The Author was not present, nor indeed in Edinburgh at the time; but a gentleman who had the pleasure of hearing the ballad, afterwards told him the story, and repeated the remarkable chorus—

"Tramp! tramp! across the land they speed,
Splash! splash! across the sea;
Hurrah! The dead can ride space!
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 tarriest 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.

VI.

Full many a maid her true-love met,
And sobb'd in his embrace,
And flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles
Array'd full many a face.

VII.
Nor joy nor smile for Helen sad;
She sought the host in vain;
For none could tell her William's fate,
If faithless, or if slain.

VIII.
The martial 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 courser 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.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>XXVII.</th>
<th>XXXVII.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Awake, awake, arise, my love! How, Helen, dost thou fare? [weep'st? Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'st thou, or Hast thou thought on me, my fair?]—</td>
<td>And, hurry! hurry! off they rode, As fast as fast might be; Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels The flashing pebbles flee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;My love! my love!—so late by night!— I waked, I wept for thee: Much have I borne since dawn of morn; Where, William, couldst thou be?&quot;—</td>
<td>&quot;Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear— Fleet goes my barb—keep hold! Fear'st thou?&quot;—&quot;O no!&quot; she faintly said; &quot;But why so stern and cold?</td>
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<td>XXVIII.</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;We saddle late—from Hungary I rode since darkness fell; And to its bourne we both return Before the matin-bell.&quot;—</td>
<td>&quot;Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines clear— Fleet goes my barb—keep hold! Fear'st thou?&quot;—&quot;O no!&quot; she faintly said; &quot;But why so stern and cold?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;O rest this night within my arms, And warm thee in their fold! Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind:— My love is deadly cold.&quot;—</td>
<td>&quot;What yonder rings? what yonder sings! Why shrieks the owlet gray?&quot;— &quot;'Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song, The body to the clay.</td>
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<tr>
<td>XXX.</td>
<td>XL.</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush! This night we must away; The steed is wight, the spur is bright; I cannot stay till day.</td>
<td>&quot;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.</td>
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<tr>
<td>XXXI.</td>
<td>XLI.</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Busk, busk, and bourne! Thou mount'st behind Upon my black barb steed: O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles, We haste to bridal bed.&quot;—</td>
<td>&quot;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!&quot;—</td>
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<tr>
<td>XXXII.</td>
<td>XLII.</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;To-night—to-night a hundred miles!— O dearest William, stay! The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour! O wait, my love, till day!&quot;—</td>
<td>Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier; The shrouded corpse arose: And, hurry! hurry! all the train The thundering steed pursues.</td>
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<tr>
<td>XXXIII.</td>
<td>XLIII.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Look here, look here—the moon shines clear— Full fast I ween we ride; Mount and away! for ere the day We reach our bridal bed.</td>
<td>And, forward! forward! on they go; High snorts the straining steed; Thick pants the rider's laboring breath, As headlong on they speed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>XXXIV.</td>
<td>XLIV.</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;The black barb snorts, the bridle rings; Haste, busk, and bourne, and seat thee! The feast is made, the chamber spread, The bridal guests await thee.&quot;—</td>
<td>&quot;O William, why this savage haste? And where thy bridal bed?&quot;— &quot;'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill, And narrow, trustless maid.&quot;—</td>
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<tr>
<td>XXXV.</td>
<td>XLV.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strong love prevail'd: She busks, she boun'de She mounts the barb behind, And round her darling William's waist Her lily arms she twined.</td>
<td>&quot;No room for me!&quot;—&quot;Enough for both;— Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!&quot;— O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge, He drove the furious horse.</td>
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<tr>
<td>XXXVI.</td>
<td>XLVI.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
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 cracks 'mid whistling rain?'—
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain.—"

LI.
"Hallo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fetter dance
Before me and my bride."—

LII.
And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash!
The wasted form descends;
And fleet as wind through hazel bush
The wild career attends.

LIII.
Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LIV.
How fled what moonshine faintly show'd!
How fled what darkness hid!
How fled the earth beneath their feet,
The heaven above their 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."—

LVII.
Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is red, the spur drops blood,
The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIII.
"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the dead;
The bride, the bride is come;
And soon we reach the bridal bed,
For, Helen, here's my home."—

LIX.
Reluctant on its rusty hinge
Revolved an iron door,
And by the pale moon's setting beam
Were seen a church and tower.

LX.
With many a shriek and cry whiz round
The birds of midnight, scared;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

LXI.
O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
He spur'd the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He check'd the wondrous course.

LXII.
The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The euirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

LXIII.
The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mouldring flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms entwine
A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.
The furious barb shortens fire and foam,
And, with a fearful bound,
Dissolves at once in empty air,
And leaves her on the ground.

LXV.
Half seen by fits, by fits half heard,
Pale spectres fit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And bow the funeral song;

LXVI.
"E'en when the heart's with anguish cleft,
Revere the doom of Heaven,
Her soul is from her body reft;
Her spirit be forgiven!"
The Wild Huntsman.

This is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the Wilde 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 Faulkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage. When this second Nimrod died, the people adopted a superstition, founded probably on the many 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 deceased 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 Falkenburgh!" [Good sport to ye, Falkenburgh.] "Dost thou wish me good sport?" answered a hoarse voice; "thou shalt share the game," and there was thrown at him what seemed to be a huge piece of foul carrion. The daring Chasseur lost two of his best horses soon after, and never perfectly recovered the personal effects of this ghostly greeting. This tale, though told with some variations, is universally believed all over Germany.

The French had a similar tradition concerning an aerial hunter, who infested the forest of Fontainebleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in "Sully's Memoirs," who says he was called Le Grand Veneur. At one time he chose to hunt so near the palace, that the attendants, and, if I mistake not, Sully himself, came out into the court, supposing it was the sound of the king returning from the chase. This phantom is elsewhere called Saint Hubert.

The superstition seems to have been very general, as appears from the following fine poetical description of this phantom chase, as it was heard in the wilds of Ross-shire.

There oft is heard, at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns, hoarse winded, blowing far and keen—
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies; the gale
Labors with wilder shrieks, and riffer din
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by shouting dogs; the shrubs of men,
And hoods, thick heaving on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
The mountain's height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns,
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend;
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds."


A posthumous miracle of Father Lesley, a Scottish capuchin, related to his being buried on a hill haunted by these unearthly cries of hounds and huntsmen. After his sainted relics had been de posited 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 wins his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser sniffs the morn,
And thronging serves 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 hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had told'd

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, bark again!
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthly hue of hell.

1 Published (1796) with William and Helen, and entitulé "The Chace."
The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"—

"Cease thy loud bugle's changing knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

"To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the shrine;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain"—

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin-song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?"

"Hence, if our manly sport offend,
With pious fools go chant and pray:—
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend;
Halloo, halloo! 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! holloa, 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 yon simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embrowned:

"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."

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheerful to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heed,
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, holloa, 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 herdsmen 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 cheerful to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy chant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kite!"—

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holloa, 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 herdsmen near,
The murderous cries the stag appal,—
Again he starts, now-nerved by fear.
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 shadowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel runs 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 warn’d at length, and turn aside.”

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey—
Alas! the Earl no warning heed,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

“Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs’ sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn!”

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
“Hark forward, forward, holla, 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 reign’d alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call: for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach’d his ears:
His coursers, rooted to the ground,
The quickening 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!
Scorn 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 throne,
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-Ring.

'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, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Brod 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 Country? And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand? And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave, For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have; And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon, For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung; O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung:

"O palmer, gray palmer, this chain be thy fee, For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Country.

"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 the high; But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

"The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls; It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls; The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone; Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed; And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need; And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land, To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's 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 thou take; And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake."

"And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore The mystical flame which the Curdmans 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 daybreak, but sight saw he none,  
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed,  
Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed;  
They 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 whistle 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.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,  
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad,  
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,  
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew nigh,  
The fire on the altar blazedickering 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 replied,  
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 Red-cross shield;  
But a Page thrust him forward the monarch before,  
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low  
Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddlebow;  
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,—  "Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!" he unwittingly said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er,  
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more;  
But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing  
Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He 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 casque 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, Curdman, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scalp, the saltier, and cresseted 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 yon 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 "Claudina 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
oves 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 improve-
ments, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward hastens 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 bodging 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;
Anxious, restless, on he rides.

Seven long days, and seven long nights,
Wild he wander'd, woe the while!
Ceaseless care, and causeless fright,
Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends;
Rivers swell, and rain-streams pour;
While the deafening thunder 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, dark 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 clangors die,
Slowly opes 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 describes, and in which his country's fortune was secured, may confer on Tchudi's verses an interest which they are not entitled to claim from their poetical merit. But ballad poetry, the more literally it is translated, the more it loses its simplicity, without acquiring either grace or strength; and, therefore, some of the faults of the verses must be imputed to the translator's 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 Tchudi's account, or to the taste of his age.

The military antiquary will derive some amusement from the minute particulars which the martial poet has recorded. The mode in which the Austrian men-at-arms received the charge of the Swiss, was by forming a phalanx, which they defended with their long lances. The gallant Winkelried, who sacrificed his own life by rushing among the spears, claspin' in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbersome weight of their defensive armor, rendered the Austrian men-at-arms a very unequal match for the light-armed mountaineers. The victories obtained by the Swiss over the German chivalry, hitherto deemed as formidable on foot as on horseback, led to important changes in the art of war. The poet describes the Austrian knights and squires as cutting the peaks from their boots ere they could act upon foot, in allusion to an inconvenient piece of 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 ancient Swiss ballad upon the battle of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cantons established their independence; the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the Souter, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, esteemed highly among his countrymen, both for his powers as a Meister-Singer, or minstrel, and his courage as a soldier; so that he might share the praise conferred by Collins on Æschylus, that—

THE BATTLE OFSEMBACH.

'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 farther go:
A skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."—

"But where now shall we find a priest
Our shift that he may hear?"—
"The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head
He'll lay his hand of steel;
And with his trusty 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,
"You little band of brethren true
Will meet us undismay'd."—

"O Hare-castle, thou heart of hare!"
Fierce Oxenstern replied.—
"Shall 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, 3
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 chafed the gallant Winkelreid,
Who to his comrades said—

"I have a virtuous wife at home,
A wife and infant son;
I leave them to my country's care,—
This field shall soon be won.

"These nobles lay their spears right thick,
And keep full firm array,
Yet shall my charge their order break,
And make my brethren way."—

He rush'd against the Austrian band,
In desperate career,
And with his body, breast, and hand,
Bore down each hostile spear.

Four lances splinter'd on his crest,
Six shiver'd in his side;
Still on the serried files he press'd—
He broke their ranks, and died.

1 All the Swiss clergy who were able to bear arms fought in his 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 alighted to fight upon foot, it would seem that the Austrian gentlemen found it necessary to cut off these peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.

3 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 hack, and stab, and thrust.

The daunted Lion 'gan to whine,  
And granted ground amain,  
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 Konig's-field  
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold  
So lordly would he ride,  
But he came against the Switzer churls,  
And they slew him in his pride.

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 gall'd the knight so sore,  
That to the churchyard he is borne,  
To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour,  
And fast the flight 'gan take;  
And he arrived in luckless hour  
At Sempach 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 shalllop 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 'whelmd the boat, and as they strove,  
He stunn'd them with his oar,  "Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,  
You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake  
This morning have I caught,  
Their silver scales may much avail,  
Their carrion flesh is 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 wigt  
Who sings of strife so stern,  
Albert the Scouter is he hight,  
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.

[1819.2]

The original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled, Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder, Berlin, 1807, published by Messrs. Buschung 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.—Ed. See Life of Scott, vol. vi. p 71

1 A pan on the Urus, or wild-bull, which gives name to the Canton of Uri.
2 The translation of the Noble Moringer appeared originally in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1816 (published in
stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1585; 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 Neuffen, 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 Neuffen, 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 16th 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.¹

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

I.

O, will you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
It was the noble Moringier in wedlock 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 fay,
That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelve-months and a day."

III.

Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore troubled in her cheer,
"Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order takest thou here;
And who shall lead thy 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 valiant gentleman of me holds living fair; [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 bouse,
And met him there his Chamberlain, with ewer 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 beyond the seventh fair day."

IX.
The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was
full of care,
His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was Mars-
tetten'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 presump-
tuous tongue;
'My noble lord, cast care away, and on your jour-
ney v'end,
And trust th's 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 Moringer took cheer when thus he
heard him speak,
And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow
left his cheek;
A long adieu he bids to all—hoists topsails, and
away,
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelve-
months and a day.

XIV.
It was the noble Moringer within an orchard
stirr'd,
When the Baron's slumbering sense a boding
vision crept;
And whisper'd in his ear a voice, "Tis time, Sir
Knight, to wake;
Thy lady and thy heritage another master take.

XV.
"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steed
another rein,
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vas-
sal train;
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once
and fair,
This night within thy fathers' hall she weds Mars-
tetten's heir."

XVI.
It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his
board,
"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 untrue should wed
my Lady fair.

XVII.
"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd, "my
patron Saint art thou,
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my
vow! [name,]
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 Moringer he started up as one from spell un-
bound,
And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all
around;
"I know my fathers' ancient towers, the mill, the
stream I know,
Now blessed be my patron Saint who cheer'd his
pilgrim's woe!"

XX.
He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he
drew,
So alter'd was his goodly form that none their
master knew; [charity,]
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 Moringar shall have both cope and stole."

XXIII.
It was the noble Moringar to climb the hill began,
And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man;
"Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take,
To gain the entrance of my hall this woeful match to break."

XXIV.
His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow,
For head and heart, 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 from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun;
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and dale,
And for the sake of Moringar, 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 dale,
And for the sake of Moringar, 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 twelve-month and a day."

XXVIII.
It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad,
It was the noble Moringar 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 Moringar, 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 and with gold."—

XXXII.
"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 'twas thus the pilgrim sung,
"Nor golden meed nor garment gay, unlocks his heavy tongue;
Once did I sit, thou bridegroom, at board as rich as thine,
And by my side as fair a bride with all her charms was mine.
XXXIII.

"But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew
silver-hair'd,
For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she left
this brow and beard;
Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's
latest stage,
And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of 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!"

XXXIX.

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.

XL.

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.

"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 howe'er you will, so that you
count aright,
Seven twelve-months and a day are out when bells
toll twelve to-night."
The Erl-King.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle particularly long in the snuff.)

O, who rides by night thro' the woodland so wild?
It is the fond father embracing his child;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

"O father, see yonder! 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."

"O, father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"—

1 1797. "To Miss Christian Rutherford.—I send a goblin story. You see I have not altogether lost the faculty of rhyming. 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.

"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.

"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 spur'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.

1797. "To Miss Christian Rutherford.—I send a goblin story. You see I have not altogether lost the faculty of rhyming. I assure you there is no small impudence in attempt-

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,
Emits 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.
1783.—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.

1783.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To Him his 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!

THE VIOLET.

1797.

It appears from the Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 233, that these lines, first published in the English
Minstrelsy, 1810, were written in 1797, on occasion of the Poet’s disappointment in love.

The violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop’s weight of white emotion;
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 Gillisland, 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 Clydesdale’s apple-bowers
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 braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer’s blaze
In Blantyre’s bowers of green;

Full where the copsewood opens wild
Thy pilgrim step hath 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
Unsat’d 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 Deckmond head,
He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadbyow wood
Has started at the sound.

St. George’s cross, o’er Bothwell hung,
Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
That marked the Scottish foe,
Old England’s yeomen musterd fast,
And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,
Proud Pembroke’s Earl was he—
While”——

(2.) THE SHEPHERD’S TALE.

1799.

“Another imperfect ballad, in which he had meant to blend together two legends familiar to the ruins of which attest the magnificence of the invader

—Ed.

1 Sir Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, Edward the First’s Governor of Scotland, usually resided at Bothwell Cas

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 stop'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 loud 1 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 hound,
And the mutter'd oath of baulked wrath
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
And bled 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 Lourd; i. e. lourer—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 hand 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 coward fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain ernie 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,
Their 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 hands
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 foemen tame.

"Look thou," he said, 'from Cassford 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
Appeard December's snow:
But Cassford'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 launcegay strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommel there, for battle yare,
A Jedwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier;
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam
That glare 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 steeds in stall
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,
And moved nor limb nor tongue;
Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast cliff,
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes 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 leader,
"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 braze,
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 callist coward,
That ever thou wert born!
Why draw ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn?"
The morning on the mountain shone,  
And on the bloody ground  
Hurl'd from the cave with shiver'd bone,  
The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread,  
Among the glidders gray,  
A shapeless stone with lichens spread  
Marks where the wanderer lay.  

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,  
And pensive mark the lingering snow  
In all his scours abide,  
And slow dissolving from the hill  
In many a sightless, soundless rill,  
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and tea,  
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.

1 "The reader may be interested by comparing with this ballad the author's prose version of part of its legend, as given in one of the last works of his pen. He says, in the Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, 1830:—"Thomas of Erroll-Jounie, 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 horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hill-lock 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 stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the wangler'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 briddles, 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 tumult around, pronounced these words:"

Or will ye hear a mirthful bourd?  
Or will ye hear of courtesies?  
Or will hear how a gallant lord  
Was wedded to a gay lady?  

"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 bauld Lord William's cow."  

"Ah! by my sooth," quoth William then,  
"And stands it that way now,  
When knave and churl have nine and ten,  
That the Lord has but his cow?"

"I swear by the light of the Michaelmas moon,  
And the 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—

1 "1802.

In "The Reiver's Wedding," the Poet had evidently designed to blend together two traditional stories concerning his own forefathers, the Scots of Harden, which are detailed in the first chapters of his Life. The biographer adds:—"I know not for what reason, Lochwood, the ancient fortress of the Johnstones in Annandale, has been substituted for the real locality of his ancestor's drumhead Wedding Contract."—Life, vol. ii. p. 94.

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—With names carved o'er and o'er—  
—Full many a chief of meikle pride  
—That Border bugle bore—

1 'Woe to the coward that ever he was born,  
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn.'

2 A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be perhaps extracted from the legend, namely, that it is better to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance."

This celebrated horn is still in the possession of the chief of the Harden family, Lord Polwartz.
He blew a note so sharp and clear,
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’r of yew and a bassen’d thistle.

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 most merrily.

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 sang 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 Falshope burn,
His cousin dear to see,
With him to take a riding turn—
Wat-draw-the-sword was he.

And when he came to Falshope glen,
Beneath the trysting-tree,
On the smooth green was carved plain,
“To Lochwood bound are we.”

“O if they be gone 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 leal-fast heart her breast within
It weel was worth them a’.

Her father’s pranked her sisters twa
With meikle joy and pride;
But Margaret maun seek Dundrennans’ wa’—
She ne’er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gelt
Her sisters’ scarts were borne,
But never at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret’s colors worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,
But she was left at hame
To wander round the gloomy tower,
And sigh young Harden’s name.

“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
Yclad 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.

* * * * * *

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,
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.
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.
There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bards of Glenmore through the forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
The Spectre with his bloody hand,¹
Is wandering through the wild woodland;
The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
And the time is meet to awake the dead!

"Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
To what high strain your harps were strung,
When Lochlin plow'd her bow'ly 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.²

"Mute are ye all! No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
Nor through the pines, with whistling change
Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
Mute are ye now!—Ye ne'er were mute,
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near you mountain strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enroll'd,
By every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion's weal in battle bold:—
From Coigach,³ first who roll'd his car
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
To him, of veteran memory dear,
Who victor died on Aboukir.

¹The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lham-
²Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two
³The Galgacus of Tacitus.

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!"

---

**Hellvellyn.**

---

1805.

_In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn.
His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland._

---

_I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yel-
And starting round me the echoes replied._

_On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam 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?_
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 scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

---

**The Dying Bard.**

---

1806.

**Air—** Daffyd: Gangwen.

The Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, and played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

---

I.

Dinas Emlinn, 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, unhonour'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 Emlinn, 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 Emlinn! 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 Emlinn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids!
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness car tell,
Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

---

**The Norman Horse-shoe.**

---

1806.

**Air—** The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate the defeat of Clare, Earl of Striguill and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth
and Glamorgan: Caerphilly, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

I.

Ran glows the forge in Strignil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armorers, with iron tool,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the course's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

II.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle-horn;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymney's stream;
They vow'd, Caerphilly'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 Severn's side!
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 horseman's curdling blood!

IV.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,
That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

---

The Maid of Toro. 1

1806.

O, 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 Haydn'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 bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's 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,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien

"O save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low.
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."

Scarcely could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair;
And when the sun sank on the sweet lake of Toro
For ever he set to the Brave and the Fair. —

---

The Palmer.

1806.

"O open the door, some pity to show:
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

"No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the King's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O open, for Our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

"I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And relics from o'er the sea;
Or if for these you will not ope
Yet open for charity.
"The hare is crouching in her form,  
The hart beside the 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.

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 Neidpath'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 keenest 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 heedless gaze,  
As o'er some stranger glancing;  
Her welcome, spoke in faltering 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.

---

The Maud of Neidpath.

1806.

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, was inhabited by the Earls 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 unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means of saving her life, her father 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."

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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.
Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
As kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I ha' gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing,
I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blow on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring,
Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame,
Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring,
That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

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 een 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 ravers,
And the love of the faithfullest 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.

MeaIy to Lord Melville. 1

1806.

Air—Carrickfergus.

"The impeachment of Lord Melville was among the first measures of the new (Whig) Government; and personal affection and gratitude graced as well as heightened the zeal with which Scott watched the issue of this, in his eyes, vindictive proceeding; but, though the ex-minister's ultimate acquittal was, as to all the charges involving his personal 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 applausees, 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,
Prrr banish'd Rebellion, gave Treason a string? Why, they swore on their honor, for ARTHUR O'CONNOR,
And fought hard for DESPARD against country and king.

Well, then, we knew, boys,
Prrr 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 coxcombes, French politics praising,
Drove peace from our tables and sleep from our
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 grenade —
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 its taunting,
For all we are wanting
Is license for 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 winter to
save ye,
And the Cape call'd a baulb, unworthy of thanks.
But vain is their taunt,
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; 2
Till each man illuminate his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.
In Greenville 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!

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 gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away,
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

1 The Magistrates of Edinburgh had rejected an application for illumination of the town, on the arrival of the news of Lord Melville's acquittal.
2 First published in the continuation of Strutt's Queenhoo-
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

The Resolve.¹

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;
And steel my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abdles;
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides;
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And bow'd a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again:
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own,
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll 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.

Amid these aisles, where once his precepts show'd
The Heavenward pathway which in life he trod,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier;
And those he loved in life, in death are near,
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities. [spread,
Silent 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 smoother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honor'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here Seward lies;
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say;
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

Prologue

TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY OF THE FAMILY LEGEND.³

1809.

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Through forests tinged with russet, wall and die;
poet could write in the same exquisite taste."—Life of Scott
vol. iii. p. 330. ² Edinburgh Annual Register, 1809.
³ Miss Baillie's Family Legend was produced with considerable
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 Terry.

¹ Published anonymously in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1808. Writing to his brother Thomas, the author says, "The Resolve is mine; and it is not—or, to be less enigmatical, it is an old fragment, which I Cooper'd up into its present state with the purpose of quizzing certain judges of poetry, who have been extremely delighted, and declare that no living
'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the ear;
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand,
We list the legends of our native land,
Link'd as they come with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.
Whether on India's burning coasts he toil,
Or till Acadia's winter-fetter'd soil,
He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd eyes,
And, as he hears, what dear illusions rise!
It opens on his soul his native dell,
The woods wild waving, and the water's swell;
Tradition's theme, the tower that threats 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 woeful rage,
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.
Yourself shall judge—whoe'er has raised the sail
By Mull's dark coast, has heard this evening's tale.
The plained boatman, resting on his ear,
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 prefer'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.

The Poacher.
Written in imitation of Crabbe, and published
In the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1809. 1

Welcome, grave Stranger to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!—
Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic plan
By nature's limits metes the rights of man;
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls:
O'er court, o'er customhouse, his shoe who flings,

Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind:
Thine eye, applause, each sly vermin sees,
That bauls the snare, yet battens on the cheese
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,
Our buckskin'd justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,
To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair London's race,
Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chase,
And long'd to send them forth 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 leveret'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 Liberté!
But mad Ciogyen, meek Monsieur again,
With some few added links resumes his chain.
Then, since such scenes to France no more are known,
Come, view with me a hero of thine own!
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of silvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak o'er tops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand;
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce mark'd path descends yon dingle deep.
Follow—but heedful, cautious 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 barricaded door
Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day
(Though placed where still the Conqueror's hoste o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law),

1 Acadia, or Nova Scotia.

2 See Life of Scott vol. III. p. 329.
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 barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and drea,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once;—the lightest heart,
That ever play'd on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
"'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years before."

But he whose humors spur law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke,
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren, or excise,
With sterner felons train'd to act more dread.
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue baulk'd, or pilfer'd game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villany, and drier 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 shook!
The wanling moon, with storm presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam.
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,
Dellingow and groaning to the troubled sky—
"'Twas then, that, cough'd amid the brushwood sere, In Malwood-walk young Mansell watch'd the deer.
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.

No, scoff'er, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!

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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 presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stiri.

2. A cant term for smuggled spirits.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,  
O'erpowers'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife.  
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—  
The rest his waking agony may tell!  

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 wreathe with the vine,  
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,  
Tis the arder 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.

The Bold Dragoon;¹  

or,  

THE PLAIN OF BADAJOZ.  

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—  
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.

When, 'twas peste! morbleu! mon General,  
Hear the English bugle-call!  
And behold the light dragoons, with their long swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Right about went horse and foot, artillery and all,  
And, as the devil leaves a house, they tumbled through the wall.²  
They took no time to seek the door,  
But, best foot set before—  
O they ran from our dragoons, with their long swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Those valiant men of France they had scarcely fled a mile,  
When on their flank there 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 them led;  
So huzza for brave dragoons, with their long swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

Then here's a health to Wellington, to Beresford, to Long,  
And a single word of Bonaparte before I close my song:  
The eagles that to fight he brings  
Should serve his men with wings,  
When they meet the bold dragoons, with their long swords, boldly riding,  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

On the Massacre of Glencoe.³  

1814.

¹ This song was written shortly after the battle of Badajos (April, 1812), for a Yeomanry Cavalry dinner. It was first printed in Mr. George Thomson's Collection of Select Melodies, and stands in vol. vi. of the last edition of that work.

² In their hasty evacuation of Campo Mayor, the French pulled down a part of the rampart, and marched out over the glacis.

³ First published in Thomson's Select Melodies, 1814.
of King William III. in Scotland. In the August preceding, 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 neglect 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 Argyle'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 Invergarry, 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, laid the houses in ashes, and carried away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and soldiers."—Article "Britain;" Engey. Britannica—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 shrounds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Their flag was furl'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
Meed 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 cloked 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 an’ a’ that.
A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

1814.

Though right be aft put down by strength,
As mony a day we saw that,
The true and leilfu’ 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.

—Song at the first meeting of the Pitt Club of Scotland; and published in the Scots Magazine for July, 1814.

The Thistle, though her leaf be rude,
Yet faith we’ll no misc’ that,
She shelter’d in her solitude
The Fleur-de-lis, for a’ that.

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine
(For Blucher’s sake hurra 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 pur a sot,
Your pity scorn to throw that,
The Devil’s elbow be his lot,
Where he may sit and claw that.
In spite of slight, in spite of might,
In spite of brags, an’ a’ that,
The lads that battled for the right,
Have won the day, an’ a’ that!

There’s ae bit spot I had forgot,
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 slaughtered in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bow’d down by her foemen,
Prrr closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame; O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.
Round the husbandman’s head, while he traces the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labor, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow’d it in vain;
Ye may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be soft’ned 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 Perr 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 plann’d, and the zeal that obey’d;
Fill WELLINGTON’s cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave DALHOUSIE and GRANGE;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

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 were 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, 1834. 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.

P H A R O S L O Q U I L T U R .

Far in the bosom of the deep,
O’er these wide shelves my watch 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.

L I N E S .

ADRESSED TO RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ. OF STAFFA

1814.

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald! Staffa! king of all kind fellows!
Well 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 Chief trim spirit hovers,
Pausing while his pinions quiver,
Stretch’d to quit our land for ever!
Each kind influence reign above thee!
Warmer heart, ‘twixt this and Staffa
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa!

L E T T E R I N V E R S E

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 heroic 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

1 Afterwards Sir Reginald Macdonald Stewart Soton of Staffa, Allanton, 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 Prose Works, vol. xix.

2 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.

3 Afterwards Lord Kinneir.

4 The late Adam Duff, Esq., Sheriff-Depute of the county of Edinburgh.
noble measure; and the dancing anapests of the second, show that he could with equal facility have rivalled the gay graces of Cotton, Anstey, or Moore."—Lockhart, Life, vol. iv. p. 372.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKLEUCH,
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 Buckleuch!
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 outstretch'd cords 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-mew, skim '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 car,
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 pittance from the niggard main.
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves,
What comfort greets him, and what hut receives?
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 Drumlanrig 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 colonnade,
With many a cavern seem'd, the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
Wild round their rifted brows, with frequent cry
As of lament, the gulls and gamnets 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's every former mate and brother tar,
Marvels how Lerwick 'scape'd 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 riot, not of rest;
Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth,
And wakes the land with brawls and boisterous mirth.

A sadder sight on yon 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 riven,
She scarce might face the gentlest airs of heaven
Pensive he sits, and questions oft if none
Can list his speech, and understand his moan;
In vain—no Islesman now can use the tongue
Of the bold Norse, from whom their lineage sprung.

Not thus of old the Norsemen hither came,
Won by the love of danger or of fame;
On every storm-beat cape a shapeless tower
Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their power;
For ne'er for Grecia'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 defied,
And blest their gods that they in battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race,
And still the eye may faint resemblance trace
In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,
The limbs athletic, and the long light hair—
(Such was the men, as Scald and Minstrel sings,
Of fair-haired Harold, first of Norway's Kings);
But their high deeds to scale these crag confin'd,
Their only warfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castled coast?
Why of the horrors of the Sumburgh Rost?
May not these bald disjointed lines suffice,
Penn'd while my comrades whirl the rattling dice—
While down the cabin skylight lessening shine
The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine!
Imagined, while down Mousa's desert day
Our well-trimm'd vessel urged her nimble way,
While to the freshening breeze she lean'd her side
And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide!

Such are the lays that Zetland Isles supply;
Drench'd with the drizzly spray and drooping sky
Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel L.—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 morsc 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 des-serve it,
But springs, I'm inform'd, from the Scotts of Scot-starvet).!

He question'd the folks who beheld it with eyes,
But they differ'd confoundedly as to its size.
For instance, the modest and diffident swore
That it seem'd like the keel of a ship, and no more—
Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy more high,
Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky—
But all of the hulk had a steady opinion
That 'twas sure a live subject of Neptune's do-minion—
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 Truffness and Luffness were drawn on the shore!

You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight;
I own that I did not, but easily might—
For this mighty shoal of leviathans lay
On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the bay,
And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the spoil,
And flinching (so term it) the blubber to boil;
(You spirits of lavender, drown the reflection
That awakes at the thoughts of this odorous dis-section).

To see this huge marvel full fain would we go,
But Wilson, the wind, and the current, said no.
We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I must stare
When I think that in verse I have once call'd it fair;
'Tis a base little borough, both dirty and mean—
There is nothing to hear, and there's naught 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 Graces!

VERSES FROM Waverley.

1814.

"The following song, which has been since bor-rowed by the worshipful author of the famous 'History of Fryar Bacon,' has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occa-sion 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 horsed on a jade,
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-dee-dees;
We set them a cackhorse, and made them play
The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough that day;
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
And away to Tewin, away away!
The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,  
The maidens did make the chamber full gay;  
The servants did give me a pudding 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).  

Appendix 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, which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life.”

Late, when the autumn evening fell  
On Mirkwood-Mere’s romantic dell,  
The lake return’d, in 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 earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,  
And roused the Genius of the Lake!  
He heard the groaning of the oak,  
And dorn’d at once his sable cloak,  
As warrior, at the battle cry,  
Invests him with his panoply:  
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press’d,  
He gan to shake his foamy crest  
O’er furr’d brow and blacken’d cheek,  
And bade his surge in thunder speak.  
In wild and broken eddies whirl’d,  
Flit her 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 war’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 fitting, and as frail,  
As that which fled the autumn gale—  
For ever dead to fancy’s eye  
Be each gay form that glided by,  
While dreams of love and lady’s charms  
Give place to honor and to arms!

Chap. v.

(3.)—DAVIE GELLATLEY’S SONG.

“He (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 song.’”

The Knight’s to the mountain  
His bugle to wind;  
The Lady’s to Greenwood  
Her garland to bind.  
The bower of Burd Eller  
Has moss on the floor,  
That the step of Lord William  
Be silent and sure.

Chap. ix.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(4.)—SCENE
IN LUCKIE MACLEARY’S TAVERN.

“Is the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly
implored silence; and when at length the instinct of
polite discipline so far prevailed, that for a mo-
ment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their
attention to a military Ariette, which was a
particular favorite of the Marechal Duc de Ber-
wick; then, imitating, as well as he could, the
manner and tone of a French musquetaire, he im-
mediately commenced,”

Mon cœur volage, dit-elle,
N’est pas pour vous, garçon,
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.

Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Qui porte chapeau a plume,
Soulier a 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, com-
posed by Gibby Gaethrowit, the Piper of Cupar;
and, without wasting more time, struck up—”

It’s up Glenbarchan’s braes I gaed,
And o’er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made,
To cuittle the morn-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.

(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. SWITHIN’S CHAIR.

“The view of the old tower, or fortalice, intro-
duced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish
chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthu-
siasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag,
which rose near it, had acquired the name of St.
Swithin’s Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar
superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some
curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a
rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and Rose
was called upon to sing a little legend, in which
they had been interwoven by some village poet,

Who, no less as the race from which he sprung,
Saved others’ names, but left his own unsung.

“The sweetness of her voice, and the simple
beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which
the minstrel could have desired, and which his
poetry so much wanted.”

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boun ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless’d;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will
ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on 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. Swithin’s Chair,
The dew of the night has dam’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 veld;
When he stopp’d the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plught.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin’s Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.
The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege;
News 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 moon 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!

* * * * * * *

(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;
Heard 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 Braithwardine's personal encounter with Balmawhapple
early next morning, after the evening quarrel betwixt the latter and Waverley.]  Chap. xiv.

(8.)—JANET GELLATLEY'S ALLEGED WITCHCRAFT.

"This anecdote led into a long discussion of,"
All these idle thoughts and phantasies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
Shows, visions, soothsays, and prophecies,
And all that feigned is, as leaseings, 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 command'd—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redder'd with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meal of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Morray!—the exiled— the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the standard uprear Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!
Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprang from the Kings who in Italy kept state,
 Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat!
Combine like the 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 Torri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the sea!

How Mac-Shimei 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 Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slow the wild baur,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle—'tis not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

"As Flora concluded her song, Ferguson stood before them, and immediately commenced with a theatrical air,"

O Lady of the desert, hail!
That lov'st 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,
Suivis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabots——

Chap. xxiv.

(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 adjured that party upon the execution of Charles I; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencarn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles 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 been so long under dominance of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career."

The Verses were inscribed,
TO AN OAK TREE,
IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ———, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 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’s 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 unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death’s hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plighted Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune’s summer-shine
To waste life’s longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
Though darken’d ere its noontide day?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
Brave summer’s drought and winter’s gloom!
Rome bound with oak her 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. lxiii.

The Author of Waverley.

[“I AM not able to give the exact date of the following reply to one of John Ballantyne’s expositions on the subject of the secret.”—Life, vol. iv. p. 179.]

“No, John, I will not own the book—
I won’t, you Picaroon.
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 GAELIC.
1815.—Er. 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 Lochrann, 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, unwearyed 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 Skocroora, 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 waked by the stern winter gale,  
As they mourn for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

From the far Southland Border a Minstrel came forth,  
And he waited the hour that some Bard of the north  
His hand on the harp of the ancient should cast,  
And bid its wild numbers mix high with the blast;  
But no bard was there left in the land of the Gael,  
To lament for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

And shalt thou then sleep, did the Minstrel exclaim,  
Like the son of the lowly, unnoticed by fame?  
No, son of Fitzgerald! in accents of woe,  
The song thou hast loved o'er thy coffin shall flow,  
And teach thy wild mountains to join in the wail  
That laments for Mackenzie, last Chief of Kintail.

In vain, the bright course of thy talents to wrong,  
Fate deaden'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue;  
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose

---

1 Bonail, or Bonalez, 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 for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political ex-
SCOTT’S POETICAL WORKS.

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 bag-pipes’ maddening sound;
Clan-Gillian’s onset echoing round,
Shall shake their inmost cell,
Woe to the bark whose crew shall gaze,
Where Lachlan’s silken streamer plays!
The fools might face the lightning’s blaze
As wisely and as well!

**Saint Cloud.**

[Paris, 5th September, 1815.]

Soft spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh’d,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum’s deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and 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 silence rive,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
Prolong’d from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,

Though music’s self was wont to meet
With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather’d round to hear
Our songstress⁴ 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.**

---

1815.

I.

Night and morning⁴ were at meeting
Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
Pain and low they crew;
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Terrible-clouds prolong’d the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark’d it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flash’d the sheets of levii-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,

---

⁴ Originally published in 1815, in the Edinburgh Annual Register, vol. v.

⁵ MS.—“Dawn and darkness.”

⁶ These lines were written after an evening spent at Saint Cloud with the late Lady Alvanley and her daughters, one of whom was the songstress alluded to in the text.
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Faslefern.
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 Sunart rough, and high Ardgowan,
And Morven long shall toll,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.  

III.

Lone on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang of course's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patrols course their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patriol 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-born 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 plain;
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 whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

"Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance!
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier!
Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

"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. 500.
- MS.—"Oft came the clang." &c.

2 See ante, Marmion, canto v. stanzas 24, 25, 26, and Appendix, Note 4 A, p. 173
VII.
“Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.
Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Rooder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin’s thunders shame:
Elemental rage is 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 picquet-post, when ebb the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

Romance of Dunois. 1
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. 2

Thus was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound
for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary’s
shrine:

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.

“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 shalt be a wedded
pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of
the fair.”

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint
Mary’s shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands
combine;
And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel
there,
Cried, “Honour’d be the bravest knight, beloved the
fairest fair!”

The Troubadour. 3
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 sung:

was written, and set to music also, by Hortense Beaufharnois,
Duchesse de St. Len, Ex-Queen of Holland.
3 The original of this ballad also was written and composed
by the Duchesse de St. Len. The translation has been set to
music by Mr. Thomson. See his Collection of Scottish Songs.
1826.
"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-lay:
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:—
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

---

**From the French.**

1815.

Ir 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 HOUSE OF BUCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH.**

1815.

From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;

And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

**CHORUS.**

*Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her,*
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more,
*In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,*
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Fore', the Bands of Buccleuch.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

A Stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearman 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 mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll draw a blithe measure
To each Laird and each Lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

took place on December 5, 1815, and was also celebrated by the Ettrick Shepherd. See Life of Scott, vol. v. pp. 119
116, 122.

The bearer of the standard was the Author's eldest son.
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!

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan
her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and
more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers
before.

Lullaby of an Infant Chief.

Air—"Cadul gu lo."[1]

1815.

I.
O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which
we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

II.
O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy re-
pose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would
be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.
O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you
may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with
day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

Verses from Guy Mannering.

1815.

(1)—SONGS OF MEG MERRILLES.

NATIVITY OF HARRY BERTRAM.

Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

Trofoll, 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 reil and wear.

Chap. iii.

"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,
Solemn to help thee at thine need;—
Hark! the bell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levain blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee erst
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast; and time draws on,—
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

"The songspared 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
tethers him here.

Heaven cannot abide it;
Earth refuses to hide it.
I must open the door.

"— She lifted the latch, saying,
'Open locks, end strife,
Come death, and pass life.'"

Chap. xxvii.

THE PROPHECY.

The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

Chap. xii.

(2)—SONGS OF DIRK HATTERAICK AND GLOSSIN.

"And now I have brought you some 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 schmeckt!—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 ben lieberlich,

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 shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys;
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree!

Chap. xxxiv.

The Return to Ulster.

1816.

Once again,—but how changed since my wand-
rings began—
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar
That wearsies 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,
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, distinguish'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, shouldn'st
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?

a In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is
called the Sun-burst, an epithet feebly rendered by the Sun-
beam of Macpherson.
Oh! would it had been so,—Oh! would that her eye
Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky,
And her voice that was moulded to melody’s thrill,
Had been but a zephyr, that sigh’d and was still!

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this poor heart
Had learn’d the sad lesson, to love and to part;
To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care,
While I toil’d for the wealth I had no one to share.
Not then had I said, when life’s summer was done,
And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on,
"Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train,
And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again."

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 bain 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—"Piobair d’ DONOIL DHAIDH." 1

1816.

This is a very ancient pibroch belonging to Clan
MacDonald, and supposed to refer to the expedition
of Donald Balloch, who, in 1431, launched
from the Isles with a considerable force, invaded
Lochaber, and at Inverlochy defended 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, thene, or melody, by which the
pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:

Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhaidh, piobaireachd Dhomul;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhaidh, piobaireachd Dhomul;
Piobaireachd Dhonuil Dhaidh, piobaireachd Dhomul;
Piob agus brathach air faise Inverloch.
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 DONALD 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 "The pibroch of Donald the Black." This song was
written for Campbell’s Albyn’s Anthology, 1816. It may also
be seen set to music, in Thomson’s Collection, 1830.

2 Compare this with the gathering-song in the third canto of
the Lady of the Lake, ante.
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 stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

---

Nora’s Vow.

Air—“Cha teid mis a channdh!”

Written for Albyn’s Anthology.

1816.

In 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.

Hear what Highland Nora said,—
“The Earlie’s son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.”

“Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely 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 clasp 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—“Thata’ a Griglagach.”

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 Griglagach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

1 “I will never go with him.”
2 “The MacGregor is come.”
3 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 haloo!  
Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!  
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;  
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!  
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,  
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!  
Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!  
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
Give their roofs 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,

1 "Rob Roy MacGregor's own designation was of Innerkind; but he appears to have acquired a right of some kind or other to the property or possession of Craig-Royston, a domain of rock and forest lying on the east side of Loch Lomond, where that beautiful lake stretches into the dusky mountains of Gleifalloch."—Introd. to Rob Roy, Wace. Nov. vii. 31.

First in Europe's banded war;  
For the realms 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 foemen 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.

"The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms—it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something between a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect:—"

"Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,  
Thou aged carle so stern and 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—"

2 Mr., afterwards Sir William Arbuthnot, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who had the honor to entertain the Grand-Duke, now Emperor of Russia, was a personal friend of Sir Walter Scott's; and these Verses, with their heading, are now given from the newspapers of 1816.
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 GIRNELL.

"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 departed characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect:"

Heir lyeth Jon o' ye Girnell.
Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kinnell.
In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,
Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,
He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis fyve,
Four for ye halie kirke and ane for pure 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 sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now hand your tongue, baith wife and earle,
And listen great and ama',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun 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 hae bridled a hundred black,

With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
W' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrupes stood,
That Highland host to see:
"Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie:

"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay
That rides beside my reyne,—
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne!"

"To turn the 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 plaids,
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 blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

* * * * * * * * * * *

He turn'd him right and round again,
Said, Scorn na at my mither;
Light loves I may get mony a ane,
But minnie ne'er anither.

Chap. xii.

MOTTOES IN THE ANTIQUARY.

"The scraps of poetry which have been in mor. cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in th~
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 sowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that, in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to. In some cases, I have been entertained when Dr. Watts and other grave authors have been ransacked in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible.”—Introduction to Chronicles of the Canongate.

(1.)—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.

(2.)—CHAP. XI.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision sent, And order'd all the.pageants as they went; Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,— The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

(3.)—CHAP. XII.

Beggar!—the only freemen of your Commonwealth; Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws, Obey no governor, use no religion But what they draw from their own ancient cus- Or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels.

(4.)—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 desertesse forehead.

A Faire Quarrel.

(7.)—CHAP. XXI.

The Lord Abbot had a soul Subtile 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 Kingdome.

(8.)—CHAP. XXVII.

Many great ones Would part with half their states, to have the plan And credit to beg in the first style.—

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, Behemoth, and so forth. He tilted with a sword-fish—Marry, sir, Th' aquatic struck the best—the argument Still calls 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 feeling— 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 stanch—she tracks our rapid step Through the wild labyrinth of youthful paresy, Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us; Then in our hair, when Time hath chill'd our joints, And maim'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.

(12.)—Chap. xxxiv.
Still in his dead hand clenched remain the strings
That thrill his father's heart—e'en as the limb,
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.

(13.)—Chap. xxxv.
—— Life, with you,
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries;
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy:
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling
With its base dregs the vessel that contains it.

(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.

(15.)—Chap. xxxviii.
Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor coinage,
Granting I knew all that you charge me with.
What, tho' the tomb hath born a second birth,
And given the wealth to one that knew not on't,
Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
Far less pure bounty.

(16.)—Chap. xI.
Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves your 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 ta'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not,
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.

(17.)—Chap. xii.
So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,
Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With hand outstretch'd, impatient to destroy,
Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy,
Whose grieve rapacious changed her splendid dream,
For wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream.

The Loves of the Sea-Wrote.

(18.)—Chap. xlil.
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.

(19.)—Chap. xlil.
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.

(20.)—Chap. xliv.
Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her.
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
Or sigh because she smiles—and smiles on others?
Not I, by Heaven!—I hold my peace too dear,
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

From the Black Dwarf.

1816.

M OT T O E S.

(1.)—Chap. v.
The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels, in its barreness, 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 might so starkly made,  
But time and years would overthrow!

Chap. xix.

(2)—VERSES FOUND IN BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK.

"Writ 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 peopled hell,  
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,  
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion!—  
O, if such clime thou canst endure,  
Yet keep thy hue 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 irreful 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 cambrics as in small wares, to procure me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage, a copy of the Epitaphion alluded to.  
And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:"—

Here lyes one saint to prelats surly,  
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley  
Who, stirred up to vengeance take,  
For Solemn League and Cosn' pant'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 saem 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 Duff.

(2)—CHAP. XIV.

My hounds may a'rin masterless,  
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree,
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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 exalted hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

The Search after Happiness;

OR,

THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

1817.

I.

Oh for a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkleth with a lustre shrewd and sly,
When Gian Battista bade her vision hail!—
Yet fear not, ladies, the naive 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 Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their round,
Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground;
Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,
"Sultaun! thy vassal hears, and he obeys!"—
All have their tastes—this may the fancy strike
Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like;
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of monarch who can amble round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
Infitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay—
Such monarchs best our free-born humors suit,
But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic say—
Good luck, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scarce not my Pegasus before I start!
If Adam has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map—
Famed mariner! whose merciless narrations
Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience.
Till, fain to find a guest who thought them short;
He sign'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 Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juice)
—Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours),
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitters,
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams,
With Deogul, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wot not—but the Sultaun never laug'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 scribb'd jargon in a darken'd room;
With heedful glance the Sultaun's tongue they eyed,
Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside
And then in solemn accent spoke their doom,
"His majesty is very far from well."
Then each to work with his specific fell:
The Hakim Ibrahim instanter brought
His ungent Mahazzim al Zerdukkan,
While Roompot, 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 growchary,
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 Camisier Magica, a novel of Gian Battista Casi.
3 See the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
4 See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.
5 For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned edition 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 shoulders),
Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament
Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them coureltai;—
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm wrong.

VII.
The Omrahs, 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 battle!
This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,
Shall from his kindled bosom fly away,
When the bold Lottie 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—Lo! your faithful Commons!"
The Riots who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)
Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,
From this oration auguring 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 trousers.

VIII.
And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green,
Iman and Mollah there of every station,
Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.
Their votes were various—some advised a Mosque
With fitting revenues should be erected,
With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,
To recreate a band of priests selected;
Others opined that through the realms a dole
Be made to holy men, whose prayers might profit
The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.

But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,
More closely touch'd the point:—"Thy studious mood,"
Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy blood,
And dull'd thy brain with 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 avail'd not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)
Resolved to take advice of an old woman;
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was called so by each subject duteous.
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—
But she 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 innmost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his sumr, 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-Mother;
But, says the Chronicle (who will go look it),
That such was her advice—the Sultaun took it.

XI.
All are on board—the Sultaun and his train,
In gilded galley to plough the main.
The old Rais was the first who questioned,
"Whither?"
They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive Prince,

1 See Sir John Malcolm's admirable History of Persia.
2 Nobility.
3 Master of the vessel.
"Was call'd The Happy many ages since—
   For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely thither.
But not in Araby, 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,
Poffaredio! 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;
Besides, some tumors on his noddle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding.4
Our Prince, though Sultains 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

1 The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.
2 Florence, Venice, &c.
3 The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo, i. e. Brother Devil.

1* Loud voice mustered up, for "Vive le Roi!"
Then whisper'd, "Ave you any news of Nappy?"
The Sultain 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 shrugg'd, and grin'd, and took his snuff
And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many pucker
As damsels wont to put into their tucker
(ERE liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of Modesty be drawn),
Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,
"Jean Bool!—I was not know him—Yes, I was—
I was remember dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place call'd Vaterloo—
Ma foi! il s'est trea joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-vous !
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like—day call him Wellington,"
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solimaun took leave, and cross'd the strait.

XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw
And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
His wars were ended, and the victory won,
But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John;
And authors 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, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
And past the power to harm his quiet more,
Poor John had wellnigh wept for Bonaparte!
Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam'd,—
"And who are you," John answer'd, "and br d—d i?"

XVI.

"A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, signior, all avouch,—in Frangistan."—4
"Happy! my tenants breaking on my hand;
Unstock'd my pastures, and unfill'd my land;
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
The sole consumers of my good broadcloths—
Happy!—Why, cursed war and racket tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."—

4 Or drubbing; so called in the Slang Dictionary.
4* See the True-Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe.
4* Europe.
“In that case, signior, I may take my leave; I came to ask a favor—but I grieve”——

“Favor!” said John, and eyed the Sultan 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 chuck’d a guinea at his head; But, with due dignity, the Sultan said, “Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
A shirt 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 hell!”

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
When the blithe bagpipe blew—but, soberer now,
She donely 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 plenteous board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation;
The sole remembrance of her warlike joy
Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
She went to lead a cat-and-dogish life,
Now found the woman, as he said, a 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.

XVIII.

The Sultan enter’d, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsey’d sister Peg;
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guess’d at once with whom she had to do.)
She bade him “Sit into the fire,” and took
Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the nook;
Ask’d him “about the news from Eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, puri’ Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the nitmugs were grown ony cheaper;—
Were there nae speerings of our Mungo Park—
Ye’ll be the gentleman that wants the surk?
If ye wad buy a web o’auld wife’s spinnin’,
I’ll warrant ye it’s a weil-wearing linen.”

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house ‘gan scuttle
In search of goods her customer to vail,
Until the Sultan strain’d his princely throttle,
And hollo’d,—“Ma’am, that is not what I aill.
Pray, are you happy, ma’am, in this snugg 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 scare 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.

XX.

Now, for the land of verdant Erin,
The Sultan’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.

XXI.

The Sultan 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 bins
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat’s time for fancy, whim, and spirit!
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
“By Mahomet,” said Sultan Solimaun,
“That ragged fellow is our very man!
Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me nave his shirt.”—

XXII.

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 stripp’d him—Alack!
Up-buboo! 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.
Mr. Kemble's Farewell Address;  
ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

1817.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,  
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—  
Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,  
And longs to rush on the embattled lines.  
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,  
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near;  
To think my scenic hour for ever past,  
And that these valued plaudits are my last.  
Why should we part, while still some powers  
remain,
That in your service strive not yet in vain?  
Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,  
And sense of duty fire the fadmg eye;  
And all the wrongs of age remain subdued  
Beneath the burning glow of gratitude!  
Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close,  
Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows;  
But all too soon the transient gleam is past,  
It cannot be renew'd, and will not last;  
Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage  
But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.

Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was,  
To live a pensioner on your applause,  
To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,  
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;  
Till every sneering youth around inquires,  
"Is this the man who once could please our sires?"  
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,  
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.

This must not be;—and higher duties crave,  
Some space between the theatre and the grave,  
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,  
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:

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-graced 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 fam'd the flame!  
By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,  
Those 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,  
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 lov'd saint of yore has trod.

1 These lines first appeared, April 5, 1817, in a weekly sheet, called the "Sale Room," conducted and published by Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. at Edinburgh. In a note prefixed, Mr. James Ballantyne 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 labored 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 shouted in a few minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of Macbeth (the audience by a conscientious movement rising to receive him), to deliver 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, as so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his professional life for ever."

2 These lines were first printed in "The Forget-Me-Not," for 1834." They were written for recitation by the distinguished actress, Miss Smith, now Mrs. Bartley, on the night of her benefit at the Edinburgh Theatre, in 1817; but reached her too late for her purpose. In a letter which inclined them, the post 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 the bill."
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;
The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the taper's 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 painted 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 awow,
Feels all the pilgrim's terrors now;
Yet sure on Caledonian plain
The stranger never sued in vain.
'Tis yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dare not ask;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed.

The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Mill.

1817.

["Scott's enjoyment of his new territories was, however, interrupted by various returns of his cramp, and the depression of spirit which always attended, in his case, the use of opium, the only medicine that seemed to have power over the disease. It was while struggling with such languor, on one lovely evening of this autumn, that he composed the following beautiful verses. They mark the very spot of their birth,—namely, the then naked height overhanging the northern side of the Cauldshiels Loch, from which Melrose Abbey to the eastward, and the hills of Ettrick and Yarrow to the west, are now visible over a wide range of rich woodland,—all the work of the poet's hand."

1 "O favor'd land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms.

Lines written for Mr. J. Kemble.

1 "Nathaniel Gow told me that he got the air from an old

Air—"Rimhun aluin 'etu mo run.'

The air, composed by the Editor of Albyn's Anthology,1 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 dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape 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—"Ynndith Mionge."

Written for Mr. Geo. Thomson's Welsh Melodies

1817.

Ethelfrid or Olfrid, King of Northumberland,
having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmæl, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the 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,
gentleman, a Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield (he thinks), who had it from a friend in the Western Isles, as an old Highland air"—George Thomson.
Veiled nun and friar gray
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the silvan Dee,

O miserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled;
Who could think such saintly hand
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the Divine decree,

O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swing,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill;
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,

O miserere, Domine!

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurn'd by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughter'd down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid:
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung, and bread unbroke;
For their souls for charity,

Sing, O miserere, Domine!

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy ruins told the tale,
Shattered towers and broken arch
Long recall'd the woeful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return;
The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,

O miserere, Domine!

Letter

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH,
DRUMLANRIG CASTLE,
Sanquhar, 2 o'clock, July 30, 1817.

From Ross, where the clouds on Benlomond are sleeping—
From Greenock, where Clyde to the Ocean is sweeping—

From Largs, where the Scotch gave the Northmen 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 pease, and a chicken, in Sanquhar,
This eve, please the Fates, at Drumlanrig we an chor.

[Sir Walter's companion on this excursion was Captain, now Sir Adam Ferguson.—See Life, vol. v. p. 234.]

From Rob Roy.

1817.

(1.)—TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

"A stollen 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 born,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.

"'Fontarabian echoes!' continued my father, interrupting himself; '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.

rum, tot anfactus porticum, tanta turbis ruderum quantum var. alibi cornac."
"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 empurpled 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 stanzas, which was nearly to the following purpose:—"

LADIES, and knights, and arms, and love's fair flame, Deeds of emprize and courtesy, I sing; What time the Moors from sultr'ry 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.

Of 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 lips which are dearest to them."

Chap. xvi.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. x.

In the wide pile, by others heeded not, Here 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—direr his, And worthier of damnation, who instill'd The mortal venom in the social cup, To fill the veins with death instead of life.

Anonymous.

(3.)—Chap. 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, stilled by damp and stench, DOTH Hope's fair torch expire; and at the sniff, 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 prac-tised, 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, scorn'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 I!" was stern Bremo's word, When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic sword—
Woe to the vanquish'd! when his massive blade Bore down the scale against her ransom weigh'd, And on the field of foughten battle still, Who knows no limit save the victor's will.  

The Galliad.

(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.

Eulogium to the Appeal.  

SPoken By Mrs. Henry Siddons,  

FEB. 16, 1818.

A cat of yore (or else old Æsop 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 down? '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. Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye, We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

MACRIMMON'S LAMENT.  

1818.

AIR—"Cha till mi tuille."  

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 feud, and hence the Gaelic words, "Cha till mi tuille; ged thills Macleod, cha till Macrimmon," "I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Macrimmon shall never return!" The pieces is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

Macleod's wizard flag from the 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 between the Magistrates and many of the Inhabitants of the City, concerning a range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge; which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

4 Written for Albion's Anthology.

5 "We return no 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; 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 bewailing Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing; Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever, Return—return—return shall we never! Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille! Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille, Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille, Gea thilis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!"

Donald Caird's Come Again.  

Air—"Malcolm Caird's come again."  

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 lit and sing,  
Blithely dance the Hieland fling,  
Drink till the gudeman be blind,  
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;  
Hoop a leglin, clout a pan,  
Or crack a pow wi' any man;  
Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird's come again!  
Donald Caird's come again!  
Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,  
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin',  
Leisters kipper, makes a shift  
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;

Sir Walter Scott usually attended; and the Poet was highly amused with a sly allusion to his two-fold character of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and author-suspect of "Rob Roy," in the chorus,—

"Think ye, does the Shirra ken  
Rob M'Gregor's come again?"
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 hound keeps the hill.

O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld 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—
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty quean, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I 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 brae,
And she sings loud between.

Up in the air,
On my bonnie gray mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.

In the bonnie cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.

My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard
Sae far ayont the sea,
And it is but my blithsome ghost
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 blithest to own—
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I am Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole today;
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.

Fullness 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 washes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And 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 has chased cold Doubt away,—
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 your mild heaven which this hard world denies her.

(8.)—Chap. xxvii.
And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

(4.)—Chap. xxxv.
——— I beseech you——
These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands
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. xlvii.
Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.
Lady C—— C—— I.

From the Bride of Lammermoor

1819.

(1.)—Lucy Ashton’s Song.

“The silver tones of Lucy Ashton’s voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words:—

Look not thou on beauty’s charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.
Chap. iii.

(2.)—Norman the Forester’s Song.

“And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, the sound of his rough
voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased."

The monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There's bucks and raes on Billhope braes,
There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily white doe in the garden goes,
She's fairly worth them a'.

Chap. iii.

(3.)—THE PROPHECY.

"With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines":—

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woe a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe!

Chap. xviii.

(4.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. VIII.
The hearth in hall was black and dead,
No board was light 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,
Varions and vague the dry leaves dance their round;
Or, from the garner-door, on ather borne,
The chaff flies devions from the winnow'd corn;
So vague, so devions, 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. X VIII.
Sir, stay at home and take an old man's counsel
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.
The French Courtesan.

(5.)—CHAP. XXV.
True-love, an' thou be true,
Thou hast ane kittle part to play,
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou
Mann strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony friend's tale,
Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail,
A true love-knot to untwine.
Henderson.

(6.)—CHAP. XXVII.
Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
And if she simpers my grasp, the fault is mine;
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
Best knows to shape his course to favoring breezes.
Old Play.

From the Legend of Montrose.

(1.)—ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY.

"So saying, Annot Lyle sat down at a little
distance upon the bench on which Allan MacAulay
was placed, and tuning her clarsach, a small
harp, about thirty inches in height, she accompa-
nied it with her voice. The air was an ancient
Gaelic melody, and the words, which were sup-
posed to be very old, were in the same language;
but we subjoin a translation of them, by Secundus
M'Pherson, Esq., of Glenforgan; which, although
submitted to the fetters of English rhythm, we
trust will be found nearly as genuine as the ver-
sion 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 to, or dinged-bower,
There to wink and mop, for, hark!
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 brains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter’s early horn.

3.

The moon’s wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;
Hie hence, each peevish imp and sair
That scare the pilgrim on his way.—
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen,
Thy torch, that cheats benighted men;
Thy dance is o’er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglo 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 dares not face the godlike sun.

Chap. vi.

(2)—THE ORPHAN MAID.

"Tuning her instrument, and receiving an as-
senting look from Lord Montecith and Allan, Annot
Lyle executed the following ballad, which our
friend, Mr. Secundus M’Pherson, 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 ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,—
Relieve an orphan’s woe."

The lady said, "An orphans’ state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widow’d 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 fiskers on St. Bridget’s torn
Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no sealy spoil;"
An infant, well nigh dead,
They saved, and rear’d in want and toil,
To beg from you your 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.

(3)—MOTTOES.

(1)—Chap. x.

Dark on their journey lour’d the gloomy day,
Wild were the hills, and doubtful grew the way;
More dark, more gloomy, and more doubtful,
Show’d
The mansion which received them from the road.

The Travellers, a Romance.

(2)—Chap. xi.

Is this thy castle, Baldwin? Melancholy
Displays her sable banner from the drap;,
Dark’ning the foam of the whole surge beneath.
Were I a habitant, to see this gloom,
Pollute the face of nature, and to hear
The ceaseless sound of wave and sea-bird’s scream,
I’d wish me in the hut that poorest peasant
Ere framed to give him temporary shelter.

Browne.

(3)—Chap. xiv.

This was the entry, then, these stairs—but whither
after?
Yet he that’s sure to perish on the land
May quit the nicety of card and compass,  
And trust the open sea without a pilot.  

\textit{Tragedy of Brennolvit}.

\textbf{From Ivanhoe.}

\textbf{(1.)—THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.}

1.  
Hear ye deeds achieved of knightly fame,  
From Palestine the champion came;  
The cross upon his shoulders borne,  
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.  
Each dint upon his batter'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,  
Iconium's turban'd Seldan 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 churlish gate,  
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.  
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,  
I feel the north breeze chill as death;

Let grateful love quell maiden shama,  
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame."  
\textit{Chap. xviii.}

\textbf{(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 care,  
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 porridge of plums;  
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,  
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

6.  
He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,  
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot;  
And the good-wife would wish the good-man in the mire,  
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar

7.  
Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,  
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope!  
For to gather life's roses, unsnatched by the briar,  
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.  
\textit{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 yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled gray hair flew back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contend- ed in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter;"—

1.

Whet the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist!

The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, 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 helmet;
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 Scandinavians—the race, as the Laureate so happily terms them,

'Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure,
Who smiled in death.'

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their 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 foes and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wander's 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 Zion 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 oh mute timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

Chap. xi.

(5.)—THE BLACK KNIGHT'S SONG.

"At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a 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 winding blithe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,
'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams 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 carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,
But think not I dream'd of thee, Tybalt, my love.

Chap. xli.

(6.)—SONG.

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

"The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner."

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south, west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
And where was the widow might say them nay!
The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
And where was the widow might say him nay!

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She dare 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.

Chap. xlii.

(7.)—FUNERAL HYMN.

"Four maidens, Rowena leading the choir,
rased 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 trips by its timid mother,
Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,
Checkers the sunbeam in the green swar-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.

(2.)—CHAP. XXI.
When autumn nights were long and drear,
And forest walks were dark and dim,
How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear
Was wont to steal the hermit's hymn!

Devotion borrows Music's tone,
And Music took Devotion's wing,
And, like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.

(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.

(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.

(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.

(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.

(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.

(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 wags the world.

(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 winning wile
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.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Euphemia 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 sufferance, to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas! as thy brief span below.

From the Monastery.

1820.

(1)—SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

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 vesper hour;
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip should the bell toll?

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 risen from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool:
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee.

4. Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?
A man of mean or a man of might?
Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,
Or lover who crosses to visit his love?
Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd,—
"God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the bridge fast!
All that come to my cove are sunk,
Priest or layman, lover or monk."
Landed—landed! the black book hath won,
Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun!
Sain ye, and save ye, and bite the mot ye be,
For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

—TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide.
But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er 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-Priest, 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 Mr. 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.

1 Mrs. Euphemia Robinson, wife of William Erskine, Esq. (afterwards Lord Kincardie), died September, 1819, and was...
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,
Men of rude are wild and reckless.
I, 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 of Avenel.

TO HALBERT.

Yea! of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me?
Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appal 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.

Something betwixt heaven and hell—
Something that neither stood nor fell—
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good—may work thee ill
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
Dancing by the haunted spring,
Riding on the haunted spring,
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;
Fair 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 ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Many a fathom dark and deep
I have laid the book to sleep;
Ethereal fires around it glowing—
Ethereal music ever flowing—
The sacred pledge of Heav'n.
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
Save man for whom 'twas giv'n:
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

Pearest 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.

Here 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'wer 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.

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 mermaiden weeps in her crystal grove.
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-juanted dell,
That thy heart has not quail'd,
Nor thy courage fail'd,
And that thou couldst brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel.
Did one limb shiver
Or an eyelid quiver,
Thou wert lost for ever.
Though I am form'd from the ether blue,
And my blood is of the unfallen dew,
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
'Tis thine to speak, reply I must.

A mightier wizard far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power;
Him owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bower.
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,
He wields the heart of man at will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot and castle-tower.

Ask thy heart, whose secret cell
Is fill'd with Mary Avenel!
Ask thy pride, why scornful look
In Mary's view it will not brook?
Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise—
Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot,—
Why thy pastimes are forgot,—
Why thou would'st 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 brow of night.

HALBERT'S SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

"Sure spoke, and her speech was still song, or rather measured chant; but if, as now, more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank-verse, and, at other times, in the lyrical measure which we had used at their former meeting."
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams.

By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race
Holds strange relation 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 donn'd, it was a massive chain,
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
Even when his locks were longest—it hath
Dwindled,
Hath 'minish'd in its substance and its strength,
As sunk the greatness of the House of Avenel.
When this rai 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-weared warder 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 Pierce Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye,
The sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!

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THE WHITE LADY TO MARY AVENEL.
Maiden, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead,
Whose eyes shall commune with the Dead Alive,

Maiden, attend! Beneath my foot lies hid
The Word, the Law, the Path which thou dost strive
To find, and cannot find.—Could Spirits strive
Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,
Showing the road which I shall never tread,
Though my foot points it.—Sleep, eternal sleep.
Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!—
But do not thou at human ills repine;
Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot
For all the woes that wait frail Adam's line—
Stoop then and make it yours,—I may not mangle it mine!

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THE WHITE LADY TO EDWARD GLENDINNING.
Thou who seek'st my fountain lone,
With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st 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!

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THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL.
Fare thee well, thou Holly green!
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,
With all thy glittering garlands bending,
As to greet my slow descending,
Startling the bewilder'd hind,
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 burst and lost,
Like mortal schemes by fortune cross'd.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(2.)—BORDER BALLAD.

1.
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil durna 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-steeds 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.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. I.

OAY! the Monks, the Monks, they did the mischief!
Their's 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.

(2.)—CHAP. II.

In yon 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 northern bog, the curlicue's haunt,
Where oozes forth its first and feebile streamlet

(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.

(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 whea,
We are, I trust' agreed.—Yet how to do this,
Nor hurt the wholesome crop and tender vine plants,
Graves good advisement.

(5.)—CHAP. VIII.

Nay, daily not with time, the wise man's treasure,
Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal Fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

(6.)—CHAP. XI.

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-ward,
While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard
That cripples in the rear.

(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.

(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.

(9.)—Chap. xv.
He strikes no coin, ‘tis true, but coins new phrases,
And vends them forth as knaves vend gilded
counters,
Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in pay-
ment.

(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.

(11.)—Chap. xix.
Now choose thee, gallant, betwixt wealth and
honour;
There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee through
The dance of youth, and the turmoil of mankind,
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!

(12.)—Chap. xx.
Indifferent, but indifferent—palow! 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.

(13.)—Chap. xx
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.

(14.)—Chap. xxiii.
’Tis when the wound is stinging with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain—’tis when the heat
And fiery fever of his soul is past,
The sinner feels remorse.

(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.

(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.

(17.)—Chap. xxx.
You call it an ill angel—it may be so;
But sure I am, among the ranks which fowl,
’Tis the first fiend e’er counsel’d man to rise,
And win the bliss the sprite himself had forfeited.

(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.

(19.)—Chap. xxxiii.
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.

(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.—
The bell has ceased to toll,
The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul!

*Rediviva*

(4.)—Chap. xli.

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 wear'st to manhood now
Darker lip and darker brow,
Stateller step, more pensive men,
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 wert 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 and life for,
And yet it is not—no more than the shadow
Upon the hard, cold, flat, and polish'd mirror,
Is the warm, graceful, rounded, living substance
Which it presents in form and lineament.

*Old Play*

(9.)—Chap. xxiii.

Give me a morsel on the greensward rather,
Coarse as you will the cooking—Let the fresh spring
Bubble beside my napkin—and the free birds,
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 Woodman.

(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 occasion, like the linstock, lights 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 actions:
He lurks within our cup, while we're in health;
Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines;
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
But death is by to seize us when he lists.

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 brieve,
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 gamester's ducat,
So often staked, and lost, and then regain'd,
Scarcely knew so many hazards.

The Spanish Father

From Renilworth.

1821.

(1.)—GOLDTHRED'S SONG.
"After some brief interval, Master Goldthred,
at the earnest instigation of mine host, and the joyous concurrence of his guests, indulged the company with the following morsel of melody:"—

Of 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 he 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 screech,
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 none! 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 pér! What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold, Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold! Dazzled and blind, mine o'fice I forsake, My club, my key, my knee, my homage take. Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss;— Beshrew the gate that ope not wide at such a sight as this!  

Chap. xxx.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. IV.

Not serve two masters?—Here's a youth will try it—
Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his due;
Says grace before he doth a deed of 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 lodestar, 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.

1 "This is an imitation of Gascoigne's verses, spoken by the Hertleanean 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 bruiziement,
May pasture there in peace.

Old Play.

(5.)—CHAP. XVII.

Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,—
Heave o'er the lead, and mark the soundings well;
Look to the helm, good master; many a shalMark 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 throngs the halls,
But she the loveliest must in secret hide.
What eyes were thine, proud Prince, which in the gleam
Of yon 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. XXVIII.

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 naught to boast of.—I'm a striker,
Would have the world strike with me, pell-mell, all.

Pandæmonium.

(9.)—CHAP. XXIX.

Now fare thee well, my master! if true service
Be guerdon'd with hard looks, even cut the tow-
line,
And let our barks across the pathless flood
Hold different courses.

Shipwreck.
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 branded 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 betrayer, E'en as the hind pull'd down by strangling dogs Lies at the hunter's feet, who courteous proffers 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 island 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, being impossible to render literally many of the elliptical and metaphorical terms of expression peculiar to the ancient Northern poetry:"—

1.

Stern eagle of the far north-west,
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions 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 perishing 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 Drontheim,
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their uprooted stems;
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,
And she has struck to thee the topail
That she had not sel'd to a royal armada;
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the clouds,
[days,
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former
And the cope-stone of the turret
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-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 the fowler,
Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drowning mariner,
And the crash of the ravaged forest,
And the groan of the overwhelm'd crowds,
When the church hath fallen in the moment of prayer;
There are sounds which thou also must list,
When they are chanted by the voice of the Reim-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 Norna the Reim-kennar.
Refet blessing be Folded hast thou And the ocean, On which thou slumbers
Thy wild farry, When the Peals of the Skerry were white in the wave. These wild waves in rain—
For the shift of her lover—He comes not again!
The brave, Of old Yarnald's roaring glad! Victory and peace and glory! Forward with your shields and spears. O'er you horres Odin's slaughter; Hear the choie sheo's slaughter; Forward with your standard and flag. Reap the harvest of your spoils, Best ever! let not food or slumber,
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 caverns of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
Hither come, to share your glee.

MERMAN.
From reining of the water-horse,
That bounded till the waves were foaming,
Watching the infant tempest's course,
Chasing the sea-snake in his roaming;
From winding charge-notes on the shell,
When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,
Or tolling shrillness 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 hauff and voe,
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 never-setting sun.
Look through sleet, and look through frost,
Look to Greenland's caves and coast,—
By the ice-berg is a sail
Chasing of the swarthy whale;
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Tell us, has the good ship sped?

NORNA.
The thought of the aged is ever on gear,—
On his fishing, his row, his flock, and his steer;
But thrive may his fishing, flock, frow, and herd,
While the aged for anguish shall tear his gray beard.
The ship, well-laden as bark need be,
Lies deep in the frow of the Iceland sea;—
The breeze for Zeland blows fair and soft,
And gaily the garland is fluttering aloft:
Seven good fishes have spouted their last,
And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and mast.
Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,—
Three for Burgh Westra, the choicest of all.

CLAUD HALCRO.
Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful-head,
Thou hast com'd full many a rhyme,
That lives upon the surge of time:
Tell me, shall my lays be sung,
Like Hacon's of the golden tongue,
Long after Halcro's dead and gone?
Or, shall Hiatland'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 desvant rings,
As strikes a different and the strings.
The eagle mounts the polar sky—
The Imber-goose, unskill'd to fly,
Must be content to glide along,
Where seal and sea-dog list his song.
CLAUD HALCRO.

Be mine the Imber-goose to play,
And haunt lone cave and silent bay;
The archer's aim so shall I shun—
So shall I 'scape the level'd gun—
Content my verses' tuneless jingle,
With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,
While, to the ear of wondering wight,
Upon the distant headland's height,
Soften'd by murmurr of the sea,
The rude sounds seem like harmony!

* * * *

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful-head,
A gallant bark from far abroad,
Saint Magnus hath her in his road,
With guns and firelocks not a few—
A silken and a scarlet crew,
Deep stored with precious merchandise,
Of gold, and goods of rare device—
What interest hath our comrade bold
In bark and crew, 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.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful-head,
Well thou know'st it is thy task
To tell what Beauty will not ask;—
Then steep thy words in wine and milk,
And weave a doom of gold and silk,—
For we would know, shall Brenda prove
In love, and happy in her love?

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 hurrying 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
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
And the gull be our songstress where'er she flits 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 carle
And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the Haaf,
We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh;
For light without mirth is a lamp without oil;
Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil!

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 slumbers!

2.

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3.

O wake and live!
No dream can give
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that Love is telling.

Farewell! Farewell! the voice you hear,
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 might of Saint Mary,
Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou tarry!

If of good, go hence and hallow thee;
If of ill, let the earth swallow thee;
If thou'ret of air, let the gray mist fold thee;
If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee;
If a Pixie, seek thy ring;
If a Nixie, seek thy spring;
If on middle earth thou'st been
Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,
And dree'd the lot which men call life;
Begone to thy stone! for thy coffin is scant of thee,
The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for the want of thee:
Hence, houseless ghost! let the earth hide thee,
Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that there thou bide thee!
Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a token,
Hence pass till Hallowmass!—my spell is spoken

Where corpse-light
Dances bright,
Be it by day or night,
Be it by light or dark,
There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,
Till the first beam tinge the skies;
Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,
Till the sun has kiss'd the rose;
Maiden's foot we should not view,
Mark'd with tiny print on dew,
Till the opening flowerets spread
Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

Chap. xxiii.

(10.)—NORNA'S INCANTATIONS.

Champion, famed for warlike toil,
Art thou silent, Ribolt Troll?
Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,  
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.  
Who dared touch the wild bear's skin.  
Ye slumber'd on, while life was in—  
A woman now, or babe, may come  
And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Y't be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight  
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight!  
I come not, with unhallow'd tread,  
To wake the slumbers of the dead,  
Or lay thy giant reliques bare;  
But what I seek thou canst not spare.  
Be it to my hand allow'd  
To shear a merk'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 wert in life,  
Laidst thou still for sloth or fear  
When point and edge were glittering near;  
See, the cemements 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 'neath  
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,  
Norna of the Fitful-head,  
Mighty in her own despite,—  
Miserable in her might;  
In despair and phrensy great,  
In her greatness desolate;  
Wisest, wickedest who lives,—  
Well can keep the word she gives.

Chap. xxv.

[AT INTERVIEW WITH MINNNA.]  
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 hurls proud palaces to earth,—  
Brightest, keenest 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,  
Disinhum'd my charms to aid—  
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

Girdle of our islands dear,  
Element of Water, hear!  
Thou whose power can overwhelm  
Broken mounds and ruin'd realm  
On the lowly Belgian strand,  
All thy fiercest rage can never  
Of our soil a furlong sever  
From our rock-defended land;  
Play then gently thou thy part,  
To assist old Norna's art.

Elements, each other greeting,  
Gifts and power attend your meeting!  

Thou, that over billows dark  
Safely send'st the fisher's bark,—  
Giving him a path and motion  
Through the wilderness of ocean;  
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,  
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 Troil 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 ray springs lighter on the sea;
No elfin power hath half the art
To soothe, to move, to wring the heart—
Life-blood from the cheek to drain,
Drench the eye, and dry the vein.
Maiden, ere we farther go,
Dost thou note me, ay or no?

MINNA.
I mark thee, my mother, both word, look, and sign;
Speak on with thy riddle—to read it be mine.

NORMA.
Mark me! for the word I speak
Shall bring the 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.

(22.)—BRYCE SNAILSFOOT’S ADVERTISEMENT.

Poor sinners whom the snake deceives,
Are fain to cover them with leaves.
Zetland hath no leaves, ‘tis true,
Because that trees are none, or few;
But we have flax and taits of woor,
For linen cloth and wadmaal blue;
And we have many of foreign knacks
Of finer waft, than woor’ or flax.
Ye gallant Lambnas lads appear,
And bring your Lambnas sisters here,
Bryce Snailsfoot spares not cost or care,
To pleasure every gentle pair.

Chap. xxxii.

(12.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. xi.
‘Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo,
The man finds sympathies in these wild wastes,
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
And smoother waves deny him.

Ancient Drama.

(2.)—Chap. vii.
She does no work by halves, yon raving ocean;
Engulfing those she strangles, her wild womb
Affords the mariners whom she hath dealt on,
Their death at once, and sepulchre.

Old Play.

(3.)—Chap. ix.
This is a gentle trader, and a prudent—
He’s no Autolycus, to bore your eye,
With quips of worldly gauds and gamesomeness;
But seasons all his glittering merchandise
With wholesome doctrine suited to the use,
As men sauce goose with sage and rosemary.

Old Play.

(4.)—Chap. xiv.

——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. xxv.

We’ll keep our customs—what is law itself,
But old establish’d custom? What religion
(I 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 worship’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 men,
Must have like death which we have.

Duchess of Malby.
(7.)—Chap. xxxix.

See yonder woman, whom our swains revere,
And dread in secret, while they take her counsel
When sweetheart shall be kind, or when cross dame shall die;
Where lurks the thief who stole the silver tankard,
And how the pestilent murrain may be cured;—
This sage adviser's mad, stark mad, my friend;
Yet, in her madness, hath the art and cunning
To wring fools' secrets from their inmost bosoms,
And pay inquirers with the coin they gave her.
Old Play.

(8.)—Chap. xxx.

What ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine,
Seen by the curtail friar, who, from some christening,
Or some blithe bridal, has 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.—Even so,
Resolving daily to forsake my vices,
Habit, strong circumstance, renew'd temptation,
Sweep me to sea again.—O heavenly breath,
Fill thou my 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 doff'd his magic robe,
It was Miranda pluck'd it from his shoulders.
Old Play.

(11.)—Chap. xxxiv.

Hark to the insult loud, the bitter sneer,
The fierce threat answering to the brutal jeer;
Oaths fly like pistol-shots, and venomous 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
Captive, 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 Ettrick Forest's Mountains Dun 1

1822.

On Ettrick 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 trenched 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 sear, emerging bright,
Fling on the stream their ruddy light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.2

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed, and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's 3 lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashestiel; 4

1 Alwyn, the seat of the Lord Somerville; now, alas! untenanted, by the lamented death of that kind and hospitable nobleman, the author's nearest neighbor and intimate friend Lord S. died in February, 1819.
2 See the famous salmon-spearine scene in Guy Mannering.—Waverley Novels, vol. iii. p. 293-63.
3 Ashestiel, the poet's residence at that time.
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.¹

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 tomorrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of today!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

’Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy 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.

The Maid of Isla.

AIR—"The Maid of Isla."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S SCOTTISH MELODIES.

1822.

Oh, Maid of Isla, from the cliff,
That looks on troubled wave and sky,
Dost thou not see yon little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steep'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?
Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

Oh, Isla's maid, yon sea-bird mark, [spray Her white wing gleams through mist and 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 cliff,
Where sea-birds close their wearied wing.
Yet cold as rock, unkind as wave,
Still, Isla's maid, to thee I come;
For in thy love, or in his grave,
Must Allan Vourich find his home.

Carle, now the King's come.²

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING.

1822.

The news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for ane has bang'd the South;
The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,
Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!
Carle, now the King's come!
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing
Carle, now the King's come!

² This imitation of an old Jacobite ditty was written on the appearance, in the Frith of Forth, of the fleet which conveyed his Majesty King George the Fourth to Scotland, in August, 1822; and was published as a broadside.
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 Carline'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 busk ye for the weapon-shaw!
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a—
Carle, now the King's come!  

"Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You've graced my causeway mony a day;
I'll weep the cause if you should stay—
Carle, now the King's come!  

"Come, 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 plaides;
Carle, now the King's come!  

"Come, stately Niddrie, andl 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 Cantire—
'Tie, 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!'  
Carlon, get out your keeking-glass—
Carle, now the King's come!  

The Carline stopp'd; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dwav,
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!  
'Tie 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 didrum and a yell,
Edinburgh, to receive him at the Harestone (in which the
standard of James IV. was erected when his army encamped
on the Boroughmuir, before his fatal expedition to England),
now built into the park-wall at the end of Tipperlin Lone,
early the Boroughmuir-head; and, standing thereon, to give
three blasts on a horn.

1 MS.—"Brave Arthur's Seat's a story higher:
Saint Abe is shoutin' to Kintore.—
'You lion, light up a crest of fire.'"

As seen from the west, the ridge of Arthur's Seat bears
a marked resemblance to a lion couchant.

* Mr. Oman, landlord of the Waterloo Hotel.
* Empty.

1 Lord Montagu, uncle and guardian to the young Duke of
Buccleuch, placed his Grace's residence of Dalkeith at his Mas-
tery's disposal during his visit to Scotland.
2 Charles, the tenth Earl of Haddington, died in 1828.
3 The Duke of Hamilton, as Earl of Angus, carried the an-
cient royal crown of Scotland on horseback in King George's
procession, from Holyrood to the Castle.
4 The Castle.
5 MS.—"Come, Athole, from your hills and woods,
Bring Iqen your Hielandsmen in cluds,
With lannet, brogne, and tartan duds."
6 Sir George Clerk of Penneукik, Bart. The Baron of Pen-
neукik is bound by his tenure, whenever the King comes to

703
It drownd St. Giles's jowling bell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My trusty Provost, tried and tight,
Stand forward for the Good Town's right,
There's war 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, dimma 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 p'rn—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forward with the Blanket Blue,²
Your sires were loyal men and true,
As Scotland's foemen oft might rue—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Scots downa 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,³ thunder from your rock,⁴
Till Pentland dinnes 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' Louden lads, bauth stout and true,
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too—³ Carle, now the King's come!

"And you, who on yon bluidy braes
Compell'd the vanquish'd Despot's praise,
Rank out—rank out—my gallant Grays—³ Carle, now the King's come!

"Cock o' the North, my Huntly bra',
Where are you with the Forty-twa?⁴
Ah! waes my heart that ye're awa—
Carle, now the King's come!

"But yonder come my canty Celts,
With durk and pistols at their belts,
Thank God, we've still some plaid's and kilts—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Lord, how the pibroch's groan and yell!
Macleod's ta'en the field himsell,
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 once ye've hit the mark—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Young Errol," take the sword of state,
The sceptre, Panie-Morarchate,¹⁰

1 The Lord Provost had the agreeable surprise to hear his health proposed, at the civic banquet given to George IV. in the Parliament-House, as "Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart."
2 The Blue Blanket is the standard of the incorporated trades of Edinburgh, and is kept by their convener, "at whose appearance therewith," observes Maitland, "tis said, that not only the artificers of Edinburgh are obliged to repair to it, but all the artificers or craftsmen within Scotland are bound to follow it, and fight under the convener of Edinburgh as aforesaid." According to an old tradition, this standard was used in the Holy Wars by a body of crusading citizens of Edinburgh, and was the first that was planted on the walls of Jerusalem, when that city was stormed by the Christian army under the famous Godfrey. But the real history of it seems to be this:—James III., a prince who had virtues which the rude age in which he lived could not appreciate, having been detained for nine months in the Castle of Edinburgh by his factions nobles, was released by the citizens of Edinburgh, who assaulted the castle and took it by surprise; on which occasion James presented the citizens with this banner, "with a power to display the same in defence of their king, country, and their own rights."—Note to this stanza in the "Account of the King's Visits," &c., Svo. 1823.
3 Sir Thomas Bradford, then commander of the forces in Scotland.
4 Edinburgh Castle.
5 Lord Melville was colonel of the Mid-Lothian Yeomanry Cavalry: Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart., Major; and Robert Cockburn, Esq., and Lord Elcho, were captains in the same corps, to which Sir Walter Scott had formerly belonged.
6 The Scots Grays, headed by their gallant colonel, General Sir 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!"
7 Marquis of Huntly, who since became the last Duke of Gordon, was colonel of the 43d Regiment, and died in 1836.
8 Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry—who died in January, 1838.
9 The Earl of Errol is hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland.
10 In more correct Gaelic orthography, Ranannborchar-Chat, or the Great Lady (literally Female Lord of the Chatte); the Celtic title of the Countess of Sutherland. "Evin unto this day, the country of Sutherland is yet called Cattey, the inhabitants Catteige, and the Earl of Sutherland Morweir Cattie, in old Scottish or Irish; which language the inhabitants of this country do still use."—GORDON'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 honorable 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.—Ed.
Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the gate—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Kind cummer, Leith, yg've been mis-set,
But dinna be upon the fret—
Ye'se hae the handsel of him yet,
Carle, now the King's come!

"My daughters, come with een sae blue,
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew;
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you—
Carle, now the King's come!

"What shall we do for the propine—
We used to offer something fine,
But ne'er a gown's in pouch of mine—
Carle, now the King's come!

*Deil care—for that I se never start,
We'll welcome him with Highland heart;
Whate'er we have he's got a part—
Carle, now the King's come!

*I'll show him mason-work this day—
None of your bricks of Babylon clay,
But towers shall stand till Time's away—
Carle, now the King's come!

*I'll show him wit, I'll show him lair,
And gallant lads and lasses fair,
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?—
Carle, now the King's come!

*Step out, Sir John, 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 hastes 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.

The Reformation.

(2.)—CHAP. II.

This, sir, is one among the Seignory,
Has wealth at will, and will to use his wealth,
And wit to increase it. Marry, his worst folly
Lies in a thriftless sort of charity,
That goes a-gadding sometimes after objects,
Which wise men will not see when thrust upon
them.

The Old Couple.

(3.)—CHAP. IV.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oftimes craft in't,
As says the rustic proverb; and your citizen,
In's grommet 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.

Read me my Riddle.

(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 justling,
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.

Skelton Skeltonizeth.

(5.)—CHAP. VI.

O, I do know him—'tis the mouldy lemon
Which our court wits will wet their lips with,
When they would sance their honeyed conversation
With somewhat sharper flavor—Marry, sir,
That virtue's wellnigh left him—all the juice
That was so sharp and poigniant, is squeezed out;
While the poor rind, although as sour as ever,
Must season soon the draft we give our grunters,
For two-legg'd things are weary on't.

The Chamberlain—a Comedy.

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 im
provements innumerable, died 21st December, 1835, in his
eighty-second year.—Ed
(6.)—Chap. vii.
Things needful we have thought on; but the thing
Of all most needful—that which Scripture terms,
As if alone it merited regard,
The one thing needful—that's yet unconsider'd.

The Chamberlain.

(7.)—Chap. viii.
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 Dionysius;
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.
Bid not thy fortune troll upon the wheels
Of wondrous dancing cubs of mottled bone;
And drown it not, like Egypt's royal harlot,
Dissolving her rich pearl in the brimmed wine-cup.
These are the arts, Lothario, which shrink acres
Into brief yards—bring sterling pounds to farthings,
Credit to infamy; 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 muster 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;
Spin out your line that it shall whistle from you
Some twenty yards or so, yet you shall have him—
Marry! you must have patience—the stout rock
Which is his trust, hath edges something sharp;
And the deep pool hath coze and sludge enough
To make 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 Soldadoes and footadoes,
Play better than himself his game on earth.

The Mohocks.

(13.)—Chap. xviii.
Mother. What! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's mirror,
With which the boy, as mortal urchins went,
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 wenche 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 cut.

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-levé—bid Anthony
Keep with his carabine the wicket-gate;
And do thou bare thy knife and follow me,
For we will in and do it—darkness like this
is dawning of our fortunes.

Old Play.

(19.)—Chap. xxv.
Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
Unlooseth all our 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 stum 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 censure 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. xxxi.
Marry, come up, sir, with your gentle blood!
Here's a red stream beneath this coarse blue
doublet,
That warms the heart as kindly as if drawn
From the far source of old Assyrian kings,
Who first made mankind subject to their sway.

Old Play.

(24.)—Chap. xxxv.
We are not worse at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy—
Ay, and religion too,—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent.

Old Play.

From 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.
Ascosto. 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
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Express as clothed in language, be term'd speech,
She hath that wondrous faculty; for her eyes,
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse,
Though it be mute and soundless.

Old Play.

(5.)—Chap. xvii.
This is a love meeting! See the maiden mourns,
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.
There's more hath pass'd between them than belongs
To 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 moaning,
Which has nor word nor sense of utter'd sound.

The Chieftain.

(9.)—Chap. xxv.
The course of human life is changeful still
As is the fickle wind and wandering rill;
Or, like the light dance which the wild-breeze weaves
Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves;
Which now its breath bears down, now tosses high,
Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.
Such, and so varied, the precarious play
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day!

Anonymous.

(10.)—Chap. xxvi.
Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention—
Help us to composition!

Anonymous.

(11.)—Chap. xxviii.
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—rousie him not—
He bays not till he worries.

The Black Dog of Newgate.

(14.)—Chap. xxxviii.
"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.
— Contentions 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 impend,
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 gamesters
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?
(19.)—CHAP. xlv.
Here stand I tight and trim,
Quick of eye, though little of limb;
He who denieth the word I have spoken,
Betwixt him and me shall lances be broken.
*Lay of the Little John de Saintré.*

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From Quentin Durward.

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1823.

(1.)—SONG—COUNTY GUY.
An! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy!

Chap. iv.

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. xi.

Painters show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen eyes?  
Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles  
Which parents, guardians, and advisers, lend him,  
That he may look through them on lands and mansions,  
On jewels, gold, and all such rich donations,  
And see their value ten times magnified?—  
Methinks 'twill brook a question.  
*The Miseries of Enforced Marriage.*

(2.)—CHAP. xii.

This is a lecturer so skill'd in policy,  
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)  
He well might read a lesson to the devil,  
And teach the old seducer new temptations.  
*Old Play.*

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(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-burnt daughters, with their laughing eyes  
And glossy raven-locks.  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  
Where I must now be reckon'd—i' the roll  
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 idocy  
Had well nigh been ashamed on't.  For your crafty,  
Your worldly-wise man, be, above the rest,  
Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught  
in them.  
*Old Play.*

(7.)—CHAP. xxvi.

When Princes meet, astrologers may mark it  
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,  
Like that of Mars with Saturn.  
*Old Play.*

(8.)—CHAP. xxix.
Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest  
Has not as yet deserted thee.  He aids  
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind man  
Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder  
O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the brink  
Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him downward  
*Old Play.*
From St. Ronan's Well.

1823.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. ii.—The Guest.

Quis novus hic hospes?

_Dido apud Virgilium._

Ch'm-maid!—The German in the front parlor!

_Boots's free Translation of the Iliad._

(2.)—Chap. iii.

There must be government in all society—

Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have their leader;

Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Archons, And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.

_The Album of St. Ronans._

(3.)—Chap. x.

Come, let me have thy counsel, for I need it;

Thou art of those, who better help their friends With sage advice, than usurers with gold, Or brawlers with their swords—I'll trust to thee, For I ask only from thee words, not deeds.

_The Devil hath met his Match._

(4.)—Chap. xi.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love;

And when I see these happy children playing, While William gathers flowers for Ellen's ringlets, And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle, I scarce can think, that in advancing life, Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion, Will e'er divide that unity so sacred, Which Nature bound at birth.

_Anonymous._

(5.)—Chap. xxiii.

Oh! you would be a vestal maid, I warrant,

The bride of Heaven—Come—we may shake your purpose:

For here I bring in hand a jolly suitor

Hath ta'en 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-lid crime—the well-disguised guilt. Bring me some holy priest to lay the spectre!

_Old Play_

(7.)—Chap. xxxv.

_Sedet post equitem 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 darksome as a widow's veil, Care—keeps her seat behind.

_Horace._

(8.)—Chap. xxxviii.

What sheeted ghost is wandering through the storm?

For never did a maid of middle earth Choose such a time or spot to vent her 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 lins may court the pencil Like sudden haps, dark plots, and strange adventures;

But who would paint the dull and fog-wrap't moor, In its long tract of sterile desolation?

_Old Play._

The Bannatyne Club.¹

1823.

I.

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, 1823—See Life, vol. vii. p. 137.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 711

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 weigh'd 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
I can't call that worthy so candid as learn'd;
He rail'd at the plaid and blasphemed the claymore,
And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
Celt and Goth shall be pleased with one volume more.

1 In accordance with his own regimen, Mr. Ritson published a volume entitled, "An Essay on Abstinence from Animal Food as a Moral Duty. 1802."

2 See an account of the Metrical Antiquarian Researches of Pinkerton, Ritson, and Herd, &c. in the Introductory Remarks to Popular Poetry, ante, p. 544, et seq.

3 James Sibbald, editor of Scottish Poetry, &c. "The Yeddytr," was the name given him by the late Lord Eldin, then 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 having been long in unsuccessful quest of the romance of that name.

5 This club was instituted in the year 1822, for the publication or reprint of rare and curious works connected with the history and antiquities of Scotland. It consisted, at first, of a very few members,—gradually extended to one hundred, at which number it has now made a final pause. They assume the name of the Bannatyne Club from George Bannatyne, of whom little is known beyond that prodigious effort which produced his present 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, undisturbed by the general mourning for the dead, and general fears of the living, to devote himself to the task of collecting and recording the triumphs of human genius in the poetry of his age and country:—thus, amid the wreck of all that was mortal, employing himself in

VI.
As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a razor,
And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar, 1
His diet too acid, his temper too sour,
Little Ritson came out with his two volumes more. 2
But one volume, my friends, one volume more,
We'll dine on roast-beef and print one volume more.

VII.
The stout Gothic yeditur, next on the roll, 3
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal,
And honest Greysteel 4 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.
One volume more, &c.

IX.
Ancient libels and contraband books, I assure ye,
We'll print as secure from Exchequer or Jury;
Then hear your Committee and let them count o'er
The Chieft they intend in their three volumes more.
Three volumes more, &c.

X.
They'll produce you King Jamie, the sapient and Sext,
And the Rob of Dumblane and her Bishops come next;
One tome miscellaneous they'll add to your store,
Resolving next year to print four volumes more.
Four volumes more, my friends, four volumes more;
Pay down your subscriptions for four volumes more. 5
To J. G. Lockhart, Esq.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPISTAPH.

1824.

"Maida Marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida! Ad ianuam domini sit tibi terrae levis."


DEAR JOHN,—I some time ago wrote to inform his Fat worship of *jaceo*, misprinted for *dormio*; But that several Southrons assured me the *ianuam* Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Priscian's cranium.

You, perhaps, may observe that one Lionel Ber- guer,

In defence of our blunder appears a stout arguer: But at length I have settled, I hope, all these clatters,

By a *rota* in the papers—fine place for such matters.

I have, therefore, to make it for once my com- mand, sir,

That my gudeman shall leave the whole thing in my hand, sir,

And by no means accomplish what James says you threaten,

Some banter in Blackwood to claim your dog-Latin.

I have various reasons of weight, on my word, sir, For pronouncing a step of this sort were absurd, sir.—

Firstly, erudite sir, *twas against your advising I adopted the lines this monstrosity lies in; For you modestly hinted my English translation Would become better far such a dignified station.

Second—how, in God's name, would my bacon be saved,

preserving the lays by which mortality is at once given to others, and obtained for the writer himself. He informs us of some of the numerous difficulties he had to contend with in this self-imposed task. The volume containing his labors, deposited in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edin- burgh, is no less than eight hundred pages in length, and very neatly and closely written, containing nearly all the ancient poetry of Scotland now known to exist.

This Caledonian association, which boasts several names of distinction, both from rank and talent, has assumed rather a broader foundation than the parent society, the Roxburghe Club in London, which, in its plan, being restricted to the reprinting of single tracts, each executed at the expense of an individual member, it follows as almost a necessary conse- quence, that no volume of considerable size has emanated from it, and its range has been thus far limited in point of utility. The Bannatyne, holding the same system with respect to the ordinary species of club reprints, levies, moreover,—a fund among its members of about £500 a year, expressly to be applied for the editing and printing of works of acknowledged importance, and likely to be attended with expense beyond the reasonable bounds of an individual's contribution. In this way either a member of the Club, or a competent person under

By not having writ what I clearly engraven!

On the contrary, I, on the whole, think it better To be whipp'd as the thief, than his lousy re-setter.

Thirdly—don't you perceive that I don't care a boddle

Although fifty false metres were flung at my noddle,

For my back is as broad and as hard as Benlo- mon's,

And I treat as I please both the Greeks and the Romans;

Whereas the said heathens might rather look serious

At a kick on their drum from the scribe of Va- lerius.

And, fourthly and lastly—it is my good pleasure To remain the sole source of that murderous measure.

So *stet pro ratione volunta*—be tractile,

Invoke not, I say, my own dear little dactyl;

If you do, you'll occasion a breach in our inter- course:

To-morrow will see me in town for the winter- course,

But not at your door, at the usual hour, sir,

My own pye-house daughter's good prog to de- vor, sir.

Ergo—peace!—on your duty, your squeamishness throttle,

And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a canny third bottle.

A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondeeis,

A fig for all dunces and dominie Grundys;

A fig for dry thrapples, south, north, east, and west, sir,

Speates and raxes' ere five for a famishing guest, sir;

its patronage, superindents a particular volume, or set of vol- umes. Upon these occasions, a very moderate number of copies are thrown off for general sale; and those belonging to the Club are only distinguished from the others by being printed on the paper, and ornamented with the decorations, peculiar to the Society. In this way several useful and eminently valu- able works have recently been given to the public for the first time, or at least with a degree of accuracy and authenticity which they had never before attained.—*Abridged from the Quarterly Review.*

1 There is an excellent story (but too long for quotation) in the *Memoire of the Somervilles* (vol. i. p. 240) about an old Lord of that family, who, when he wished preparations to be made for high feasting at his Castle of Cowthally, used to send on a billet inscribed with this laconic phrase, "*Speates and raxes,*" i.e. *spits and rengers.* Upon one occasion, Lady Somerville (being newly married, and not yet skilled in her husband's hieroglyphics) read the mandates as *spares and jacks,* and sent forth 200 armed horsemen, whose appearance on the moors greatly alarmed Lord Somerville and his guest, who happened to be no less a person than King James III.—See Scott's Miscellesous Prose, vol. xxii. p. 312.
Above
And
And
But
You
A
Each
Man,
Are
Stand
To
ford,
Of
quist,
offer
ADDRESSED
returning,
need
Dog
upon
A
work-shop
Fatsman
'f
yore,
old
England,
it
was
not
thought
good
To
carry
two
visages
under
one
hood;
What
should
folk
talk
to
you?
who
face
such
plurality,
That
from
under
one
hood,
you
last
night
show'd
us
twenty!
Stand
forth,
arch
deceiver,
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
each,
live
in
the
house?
Each
live
thing,
did
I
ask—
each
dead
implement,
too,
A
work-shop
in
your
person,—saw,
chisel,
and
screw!
Above
all,
are
you
individual?
I
know
You
must
be
at
least
Alexandre
and
Co.
But
I
think
you're
a
troop—an
assemblage—a
mob,
And
that
I,
as
Sheriff,
should
take
up
the
job;
And
instead
of
rehearsing
your
wonders
in
verse,
Must
read
you
the
Riot-Act,
and
bid
you
disperse.

ABBOTSFORD,
23d
April.

1. Baskerville
2. Baskerville

EPILOGUE
TO
THE
DRAMA
FOUNDED
ON
"ST.
RONAN'S
WELL"

1824.

"After
the
play,
the
following
humorous
address
(ascribed

to
an
eminent
literary
character)
was
spoken
with
infinite
effect
by
Mr.
Mackay
in
the
character
of
Meg
Dodds."—Edinburgh
Weekly
Journal,
9th
June,
1824.

ENTER
MEG
DODDS,
encircled
by
a
crowd
of
unruly
boys,
whom
a
town-
officer
is
driving
off.

That's
right,
friend—drive
the
gaitlings
back,
And
lend
you
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
sean'a
Wi'the
Tolbooth,
or
withe
the
Guard,
Or
maybe
wud
has
some
regard
For
Jamie
Laing—
The
Water-hole
was
right
weel
wared
On
sic
a
gang.

But
what's
the
gude
Tolbooth
gane
now
Whar's
the
auld
Clauth,3
withe
red
and
blue?
Whar's
Jamie
Laing?
and
what's
John
Doo?
And
what's
the
Weigh-house?
Deil
hase'I
see
but
what
is
new,
Except
the
Playhouse!

Yourselves
are
changed
frace
head
to
heel,
There's
some
that
gar
the
causeway
reel
With
clashing
hufe
and
rattling
wheel,
And
horses
canterin',
Wha's
fathers
daunder'd
hame
as
weel
Wi'
lass
and
lantern.

1
James
Laing
was
one
of
the
Depute-Clerks
of
the
city
of
Edinburgh,
and
in
his
official
connection
with
the
Police
and
the
Council-Chamber,
his
name
was
a
constant
terror
to
ev'il
deeds.
He
died
in
February,
1805.
2
The
Watch-hole.
3
The
Tolbooth
of
Edinburgh,
The
Heart
of
Mid-Lothian,
was
drawn
down
in
1817.
4
The
ancient
Town
Guard.
The
reduced
remnant
of
this
body
of
police
was
finally
dissolved
in
1817.
5
John
Doo,
or
DUH—a
terrific-looking
and
high-spirited
member
of
the
Town
Guard,
and
of
whom
there
is
a
print
by
Kay,
eetched
in
1784.
6
The
Weigh-House,
situated
at
the
head
of
the
West
Bow,
Lawmarket,
and
which
had
long
been
looked
upon
as
an
encumbrance
to
the
street,
was
demolished
in
order
to
make
way
for
the
royal
procession
to
the
Castle,
which
took
place
on
the
25th
of
August,
1822.
Mysell being in the public line,
I look for how's I kenn'd lang syne,
Whar gentlees used to drink gude wine,
And eat cheap 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 pair pickin'),
In comes a chiel and makes a leg,
And charges chicken!

"And wha may ye be," gin ye speer,
"That brings your auld-world clavers here?"
Troth, if there's anybody near
That kens the roads,
I'll haud ye Burgundy to beer,
He kens Meg Dodds.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie;
And, since I see you're in a hurry,
Your patience I'll nae langer worry,
But be sae crouse
As speak a word for ane Will Murray,\(^4\)
That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fashion'd things, in truth,
And ye've seen wonders mair uncouth;
Yet actors shou'dna suffer drouth,
Or want of dramock,
Although they speak but wi' their mouth,
Not with their stomack.

But ye tak care of a' folk's pantry;
And surely to hae stoo'd entry
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—loquister

Weel, sirs, gude'en, and have a care,
The bairns mak fun o' Meg nae mair;
For gin they do, she tells you fair,
And without failzie,
As sure as ever ye sit there,
She'll tell the Bailie

Epilogue.\(^5\)

1824.

The sages—for authority, pray look
Seneca's morals, or the copy-book—
The sages to disparage woman's power;
Say, beauty is a fair, but fading flower;—
I cannot tell—I've small philosophy—
Yet, if it fades, it does not surely die,
But, like the violet, when decayed in bloom,
Survives through many a year in rich perfume.
Witness our theme to-night, two ages gone,
A third wanes fast, since Mary fill'd the throne.
Brief was her bloom, with scarce one sunny day,
'Twixt Pinkie's field and fatal Fotheringay:
But when, while Scottish hearts and blood you boast,
Shall sympathy with Mary's woes be lost?
O'er Mary's mem'ry the learned quarrel,
By Mary's grave the poet plants his laurel,
Time's echo, old tradition, makes her name
The constant burden of his fault'ring theme;
In each old hall his gray-hair'd heralds tell
Of Mary's picture, and of Mary's cell,
And show—my fingers tingle at the thought—
The loads of tapestry which that poor Queen wrought,
In vain did fate bestow a double dower
Of ev'ry ill that waits on rank and pow'r,
Of ev'ry ill on beauty that attends—
False ministers, false lovers, and false friends.
Spite of three wedlocks so completely curst,
They rose in ill from bad to worse, and worst,
In spite of errors—I dare not say more.
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his claymore.
In spite of all, however, humors vary,
There is a talisman in that word Mary,
appeared in full dress, and to body was admitted who had not a white neckcloth—then considered an indispensable insignium of a gentleman.

\(^1\) 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. —The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the day held his levees and dinners in this tavern.

\(^2\) Hunter's—an other once much-frequented tavern, in Writer's Court, Royal Exchange.

\(^3\) 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 the dignified character of this house, that the waiter always

\(^4\) Mr. William Murray became manager of the Edinburgh Theatre in 1815.

\(^5\) "I recovered the above with some difficulty. I believe it was never spoken, but written for some play, afterwards withdrawn, in which Mrs. H. Siddons was to have spoken it in the character of Queen Mary."—Extract from a Letter of Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Constable, 20th October, 1824.
That unto Scottish bosoms all and some
Is found the genuine open resonantum!
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,
It charms alike the castle and the hovel,
Earnest you—forgive me—who, demure and shy,
Gorge not each bait, nor stir at every fly,
Must rise to this, else in her ancient reign
The Rose of Scotland has survived in vain.

From Redgauntlet.

1824.

"It was but three nights ago, that, worn
out by the uniformity of my confinement, I had
manifested more symptoms of despondence than I
had before exhibited, which I conceive may have
attracted the attention of the domestics, through
whom the circumstance might transpire. On the
next morning, the following lines lay on my table;
but how conveyed there, I cannot tell. The hand
in which they are written is a beautiful Italian
manuscript."—Dairzie 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.

Soldier, wake—the day is peeping,
Honor ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glinted 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 falc'ner to the lake,
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake.
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 has smiled,
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

Chap. xix.

(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 word was
broken:
Again her word and truth she plighted,
And I believed them again ere night.

Chap. xx

(3.)—SONG—I ASKED OF MY HARP.

—The minstrel took from his side a rote,
And striking, from time to time, a Welsh descant
sung at others a lay, of which we can offer only a few fragments, literally translated from the ancient language in which they were chanted, premising that they are in that 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 bended—a blade of steel abide th—

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 sward’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 scourge, undid the wicket of the castle at midnight.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires pierce the clouds;

Storms destroy armadas, though their sails intercept the gale.
He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

(4)—MOTTOES.

(1)—CHAP. II.

In Madoc’s tent the clarion sounds,
With rapid clanger hurried far;
Each bill and dale the note rebounds,
But when return the sons of war!

Thou, born of stern Necessity,

Dull Peace! the valley yields to thee,
And owns thy melancholy sway.

Welsh Poem.

(2)—CHAP. VII.

O, sadly shines the morning sun
On leaguer’d castle wall,
When bastion, tower, and battlement,
Seem nodding to their fall.

Old Ballad.

(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.

Family Quarrels.

(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.

Old Song.

(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!

Old Play.

(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 Whate’er your liberty hath known of pleasure.

Roderick. No, fairest, we have triffled here too long;
And, lingering to see your roses blossom. I’ve let my laurels wither.

Old Play.

From The Talisman.

1825.

(1)—AHRIMAN.

“So saying, the Saracen proceeded to chant verses, very ancient in the language and structure which some have thought derive their source from the worshippers of Ariman, the Evil Principle.”
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

DARK Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill!
When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we 'neath the extended sky,
An empire matching thine!

If the Benigner Power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
Where countless navies sink!

Or if He bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,
The arrows of thy quiver!

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray
Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As Eastern 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.

Where'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far;
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,
Thou whett'st our very banquet-knives
To tools of death and war.

Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,

Thou rule'st the fate of man;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer?—is thy power,
Dark Spirit! ended then?

Chap. iii.

(2.)—SONG OF BLONDEL.—THE BLOODY VEST.

"The song of Blondel was, of course, in the Norman language; but the verses which follow express its meaning and its manner."

'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 stripping gent,
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 he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with 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:
THE BLOODY VEST.

FYTTE SECOND.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honor, and losing of seats—
There was hewing with falchions, and splintering of staves,
The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won graves.
O, many a knight there fought bravely and well,
Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,
And 'twas he whose sole armor on body and breast,
Seem'd the weed of a damsel when bounte 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,
'Twere unknighthly to slay him achieving his vow."
Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tournament cease,
He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung peace;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nicher,
When before the fair Princess low louted a squire,
And deliver'd a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd and pierced through;
All rent and all tatter'd, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud,
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

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 blue'd the Princess—yet kiss'd she and
The blood-spotted robes to her lips and her breast.
"Go tell my true knight, church and chamber shall show
If I value the blood on this garment or no."

And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minster and mass,
The first walk'd the Princess in purple and pall,
But the blood-besmear'd night-robe she wore over all;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels, she wore
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink;
And the Prince, who in anger and shame had look'd down,
[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 breaks pence and blame,
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame;
And light will she reck of thy princelom and rent,
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent."

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. IX.

Turs is the Prince of Leeches; fever, plague,
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look on him
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.

Anonymous.
(2)—Chap. xl.
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 lyme-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!
The 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 supplicat
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. xiv.
Must we then sheath our still victorious sword;
Turn back our forward step, which ever trode
O’er foemen’s necks the onward path of glory;
Unclap the mail, which with a solemn vow,
In God’s own house we hung upon our shoulders;
That vow, as unaccomplisht as the promise
Which village nurses make to still their children,
And after think no more of?

The Crusade, a Tragedy.

(7)—Chap. xxi.
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 spun to please fair Omphalé.

Anonymous.

(8)—Chap. xxiii.
Mid these wild scenes Enchantment waves her hand,
To change the face of the mysterious land;
Till the bewildering scenes around us seem
The vain productions of a feverish dream.

Asthofo, a Romance.

(9)—Chap. xxiv.
A grain of dust
Selling 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 amity 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 by way of postscript:—

When with Poetry dealing
Room enough in a shieling:
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 Brodignon chap,
Ere I grapple, God bless me! with Emperor Nap.”

From Woodstock.

1826.

(1.)—AN HOUR WITH THEE.

An hour with thee!—When earliest day
Dapples 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 burning June
Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
What shall repay the faithful swain,
His labors on the sultry plain;
And more than cave or sheltering bough,
Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow?

One hour with thee.

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,
O, what can teach me to forget
The thankless 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.

Chap. xxvi.

(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,
To 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.

Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion;
There is no flint to gall thy tender foot,
There’s ready shelter from each breeze or shower.

But Duty guides not that way—see her stand,
With wand entwined with amaranth, near ye 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-stir’d fancy, or the vision,
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
All ages witness, that beside the couch
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

Old Play.

(7.)—CHAP. XVII.

We do that in our zeal,
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

Anonymous.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(8.)—CHAP. XXIV.
The deadliest snakes are those which, twined 'mongst flowers.
Blend their bright coloring with the varied blossoms.
Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled dewdrop;
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 Sharpe.

1827.

"Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, 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 Mainsford) begins thus."

 Forget thee? No! my worthy sire! 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 kindess 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 Liddells—
Forget you? No.

1 An allusion to the enthusiastic reception of the Duke of Wellington at Sunderland.—En.
2 This lay has been set to beautiful music by a lady whose name I know not.

"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. II.

Were ever such two loving friends!—
How could they 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 gained power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life.

Anonymous.

From the Fair Maid of Perth

1828.

(1.)—THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE.

Ah, poor Louise! the livelong day
She roams from cot to castle gay;
composition, to say nothing of her singing, might make any poet proud of his verses, 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 rest!
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some 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.

(2.)—DEATH CHANT.

"Ere he guessed where he was going, the
leech was hurried into the house of the late Oliver
Proudfoot, from which he heard the chant of the
women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse
of the umquhile Bonnet-maker, for the ceremony
of next morning; of which chant, the following
verses may be received as a modern imitation:"—

1. Viewless Essence, thin and bare,
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 espy
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 clotter'd flood,
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.
(4.)—**MOTTOES.**

(1.)—**INTRODUCTORY.**

The ashes here of murder’d Kings
Beneath my footsteps sleep;
And yonder lies the scene of death,
Where Mary learnt’d to weep.

*Captain Marjoribanks.*

(2.)—**CHAP. I.**

"Behold 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.*

(3.)—**CHAP. XI.**

Fair is the damsel, passing fair—
Sunny at distance gleams her smile!
Approach—the cloud of woeful care
Hangs trembling in her eye the while.

*Lucinda, a Ballad.*

(4.)—**CHAP. XV.**

O for a draught of power to steep
The soul of agony in sleep!

*Bertha.*

(5.)—**CHAP. XXIII.**

Lo! where he lies embalm’d in gore,
His wound to Heaven cries;
The floodgates of his blood implore
For vengeance from the skies.

*Uranus and Psyche.*

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**The Death of Keeldar**

1828.

Percy or Percival Rede of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman, and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate; once, when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper’s painting of the first of these incidents, suggested the following stanzas.

1 These stanzas, accompanying an engraving from Mr. Cooper’s subject, "The Death of Keeldar," appeared in *The Gem* of 1829, 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 Abbotsford. —*Ed.*
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 dear
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 unprophetic 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 fatter bound,
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 Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day!”

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had join’d the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down dark oblivion’s river;
But Art can Time’s stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoil from Letho’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 cowl’s drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:—

Measurers of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level,—
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles—
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

How wears the night?—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?
What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The night is old; on Rhine’s broad breast
Glance droway 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 not sleepless eyes,
He and night are matchers.

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, outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore.
Yet money tempts us o’er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Hassan, or the Camel-Drives.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 725

(2.)—Chap. V.

I was one
Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,
The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life,
Season'd with sweet content, more than the halls
Where revelers feast to fever-height. Believe me,
There ne'er was poison mix'd in maple bowl.

Anonymous.

(3.)—Chap. VI.

When we two meet, we meet like rushing torrents;
Like warring winds, like flames from various points,
That mate each other's fury—there is naught
Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it
Can match the wrath of man.

Frenaud.

(4.)—Chap. X.

We know not when we sleep nor when we wake.
Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
Which to the slumberer seem realities;
And while they waked, some men have seen such sights
As set at naught the evidence of sense,
And left them well persuaded they were dreaming.

Anonymous.

(5.)—Chap. XI.

These be the adept's doctrines—every element
Is peopled with its separate race of spirits.
The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float;
Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the Gnome;
The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow,
And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.

Anonymous.

(6.)—Chap. XVIII.

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,
Which make the soldier's jovial courage muller;
O, blessed be the Rhine!

Drinking Song.¹

(7.)—Chap. XXII.

Tell me not of it—I could ne'er abide
The nummery of all that forced civility.
"Pray, seat yourself, my lord." With cringing hams
The speech is spoken, and with bended knee,
Heard by the smiling courtier—"Before you, sir!
It must be on the earth, then." Hang it all!
The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's bosom.

Old Play.

(8.)—Chap. XXVIII.

A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gayety,
Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hour glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.

Old Play.

(9.)—Chap. XXX.

Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bay's
Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
Which Jove's dread lightning scathes not. He hath
doft
The cumbrous helm of steel, and flung aside
The yet more galling diadem of gold;
While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets.

Old Play.

(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 Poem.

(12.)—Chap. XXXV.

Here's a weapon now,
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
However holy be his offices,
Fen while he serves the altar.

Old Play.

The Forag.²

SET TO MUSIC BY JOHN WHITEFIELD, MUS. DOC. CAM.

1830.

The last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red,

Gesegnet sei der Rhein," &c.

² Set to music in Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, published in 1830.
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and 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 veil'd with a cloud;
'Tis the better, my mates! for the warder's dull eye
Shall in confidence slumber, nor dream we are nigh.

Our steeds are impatient! I hear my blithe 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 bugle 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
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all 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.

LINES ON FORTUNE.

1831.

"By the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, Sir Walter consulted a skilful mechanist, by name, Fortune, about a contrivance for the support of the lame limb, which had of late 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 applications of sundry maxims and verses about Fortune. 'Fortes Fortuna adjuvat'—he says—'never more sing I"

"'Fortune, my foe, 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.

OTHUS. — 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, Scene I.

1 This young gentleman, a son of the author's friend and relation, Hugh Scott of Harden, Esq. (now Lord Polworth); became Rector of Kentisbeare, in Devonshire, in 1828, and died there the 9th of June, 1830. This epitaph appears on his tomb in the chancel there.

2 "I believe this is the only verse of the old song (often alluded to by Shakespeare and his contemporaries) that has as yet been recovered."—LOCKHART, Life of Scott, vol. x. p. 38.
(2.)—Chap. iii.
Here, youth, thy foot unbrace,
Here, youth, thy brow unbridg'd,
Each tribute that may grace
The threshold here be paid.
Walk with the stealthy pace
Which Nature teaches deer,
When, echoing in the chase,
The hunter's horn they hear.

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 inmost deeps
Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dike shall stop it?

The Deluge, a Poem.

(3.)—Chap. v.
Vain man! thou mayst esteem thy love as fair
As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.
She may be all that's matchless in her person,
And all-divine in soul to match her body;
But take this from me—thou shalt never call her
Superior to her sex, while one survives,
And I am her true votary.

Old Play.

(4.)—Chap. vi.
Between the foaming jaws of the white torrent,
The skilful artist draws a sudden mound;
By level long he subdivides their strength,
Stealing the waters from their rocky bed,
First to diminish what he means to conquer;
Then, for the residue he forms a road,
Easy to keep, and painful to desert,
And guiding to the end the planner aim'd at.

The Engineer.

(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,
When the clear dawning brightens into day.

Dr. Watts.

(6.)—Chap. ix.
To meet a lover's onset.—But though Nature
Was outraged thus, she was not overcome.

Feudal Times

(8.)—Chap. xli.
Without a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbrous,
Within it was a little paradise,
Where Taste had made her dwelling. Statuary,
First-born of human art, moulded her images,
And bade men mark and worship.

Anonymous.

(9.)—Chap. xii.
The parties met. The wily, wordy Greek,
Weighing each word, and canvassing each syllable;
Evading, arguing, equivocating.
And the stern Frank came with his two-hand sword,
Watching to see which way the balance sways,
That he may throw it in, and turn the scales.

Palestine

(10.)—Chap. xvi.
Strange ape of man! who loathes thee while he 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 cram'd with the combustible, which, harm-
less
While yet unkindled, as the sable sand,
Needs but a spark to change its nature so,
That he who wakes it from its slumbersome mood,
Dreads scarce the explosion less than he who
knows
That 'tis his towers which meet its fury.

Anonymous.

(13.)—Chap. xxv.
Heaven knows its time; the bullet has its billet,
Arrow and javelin each its destined purpose;
The fated beasts of Nature's lower strain
Have each their separate task.

Old Play.
From Castle Dangerous.

1831.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. v.
A tale of sorrow, for your eyes may weep;
A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle;
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch,
And the flesh curdles if you read it rightly.

Old Play.

(2.)—Chap. xi.
Where is he? Has the deep earth swallow'd him?
Or hath he melted like some airy phantom
That shuns the approach of morn and the young sun?
Or hath he wrapt him in Cimmerian darkness,
And pass'd beyond the circuit of the sight
With things of the night's shadows?

Anonymous.

(3.)—Chap. xiv.
The way is long, my children, long and rough—
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskil'd save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath miss'd the discipline of noble hearts.

Old Play.

(4.)—Chap. xviii.
His talk was of another world—his lodesments
Strange, doubtful, and mysterious; those who heard him
Listen'd as to a man in feverish dreams,
Who speaks of other objects than the present,
And mutters like to him who sees a vision.

Old Play.

(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,
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.

Old Ballad
DRAMATIC PIECES.

Halidon Hill:

A DRAMATIC SKETCH FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

PREFACE.

Though the Public seldom feel much interest in such communications (nor is there any reason why they should), the Author takes the liberty of stating, that these scenes were commenced with the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a much-esteemed friend. But instead of being confined to a scene or two, as intended, the work gradually swelled to the size of an independent publication. It is designed to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. The drama (if it can be termed one) is, in no particular, either designed or calculated for the stage.

The subject is to be found in Scottish history; but not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, may be sufficiently illustrated by the following passage from Pinkerton's History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 72.

"The Governor (anno 1402) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac, his eldest son: the Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle.

"Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welsh war against Owen Glendour; 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, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the north part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler, in his return; and, perceiving the enemy, seized a strong post between the two armies, called Haldonhill. In this method he ralled 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 decided 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 accord to the author's declamation, that it is 'in no particular calculated for the stage, we must not lead our readers to look for anything amounting to a regular drama. It would, we think, form an uninterloped 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 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 unrevenged, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, 'O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to-day, that you stand like deer to be shot, instead of indulging your ancient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will, descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men.' This being heard by Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there remained an ancient deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon, and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest and the boldest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and Gordon descended the hill, accompanied only by one hundred men; and a desperate 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 certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill; but the English archers, retiring a little, sent a flight of arrows so sharp and strong, that no armor could withstand; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds, though not mortal. The English men-of-arms, knights, or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of the Scots were slain, and near five hundred perished in the river Tweed upon their flight. Among the illustrious captives was Douglas, whose chief wound deprived him of an eye; Murdac, son of Albany; the Earls of Moray and Angus; and about twenty-four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingstone of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Halidon.'

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has, in the following pages, been transferred from Halidon to Halidon Hill. For this there was an obvious reason;—for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences which may reconcile even the severer antiquity to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homilond. 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 vanquished, for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases, also, a Gordon was left on the field of battle; and at Halidon, as at Homilond, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the great house of Douglas. He of Homilond was surnamed Tineman, i.e. Lose 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 sagacity, as to be unable to learn military experience from reiterated calamity. I am far, however, from intimating, that the traits of imbecility and envy attributed to the Regent in the following sketch, are to be historically ascribed either to the elder Douglas of Halidon Hill, or to him called Tineman, who seems to have enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, notwithstanding that, like the celebrated Anne de Montmorency, he was either defeated, or wounded, or made prisoner, in every battle which he fought. The Regent of the sketch is a character purely imaginary.

The tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honor to be related, averts, that the Swinton who fell at Homilond 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.

ABOTSFORD, 1822.

W. S.

Dramatis Personae.

Scottish.

The Regent of Scotland.
Gordon, Swinton, Lennox, Sutherland, Ross, Maxwell, Johnstone, Lindsay,

Scottish Chiefs and Nobles.

imparesatus, sagittarum jaeculis perdere festinans. Descen
dant mecum qui velint, et in nomine Domini hosces penetra-
bimus, ut velie vita potiamur, vel saltiam ut milites cum ho-
nore occumbamus'” &c.—FORDUN, Scoti-Chronicon, vol ii p. 454.

1 Miles magnanimus dominus Johannes Swinton, tanquam
voce horrida praemisit exclamavit, dicens, O commilitones
inclyti! quis vos hodie fasceret ad inhulcre solite probati,
quod nee dextris conscieritis, nee ut viri coelebris, ad
vadendum amulos, qui vos, tanquam damatos vel hinnulos.
HALIDON HILL.

731

ADAM DE VIPONT, a Knight Templar.
The Prior of Maison-Dieu.
REYNALD, Swinton's Squire.
HOB HATTELY, a Border Moss-Trooper.
Heralds.

ENGLISH.

King Edward III.
Chandos,
Percy,
Riboumont,
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 in 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 helmet, And sword and battle-axe, and spear and pennon. Sure 'tis a gallant show! The Bruce himself Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer And worse appointed followers.

Vip. Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led them. Rev erend Father,
'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat; It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it. Ill 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 Scotland Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet; 'Tis cowl'd like mine which hide them. 'Mongst the laity,
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 Wellnigh two generations of our nobles. The race which holds3 you summit is the third.

Vip. Thou mayst outlive them also.

Pri. Heaven forsend! 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 brotherhood, And weary Heaven with prayers for victory.3

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.

Swi. 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 Playing the air," &c.
2 MS.—"The youths who hold," &c. "are."
3 MS.—"with prayers for Scotland's weal"
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 centupled.

VIR. A thousand followers—such, with friends
and kinsmen,
Allies and vassals, thou wilt 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 lisps to a widow'd mother,
"Where is my grandsire! wherefore do you
weep?"

But for that prattler, Lyulphe's house is hearseless.
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.

VIR. 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.

VIR. These wars with England, they have rooted
out
The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who might
win
The sepulchre of Christ from the rude heather,
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 cuisses! 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.

VIR. Since thou dost weep, their death is un-
avenged!

SWI. Templar, what think'st thou me?—See
yon 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 sable, a chevron, or, between three boar's heads erased,
argent. Crest—a boar chained to a tree, and above, on an
scroll, J'espere. Supporters—two boars standing on a

2 MS. "Of the dear land that nursed them—but in feud.
Firm hearts have moister eyes. — They are avenged;
I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon
Had with his life-blood dyed my father’s sword,
In girdon 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,
Had shared the banquet and the chase together,
Fought side by side,—and our cause of strife,
Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one!

VIR. You are at feud, then, with the mighty Gordon?

SWL. At deadly feud. Here in this Borderland,
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 bitterer feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon.

VIR. You, with some threescore lances—and the Gordon
Leading a thousand followers.

SWL. 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 host round it; There the young Gordon makes his earliest field,
And pants to win his spurs. His father’s friend,
As well as mine, thouwert—go, join his pennis,
And grace him with thy presence.

VIR. 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.

SWL. 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 rashly1 in the wish to win them. A friend like thee beside him in the fight,
Were worth a hundred spears to rein his valor
And temper it with prudence:—’tis the aged eagle
Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun,
With eye undazzled.

VIR. 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.

SWL. 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 Pursuant.

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.

SWL. Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.

[Exit Pursuant.

[To Reynald.] Hold thou my casque, and furnish my penun up Close to the staff. I will not show my crest, Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge them,
I’ll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon With aught that’s like defiance.

VIR. Will he not know your features?

SWL. 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 Boar-tusks. It was a natural but needless caution: I wage no war with children, for I think Too deeply on mine own.

VIR. I have thought on it, and will see the Gordon As we go hence2 to council. I do bear A cross, which binds me to be Christian priest, As well as Christian champion.3 God may grant,

1 MS. — “Sharply.”
2 MS. — “As we do pass,” &c.
3 MS. — “The cross I wear appoints me Christian priest As well as Christian warrior,” &c.
That I, at once his father's friend and yours,  
May make some peace betwixt you.  

SWL. When that your priestly zeal, and knightly valor,  
Shall force the grave to render up the dead.  

[Exeunt severally.

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SCENE II

The summit of Halidon Hill, before the Regent's Tent. The Royal Standard of Scotland is seen in the background, with the Pennons and Banners of the principal Nobles around it.

Council of Scottish Nobles and Chiefs. Sutherland, Ross, Lennox, Maxwell, and other Nobles of the highest rank, are close to the Regent's person, and in the act of keen debate. Vipont with Gordon and others, remain grouped at some distance on the right hand of the Stage. On the left, standing also apart, is Swinton, alone and bare-headed. The Nobles are dressed in Highland or Lowland habits, as historical costume requires. Trumpets, Heralds, &c. are in attendance.

LEN. Nay, Lordings, put no shame upon my counsels.
I did but say, if we retired a little,  
We should have fairer field and better vantage.  
I've seen King Robert—a,y, The Bruce himself—  
Retreat six leagues in length, and think no shame on't.  

REG. Ay, but King Edward sent a haughty message,  
Defying us to battle on this field,  
This very hill of Halidon; if we leave it  
Unfought withal, it squares not our honor.  

SWL. (apart.) A perilous honor, that allows the enemy,  
And such an enemy as this same Edward,  
To choose our field of battle! He knows how  
To make our Scottish pride betray its master  
Into the pitfall.

[During this speech the debate among the Nobles is continued.

SUTH. (aloud.) We will not back one furlong—not one yard,  
Nc, nor one inch; where er we find the foe,  
Or where the foe finds us, there will we fight him.  
Retreat will dull the spirit of our followers,  
Who now stand prompt for battle.  
Ross. My Lords, methinks great Morarchat has doubts,  
That, if his Northern clans once turn the seam  

Of their check'd hose behind, it will be hard  
To halt and rally them.  

SUTH. Say'st thou, MacDonnell?—Add another falsehood,  
And name when Morarchat was coward or traitor?  
Thine island race, as chronicles can tell,  
Were oft affianced to the Southern cause;  
Loving the weight and temper of their gold,  
More than the weight and temper of their steel.  
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 thieving Annandale, to see such misuse!  
JOHN. Who speaks of Annandale? Dare Maxwell slander  
The gentle House of Lochwood?  
REG. Peace, Lordings, once again. We represent  
The Majesty of Scotland—in our presence  
Brawling is treason.

SUTH. Were it in presence of the King himself  
What should prevent my saying—

Enter Lindesay

LIN. You must determine quickly. Scarcely 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.—Lennox, 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 hath forsaken Lennox too!  
The wisdom he was forty years in gathering  
Has left him in an instant. 'Tis contagious  
Even to witness phrensy.

SUTH. The Regent hath determined well. The rear  
Suits him the best who counsel'd our retreat.

1 In the MS. the scene terminates with this line.  
2 Morarchate is the ancient Gaelic designation of the Earls of Sutherland. See ante, page 704, note.

Lochwood Castle was the ancient seat of the Johnstones, Lords of Annandale.
[Enter. Proud Northern Thane, the van were soon the rear,
Wore thy disorder’d followers planted there.

Surt. 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 not fight to-day!

Ross. Morarch! thou the leading of the van!
Not whilst Macdonnell lives.

Sw. (apart.) Nay, then a stone would speak.

[Addresses the Regent.] May’t please your Grace,
And you, great Lords, to hear an old man’s counsel,
That hath seen fights enow. 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’t will 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 about the Stage.]

Gor. (observing Sw.) That helmetless old
Knight, his giant stature,
His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth seem like to some vision’d form which I have dream’d of,
But never saw with waking eyes till now.
I will accost him.

Vip. Pray you, do not so;
Anon I’ll give you reason why you should not.
There’s other work in hand—

Gor. I will but ask his name. There’s in his presence
Something that works upon me like a spell,
Or like the feeling made my childish ear
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.

"A name unmusical to Volscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thine."—Coriolanus.

I’ll know who this man is—

[Accents 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 (shows emotion, but instantly subsides 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 ne’er hath been dishonord.
And never will, I trust—most surely never
By such a youth as thou.

Gor. There’s a mysterious courtesy in this,
And yet it yields no answer to my question.
I trust you hold the Gordon not unworthy
To know the name he asks?

Sw. 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

Gor. This strange—

Vip. The mystery is needful. Follow me.

[They retire behind the side scene.]

Sw. (looking after them.) 'Tis a brave youth
How blush’d his noble cheek,
While youthful modesty, and the embarrassment
Of curiosity, combined with wonder,
And half suspicion of some slight intended,
All mingled in the flush; but soon ’twill deepen
Into revenge’s glow. How slow is Vipont!—
I wait the issue, as I’ve seen spectators
Suspend the motion even of the eyelids,
When the slow gunner, with his lighted match,
Approach’d the charged cannon, in the act
To waken its dread slumber.—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! O, for the sake
[your father,
Of your dear country, hold!—Has Swinton slain
And must you, therefore, be yourself a parricide, And stand recorded as the selfish 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!—
Rethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland, And think on naught beside.”

* In the MS. the five last lines of Vipont’s speech are interpolated.
Enter Maxwell from the tent.

Swl. How go our councils, 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, rob them of discretion. Fie, fie upon't!—O, that Dunfermline's tomb Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's red shore Could give us back the good Lord James of Douglas!

Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror, Were here, to awe these brawlers to submission! 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, 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 us not victory where wisdom was not.— Behold yon English host come slowly on, With equal front, rank marshall'd upon rank, As if one spirit ruled one moving body;

MS.—"You must not here—not where the Royal Standard Awaits the attack of Scotland's enemies, Against the common foe—wage private quarrel. He braves you not—his thought is on the event

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 artist's skill Supplies in war, as in mechanic crafts, Deficiency of tools. There's courage, wisdom, And skill enough, live in one leader here, As, flung into the balance, might avail To counterpoise the odds 'twixt that ruled host And our wild multitude.—I must not name him.

Gor. I guess, but dare not ask.—What band is 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 sagst leader, And crush by numbers that determined handful, When most my country needs their practised aid Or men will say, "There goes degenerate Gordon His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword, And his is in his scabbard!"

[Clamors]

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 councillors; 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 be better:

Of this day's field. Stand still and watch him closer."

"Mad as the sea and wind, when both 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 them
Even on this bent; and as our troops are rank'd,
So shall they meet the foe. Chief, nor Thane,
Nor Nom 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 man'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,—
Bid's me, thy mortal foe, say,—Swinton, speak,
For King and Country's sake!

Swi. Nay, if that voice commands me, speak I will;
It sounds as if the dead lays charge on me.

Reg. (To Lennox, with whom he has been consulting.)
'Tis better than you think. This broad hill-side
Affords fair compass for our power's display,
Rank above rank rising in seemly tiers;
So that the rearward stands as fair and open——

Swi. As e'er stood mark before an English archer.
Reg. Who dares to say so?—Who is't dare impeach
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 musters name no more.

Swi. I brought each man I had; and Chief, or Earl,
Thane, Deke, or dignitary, brings no more;
And with them brought I what may here be useful—
An aged eye; which, what in England, Scotland,
Spain, France, and Flanders, hath seen fifty battles,
And taken some judgment of them; a stark hand too,

Which plays as with a straw with this same mace,
Which if a young arm here can wield more lightly,
I never more will offer word of counsel.

Len. Hear him, my Lord; it is the noble Swinton—
He hath had high experience.

Max. He is noted
The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed and Solway,—
I do beseech you, hear him.

John. Ay, hear the Swinton—hear 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 gaze
On yon 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 counsel'd.—Bruce had
bidden ye
Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly
Here on the bare hill-side, and bidden you mark
Yon clouds of Southeron archers, bearing down
To the green meadow-lands which stretch beneath—
The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day
But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,
If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys,
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gall our front,
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 stoke our unavailing spears.

Reg. Tush, tell not me! If their shot fall like hail,
Our men have Milan coats to bear it out.

Swi. Never did armorer temper steel on stithy
That made sure fence against an English arrow:
A cobweb gossamer were guard as good
Against a wasp-ting.

Reg. Who fears a wasp-ting?
Swi. I, my Lord, fear none
Yet should a wise man brush the insect off,
Or he may smart for it.

Reg. We'll keep the hill; it is the vantage ground
When the main battle joins.
Swi. It ne'er will join, while their light archers

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 execution on you waspish archers.
I've done such work before, and love it well;
If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The dames of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Weardale,
Shall sit in widowhood and long for venison,
And long in vain. Who'er remembers Bannock
And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet,
Forget that stirring word!—knows that great battle
Even thus was fought and won.

Len. This is the shortest road to bandy blows;
For when the bills step forth and bows go back,
Then is the moment that our hardy spearmen,
With their strong bodies, and their stubborn hearts,
And limbs well knit by mountain exercise,
At the close tug shall foil the short-breath'd South
Swi. I do not say the field will thus be won;
The English host is numerous, brave, and loyal;
Their Monarch most accomplish'd in war's art,
Skill'd, resolute, and wary—
Reg. And if your scheme secure not victory,
What does it promise us?
Swi. This much at least—
Darkling we shall not die: the peasant's shaft,
Loosen'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 hilts,
And our good hands to these good blades are faith
full,
Blow shall meet blow, and none fall unavenged—
We shall not bleed alone.

Reg. And this is all
Your wisdom hath devised?
Swi. Not all; for I would pray you, noble Lords
(If one, among the guilty guiltiest, might),
For this one day to charm to ten hours' rest
The never-dying worm of deadly feud,

1 "The generous abandonment of private dissension, on the part of Gordon, which the historian has described as a momentary impulse, is depicted by the dramatic with great skill and knowledge of human feeling, as the result of many powerful and conflicting emotions. He has, we think, been very successful in his attempt to express the hesitating, and sometimes retrograde movements of a young and ardent mind, in its transition from the first glow of indignation against his hereditary

That gnaws our vexed hearts—think no one foe
Save Edward and his host:—days will remain,
Ay, days by far too many will remain,
To avenge old feuds or struggles for precedence?
Let this one day be Scotland's.—For myself,
If there is any here may claim from me
(As well may chance) a debt of blood and hatred,
My life is his to-morrow unresisting,
So he to-day will let me do the best
That my old arm may achieve for the dear country
That's mother to us both.

[Gordon shows much emotion during this
and the preceding speech of Swinton.
Reg. It is a dream—a vision!—if one troop
Rush down upon the archers, all will follow,
And order is destroy'd—well'll keep the battle-rank
Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho!
Where be those youths seek knighthood from our sword?

Her. Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and Hay,
And Hepburn, with a score of gallants more.


Gor. I pray your Grace, forgive me.
Reg. How! seek you not for knighthood?

Gor. I do thirst for't.

But, pardon me—'tis from another sword.
Reg. It is your Sovereign's—seek you for a worthier

Gor. Who would drink purely, seeks the secret fountain,
How small soever—not the general stream,
Though it be deep and wide. My Lord, I seek
The boon of knighthood from the honor'd weapon
Of the best knight, and of the sages 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 insolent!—
See, Lords, he kneels to him that slew his father!
Gor. (starting up.) Shame be on him, who speaks
such shameful word!
Shame be on him, whose tongue would sow dissension,
When most the time demands that native Scotsmen
Forget each private wrong!
Swi. (interrupting him.) Youth, since you crave
To be your sire in chivalry, I remind 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 contemplation of that foeman's valor and virtues."—British Critic.

2 MS. "For this one day to chase our country's curse
From your vex'd bosoms, and think no one enemy
But those in yonder army—days now, Ay days." &c.
Into the dust a thousand of your Redshanks, 
Nor count it a day's service.

Swl. Hear I this
From thee, young man, and on the day of battle! 
And to the brave MacDonnell!

Gor. 'Twas he that urged me; but I am re-
buked.

Reg. He crouches like a leash-hound to his mas-
ter!

Swl. Each hound 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 Stan-
dard!

I bid you in the name of good King David. 
Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King 
David!

[The Regent and the rest go off, and the 
Scene closes. 
Moment Gordon, Swin-
ton, and Vipont, with Reynald and fol-
lowers. Lennox follows the Regent; 
but returns, and addresses Swinton. 

Len. O, were my western horsemen but come up, 
I would take part with you!

Swl. 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.

Swl. 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. 

[Exit Lennox.

Vip. (to Gordon.) What ails thee, noble youth! 
What means this pause?
Thou dost not rue thy generosity?
Gor. I have been hurried on by strong impulses, 
Like to a bark that scuds before the storm, 
Till driven upon some strange and distant coast, 
Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not for-
given?
And am I not still fatherless?

Swl. Gordon, no; 
For while we live I am a father to thee. 

[be. 
Gor. Thou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot

1 In the MS. this speech and the next are interpolated.
Scare not the hare that’s couchant on her form—
The cushat 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 Scots
man!

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 scent’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 bleat.

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. Reverend sir,
I will uphold it just. Our good King Edward
Will presently come to this battle-field,
And speak to you of the last tilting match,
Or of some feat he did a twenty years since;
But not a word of the day’s work before him.
Even as the artist, sir, whose name offends you,
Sits prosing o’er his can, until the trap fall,
Announcing that the vermin are secured,
And then ‘tis up, and on them.

PER. Chandos, you give your tongue too bold a
license.

CHA. Percy, I am a necessary evil.
King Edward would not want me, if he could,
And could not, if he would. I know my value.
My heavy hand excuses my light tongue.
So men 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 Settleton;
HILIDON HILL.

741

Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church
Before her thunders strike thee? I do warn thee
In most paternal sort.

CHA. I thank you, Father, filially.
Though but a truant son of Holy Church,
I would not choose to undergo her censures,
When Scottish blades are waving at my throat.
I'll make fair composition.

AB. No composition; I'll have all, or none.
CHA. None, then—'tis soonest spoke. I'll take
my chance,
And trust my sinful soul to Heaven's mercy,
Rather than risk my worldly goods with thee—
My hour may not be come.

AB. Impious—impatient—

PER. Hush! the King—the King!

Enter King Edward, attended by Baliol and
others.

KING (apart to Cha.) Hark thither, 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 fast-
nesses.

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 warters
On you 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 ques-
tion,
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 hu-

er—

[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 near
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 re-
ported,
Bound homeward from St. Ninian's pilgrimage,
The Lord of Gordon slew him.

PER. Father, and if your house stood on our
borders,
You might have cause to know that Swinton lives,
And is on horseback yet.

CHA. He slew the Gordon,
That's all the difference—a very trifle.

AB. Triving 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
score for him.—

(Aloud.) I have seen priests that used that arm or
flesh,
And used it sturdily.—Most reverend Father,
What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms
In the King's tent at Weardale?
Ab. It was most sinful, being against the canon
Prohibiting all churchmen to bear weapons;
And as he fell in that unseemly guise,
Perchance his soul may rue it.
K. Ed. (overhearing the last words.) Who may rue it?
And what is to be rued?
Cha. (apart.) I'll match his Reverence for the
tithes of Everingham.
—The Abbot says, my Liege, the deed was sinful,
By which your chaplain, wielding secular weap-
ons,
Secured your Grace's life and liberty,
And that he suffers for't in purgatory.
K. Ed. (to the Abbor.) 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,
Thou shouldst there join him, priest!—Go, watch,
fast, pray,
And let me have such prayers as will storm Heav-
en—
None of your maim'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
soul,
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 instantly! We have
lost
But too much time already.

1 MS. — "The viewless, the restless plague," &c.
The well-known expression by which Robert Bruce cen-

Ab. My Liege, your holy chaplain's blessed
soul—
K. Ed. To hell with it and thee! Is this a time
To speak of monks and chaplains?
[Flourish of Trumpets, answered by a
distant sound of Bugles.
See, Chandos, Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint
Edward!
See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resist-
less,
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 lances.
K. Ed. The battle is not ended. [Looks towards
the field.
Not ended!—scarce begun! What horse are
these,
Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?
Per. They're Hainaulters, the followers of Queen
Isabel.
K. Ed. (hostily.) Hainaulters!—thou art blind—
wear Hainaulters
Saint Andrew's silver cross?—or would they
charge
Full on our archers, and make havoc of them!—
Bruce is alive again—ho, rescue! rescue!—
Who was't survey'd the ground?
Riba. Most royal Liege—
K. Ed. A rose hath fallen from thy chaplet,
Ribaumont.

sured the negligence of Randolph, for permitting an English
body of cavalry to pass his flank on the day preceding the
battle of Bannockburn.
RABA. I'll win it back, or lay my head beside it.

And to the rescue!—Percy, lead the bill-men; Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—
If yonder numerous host should now bear down Bold as their vanguard (to the Abbot), thou mayst pray for us, We may need good men's prayers.—To the rescue, Lords, to the rescue! ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!]

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A part of the Field of Battle betwixt the two Main Armies. Tumults behind the scenes; alarums, and cries of "Gordon, a Gordon," "Swinton," &c.

Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard, Vipont, Reynald, and others.

VIR. 'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together,—Gordon and Swinton.

Rev. 'Tis passing pleasing, yet 'tis strange without. 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 ye holly bush. Gor. 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're succord' now, Plantagenet Must turn his bridle southward.—Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard; Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew he, And by that token bid him send us succor.

1 "In the second act, after the English nobles have amused themselves in some trifling conversation with the Abbot of Walthamstow, 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."

2 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,"

3 "The MS. adds—"such was my surprise.""

4 "While thus enjoying a breathing time, Swinton observes the thoughtful countenance of De Vipont. See what follows Were ever England and Englishmen more nobly, more beautifully, more justly characterized, than by the latter, or was patriotic feeling ever better sustained than by the former and his brave companion in arms?"—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 yonther 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 wedded to his Order. But I tell thee,
The brave young knight that hath no lady-love
Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?—
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 untuned 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 hull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment,
Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood.
Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,
And gray-hair'd 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 enchant'd labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,

Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.
Methinks I hear her now!—

SWI. Bless'd privilege
Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide
'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
List'n her harping!—

[Enter Vipont.

Where are thine, De Vipont!

Vip. On death—on judgment—on eternity!
For time is over with us.

SWI. There moves not, then, one pennon to our aid,
Of all that flutter yonder!

Vip. From the main English host come rushing forward
But ours stand rooted, as for crows to roost on.
SWI. (to himself,) I'll rescue him at least.—

Young Lord of Gordon,

Spur to the Regent—show the instant need—
Gon. I penetrate thy purpose; but I go not.

SWI. Not at my bidding! I, thy sire in chivalry—
Thy leader in the battle—I command thee.

Gon. No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety,—

For such is thy kind meaning—at the expense
Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.
While I abide, no follower of mine
Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone,
What power can stay them? and, our band dispersed,
What swords shall for an instant stem you host,
And save the latest chance for victory?

Vip. The noble youth speaks truth; and were he gone,
There will not twenty spears be left with us.

Gon. No, braver as we have begun the field,
So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,
More certain than a thousand messages,
Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host
Against yon bursting storm. If not for honor,
If not for warlike rule, for shame at least
He must bear down to aid us.

SWI. Must it be so?

And am I forced to yield the sad consent,
Devoting thy young life? O, Gordon, Gordon!
I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue;
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command;
But I seek vainly some atoning sacrifice,

unexpectedly greeted with a dialogue, which breathes indeed
the soft sounds of the lute in the clang of trumpets."—Monthly Review.

3 MS.—"And am I doom'd to yield the sad consent
That thus devotes thy life!"

4 MS.—"O, could there be some lesser sacrifice."
Rather than such a victim!—(Trumpets.) Hark, they come!
That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.
Gor. 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 Hattely.

Swi. Stand to it yet! The man who flies to-day, May bastards warm them at his household hearth! Hob. That ne'er shall be my curse. My Magdalen Is trusty as my broadsword.

Swi. 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 hie to distant harvest.—My toil's over;
There lies my sickle. [Dropping his sword.] Hand of mine again
Shall never, never wield it!—
Gor. O valiant leader, is thy light extinguish'd?
That only beacon-flame which promised safety
In this day's deadly wrack!
Swi. My lamp hath long been dim! But thine,
young Gordon,

Just kindled, to be quenched so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendor!—
Gor. 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 coun-
try.—
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—
Gor. Alas! alas! the author of the death-foul
He has his reckoning too! for had your sons
And numerous vassals lived, we had lack'd no aid.
Swi. May God assail 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 whirl-
wind!—
But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of heart
Pour'd oil upon the wounds our hate inflicted;
Thou, who hast done no wrong, need'st no forgive-
ness,—
Why should'st thou share our punishment!
Gor. 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—
Gor. All's lost! all's lost!—Of the main Scot-
tish 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 trea-
son,
Combine to ruin us; and our hot valor,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies!
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more
on't.—
Let thy hands close them, Gordon—I will dream
My fair-hair'd William renders me that office!

[Dies

Gor. And, Swinton, I will think I do that duty
To my dead father.

Enter De Vipont.

Vir. Fly, fly, brave youth!—A handful of thy
followers,
The scatter'd gleanings of this desperate day,
Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue.—
O linger not!—I'll be your guide to them.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Gona. Look there, and bid me fly!—The oak has
fall'n;
And the young ivy bush, which learnt to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.

Vip. Swinton! Alas! the best, the bravest, strongest,

And! a gem of our Scottish chivalry!
Forgive one moment, if to save the living,
My tongue should wrong the dead.—Gordon, be-
think thee,

Thou dost but stay to perish with the corpse1
Of him who slew thy father.

Gon. Ay, but he was my sire in chivalry.
He taught my youth to soar above the promptings
Of mean and selfish vengeance; gave my youth
A name that shall not die even on this death-
spot.
Records shall tell this field had not been lost,
Had all men fought like Swinton and like Gordon.

[Trumpets.

Save thee, De Vipont.—Hark! the Southron trumpets.

Vip. Nay, without thee, I stir not.

Enter Edward, Chandos, Percy, Balsiol, &c.

Gon. Ay, they come on—the Tyrant and the
Traitor,

Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Balsiol.—
O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,
To do one glorious deed!

[He rushes on the English, but is made
prisoner with Vipont.

K. Ed. Disarm them—harm them not; though
it was they
Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,
They and that bully champion. Where is he?

Chas. Here lies the giant! Say his name, young
Knight?

Gorn. Let it suffice, he was a man this morning.2

Chas. I question'd thee in sport. I do not need
Thy information, youth. Who that has fought
Through all these Scottish wars, but knows his
crest,

1 MS.—"Thou hast small cause to tarry with the corpse."
2 In his narrative of events on the day after the battle of
Sheriffmuir, Sir Walter Scott says, "Amongst the gentlemen
who fell on this occasion, were several on both sides, alike
eminent for birth and character. The body of the gallant
young Earl of Strathmore was found on the field watched by
a faithful old domestic, who, being asked the name of the per-
son whose body he waited upon with so much care, made this
striking reply, 'He was a man yesterday.'"—Tales of a
Grandfather.
3 MS.—"Stood arm'd beside my couch," &c.
4 "The character of Swinton is obviously a favorite with the
author, to whom circumstance are probably indebted for
the strong relief in which it is given, and the perfect veris-
ilmum which belongs to it. The stately commanding figure
of the veteran warrior, whom, by the illusion of his art, the
author has placed in veritable presentiment before us;—his
 venerable age, superior prowess, and intuitive decision;—the
brows 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 unmerited contumely and insult;—these qualities, grouped
and embodied in one and the same character, render it morally
impossible that we should not at once sympathise 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."—Edinburgh
Magazine, July, 1822.
5 A Venetian General, observing his soldiers testified some
unwillingness to fight against those of the Pope, whom they
regarded as father of the Church, addressed them in terms of
similar encouragement,—"Fight on! we were Venetians be-
fore we were Christians."
Fought like these two brave champions.—Strike the drums, 
Sound trumpets, and pursue the fugitives,

"It is generally the case that much expectation ends in disappointment. The free delineation of character is some of the recent Scott's 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 interesting tale is here sketched in natural and energetic verse, we are yet far from feeling surprised that the appropriation, which it is our pleasing duty to bestow, should not have been anticipated by the ordinary readers of the work before us. It bears, in truth, no great resemblance to the narrative poems from which Sir Walter Scott derived his first and high reputation, and by which, for the present, his genius must be characterized. 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 inconsiderable portion of their beauties—it has less pomp and circumstance, less picturesque description, romantic association, and chivalrous glitter, less sentiment and reflection, less perhaps of all their striking charms, with the single exception of that one redeeming and sufficient quality, which forms, in our view, the highest recommendation of all the author's works of imagination, their unaffected and unflagging vigour. 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 adorn his scenes with inappropriate and encumbering ornament. 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 commonplace 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 rant—no mysticism—and, worst offence of all, no affectation."—British Critic, October, 1822.
MacDuff's Cross.

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 tritles 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 was transmitted to us in an unintelligible form by Sir Robert Sibbald.

Abbotsford, January, 1830.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

NINIAN, Monks of Lindores.
WALDHAWE, Lindesay.
MAURICHE BERKELEY, Scottish Barons.

TO

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,
AUTHORESS 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 loosen'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 undistinguishable, 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.
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 hath the steep ascent exhausted you?
You trode it stoutly, though 'twas rough and toil-
Walt. I trode a rougher.

Nin. On the Highland hills—
Scarce within our sea-girt province here,
Unseen upon the Lomonds or Bennarty.
Walt. I spoke not of the literal path, good father.
But of the road of life which I have trouv'd,
Ere I assumed this habit; it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects,
As ours beneath was closed by dell and thicket.
Here we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around,
While earthly objects dwindle. Brother Ninian,
Fear 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.
Walt. Most true, good brother; and men may be farther
From the bright heaven they aim at, even because
They deem themselves secure on't.

Nin. (after a pause) You do gaze—
Strangers are wont to do—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—
Walt. Of Edzell.

Nin. How? know you the towers of Edzell?
Walt. I've heard of them.

Nin. Then have you heard a tale,
Which when he tells, the peasant shakes his head,
And shuns the mouldering and deserted walls.
Walt. Why, and by whom, deserted?

Nin. Long the tale,—
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Bold Louis Lindesay, had a wife, and found—

Walt. 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 vigils here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary,
And rights of Clan MacDuff.

Walt. What rights are these?

Nin. Most true! you are but newly come from Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know then, when fell Macbeth beneath the arm
Of the destined knight, unborn of woman,
Three boons the victor ask'd, and thrice did Malcolm,
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 guerdon 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 panting homicide find safety.

Walt. 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.

Walt. 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 Satan
Of wrath and injury.

Walt. How now, Sir Priest! (fiercely)—Forgive me (recollecting himself)—I was dreaming
Of an old baron, who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.

Nin. Lindesay'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 Tay roll'd broad between us. I must now
Unto the chapel—meanwhile the watch is thine;
And, at thy word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And, at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course—'e'en as swoln Jordan
Controll'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the feet
Of those who bore the ark.

Wal. Is this my charge?
Nin. Even so; and I am near, should chance require me.

At midnight I relieve you on your watch,
When we may taste together some refreshment:
I have cared for it; and for a flax of wine—
There is no sin, so that we drink it not
Until the midnight hour, when lands have toll'd.

[Exiting towards the Chapel,]

Wal. It is not with me, and alas! alas!
I know not where to seek it. This monk's mind
Is with his cloister match'd, nor lacks more room.
Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life; even as some reptiles,
They say, are moulded to the very shape,
And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
In which they live and die. But for myself,
Retired in passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony.—
How now! what brings him back?

Re-enter Ninian.

Nin. Look to your watch, my brother; horsemen come:
I heard their tread when kneeling in the chapel.

Wal. (looking to a distance) My thoughts have
rapt me more than thy devotion,
Else had I heard the tread of distant horses
Farther than thou couldst hear the sacring bell;
But now in truth they come:—flight and pursuit
Are sights I've been long strange to.

Nin. See how they gallop down the opposing hill!

You gray steed bounding down the headlong path,
As on the level meadow; while the black,
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost frown
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 steed like thee,
Yet fear to turn his front against a foe!—
I am ashamed to look on them.

Nin. Yet look again; they quit their horses now,
Unfit for the rough path; the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still. They strain towards us.

Wal. I'll not believe that ever the bold Thane
Reard up his Cross to be a sanctuary
To the base coward, who shunn'd an equal combat—
How's this?—that look—that mien—mine eyes grow dizzy!—

Nin. He comes!—thou art a novice on this watch.—
Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him
Pluck down thy cowl; know, that we spiritual champions
Have honor to maintain, and must not seem
To quail before the laity.

[Wal. Have lets down his cowl, and steps back.]

Enter Maurice Berkeley.

Nin. 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.

Nin. Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?

Ber. Let him show it, Against whom violence I claim the privilege.

Enter Lindesay, with his sword drawn. He rushes at Berkeley; Ninian interposes.

Nin. Peace, in the name of Saint Magdridius!
Peace, in our Prior's name, and in the same
Of that dear symbol, which divin pursuance peace
And good-will towards man! I do command thee
To sheath thy sword, and stir no contest here.

Lin. One charm I'll try first,
To lure the craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath harbor'd in. —Hear you, De Berkeley,
This is my brother's sword—the hand it arms
Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death:—
If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,
And change three blows— even for so short a space
As these good men may say an ave-marie,—
So, Heaven be good to me! I will forgive thee
Thy deed and all its consequences, [thought

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 bridegroom ever
Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride,
More joyfully than I, young man, would rush
To meet thy challenge.

LIN. He quails, and shuns to look upon my
weapon,
Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!

BER. Lindsey, and if there were no deeper cause
For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,
That rock-hewn Cross as soon should start and stir,
Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,
As I for brag of thine.

NIN. I charge you both, and in the name of
Heaven,
Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,
Where Christian men must bear them peacefully,
On pain of the Church thunders. Calmly tell
Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindsey, thou
Be first to speak them.

LIN. Ask the blue welkin—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.

NIN. 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——

LIN. 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 inhospeve murder,
Rear'd not on Cross to sanction deeds like these.

BER. Thou say'st I came a guest!—I came a
victim,
A destined 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.

LIN. Wretch! thou didst first dishonor to thy
victim,
And then didst 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 my 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.

LIN. Take worse and blacker.—Murderer, adult
er!—
Ait 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 brand
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!

NIN. This heat, Lord Berkeley, doth but ill ac
cord
With thy late pious patience.

BER. Father, forgive, and let me stand excused
To Heaven and thee, if patience brooks no more.
I loved this lady fondly—truly loved—
Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet her father
Confer'd her on another. While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul as hallow'd
As those I send to Heaven; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor hand
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn.

LIN. Follow me. Thou shalt hear me call the
adulteress
By her right name.—I'm glad there's yet a spur
Can rouse thy slaggard mettle.

BER. Make then obeisance to the blessed Cross,
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.

[They are going off

WAL. (rushing forward.) Madmen, stand!—
Stay but one second—answer but one question.—
There, Maurice Berkeley, canst thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou'rt spoken truth!—

BER. I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder'd innocent,
Each seeming charge against her was as false
As our bless'd Lady's spotless. Hear, each saint!—
Hear me, thou holy rood! hear me from heaven,
Thou martyr'd excellence!—Hear me from penal
fire
(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated)!
Stern ghost of her destroyer!——

WAL. (throws back his coat.) He hears! he
hears! Thy spell hath raised the dead.

LIN. My brother! and alive!——

WAL. Alive—but yet, my Richard, dead to
thee,
No tie of kindred binds me to the world;
All were renounced, when, with reviving life,
Came the desire to seek the sacred cloister.
Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat,
Like to a pack of bloodhounds in full chase,
My passion and my wrongs have follow'd me,
Wrath and remorse—and, to fill up the cry,
Thou hast brought vengeance hither.
Lin. 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,—
Bee. (gives his hand.) It is the will
Of Heaven, made manifest in thy preservation,
To inhibit farther bloodshed; for De Berkeley,
The votary Maurice lays the title down.
Go to his halls, Lord Richard, where a maiden,
Kin to his blood, and daughter in affection,
Heirs his broad lands;—If thou canst love her,
Lindesay,
Woo her, and be successful.
The Doom of Devorgoil.

PREFACE

The first of these dramatic pieces was long since written, for the purpose of obliging the late Mr. Terry, then Manager of the Adelphi Theatre, for whom the Author had a particular regard. The manner in which the mimic goblins of Devorgoil are intermixed with the supernatural machinery, was found to be objectionable, and the production had other faults, which rendered it unfit for representation. I have called the piece a 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 extravaganza, 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 attempts of the same kind, and as he felt indifferent on the subject, they are printed in the same volume with Halidon Hill and MacDuff's Cross, and thrown off in a separate form, for the convenience of those who possess former editions of the Author's Poetical Works.

The general story of the Doom of 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. iv. p. 307. In remorse for his crime, he built the singular monument called the Tower of Repentance. In many cases the Scottish superstitions allude to the fairies, or those who, for sins 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 spectre 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 Musaeus. I think it has been introduced upon the English stage in some pantomime, which was one objection to bringing it upon the scene a second time.

ABBOTSFORD, April, 1830.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OSWALD OF DEVORGOIL, a decayed Scottish Baron.
LEONARD, a Ranger.
DURWARD, a Palmer.
LANCELOT BLACKTHORN, a Companion of Leonard, in love with Katleen.
GULLCRAMMER, a conceited Student.
OWLSPERGEL and MASKERS, represented by Black Cockledemoy, thorn and Katleen.
SPIRIT OF LORD ERICK OF DEVORGOIL.
PEASANTS, SHEPHERDS, and VASSALS OF INFERIOR RANK.

ELEANOR, Wife of Oswald, descended of 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, of terms of intimacy with Sir Walter Scott. He died 22d June 1829.

1 "The Doom of Devorgoil," and "Anchindane," were published together in an octavo volume, in the spring of 1830. For the origin and progress of the first, see Life of Scott, vol. pp. 197-934, 285-6.

Mr. Daniel Terry, the comedian, distinguished for a very
The Doom of Devorgoil.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Scene represents a wild and hilly, but not a mountainous Country, in a frontier District of Scotland. The flat Scene exhibits the Castle of Devorgoil, decayed, and partly ruinous, situated upon a Lake, and connected with the Land by a Drawbridge, which is lowered. Time—Sunset.

Flora enters from the Castle, looks timidly around, then comes forward and speaks.

He is not here—those pleasures are not ours
Which placid evening brings to all things else.

song, 

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening’s deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.

Now all whom varied toll and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one’s side.

The noble dame on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armor bright.

The village maid, with hand on brow,
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin’s darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swim apart,
And to the thickest waters wander
The hind beside the hart.

The wood, dark at his partner’s side,
Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long.

[Katleen has come out of the Castle while Flora was singing, and speaks when the Song is ended.

KAT. Ah, my dear coz!—if that your mother’s niece
May so presume to call your father’s daughter—
All these fond things have got some home of comfort.

1 The author thought of emitting this song, which was, in fact, abridged into one in "Quentin Durward," termed County Guy. [See ante, page 709.] It seemed, however, neces-

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 lureth home a lover,—
But we have naught of this.

FLO. How call you, then, this castle of my sire,
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 fagots, destined soon
To dress our last of suppers, and, poor soul,
Is starved with cold, and mewing mad with hunger.

FLO. D’ye mock our misery, Katleen?

KAT. No, but I am 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 cerements at the tidings.

FLO. My mother, too, would gladly see you placed
Beyond the verge of our unhappiness,2
Which, like a witch’s circle, blights and taints
Whatever comes within it.

KAT. Ah! my good aunt!

She is a careful kinswoman and prudent,
In all but marrying a ruin’d baron,
When she could take her choice of honest yeomen.
And now, to balance this ambitious error,
She presses on her daughter’s love the suit
Of one, who hath no touch of nobleness,
In manners, birth, or mind, to recommend him,—
Sage Master 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 fagots
Destined to dress our last of meals, but said not
That the repast consisted of choice dainties,
Sent to our lord by that liberal suitor,
The kind Melchisedek.

sary to the sense, that the original stanzas should be retained here.

2 MS.—"Beyond the circle of our wretchedness."
FLO. Were famishing the word,
I'd famish ere I tasted them—the top,
The fool, the low-born, low-bred, pedant coxcomb!

KAT. There spoke the blood of long-descended
sires!

My cottage wisdom cught to echo back,—
O the snug parsonage! the well-paid stipend!
The yew-hedged garden! beehives, pigs, and poultry!

But, to speak honestly, the peasant Kateleen,
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 marksmen 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 aside
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
Carcass of a Deer on his back, and a Gun in his
hand.

BLA. Save you, damsels!

KAT. Godden, good yeoman.—Come you from the
Weaponshaw?

BLA. Not I, indeed; there lies the mark I shot at.

[LYs down the Deer.

The time has been I had not miss'd the sport,
Although Lord Nithsdale's self had wanted ven-
ison;

But this same mate of mine, young Leonard Dacre,
Makes me do what he lists;—he'll win the prize,

The Forest district will not lose its honor,

And that is all I care for—(some shouts are heard.)

Hark! they're at it.

I'll go see the issue.

FLO. Leave not here

The produce of your hunting.

BLA. But I must, though.

This is his hair 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.) Come,

BLA. hasten, damsels!

FLO. It is impossible—we dare not take it.

BLA. 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 wanted prudence,

Will hold its presence plead its own apology.—

Come, Blackthorn, I will show you where to stow it.

[Exeunt Kateleen and Blackthorn into
the Castle—more shooting—then a dis-
tant shout—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 marksmen and the vassals are dispersing.

[She draws back.

FIRST VASSAL (a peasant.) Ay, ay,—'tis lost and

won,—the Forest have it.

'Tis they have all the luck on't.

SECOND VASSAL (a shepherd.) Luck, sayst thou,

man? 'Tis practice, skill, and cunning.

THIRD VASSAL. 'Tis no such thing.—I had hit the
mark precisely,

But for this cursed flint; and, as I fired,

A swallow cross'd mine eye too—Will you tell me

That that was but a chance, mine honest shepherd?

FIRST VASSAL Ay, and last year, when Lancelot

Blackthorn won it,
Because my powder happen'd to be damp,
Was there no luck in that!—The worse luck mine.

SECOND VASSAL. Still I say 'twas not chance; it

might be witchcraft.

FIRST VASSAL. Faith, not unlikely, neighbors; for

these foresters

Do often haunt about this ruin'd castle. [ere.-

I've seen myself this spark,—young Leonard On

Come stealing like a ghost ere break of day,

And after sunset, too, along this path;

And well you know the Haunted towers of Do

vorgoil

have a good reputation in the land.
Then close your ranks, comrades, the bands that combine them,
Faith, friendship, and brotherhood, join'd to entwine them;
And we'll laugh at the threats of each insolent stranger,
While our comrades in sport are our comrades in danger.

BLACK. Well, I must do mine errand. Master flagon

[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 except several. MELCHISEDÉK GULLCRAMMER 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 wetted thumb, and dusts his shoes, all with the air of one who would not willingly be observed engaged in these offices. He then adjusts his collar and band, comes forward and speaks.

GULL. Right comely is thy garb, Melchisedék; As well beseemeth one, whom good Saint Mungo,
The patron of our land and university,
Hath graced with license both to teach and preach—
Who dare opine thou hither plod'st on foot? Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,
And not a speck upon thine outward man,
Bewray 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 her proud sire return. He loves me not,
Mocketh my lineage, flouts at mine advance ment—
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 in terposes himself between him and the Castle. GULLCRAMMER stops and speaks.
Whom have we here?—that ancient fortune-teller
Papist and sorcerer, and studey beggar,
Old Bauldie Durward! Would I were well past
him!

[Durward advances, partly in the dress of a
palmier, partly in that of an old Scottish
mendicant, having coarse blue cloak and
badge, white beard, &c.

Dur. The blessing of the evening on your
worship,
And on your taff’y doublet. Much I marvel
Your wisdom chooseth such trim garb,¹ when tem-
pests
Are gathering to the bursting.
Gullcrramer (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 hallstones, clubs for thunderbolts;
And for the withering of the midnight wind,
The unpitied howling of a cudgell’d coxcomb.
Come, come, I know thou seek’st fair Flora Devor-
goil.

Gul. And if I did, I do the damsels grace.
Her mother thinks so, and she has accepted
At these poor hands gifts of some consequence,
And curious dainties for the evening cheer,
To which I am invited—She respects me.

Dur. But not so doth her father, haughty Os-
wald.
Bethink thee, he’s a baron—

Gul. And a bare one;
Construe me that, old man!—The crofts of Muc-
klewhame—
Destined for mine so soon as heaven and earth
Have shared my uncle’s soul and bones between them—
The crofts of Mucklewhame, old man, which nour-
ish
Three scores of sheep, three cows, with each her
follower,
A female palfrey eke—I will be candid,
She is of that meek tribe whom, in derision,
Our wealthy southern 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 rugged castle and its owner.
Well, therefore, may Melchisedek Gullcrramer,
Younger of Mucklewhame, for such I write me,

Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint Andrew,
Preacher, in brief expectance of a kirk,
Endow’d with ten score Scottish pounds per au-
num,
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’d Devorgoil.

Dur. Credit an old man’s word, kind Master
Gullcrramer,
You will not find it so.—Come, sir, I’ve known
The hospitality of Mucklewhame;
It reach’d not to profuseness—yet, in gratitude
For the pure water of its living well,
And for the barley leaves 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 gilt and ostrich plumage.

Dur. Ay! ’twas the jest at which fools laugh
the loudest,
The downfall of our old nobility—
Which may forerun the ruin of a kingdom.
I ’ve seen an idiot clap his hands, and shout
To see a tower like yon (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 fabric 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 weighnshaw in high displeasure,
And lither comes—his wonted bitter temper
Scarce sweeten’d by the chances of the day.
"Twere much like rashness should you wait his
And thither tends my counsel. [coming,
Gul. And I'll take it;]
30od 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;
Oswald, besides the old two-handed sword,
3ears in his hand a staff of potency,
To charm intruders from his castle purlicus.
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.

Mement Durward.

Dur. Thus do I play the idle part of one
Who seeks to save the moth from scorching him
In the bright taper's flame—And Flora's beauty
Must, not unlike that taper, waste away,
Gilding the rugged walls that saw it kindled.
This was a shard-born beetle, heavy, drossy,
Though boasting his dull drone and gilded 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 Tozer, and whistles a note or two at intervals—drawing back, as if fearful of observation—but waiting, as if expecting some reply.

Durward, whom he had not observed, moves round, so as to front Leonard unexpectedly.

Leon. I am too late—it was no easy task
To rid myself from yonder noisy revellers.
Flora!—I fear she's angry—Flora—Flora!

SONG.

Admire not that I gain'd the prize
From all the village crew;
How could I fail with hand or eyes,
When heart and faith were true?

And when in floods of rosy wine
My comrades drownd'd their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was mine,
My own leapt light as theirs.

3 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 recent interpolation.

4 The MS. here adds—:

"Leonard. But mine is not misplaced—If I sought beauty,
Resides it nor with Flora Devorgoil?
If pity, if sweetness, if discretion,
Patience beneath ill-suited tasks of labor,
And filial tenderness, that can beguile
Her most holy sire's lurk 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!


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 bugle's.

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 lovest; and in that little word
There lies enough to claim the sympathy
Of men who wear such hoary locks as mine,
And know what misplaced love is sure to end in. 4

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 nurture I can boast.

Dur. Then for thy life preserved,

Illmes the cloud of night—if I seek these,
Are they not all with Flora? Number me
The list of female virtues one by one,
And I will answer all with Flora Devorgoil.

"Dur. This is the wonted pitch of youthful passion;
And every woman who hath had a lover,
However now deem'd crabbed, cross, and canker'd,
And crooked both in temper and in shape,
Has in her day been thought the purest, wisest,
Gentlest, and best condition'd—and o'er all
Fairest and liveliest of Eve's numerous daughters.

"Leonard. Good father, thou art old;" &c.
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Leon. Such is the dottage
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 massacres her sisters have done,
Since first the Pictish race their stained limbs
Array’d in wolf’s skin.

Dura. Leonard, ere ye this beggar’s scrip and cloak
Supplied the place of mitre and of croisier;¹
Which in these alter’d lands must not be worn,
I was superior of a brotherhood
Of holy men,—the Prior of Lanercost.

Nobles then sought my footstool many a league,
There to unload their sins—questions of conscience
Of deepest import were not deem’d too nice
For my decision, youth.—But not even then,
With mitre on my brow, and all the voice
Which Rome gives to a father of her church,
Dared I pronounce so boldly on the ways
Of hidden Providence, as thou, young man,
Whose chiefest knowledge is to track a stag,
Or wind a bugle, hast presumed to do.

Leon. Nay, I pray forgive me,
Father; thou know’st I meant not to presume—
Dura. Can I refuse thee pardon?—Thou art all
That war and change have left to the poor Durward.

Thy father, too, who lost his life and fortune
Defending Lanercost, when its fair aisles
Were spoil’d by sacrilege—I bless’d his banner,
And yet it prosper’d not. But—all I could—
Thee 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. An
apartment is discovered, in which there is much
appearance of present poverty, mixed with some
relics of former grandeur. On the wall hangs,
amongst other things, a suit of ancient armor;
by the table is a covered basket; behind, and con-
cealed by it, the carcase of a roe-deer. There is
a small latticed window, which, appearing to per-
forate a wall of great thickness, is supposed to

¹ MS.—“House of Ehrenwald.”
² MS.—“spectres of the murder’d on t’ves.”
³ MS.—“their painted limbs.”
look out towards the drawbridge. It is in the shape of a loop-hole for musketry; and, as is not unusual in old buildings, is placed so high up in the wall, that it is only approached by five or six narrow stone steps.

Eleanor, the wife of Oswald of Devorgoil, 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. 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—thou scor’st not at him?
’Twere something short of wisdom in a maiden,
Who, like the poor bat in the Grecian fable,
Hovers betwixt two classes in the world,
And is 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. 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 cloddish 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 damsels?
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. E’en 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 competence,
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?
Nay, in the name of truth, say mill-pond, horse-
pond;
Or if there be a pond more miry,
More sluggish, mean-derived, and base than either,
Be such Gullrammer's emblem—and his portion!
FIO. 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 churl as Gullrammer.
ELE. You are trim maidens both!
(To Flora.) Have you forgotten,
Or did you mean to call to my remembrance
Thy father chose a wife of peasant blood?
FIO. Will you speak thus to me, or think the stream
Can mock the fountain it derives its source from?
My venerable 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 listened to his rash affection.
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
Say I, apart, the peasant maiden then,
Who might have chose a mate from her own hamlet.
ELE. Friends fell off,
And to his own resources, his own counsels,
Abandon'd, as they said, the thoughtless prodigal,
Who had exchanged rank, riches, pomp, and honor,
For the mean beauties of a cottage maid.
FIO. It was done like my father,
Who scorn'd to sell what wealth can never buy—
True love and free affections. And he loves you!
If you have suffer'd in a weary world,
Your sorrows have been jointly borne, and love
Has made the load sit lighter.
ELE. Ay, but a misplaced match hath that deep curse in't,
That can embitter e'en the purest streams
Of true affection. Thou hast seen me seek,
With the strict caution early habits taught me,
To match our wants and means—last seen thy father,
With aristocracy's high brow of scorn,
Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue,
As best befitting her whose viles were peasants;
Nor can I, when I see my lineage scorn'd,
Always conceal in what contempt I hold
The fancied claims of rank he clings to fondly.
FIO. 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 spit'd feel ings
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 twinkle in the socket.
FIO. 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 fan tasy!
[Aside.
ELE. That is an easier task in youth than age;
Our temper hardens, and our charms decay,
And both are needed in that art of soothing.
KAT. And there speaks sad experience. [Aside.
ELE. Besides, since that our state was utter desperate,
Darkier his brow, more dangerous grow his words,
Fain would I snatch thee from the woe and wrath
Which darken'd long my life, and soon must end it.
[A knocking without; Eleanor shows alarm.
It was thy father's knock, haste to the gate.
[Execut Flora and Kateleen.
What can have happ'd!—he thought to stay the night.
This gear must not be seen.
[As she is about to remove the basket, she sees the body of the roe-deer.
What have we here! a roe-deer!—as I fear it,
This was the gift of which poor Flora thought.
The young and handsome hunter;—but time presses.
[She removes the basket and the roe into a closet. As she has done—

Enter Oswald of Devorgoil, Flora, and Kateleen.
[He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which should seem worn and old—a headpiece, and old-fashioined sword—the rest of 's 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,
Kathleen's, and mine united, could not raise it.
Osw. Flora and thou! A goodly garrison to hold a castle, which, if fame say true,
Once hold 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 Devoigol.
Kat. (aside to Flo.) 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
Discovers he is here! Why went he not Before?
Kat. Because I staid him on some little business; I had a plan to scare poor pauper Gullammer Out of his pauper 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 cease my name from honor's lists, And drag my scutecheon 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-coin'd viscount, whose good grand-sire,
The Lord be with him, was a careful skipper, And steer'd his pauper skiff 'twixt Leith and Campvere—
Marry, sir, he could buy Geneva cheap, And knew the coast by moonlight.
Flo. Mean you the Viscount Ellonlade, my father?
What strife has been between you?
Osw. O, a trifle!
Not worth a wise man's thinking twice about—
Precedence is a toy—a superstition About a table's end, joint-stool, and trencher. Something was once thought due to long descent, And something to Galwegia's oldest baron,— But let that pass—a dream of the old time.
Ele. It is indeed a dream.

1 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 layney-woolesey 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 headlong front—one in the paths 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, Ho sate at the board-head.
Osw. Thou'lt drive me frantic!—I will tell thee, woman—
Yet why to thee? There is another chair Which that tale better suits, and he shall hear it.
[Looks at his sword, which he has unfastened 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!

2 MS.———"tins'il'd spangle."

3 MS.———"One shall seek these emblems."
Osw. Peace, both!—we speak no more of this. I go.

To heave 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 strife betwixt 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 proudest,
Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure;
Each their various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
Make me abject, mean, and poor;
Heap on insults without measure,
Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endow'd with constancy.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Chamber in a distant part of the Castle. A large Window in the 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.  

Kat. This was the destined scene of action,
Blackthorn,
And here our properties. But all in vain,
For of Gullcrammer we'll see nought to-night,
Except the dainties that I told you of.

Bla. O, if he's left that same hog's face and sausages,
He will try back upon them, never fear it.
The cur will open on the trail of bacon,
Like my old brach-hound.

Kat. And should that hap, we'll play our comedy—

Shall we not, Blackthorn? Thou shalt be Owlspiegle——

Bla. And who may that hard-named person be?

Kat. I've told you nine times over.

Bla. Yes, pretty Katleen, but my eyes were busy
In looking at you all the time you were talking;
And so I lost the tale.

Kat. Then shut your eyes, and let your goodly ears
Do their good office.

Bla. That were too hard penance.
Tell but thy tale once more, and I will hearken
As if I were thrown out, and listening for
My bloodhound's distant bay.

Kat. A civil simile!

Then, for the tenth time, and the last—be told,
Owlspiegle was of old the wicked barber
To Erick, wicked Lord of Devorgoil.

Bla. The chief who drown'd his captives in the Solway—
We all have heard of him.

Kat. A hermit hoar, 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 barber,
This same Owlspiegle, violate its honors
With sacrilegious razor, and clip his hair
After the fashion of a roguish fool.

Bla. This was reversing of our ancient proverb
And shaving for the devil's, not for God's sake.

Kat. True, most grave Blackthorn; and in punish
ment

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 cham
ber,
Where the profanity was acted, trimming
And clipping all such guests as sleep within it.

1 The MS. throughout the First Act reads Buckthorn.
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 Owlsplegie,
And trim the wise Melchisedek!—I wondert.

KAT. You will not!

BLA. No—unless you bear a part.

KAT. What! can you not alone play such a
farce

BLA. Not I—I'm dull. Besides, we foresters
'll hunt our game in couples. Look you, Kat-
leen;
We danced at Shrovetide—then you were my part-
er;
We sung at Christmas—you kept time with me;
And if we go a mumming in this business,
By heaven, you must be o'er, or Master Gullcr-
ram
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——

[Given a 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 tall 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—Owlsplegie?

KAT. (takes dresses out of the cabinet.) Why,
there are 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
Cockledemoy, who waits on ghostly Owlsplegie.
And yet 'tis needless, too, for Gullcrammer
Will scarce be here tonight.

BLA. I tell you that he will—I will uphold
His pighted faith and true allegiance
Unto a sous'd sow'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 cudgell'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 bear you gal-
antly;
This Gullcrammer hath vex'd my cousin much,
I fain would have some vengeance.

BLA. I'll bear my part with glee;— he spoke
irreverently
Of practice at a mark!

KAT. That cries for vengeance.
But I must go; I hear my aunt's shrill voice!
My cousin and her father will scream next.

ELE. (at a distance.) Katleen! Katleen!

BLA. Hark to Old Sweetlips! Away with you before the full cry open—
But stay, what have you there?

KAT. (with a bundle she has taken from the ward-
robe.) My dress, my page's dress—let it
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.
Kat. Out, you great ass! was ever such a fool!

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 out a score of yards at once;
If this same gear fadge right, I'll cote and mouth her,
And then! whoop! dead! dead! dead!—She is the metal
To make a woodsman's wife of!—

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 re-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 liveliness to the Scene.

Ele. Is all prepared?
Flo. Ay; but I doubt the issue
Will give my sire less pleasure than you hope for.
Ele. Tush, maid—I know thy 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 woes 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 to furnish her 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 watched 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 Flora,
'Tis the philosophy of desperate want
To match itself but with the present evil,
And face one grief at once.

Away, I wish thine aid and not thy counsel.

[As Flora is about to go off, Gullcrumm's voice is heard behind the flat scene, as if from the drawbridge.

Gul. (behind.) Hillo—hillo—hilloa—hon—hon! [Oswald raises himself and listens; Eleanor goes up the steps, and opens the window at the loop-hole; Gullcrumm'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 Gullcrumm!

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 e'er acceptable
Osw. What bawling knave is this that takes our dwelling
For some hedge-im, the haunt of lated drunkards?
Ele. What shall I say?—Go, Katleen, speak to him.
Kat. (aside.) The game is in my hands—I will say something
Will fret the Baron’s pride—and then he enters.
(She speaks from the window.) Good sir, be patient! We are poor folks—it is but six Scotch miles
To the next borough town, where your Reverence May be accommodated to your wants;
We are poor folks, an’t please your Reverence, And keep a narrow household—there’s no track
To lead your steps astray—[lady, Osw. 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. Internment, funeral-sermon, tombstone, epitaph.
Osw. Who’s he that is thus clamorous without?
(To Ele.) Thou know’st him?
Ele. (confused.) I know him!—no—yes—‘tis a worthy clergyman,
Benighted on his way;—but think not of him.
Kat. The morn will rise when that the tempest’s past,
And if he miss the morn, and can avoid
The crags upon the left, the road is plain.
Osw. Then this is all your piety!—to leave One whom the holy duties of his office
Have summon’d over moor and wilderness,
To pray beside some dying wretch’s bed,
Who (erring mortal) still would cleave to life,
Or wake some stubborn sinner to repentance,—
To leave him, after offices 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 wanderer—Have we food? He shall partake it—Have we none? the fast
Shall be accounted with the good man’s merits
And our misfortunes—
(He goes to the loop-hole while he speaks, and places himself there in room of his Wife, who comes down with reluctance.
Gul. (without.) Hillo—ho!—ho!
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 couch Where he deserves it, in the deepest marsh!
Kat. I would not give this sport for all the rent Of Devorgoil, when Devorgoil was richest!
(To Ele.) But now you chided me, my dearest aunt,
For wishing him a horse-pond for his portion?
Ele. Yes, saucy girl; but, an it please you, then He was not fretting me; if he had sense enough, And skill to bear him as some casual stranger,— But he is dull as earth, and every hint
Is lost on him, as hail-shot on the cormorant, 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 announces 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 visitants.—
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 hand is ruffled,
But yet’twas fresh this morning. This fell shower Hath somewhat smirch’d my cloak, but you may note
It rates five marks per yard; my doublet Hath fairly ‘scape’d—’tis three-piled taffeta.
(Opens his cloak, and displays his doublet.
Osw. Tis the time’s plague, when those that should weed follies
Out of the common field, have their own minds

1 MS.—"And headlong dizzy precipice."
2 MS.—"shall give, as ever,
3 MS.—"Where it is fittest,"
&c.
O'errun with foppery—Envoy's 'twixt heaven and earth,
Example should with precept join, to show us
How we may scorn the world with all its vanities.

**Q.** Nay, the high heavens foretell that I were vain!
When our learn'd Principal such sounding laud
Gave to mine Essay on the hidden qualities
Of the sulphuric mineral, I disdain'd
All self-exaltment. And (turning to the women)
when at the dance,
The lovely Saccharissa Kirkencroft,
Daughter to Kirkencroft of Kirkencroft,
Graced me with her soft hand, credit me, ladies,
That still I felt myself a mortal man,
Though beauty smiled on me.

**Osw.** 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-
fession,
As the best grain will have its piles of chaff,
A certain whiffler 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 drubbing.

**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 all 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.
E'en 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 repose?

**Ele.** Alas! too well you know our needful fare
Is of the narrowest now, and knows no surplus.

**Osw.** Shame us not with thy niggard housekeeping;
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
ainties:
Plain food and plenty is my motto still.

Your mountain air is bleak, and brings an appetite;
A soused sow's face, now, to my modest thinking,
Has ne'er a follow. What think these fair ladies
Of a sow's face and sausages?

**Flo.** Plague on the vulgar hind, and on his cour-
tesies,
The whole truth will come out!

**Osw.** What should they think, but that you're
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!

**Kat.** He'll draw the beating down—Were that
the worst,
Heaven's will be done!

**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.

**Gul.** 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,
Sancted with his lack of feeling, sense, and courtesy,
Savor like injuries.

[A 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 wandering on the wolds,
The sow's face boasts no substance, nor the sausages,
To stand our reinforced attack! I judge, too,
By this starved Baron's language, there's no hope
Of a reserve of victuals.

**Flo.** Go to the casement, cousin.

**Kat.** Go yourself,
And bid the gallant who that bugle winded
Sleep in the storm-swept waste; as meet for him
As for Lance Blackthorn.—Come, I'll not distress
you.
I'll get admittance for this second suiter,  
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,  
'Tis 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 wedd'd 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 sausages—

Re-enter Oswald with Leonard, supporting Bauldie Durward. Oswald takes a view of them, as formerly of Guilehammer, then speaks.

Osw. (to Leo.) By thy green cassock, hunting-spear and bugle,  
I guess thou art a huntsman!

Leo. (loving with respect.) A ranger of the neighboring royal forest,  
Under the good Lord Nithsdale; huntsman, therefore,  
In time of peace, and when the land has war,  
To my best powers a soldier.

Osw. Welcome, as either. I have loved the chase,  
And was a soldier once.—This aged man,  
What may he be?

Dur. (recovering his breath.) Is but a beggar, sir,  
an humble mendicant,  
Who feels 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 cloutéd pouches,  
To make us comrades too; then welcome both,  
And to a beggar's feast. I fear brown bread,  
And water from the spring, will be the best on't;  
For we had cast to wend abroad this evening,  
And left our larder empty.

Gul. Yet, if some kindly fairy,  
In our behalf, would search its hid recesses,—  
(Apart.) We'll not go supperless now—we're three to one.—

Still do I say, that a soused face and sausages—

Osw. (looks sternly at him, then at his wife.)  
There's something under this, but that the present
Is not a time to question. (To Ele.) Wife, my blood  
Is at such height of tide, that a turn'd feather  
Would make me frantic now, with mirth or fury!  
Tempt me no more—but if thou hast the things  
This carrion crow so creaks for, bring them forth;  
For, by my father's beard, if I stand caterer,  
'Twill be a fearful banquet!

Ele. Your pleasure be obey'd—Come, aid me Flora.

[Exeunt  
(During the following speeches the Women place dishes on the table.)

Osw. (to Dur.) How did you lose your path?  
Dur. 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'-Wisp,  
Else would I say, that some malicious demon  
Guided us in a round; for to the mout,  
Which we had pass'd two hours since, were we led,  
And there the gleam flicker'd and disappear'd,  
Even on your drawbridge. I was so worn down,  
So broke with laboring through marsh and moor,  
That, wold I hold, here my young conductor  
Would needles implore for entrance; 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 trade or sudden circumstance  
Oblige to seek a shelter, should avoid  
The house of Devorgoll?

Dur. Sir, I am English born—  
Native of Cumberland. Enough is said  
Why I should shun those bowers, whose lords were hostile  
To English blood, and unto Cumberland  
Most hostile and most fatal.

Osw. Ay, father. Once my grandsire plough'd, and harrow'd,  
And sow'd with salt the streets of your fair towns,  
But what of that!—you have the 'vantage now.  
Dur. True, Lord of Devorgoll, 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 fit a Cumbriam beggar  
Should sit an equal guest in his proud halls,
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 coppe
coigne,
Despised amongst the gentry, still finds value
And currency with beggars.

Osw. Be it so.

I will not trench on the immunity
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 an 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 spectre
Of Poverty, that sits upon the threshold
Of these our ruin’d walls. I’ve been unwise,
Leonard, to let you speak so oft with me;
And you a fool to say what you have said.
Fen 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 together
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
baneful;
But mine had wholesome bitter in’t.

Kat. Ay, ay; but like the sky apothecary,
You’ll be the last to take the bitter drug
That you prescribe to others.

[They whisper. Eleanor advances to in
terrupt them, followed by Gullcrammer,

MS.—"Both smack of better days." &c.

MS.—"Mingled with peaceful men, broken in fortunes"
Ele. What, maid, no household cares? Leave to your elders.
The task of filling passing strangers' ears
With the due notes of welcome.

Gul. Be it thine,
O, Mistress Flora, the more useful talent
Of filling strangers' stomachs with substantialis;
That is to say—for learn'd commentators
Do so expound substantialis in some places,—
With a sous'd bacon-face and sausages.

Flo. (apart.) Would thou wert sous'd, intolerable pedant,
Base, greedy, perverse, interrupting coxcomb!
Kat. Hush, coz, for we'll be well avenged on him,
And ere this night goes o'er, else woman's wit
Cannot 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 brandishes his sword
To back his suit, and is a sturdy beggar—
The courtier begs a riband or a star,
And, like our gentler mummers, is provided
With false certificates of health and fortune
Lost in the public service. For your lover,
Who begs a sigh, a smile, 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!"

[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?

[To Durward.

Dur. Is a dumb beggar,
And lets his actions speak like signs for him,
Challenging double guerdon.—Now, I'll show
How your true beggar has the fair advantage
O'er all the tribes of coak'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, canted for them:
Whereas your charitable halfpenny,
Which is the scope of a true beggar's suit,
Is worth two farthings, and, in times of plenty,
Will buy a crust of bread.

1 MS.—" Whereas your genuine copper halfpenny."

Flo. (interrupting him, and addressing her father.) Sir, let me be a beggar with the time,
And pray you come to supper.

Ele. (to Oswald, apart.) Must he sit with us?
[Looking at Durward

Osw. Ay, ay, what else—since we are beggars all?
When cloaks are ragged, sure their worth is equal
Whether at first they were of silk or woollen.
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 hog's,
Or prettier provender than these sausages,
(By what good friend sent hither, shall be nameless,

[Smiling significantly at Eleanor and Flora

Osw. (places Durward above Gullcrammer)
No prince need wish to peek at. Long, I ween,
Since that the nostrils of this house (by metaphor
I mean the chimneys) smell'd a steam so grateful—
By your good leave I cannot dally longer.

[Helps himself

Osw. (having tasted the dish next him.) Why, this is venison, Eleanor!

Gul. Eh! What! Let's see—

[Pushes across Oswald and helps himself.
It may be venison—
I'm sure 'tis not beef, veal, mutton, lamb, or pork
Eke 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.
Osw. Eleanor, whence all this?—

Ele. Wait till to-morrow,
You shall know all. It was a happy chance,
That furnish'd us to meet so many guests.

Katleen, The Methinks This Smiles
But rations
[In Which in 2 "Ele.
Kat. (apart.) My aunt adheres to the good cautious maxim
Of—"Eat your pudding, friend, and hold your tongue."

Osw. (tastes the wine.) It is the grape of Bordeaux.
Such dainties, once familiar to my board,
Have been estranged from't long.

[He again fills his glass, and continues to speak as he holds it up.

Kat. Now 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.

Kat. Not now, my lord—I mean to sing to-night
For this same moderate, grave, and reverend clergyman;
I'll keep my voice till then.

Ele. Your round refusal shows but cottage breeding.

1 Wooden trenchers should be used, and the quaish, a Scottish drinking-cup.

2 "Dundee, enraged at his enemies, and still more at his friends, resolved to retire to the Highlands, and to make preparations for civil war, but with secrecy; for he had been ordered by James to make no public insurrection until assistance should be sent him from Ireland."

"Whilst Dundee was in this temper, information was brought him, whether true or false is uncertain, that some of the Covenanters had associated themselves to assassinate him, in revenge for his former severities against their party. He flew to the Convention and demanded justice. The Duke of Hamilton, who wished to get rid of a troublesome adversary, treated his complaint with neglect; and in order to sting him in the tenderest part, reflected upon that courage which could be alarmed by imaginary dangers. Dundee left the house in a rage, mounted his horse, and with a troop of fifty horsemen who had deserted to him from his regiment in England, galloped 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 Montrose shall direct me.' In passing under the walls of the Castle, he stopped, scrambled up the precipice at a place difficult and dangerous, 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 vigo of his own spirit into the Duke, he pressed him to retire with him into the Highlands, raise his vassals there, who were numerous, brave, and faithful, and leave the command of the Castle to Winram, the lieutenant-governor, an officer whom Dundee could rely. The Duke concealed his timidity under the excuse of a soldier, 'A soldier,' said he, 'cannot in honor or quit the post that is assigned him.' The novelty of the sight drew numbers to the foot of the rock upon which the conference was held. These numbers every minute increased, and, in the end, were mistaken for Dundee's adherents. The Cons
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 Dun-
dee!”

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are be-
St.
But the Provost, douce 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,
Ilk carline was flying and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they look’d couthie and
eel,
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: 1
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 cowls 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 marrows 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-
St.
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.

“Thence’s brass on the target of baren’d bull-
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,

\textit{vention was then setting: news were carried thither that Dun-
dee was at the gates with an army, and had prevailed upon
the governor of the Castle to fire upon the town. The Duke
of Hamilton, whose intelligence was better, had the presence of
mind, by improving the moment of agitation, to overwhelm
the one party and provoke the other, by their fears. He or-
dered the doors of the house to be shut, and the keys to
be laid on the table before him. He cried out, ‘That there was
danger within as well as without doors; that traitors must be
held in confinement until the present danger was over: but
that the friends of liberty had nothing to fear, for that thou-
mands were ready to start up in their defence, at the stamp of
his foot.’ He ordered the drums to be beat and the trumpets
to sound through the city. In an instant vast swarms of those
who had been brought into town by him and Sir John Dal-
rymple from the western counties, and who had been hitherto
hid in garrets and cellars, showed themselves in the streets; not,
indeed, in the proper habiliments of war, but in arms, and with
looks fierce and sullen, as if they felt disdain at their former
concealment. 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
caught contagion from the anxious looks of each other. After
some hours, the doors were thrown open, and the Whig mem-
bers, 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 quitted the Convention, and
retired to the country; most of them changed sides; only a
very few of the most resolute continued their attendance.”—

\footnote{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. Kateleen, 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 duet it.
Osw. Well, huntsman, we must give to freakish maiden
The freedom of her fancy.—Raise the carol,
And Flora, if she can, will join the measure.

SONG.
When friends are met o'er merry cheer,
And lovely eyes are laughing near,
And in the gablet's bosom clear
The cares of day are drown'd;
When puns are made, and bumpers 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 glees 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 not 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 Gullcrummer, who tumbles over backwards and lies still.]

Osw. That sounded like the judgment-peal—the Still trembles with the volley.

Dum. 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.
[Attempts to read the manuscript, shakes his head, and gives it to Oswald.
But not to eyes unlearn'd it tells its tidings.
Osw. Hawks, hounds, and revelling consumed the hours
I should have given to study.
[Looks at the manuscript.
These characters I spell not more than thou.
They are not of our day, and, as I think,
Not of our language.—Where's our scholar now,
So forward at the banquet? Is he laggard
Upon a point of learning?
Leo. Here is the man of letter'd dignity
E'en in a pitious case.
[Drags Gullcrummer 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. Eli—ah!—oh—he!—Have you no better time
To tax a man with riddles, than the moment
When he scarce knows whether he's dead or liv'ing?
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 pool of high-dried Scottish snuff,
And half a peck of onions, with a bushel Of curious oatmeal,—our learned Principal
Did say, "Melchisedek, thou canst do anything!"
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 Gullcrummer, beware my husband,
He brooks no contradiction—'tis his fault,
And in his wrath he's dangerous.

GUL. (looks at the scroll, and mutters as if reading.)

A simple matter this to make a rout of—
Ten rashersen bacon, mish-mash venison,
Sausagian soused-face—'Tis a simple catalogue
Of our small supper—made by the grave sage
Whose prescience 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—
E'en let us to our provender again,
For it is written we shall finish it,
And bless our stars the lightning left it us.

Osw. This must be impudence or ignorance!—
The spirit of rough Erick stirs within me,
And I will knock thy brains out if thou palterest!
Expound the scroll to me!

GUL. You're over hasty;
And yet you may be right too—'Tis Samaritan,
Now I look closer on't, and I did take it
For simple Hebrew.

DUR. 'Tis Hebrew to a simpleton,
That we see plainly, friend—Give me the scroll.

GUL. Alas, good friend! what would you do
—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 Flo.) 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!

Flo. Mock not, I pray you; this may be too serious.

Kat. And if I live till morning, I will have
The power to tell a better tale of wonder.
Wrought on wise Gullcrammer. I'll go prepare me.

Exit.

Flo. I have not Kathleen's spirit, yet I hate

---

This Gullcrammer too heartily, to stop
Any disgrace that's hastening towards him.

Osw. (to whom the beggar has been again reading the scroll.)

'Tis a strange prophecy!—The silver moon,
Now waning sorely, is our ancient bearing—
Strange and unfitting guests—

GUL. (interrupting him.) Ay, ay, the matter
Is, as you say, all moonshine in the water.

Osw. How mean you, sir? (threatening.)

GUL. To show that I can rhyme
With yonder bluegown. Give me breath and time,
I will maintain, in spite of his pretense,
Mine exposition had the better sense—
It spoke good victuals 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,

[Take up the platter of meat, and a flask.

Osw. Flo, show him his chamber—take him hence,
Or, by the name I bear, I'll see his brains.

GUL. Ladies, good night!—I spare you, sir, the pains.

[Exit, lighted by Flora with a lamp.

Osw. The owl is fled.—I'll not to bed to-night;
There is some change impending o'er this house,
For good or ill. I would some holy man
Were here, to counsel us what we should do!
Yon witless thin-faced gull is but a cassock,
Stuff'd out with chaff and straw.

DUR. (assuming an air of dignity.) I have been wont,

In other days, to point to erring mortals
The rock they should anchor on.

{He holds up a Cross—the rest take a posture of devotion, and the Scene closes.

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ACT III.—SCENE I

A ruinous Anteroom in, the Castle. Enter Kat-

KAT, fantastically dressed to play the Character

Lrene, of Cockledenoy, with the visor in her hand.

KAT. I've scarce had time to glance at my sweet

person,
Yet this much could I see, with half a glance,
My elfish dress becomes me—I'll not mask me
Till I have seen Lance Blackthorn. Lance! I say—

[Calls

Blackthorn, make haste!

Of his high birth and house, must needs believe

him."

---
Enter Blackthorn, half dressed as Owlspiegle.

BLA. Here am I—Blackthorn in the upper half, Much at your service; but my other parts Are goblinized and Owlspiegled. I had much ado To get these trunkams on. I judge Lord Erick Kept no good house, and starved his quondam barber. {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 extraordinary
For my good comrade's sake.—But tell me, Katleen,
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 imposture,
In all these tales of goblinry at Devorgoil?

KAT. My aunt's grave lord thinks otherwise, supposing That his great name so interests the Heavens, That miracles must needs bespeak its fall— I would that I were in a lowly cottage Beneath the Greenwood, on its walls no armor To court the levin-bolt—

BLA. And a kind husband, Katleen, To ward such dangers as must needs come nigh.— My father's cottage stands so low and lone, That you would think it solitude itself; The Greenwood shields it from the northern blast, And, in 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 GULLCRMAMER 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, Katleen, 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 GULLCRMAMER's Sleeping Apartment. 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 afar'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 cubicule, I'm somewhat loth To bid adieu to pleasant company.

FLO. A flattering compliment!—In plain truth, you are frighten'd.

GUL. What! frighten'd?—I—I—am not timorous.

FLO. Perhaps you've heard this is our haunted chamber?

But then it is our best—Your Reverence knows, That in all tales which turn upon a ghost, Your traveller belated has the luck To enjoy the haunted room—it is a rule:— To some it were a hardship, but to you, Who are a scholar, and not timorous—

GUL. I did not say I was not timorous, I said I was not temerarious— I'll to the hall again.

FLO. You'll do your pleasure. But you have somehow moved my father's anger, And you had better meet our playful Owlspiegle— So is our goblin call'd—than face Lord Oswald.

GUL. Owlspiegle!—
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 hebdomadial put on this morning.

FLO. Why, you need fear no goblins. But this Owlspiegle Is of another class;—yet has his frolics; 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?
Flo. Enormities like these 
Were never charged against him.
Gul. And, Mistress Flora, would you smile on me, 
If, prick'd by the fond hope of your approval, 
I should endure this venture?
Flo. I do hope 
I shall have cause to smile.
Gul. Well! in that hope 
I will embrace the achievement for thy sake.
[She is going.]
Yet, stay, stay, stay!—on second thoughts I will not—
I've thought on it, and will the mortal cudgel 
Rather endure than face the ghostly razor! 
Your crab-tree's tough but blunt,—your razor's polisht,
But, as the proverb goes, 'tis cruel sharp.
I'll to thy father, and unto his pleasure 
Submit these destined shoulders.
Flo. But you shall not, 
Believe me, sir, you shall not; he is desperate, 
And better far be trimm'd by ghost or goblin, 
Than by my siren 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 
Owlspiegle, 
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.—Good-night, 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 step 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 man'd. [Sits down and drinks. 
She has a footstep light, and taper ankle. 
[Chuckles.
Aha! that ankle! yet, confound it too, 
But for those charms Melchisedek had been
Snug in his bed at Mucklewhame—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 
Even in my taffeta doublet, shrink my head.

Beneath the clothes—leave the lamp burning there, 
[Sets it on the table.
And trust to fate the issue.
[He lays aside his cloak, and brushes it, 
as from habit, starting at every moment; 
ties a napkin over his head; then 
shrinks beneath the bed-clothes. He 
starts once or twice, and at length seems 
to go to sleep. A bell tolls one. He 
leaps up in his bed.
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 exorcise 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 poul'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. 
Duet without, between Owlspiegle and Cockledemoy.

Owlspiegle.
Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy—

Cockledemoy.
Here, father, here.

Owlspiegle.
Now the pole-star's red and burning, 
And the witch's spindle turning, 
Appear, appear!

Gul. (who has again raised himself, and listened 
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 dried, 
And pat for such occasion. I can think 
On naught but the vernacular.

Owlspiegle.
Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy—
We'll sport us here—
THE DOOM OF DEVOGOL.

COCKLEDEMOY.
Our gambols play,
Like elfe and fay;

OWLSPIEGLE.
And domineer,

BOTH.
Laugh, frolic, and frisk, till the morning appear.

COCKLEDEMOY.
Lift latch—open clasp—
Shoot bolt—and burst haasp!
[The door opens with violence. Enter Blackthorn as Owlspiegle, fantastically dressed as a Spanish Barber, tall, thin, emaciated, and ghostly; Katleen, 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.

GUL. 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 mow. 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 fop, who first bullied and then ran away;
And the strap, from the hide of a lame racer, sold.
By Lord Match, to his friend, for some hundreds in gold.

BOTH.
For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

COCKLEDEMOY (placing the napkin.)
And this cambric napkin, so white and so fair,
At an usurer’s funeral I stole from the heir
[дрес 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 dedicatory 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 morrow.

BOTH.

For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Halloo, halloo,
The blackcock crew,
Thrice shrick'd hath the owl, thrice croak'd hath the raven,
Here, ho! Master Gullcrammer, rise and be shaven!

Da capo.

GUL (who has been observing them.) I'll pluck a spirit up; they're merry goblins,
And will deal mildly; I will soothe their humor;
Besides, my beard lacks trimming.

[He rises from his bed, and advances with great symptoms of trepidation, but affecting an air of composure. The Goblins receive him with fantastic ceremony.]

Gentlemen, 'tis your will I should be trimm'd—
E'en do your pleasure.

(They point to a seat—he sits.)

Think, howse'er,
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 visometry,
Rather than they should touch it with a razor.

OWLSPIEGLE shaves GULLCRAMMER, while COCKLEDEMOY 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 I 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 'scapes, and hair-breadth snares,
Hair-brain'd follies, ventures, cares,
Part when father clips your hairs.
If there is a hero frantic,
Or a lover too romantic;
If threescore seeks second spouse,
Or fourteen lists lover's vows,
Bring them here—for a Scotch boddle,
Owlsplegie shall trim their noodle.
[They take the napkin from about Gullcrammer's neck. He makes bows of acknowledgment, which they return fantastically, 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 service?
[They shake their heads.

Or if there is aught else that I can do for you,
Sweet Master Owlsplegie, 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' wishing cap,
For't 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 Gullcrammer, who returns their salutation.

OWLSPIEGLE descends by the trap-door.

COCKLEDEMOY springs out at a window.

SONG (without.)

OWLSPLEIGELE.

Cockle'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—\n\n
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.
OWL SPIEGLE.
Which way didst thou take?

COCKLEDEMOY.
I have fall’n in the lake—
Help, father, for Besilzebub’s sake.

GUL. The imp is drown’d—a strange death for
a devil,—
O, may all boys take warning, and be civil;
Respect their loving sires, endure a chiding,
Nor roam by night on dragonflies a-riding!

COCKLEDEMOY (sings.)
Now merrily, merrily, row I to shore,
My bark is a bean-shell, a straw for an oar.

OWL SPIEGLE (sings.)
My life, my joy,
My Cockledemoy!

GUL. I can bear this no longer—thus children
are spoil’d.
[Strikes into the tune.
Master Oowlspiegle, hoy!
He deserves to be whipp’d little Cockledemoy!
[Their voices are heard, as if dying away.
GUL. They’re gone!—Now, am I scared, or am
I not?
I think the very desperate ecstasy
Of fear has given me courage.¹ This is strange,
now,
When they were here, I was not half so frighten’d
As now they’re gone—they were a sort of com-
pany.
What a strange thing is use!—A horn, a claw,
The tip of a fisc’s ‘ail, 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?

¹ "Cowards, upon necessity, assume
A fearful bravery; thinking by this face
To fasten in man’s minds that they have courage.”
SHAKESPEARE.

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 men say that Oswald’s grandfather,
The black Lord Erick, walks his penance round?
Credit me, Katleen, these half-moulder’d col-
umns
Have in their ruin something very fiendish,
And, if you’ll take an honest friend’s advice,
The sooner that you change their shatter’d splen-
dor
For the snug cottage that I told you of,
Believe me, it will prove the blither dwelling.
KAT. If I e’er see that cottage, honest Black-
thorn,
Believe me, it shall be from other motive
Than fear of Erick’s spectre.

BLA. [A rustling sound is heard.
I heard a rustling sound—
Upon my life, there’s something in the hall,
Katleen, besides us two!
KAT. A yeoman thou,
A forester, and frighten’d! I am sorry
I gave the fool’s-cap to poor Gullcrammer,
And let thy head go bare.
[The same rushing sound is repeated.
BLA. Why, are you mad, or hear you not the
sound?
KAT. And if I do, I take small heed of it.
Will you allow a maiden to be bolder
Than you, with beard on chin and sword at
girdle?
BLA. Nay, if I had my sword, I would not
care;

² I have a notion that this can be managed so as to repre-
sent imperfect, or flitting moonlight, upon the plan of the
Eldorphusikon.
Though I no'er heard of master of defence,
So active at his weapon as to brave
The devil, or a ghost—See! see! see yonder!
[As they advance towards the Figure, it is more plainly distinguished, which might, I think, be contrived by raising successive screens of gauze. The Figure is wrapped in a long robe, like the mantle of a Hermit, or Palmer.]

KAT. There's something moves, that's certain,
And the moonlight
Closed by the flitting gale, is too imperfect
To show its form; but, in the name of God,
I'll venture on it boldly.

BLA. Wilt thou so!
Were I alone, now, I were strongly tempted
To trust my heels for safety; but with thee,
Be it fiend or fairy, I'll take risk to meet it.
KAT. It stands full in our path, and we must pass it,
Or tarry here all night.

BLA. In its vile company!

PAL. Ho! ye who thread by night these wildering 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!

[Runs off.]

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— if for good or evil,
Brief space shall soon determine. In that fate,
If good, by lineage thou canst nothing claim;
If evil, much mayst suffer.—Leave these precincts.

KAT. What'ever thou art, be answer'd—Know,
I will not
Desert the 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 resolve—
If evil come, I aid my friends to bear it;
If good, my part shall be to see them prosper,
A portion in their happiness from which
No fiend can bar me.

PAL. Maid, before thy courage,
Firm 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 courage.
[He drops the key.—He disappears gradually—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 nor dog nor devil. She replies not!
Beast that I was—nay, worse than beast; the stag,
As timorous as he is, fights for his hind.
What's to be done?—I'll search this cursed castle
From dungeon to the battlements; if I find her not,
I'll fling me from the highest pinnacle—

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 woodsman!
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 fright'n'd.

KAT. Thou art a fool to ask me to thy cottage,
And then to show me at what slight expense
Of manhood I might master thee and it.

BLA. I'll take the risk of that—This goblin business
Came rather unexpected; the best horse
Will start at sudden sights. Try me again,
And if I prove not true to bonny Katleen,
Hang me in mine own bowstring.
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— 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 stow'd thy prayer? [To Flora.] Flo. Safe in the goblin-chamber.

Ele. The goblin-chamber! Maiden, wert thou frantic?—if his Reverence Have suffered harm by waspish Owlspiegle, Be sure thou shalt aby it.

Flo. Here he comes, Can answer for himself!

Enter Gullcrammer, in the fashion in which Owlspiegle had put him: having the fool's cap 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 godly spectacle!—Is there such a goblin, (To Osw.) Or has sheer terror made him such a figure?

Osw. There is a sort of waving tradition Of a malicious imp who teased all strangers; My father went to call him Owlspiegle.

Gul. Who talks of Owlspiegle? He is an honest fellow for a devil, So is his son, the hopeful Cockle'moy.

(Sings)

"My hope, my joy, My Cockledemoy!"

Leo. The fool's bewitch'd—the goblin hath furnish'd him A cap which well befits his reverend 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 tickle such petty wares as his poor brains.

Dur. What saw'st thou, sir? What heard'st thou?

Gul. What was't I saw and heard? That which old 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 reposèd 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. Sausagian saw'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 step'd back a pace, as 'twere to study The fee 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 flark'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 coursers' trampling feet.

Voices (without.) We come, dark riders of the night, And flit before the dawning light; Hill and valley, far aloof, Shake to hear our chargers' hoof; But not a foot-stamp on the green At morn shall show where we have been.

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—one single shadowy form alone Is hovering on the drawbridge—far apart Flit through the tempest banners, horse, and riders In darkness lost, or dimly seen by lightning.— Hither the figure moves—the bolts revolve— The gate uncloses to him.

Ele. Heaven protect us!

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
kneel’d to——

Pal. Abbot of Lanercost, I bid thee peace!
Uninterrupted let me do mine errand:
Baron of Devorgoil, son of the bold, the proud,
The warlike and the mighty, wherefore wear’st thou
The habit of a peasant? Tell me, wherefore
Are thy fair halls thus waste—thy chambers bare—
Where are the tapestries, where the conquer’d banners,
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’eer 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 outriv’d the valor
Of those who wore them.

Pal. Degenerate as thou art,
Knowst 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!
Err. Tremble not, son, but hear me!

[He strikes the wall; it opens, and
discovers the Treasure-Chamber.

There lies piled
The wealth I brought from wasted 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,
O’er all, withdraw thine hand from that mean mate,
Whom in an hour of reckless desperation
Thy fortunes cast thee on. This do,
And be as great as ere was Devorgoil,
When Devorgoil was richest!

Dur. Lord Oswald, thou art tempted by a fiend,
Who doth assail thee on th’ 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

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 born in common
Have knitt together, close as summer saplings
Are twined in union by the eddying tempest.—

Spirit of Erick, while thou bear’st his shape,
I’ll answer with no ruder conjugation
Thy impsious counsel, other than with these words,
Depart, and tempt me not!

Err. Then fate will have her course.—Fall, mass-
give grate,

Yield them the tempting view of these rich treas-
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 wealthy wealth,
Ravish’d in evil hour, lies yonder piled;
And not his hand prevails without the key
Of Black Lord Erick; brief space is given
To save proud Devorgoil.—So wills high Heaven.

[Thunder; he disappears.

Dur. Gaze not so wildly; you have stood the trial
That his commission bore, and Heaven designs,
If I may spell his will, to rescue Devorgoil
Even by the Heir of 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 GuIlCrammer.

Guil. A key!—I say a quay is what we want,
Thus by the learn’d orthographizé—Q, u, a, y.
The lake is overflow’d!—a quay, a boat,
Oars, punt, or sculler, is all one to me!—
We shall be drown’d, good people!!!

Enter Katleen and Blackthorn.

Kat. Deliver us
Haste, save yourselves—the lake is rising fast.2

1 MS.—‘And be as rich as ere was Devorgoil,
    When Devorgoil was proudest.’

2 If it could be managed to render the rising of the lake
    visible, it would answer well for a coup-de-théâtre.
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Bla. '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 drowned without your kind assistance. Sweet Master Owlspiegle, your dragonfly—Your straw, your bean-stalk, gentle Cockle'moy! Leo. (looking from the shot-hole.) 'Tis true, by all that's fearful! The proud lake Peers, like ambitious tyrant, o'er his bounds, and soon will whelm the castle—even the drawbridge is under water now.

Kat. Let us escape! Why stand you gazing there!

Dur. Upon the opening of that fatal grate Depend the fearful spell that now entraps us, the key of Black Lord Erick—ore 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 Portcullis rises. A loud strain of wild music.—There may be a chorus here.

[Oswald enters the apartment, and brings out a scroll.

Leo. The lake is ebbing, with as wondrous haste as late it rose—the drawbridge is left dry! Osw. This may explain the cause.—

(Gullcramer 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 ungirdon'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 a bare 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 afeard of ghosts to sleep at nights. In his lone cottage, without one to guard him.—Leo. If I forget my comrade's faithful friendship, may I be lost to fortune, hope, and love!

Dur. 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 Aglionby; nor ever more dishonor soil. The rescued house of Devorgoil !

Shall wed with Dacre's injured heir! The silver moon of Devorgoil ?

1 MS.—'The storms of angry Fate are past—Constancy abides their blast. Of Devorgoil the daughter fair.
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 cheated of the grave.

The loftier, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of our forefathers, while the caitiffs of our day bend to Mammon, the meanest of the spirits who fell. The criminals, therefore, of former times, drew their hellish inspiration from a loftier source than is known to modern villains. The fever of unsated ambition, the phrenzy of ungratified revenge, the pretendent ingenion 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 Cassilis, 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 Wigton and the town of Air,
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man need think for to hide there,
Unless he court Saint Kennedic.
"

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 Cassilis, chief of all the Kennedys. The Earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Gullayne, 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 ruinous 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 Cassilis, 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 Cassilis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the Earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about 250 men on each side. The action which ensued was 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 Cassilis, 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 Duppli, 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 Drumurgie 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 inducible 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 merks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels.1

1 No papers which have hitherto been discovered appear to afford so striking a picture of the savage state of barbarism into which that country must have sunk, as the following Bond by the Earl of Cassilis, to his brother and heir-apparent,
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 Auchindrane 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 Skelmorlie, 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, Auchindrane, instead of flying, like his agents Drumurgie 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 realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing when he learned that the lad had become impatient of the restraint which he sustained in the island of Arran, and 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 Auchindrane, until he found an opportunity to transport him to the Low Countries, where he contrived to have him enlisted in Buccleuch's regiment; trusting, doubtless, that some one of the numerous chances of war might destroy the poor young man whose life was so dangerous to him.

But after five or six years' uncertain safety, bought at the expense of so much violence and cunning, Auchindrane'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 Auchindrane, and was desirous of extorting from his fears some better provision than he had found either in Arran or the Netherlands. But if so, it was a fatal experiment to tamper with the fears of such a man as Auchindrane, who determined to rid himself effectually of this unhappy young man.

Mure now lodged him in a house of his own, called Chapeldonan, tenanted by a vassal and connexion of his called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with 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 auncetness, and the experience acquired under his quondam preceptor, Auchindrane, 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 afterwards 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 Kennedy, etc., bindis and oblisiss us, that howsovne our brother, New Kennedy of Drumton, with his complices, talkis the Laird of Auchindraneis lyf, that we sall mak guid and thankfull pay

ment to him and thame, of the sowme of tuef offendth merkis, yeurile, togidder with corne to sex hospis, ay and quhill we resawe thame in houshald with our selis: Beginning the first payment immediatlie after their comming of the said deid. Attour, howsovne we resawe thame in houshald, we sall pay to the two seving gentlemen the feis, yerile, as our awin houshald serwandis. And heirto we oblies ws, vpoun our honour. Subercywit with our hand, at Maybole, the ferde day of September, 1602.'

"JOHNE ERLF OFF CASSILLIE.'


1 Ayre and until. 2 Receive. 3 Moreover.
him the unfortunate Dalrymple, the object of his fear and dread. The victim seems to have come with Bannatyne without the least suspicion, though such might have been raised by the time and place 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 ridding 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 accessory to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or 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 phenomenon was supposed to be extended to the approach of the innocent kindred; nor do I think that the fact itself, though mentioned by ancient lawyers, was ever admitted to proof in the proceedings against 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 neighbour, 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 Cassils. Should he kill such a one, it would be indeed an unlawful action, but so far from being infamous, would be accounted the natural consequence of the avowed quarrel between the families. With this purpose, Mure, with the assistance of a relative, of whom he seems always to have had some ready to execute his worst purposes, beset Hugh Kennedy of Garriehorne, a follower of the Earl's, against whom they had especial ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Garriehorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Oullayne, 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 availed 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 prisoners to Edinburgh. In consequence of the Earl’s exertions, old Auchindreane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindreane 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 Auchindreane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a formal trial, in which Auchindreane 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 Auchindreane, 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 Auchindreane, 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 Auchindreane 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 Auchindreane, 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 Auchindreane’s accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindreane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man’s life became inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian, save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one. Nay, he had nearly ripened a plan, by which one Pennycuke was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchnull, a connection of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennycuke; and thus close up this train of murders by one which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this 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, dissuaded more than one attempt to take his life, while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennycuke, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, weary of the 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 Auchindreane 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 Auchindreane to honor God by confessing the crime he had committed. Mure the elder, on the other
hand, boldly replied, that he hoped God would not so far forsake him as to permit him to confess a crime of which he was innocent, and exhorted Bannatyne in his turn to confess the practices by which he had been induced to devise such falsehoods against him.

The two Mures, father and son, were therefore put upon their solemn trial, along with Bannatyne, in 1611, and, after a great deal of evidence had been brought in support of Bannatyne’s confession, all three were found guilty.1 The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counsellings and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the King’s pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were 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 impenitent as he had lived;—and so ended this dark and extraordinary tragedy.

The Lord Advocate of the day, Sir Thomas Hamilton, afterwards successively Earl of Melrose and of Haddington, 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 villanies, but rather inclines to the latter opinion. There is, I believe, no printed copy of the intended tract, which seems never to have been published; but the curious will be enabled to judge of it, as it appears in the next *fasciculus* of Mr. Robert Pitcairn’s very interesting publications from the Scottish Criminal Record.2

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 (bailliff) 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 lucky less 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 PERSONÆ.**

**John Mure of Auchindrane, an Ayrshire Baron.**

_He has been a follower of the Regent, Earl of the story of Auchindrane; and where Mr. Pitcairn’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. Pitcairn’s Ancient Criminal Trials had, of course, much gratified the editor, who sent him, on his arrival in Edinburgh, the proofsheets of the Number then in hand, and directed his attention particularly to his details on the extraordinary case of Mure of Auchindrane, a. p. 1011. Scott was so much interested with these documents, that he resolved to found a dramatic sketch on their terrible story; and the result was a composition far superior to any of his previous attempts of that nature. Indeed, 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 lamentable chapter in Lord Nelson’s history)—which may bear comparison with any thing but Shakspere. 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 atrocities of Gills’s Hill and the West Port.”—**Lockhart** in *ix. p. 334**

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1 "Effer pronouncing and declaring of the quibik determination and delverence of the saids persones of Assyne, ‘The Justice, in respect thairof, be the mouth of Alexander Kenynie, dementer of Court, decernet and adjudgethe saids Johnn Mure of Auchindrane elder, James Mure of Auchindrane younger, his eldest sonne and appeirand cír, and James Bannatyne, called of Chapel-Donanle, and ilk ane of thame, to be tame to the merce croce of the burcht of Edinburgh, and their, upon ane scaffold, thair hedis to be strukin frome thair bodysie: And all thair lands, heritages, takis, stelldings, rowmes, possessions, taxenis, coiries, cattell, ischit plenishing, guidis, geir, tyllis, proffitlis, commodities, and richis quhatsamen; directlie or indirectlie pertaining to thame, or any of thame, at the committting of the saids tressonable Marithuris, or seynys; or to the quikils thay, or any of thame, had richt, claim, or action, to be forfeit, escheit, and inbrocht to our souerne lordis vse; as culpable and convict of the saids tressonable crymes.’"

2 "Quibik was prooncet for Dome.”

3 See an article in the Quarterly Review, February, 1831, in Mr. Pitcairn’s valuable collection, where Sir Walter Scott particularly dwells on the original documents connected with
Morton, during the Civil Wars, and hides an oppressive, ferocious, and unscrupulous disposition, under some pretences to strictness of life and doctrine, which, however, never influence his conduct. He is in danger from the law, owing to his having been formerly active in the assassination of the Earl of Cassilis.

Philip Mure, his Son, a wild, debauched Prodigal, professing and practising a contempt for his Father's hypocrisy, while he is as fierce and licentious as Auchindrane himself.

Quentin Blane, a Youth, educated for a Clergyman, but sent by Auchindrane to serve in a Band of Auxiliaries in the Wars of the Netherlands, and lately employed as Clerk or Comptroller to the Regiment—Disbanded, however, and on his return 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.

Hilderbrand, 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 Hilderbrand had served. These are mutinous, and are much disposed to remember former quarrels with their late Officers.

Neil 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. &c.

Marion, Wife of Neil 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-ruined 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 straggling forward with their knapsacks and bundles. Hilderbrand, the Sergeant, belonging to the Party a stout elderly man, stands by the boat, as if supervintending the disembarkation. Quentin remain 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 usquebaugh!

Williams (who wants an arm.) Farewell, the gallant field, and "Forward, p'chmen!"

For the bridge-end, the suburb, and the lane;
And, "Bless your honor, noble gentleman,
Remember a poor soldier!"

Abr. 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!

Abr. And let him hear; he makes a bustle yonder,
And dreams of his authority, forgetting
We are disbanded men, o'er whom 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.

Abr. I scorn them both. I am too stout a Scotsman
To bear a Southron'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 had, Quentin's no longer clerk to it.

Wil. For shame! for shame! What, shall old comrades jar thus,
And on the verge of parting, and for ever!—
Nay, keep thy temper, Abraham, though a bad one.—

Good Master Quentin, let thy song last night
Give us once more our welcome to old Scotland.

Abr. Ay, they sing light whose task is tell thy money,
When dollars clink for chorus.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

QUE. I've done with counting silver, honest Abraham,
As thou, I fear, with pouching thy small share on't.
But lend your voices, lads, and I will sing
As blithely yet as if a town were won;
As if upon a field of battle gain'd,
Our banners waved victorious.

[He sings, and the rest bear chorus.

SONG.

Hither we come,
Once slaves to the drum,
But no longer we list to its rattle.
Adieu to the wars,
With their slashes and scars,
The march, and the storm, and the battle.

There are some of us maim'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 wight-wapping loom,
And your clerk shall teach writing and grammar.

ABR. 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 turn the sheath into a ferula?
QUE. 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, petrohel,
And welcome poverty and peaceful labor.

ABR. Clerk Quentin, if of fighting thou art tired,
By my good word, thou'rt quickly satisfied,
For thou'st seen but little on't.

WIL. Thou dost belide him—I have seen him fight
Bravely enough for one in his condition.
ABR. What, he? that counter-casting, smock-faced boy?
What was he but the colonel's scribbling drudge,
With men of straw to stuff the regiment roll;
With ciplerings unjust to cheat his comrades,
And cloak false musters for our noble captain?

1 MS.—"I've done with counting dollars," &c.

He bid farewell to sword and petrohel!
He should have said, farewell my pen and stan dish.
These, with the rosin used to hide erasures,
Were the best friends he left in camp behind him.
QUE. The sword you scoff at is not far, but near:
The threats of an unmanner'd minstree.

SEN. (interposes.) We'll have no brawling—
Shall it o'er be said,
That being comrades six long years together,
While gulping down the frowsy fogs of Holland,
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 trusty halberd;
For I opine, that every back amongst you
Hath felt the weight of the tough ashen staff,
Endlong or overthrowt. Who is it wishes
A remembrancer now?

[Raises his halberd.

ABR. Comrades, have you ears
To hear the old man bully? Eyes to see
His staff rear'd o'er your heads, as o'er the hounds
The huntsman cracks his whip?

WIL. Well said—stout Abraham has the right
on't.—
I tell thee, sergeant, we do reverence thee,
And pardon the rash humors thou hast caught,
Like wiser men, from thy authority.
'Tis ended, howsoe'er, 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.
Each 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 ser-
geant;

Witness some empty boots and sleeves amongst us,
Which else had still been tenant'd 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 swil'd off the dregs
Of my poor sea-stores, it was, "Noble Sergeant—
Heaven bless old Hildebrand—we'll follow him,
At least, until we safely see him lodged
Within the merry bounds of his own England!

Wil. Ay, truly, sir; but, mark, the ale was mighty,
And the Geneva potent. Such stout liquor
Makes violent protestations. Skink it round,
If you have any left, to the same tune,
And we may find a chorus for it still.

Aber. 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!
Aber. Wilful will have his way. Adieu, stout Hildebrand!

[The Soldiers go off laughing, and taking leave, with mockery, of the Sergeant and Quentin, who remain on the Stage.

Ser. (after a pause.) Fly you not with the rest?
—fail you to follow
You goodly fellowship and fair example!
Come, take your wild-goose flight. I know you Scots,
Like your own sea-fowl, seek your course togeth

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 herd with.

Ser. Thou'rt thankless. Had we landed on the coast,
Where our course bore us, thou wert far from home;
But the fierce wind that drove us round the island,
Barring each port and inlet that we 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,
Awakens 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,
Doom'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—
Flighty, poetic, and imaginative—
To whom a minstrel whim gives idle rapture,
And, when it fades, fantastic misery.

Que. But mine is not fantastic. I can tell thee,
Since I have known thee still my faithful friend,
In part at least the dangerous plight I stand in.

1 MS.—"Quentin. My short tale
Grows mystic now. Among the deadly feuds
Which curse our country, something once it changed

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 stand—my lineage low,
But honest in its poverty. A lord,
The master of the soil for many a mile,
Dreadful and powerful, took a kindly charge
For my advance in letters, and the qualities
Of the poor orphan lad drew some applause.
The knight was proud of me, and, in his halls,
I had such kind of welcome as the great
Give to the 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 couldst read thy grammar or thy psalter.
Thou hadst been valued couldst thou scour a harness,
And dress a steed distinctly.

Que. My old master
Held different doctrine, at least it seem'd so—
But he was mix'd in many a deadly feud—
And here my tale grows mystic. I became,
Unwitting and unwilling, the depositary
Of a dread secret, and the knowledge on't
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 Scotland,
And live or die within a distant land.¹

Ser. Ah! thou hast done a fault in some wild
raid,
As you wild Scotsmen call them.

Que. Comrade, nay;
Mine was a peaceful part, and happ'd by chance
I must not tell you more. Enough, my presence
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.
To hide my ill-omen'd face with owls and ravens,  
And let my patron's safety be the purchase  
Of my severe and desolate captivity.  
So thought I, when dark Arran, with its walls  
Of native rock, enclosed me. There I lurk'd,  
A peaceful stranger amid armed clans,  
Without a friend to love or to defend me,  
Where all beside were link'd by close 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, hath 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.  

Sen. 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.  

Sen. 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-meant kindness injured me.  
My comrades hated, undervalued me,  
And whatsoe'er 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!  

Sen. Hast thou worse fate than others if it were so!  
Worse even than me, thy friend, thine officer,  
Whom you ungrateful slaves have pitch'd adown,  
As wild waves heap the sea-weed on the beach,  
And left him here, as if he had the pest  
Or leprosy, and death were in his company?  

Que. They think at least you have the worst of plagues,  
The worst of leprosies,—they think you poor.  

Sen. 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.  

Sen. Now, by the rood, thou art a simple fool!  
I can do better for thee. Mark me, Quentin.  
I took my license from the noble regiment,  
Partly that I was worn with age and warfare,  
Partly that an estate of yeomanry,  
Of no great purchase, but enough to live on,  
Has call'd me owner since a kinsman's death.  
It lies in merry Yorkshire, where the wealth  
Of fold and furrow, proper to Old England,  
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish pace,  
But dance as light as yours. Now, good friend  
Quentin,  
This copyhold can keep two quiet inmates,  
And I am childless. Wilt thou be my son?  

Que. Nay, you can only jest, my worthy friend!  
What claim have I to be a burden to you?  

Sen. 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 older,—  
So long devotion took the lead of knowledge;  
And since his little flock are shepherdless,  
'Tis thou shalt be promoted in his room;  
And rather than thou wantest 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 compel'st 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 for doom'd of heaven!  

Sen. 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 Montgomery  
Our colonel, hath been kind through 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.

Sez. 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
Scales the blue vault with bolder wing than hers,
And meditates a stoop? The mirth thou'st noted
Was all deception, fraud—Hated enough
For other causes, I did veil my feelings
Beneath the mask of mirth,—laugh'd, sung, and carol'd,
To gain some interest in my comrades' bosoms,
Although mine own was bursting.

Sez. Thou'rt a hypocrite
Of a new order.

Que. But harmless as the innocuous snake,
Which bears the adder's form, lurks in his haunts,
Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor his poison.
Look you, kind Hildebrand, I would seem merry,
Lest other men should, tiring of my sadness,
Expel me from them, as the hunted wether
Is driven from the flock.

Sez. 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?

Sez. 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 clime most dang'rous to me;
And I oley the call, like the hurt deer,
Which seeks instinctively his native lair,
Though his heart tells him it is but to die there.

Sez. 'Tis false, by Heaven, young man! This same despair,
Though showing resignation in its banner,
Is but a kind of covert cowardice.
Wise men have said, that though our stars incline,
They cannot force us—Wisdom is the pilot,
And if he cannot cross, he may evade them.
You lend an ear to idle auguries,
The fruits of our last revels—still most sad
Under the gloom that follows boisterous mirth,
As earth looks blackest after brilliant sunshine.

Que. No, by my honest word. I join'd the revel,
And aid'd it with laugh, and song, and shout,
But my heart revell'd not; and, when the mirth
Was at the loudest, on yon galliot's prow
I stood unmark'd, and gazed upon the land,
My native land—each cape and cliff I knew.
"Behold me now," I said, "your destined victim!"
So greets the sentenced criminal the headsman,
Who slow approaches with his lifted axe.
"Hither I come," I said, "ye kindred hills,
Whose darksome outline in a distant land
Haunted my slumbers; here I stand, thou ocean,
Whose hoarse voice, murmuring in my dreams, re-
quired me;
See me now here, ye winds, whose plaintive wail,
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!"

Sez. Fantastic all! Poor boy, thou art distracted
With the vain terrors of some feudal tyrant,
Whose frown hath been from infancy thy bugbear.
Why seek his presence?

Que. Wherefore does the moth
Fly to the scorching taper? Why the bird,
Dazzled by lights at midnight, seek the net?
Why does the prey, which feels the fascination
Of the snake's glaring eye, drop in his jaws?

Sez. Such wild examples but refute themselves.
Let bird, let moth, let the coiled adder's prey,
Resist the fascination and be safe.
Thou goest not near this Baron—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 loy-al-sip,
You shall henceforth tread English land, and never
Thy presence shall alarm his conscience more.

Que. 'Twere desperate risk for both. I will far rather
Hastily guide thee through this dangerous province
And seek thy school, thy yew-trees, and thy churchyard;—
The last, perchance, will be the first I find.
Ser. I would rather face him,  
Like a bold Englishman that knows his right, 
And will stand by his friend. And yet 'tis folly— 
Fancies like these are not to be resisted;  
'Tis better to escape them. Many a presage, 
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 yonder 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 if it is not varied from its wont, 
Each cot, that sends a curl of smoke to heaven, 
Will yield a stranger quarters for the night, 
Simply because he needs them.  
Ser. But are there none within an easy walk 
Give lodgings here for hire? for I have left 
Some of the Don's piasters (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.  
Ser. Out upon them!— 
Were there a friendly mastiff who would lend me 
Half of his supper, half of his poor kennel, 
I would help Honesty to pick his bones, 
And share his straw, far rather than I'd sup 
On jolly fare with these base varlets!  
Que. We'll manage better; for our Scottish 
dogs, 
Though stout and trusty, are but ill-instructed!  
In hospitable rights.—Here is a maiden, 
A little maid, will tell us of the country, 
And sorely is it changed since I have left it, 
'If we should fail to find a harborage.  

Enter ISABEL MACLELLAN, a girl of about six years 
old, wearing a milk-pail on her head; she stops 
on seeing the SERGEANT and QUENTIN.  
Que. There's something in her look that doth 
remind me— 
But 'tis not wonder I find recollections 
In all that here I look on.—Pretty maid—  
Ser. You're slow, and hesitate. I will 
be spokesman. —  
Good even, my pretty maiden—canst thou tell us,
SCENE II.

Scene changes to the Front of the Old Tower. ISABEL comes forward with her Mother.—MARION speaking as they advance.

MAR. I blame thee not, my child, for bidding wanderers
Come share our food and shelter, if thy father
Were here to welcome them; but, Isabel,
He waits upon his lord at Auchindran,
And comes not home to-night.

ISA. What then, my mother?
The travellers do not ask to see my father;
Food, shelter, rest, is all the poor men want,
And we can give them these without my father.

MAR. Thou canst not understand, nor I explain,
Why a lone female asks not visitors
What time her husband's absent.—(Apart.) My poor child,
And if thou'rt wedded to a jealous husband,
Thou'll know too soon the cause.

ISA. (partly over-hearing 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;
Or, if he does, 'tis when his wife deserves it.—
But to our strangers; they are old men, Isabel,
That seek this shelter? are they not?

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,
Bringing no quality along with him
Which can alarm suspicion.—Well, the other?

ISA. A young man, gentle-voiced and gentle-eyed,
[drawn'd on;]
Who looks and speaks like one the world has
But smiles when you smile, 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!

I hear his accents—It is all too true—
My terrors were prophetic!

I'll compose myself,
And then accost him firmly. Thus it must be.
[She retires hastily into the Tower.

[The voices of the Sergeant and Quentin are heard ascending behind the Scenes.

QUE. One effort more—we stand upon the level.
I've seen thee work thee up glades 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.

SER. Truly thou speak'st. I am the tardier,
That I, in climbing hither, miss the fire, [ing.—
Which wont to tell me there was death in loiter
Here stands, methinks, our hostess.

[He goes forward to address MARION. QUENTIN, struck on seeing her, keeps back.

SER. Kind dame, you little lass hath brought
you strangers,
Willing to be a trouble, not a charge to you.
We are disbanded soldiers, but have means
Able 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 thin'd by many a long campaign.
Ill chances 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.
She 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 Auchindran. He's absent now,
But will rejoice to see his former comrade,
If, as I trust, you tardy his return.

(Apart.) Heaven grant he understand my words
by contraries!
He must remember Niel and he were rivals;
He must remember Niel and he were foes;
He must remember Niel is warm of temper,
And 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 rest with your cottage,
And gladly wait return of Niel MacLellan,
To clasp his hand, and wish him happiness.
Some rising feelings might perhaps prevent this—
But 'tis a peevish part to grudge our friends
Their share of fortune because we have miss'd it
I can wish others joy and happiness,
Though I must ne'er partake them.

MAR. But if it grieve you—
QUE. No! do not fear. The brightest gleams
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. (comes forward, and speaks in agitation.)
Even so! the simple youth has miss'd my meaning.
I shan't to make it plainer, or to say,
In one brief word, Passion—Heaven guide the bark,
For we are on the breakers! [Exit into the Tower.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A withdrawing Apartment in the Castle of Auchindrane. Servants place a Table, with a flask of Wine and Drinking-cups.

Enter Mure 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 revelling.

Auch. We're better placed for confidential talk,
Than in the hall fill'd with disbanded soldiers,
And fools and fiddlers gather'd on the highway,—
The worthy guests whom Philip crowds my hall with,
And with them spends his evening.

Gif. But think you not, my friend, that your son
Philip
Should be participant of these our councils,
Being so deeply mingled in the danger—
Your house's only heir—your only son?

Auch. Kind cousin Gifford, if thou lack'st good counsel
At race, at cockpit, or at gambling-table,
Or any freak by which men cheat themselves
As well of life, as of the means to live,
Call for assistance upon Philip Mure;
But in all serious sparle sparing 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 out;
The balladeer, whose voice has still two notes left;
Whate'er is rougiest 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 shamfaced sun peep at our windows,
And ask, "What have we here?"

Gif. You take such revel deeply—we are Scots men,
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 unmask'd, his pedigree unknown;
So did our ancestors, and so must we.

Auch. All this is freely granted, worthy kinsman;
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 feed wayfaring vagabonds,
I make them not my comrades. Such as I,
Who have advanced the fortunes of my line,
And swell'd a baron's turret to a palace,
Have oft the curse awaiting on our thrill,
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 knightly
hood,
The wreck of the fair fabric we have built,
By a degenerate heir. Philip has that
Of inborn meanness in him, that he loves not
The company of better, nor of equals;
Never at ease, unless he bears the bell,
And crowns the loudest in the company.
He's mesh'd, too, in the snares of every female
Who deigns to cast a passing glance on him—
Licentious, disrespectful, rash, and profligate.

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 trapp'd by toys like these.

Auch. A fool I may have been—but not a madman;
I never play'd the rake among my followers,
Pursuing this man's sister, that man's wife;
And therefore never saw I man of mine,
When summon'd to obey my best, grow restive,
Talk of his honor, of his peace destroyed,
And, while obeying, mutter threats of vengeance
But now the humor of an idle youth,
Disgusting trusted followers, sworn dependants,
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 against the danger.

Auch. What can man speak that I would shrink 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 where’er we met
At church or market, or in burrows town.
Midst this, our good Lord Gilbert, Earl of Cassilis,
Takes purpose he would journey forth to Edinburgh.
The King was doling gifts of abbey-lands,
Good things that thrifty house was wont to fish for
Our mighty Earl forsakes his sea-wash’d castle,
Passes our borders some four miles from hence;
And, holding it unwholesome to be fasters
Long after sunrise, lo! The Earl and train
Dismount, to rest their nags and eat their breakfast.
The morning rose, the small birds caroll’d sweetly
The corks were drawn, the pesty brooks incision—
His lordship jests, his train are choky with laughter;
When,—wondrous change of cheer, and most unlook’d for,
Strange epilogue to bottle and to baked meat!—
Flash’d from the greenwood half a score of cart-bines,
And the good Earl of Cassilis, 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.

Gif. 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’d
Enough of this before, to show their malice.
But what said these coward pickthanks when I came
Before the King, before the Justicers,
Rebuttering all their calumnies, and daring them
To show that I knew aught of Cassilis’ journey—
Which way he meant to travel—where to halt—

1 "There is no terror Cassius, in your threats." Shakespeare.
Without which knowledge I possess'd no means
To dress an ambush for him? Did I not
Defy the assembled clan of Kennedys
To show, by proof direct or inferential,
Wherefore they slander'd me with this foul
charge?
My gauntlet rung before them in the court,
And I did dare the best of them to lift it,
And prove such charge a true one—Did I not?
Gif. I saw your gauntlet lie before the Ken-
edys,
Who look'd on it as men do on an adder,
Longoing to crush, and yet afraid to grasp it.
Not an eye sparkled—not a foot advanced—
No arm was stretch'd to lift the fatal symbol.
Aucn. Then, wherefore do the hindings mummur
now?
Wish they to see again, how one bold Mure
Can baffle and defy their assembled valor?
Gif. No; but they speak of evidence suppress'd.
Aucn. Suppress'd!—what evidence?—by whom
suppress'd?
What Will-o'-Wisp—what idiot of a witness,
Is he to whom they trace an empty voice,
But cannot show his person?
Gif. They pretend,
With the King's leave, to bring it to a trial;
Averring that a lad, named Quentin Blake,
Brought thee a letter from the murder'd 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.
Aucn. A prudent Earl, indeed, if such his prac-
tice,
When dealing with a recent enemy!
And what should he propose by such strange con-
fidence
In one who sought it not?
Gif. His purposes were kindly, say the Ken-
edys—
Desiring you would meet him where he halted,
Offering to undertake what'er commissions
You listed trust him with, for court or city:
And, thus apprised of Cassilis' purposed journey,
And of his halting-place, you placed the ambush,
Prepared the homicides—
Aucn. They r3 free to say their pleasure. They are
men
Of the new court—and I am but a fragment
Of stout old Morton's faction. It is reason
That such as I 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 what'er they prompt. This Quentin
Blake—
Did you not call him so?—why comes he now?
And wherefore not before? This must be answer'd
—(abruptly)—
Where is he now?
Gif. Abroad—they say—kidnapp'd,
By you kidnapp'd, that he might die in Flanders.
But orders have been sent for his discharge,
And his transmission hither.
Aucn. (assuming an air of composure.) When
they produce such witness, cousin Gifford,
We'll be prepared to meet it. In the mean while,
The King doth ill to throw his royal sceptre
In the accuser's scale, ere he can know
How justice shall incline it.
Gif. 'Our sage prince
Resents, it may be, less the death of Cassilis,
Than he is angry that the feud should burn,
After his royal voice had said, "Be quench'd?"
Thus urging prosecution less for slaughter,
Than that, being done against the King's com-
mand,
Treason is mix'd with homicide.
Aucn. Ha! ha! most true, my cousin:
Why, well consider'd, 'tis a crime so great
To slay one's enemy, the King forbidding it,
Like pericide, 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 there was no friendship, feud, nor journey,
No halt, no ambush, and no Earl of Cassilis,
Than dream anointed Majesty has wrong!—
Gif. Speak within door, coz.
Aucn. O, true—(aside)—I shall betray myself
Even to this half-bred fool.—I must have room,
Room for an instant, or I suffocate.—
Cousin, I prithee call our Philip hither—
Forgive me; 'twere mere meet I summon'd him
Myself; but then the sight of yonder revel
Would chafe my blood, and I have need of cool-
ness.
Gif. I understand thee—I will bring him
straight.
Aucn. And if thou dost, he's lost his ancient
trick
To fathom, as he wont, his five-pint flagons.—
This space is mine.—O for the power to fill it,
Instead of senseless rage and empty curses,
With the dark spell which witches learn from
fiends,
That smites the object of their hate afar,
Nor leaves a token of its mystic action,
Stealing the soul from out the uncathed 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,
 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—
Pshaw! He is here again—

Enter Gifford.

Gif. I heard you name
The King, my kinsman; know, he comes not hither.
Aucn. (affecting indifference.) Nay, then we need not broach our barrels, cousin,
Nor purchase us new jerkins.—Comes not Philip?
Gif. Yes, sir. He tarries but to drink a service
To his good friends at parting.
Aucn. Friends for the beadle or the sheriff-officer.
Well, let it pass. Who comes, and how attended,
Since James designs not westward?
Gif. O you shall have, instead, his fiery functionary,
George Home that was, but now Dunbar's great Earl;
He leads a royal host, and comes to show you
How he distributes justice on the Border,
Where judge and hangman oft reverse their office,
And the noose does its work before the 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.

[Enter Philip. He has a buff-coat and

head-piece, wears a sword and dagger, with
pistols at his girdle. He appears to be
affected by liquor, but to be by no means
intoxicated.

Aucn. You scarce have been made known to
one another,
Although you safe together at the board.—
Son Philip, know and prize our cousin Gifford.
Phu. (tastes the wine on the table.) If you had
prized him, sir, you had been loth
To have welcomed him in bastard Alicant;
I'll make amends by pledging his good journey
In glorious Burgundy.—The stirrup-cup, ho!
And bring my cousin's horses to the court.

Aucn. (draws him aside.) The stirrup-cup! He
doth not ride to-night—
Shame on such churlish conduct to a kinsman!
Phu. (aside to his father.) I've news of pressing
important.
Send the fool off.—Stay, I will start him for you.
(To Gif.) Yes, my kind cousin, Burgundy is better,
On a night-ride, to those who thread our 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.

Aucn. Thou'rt mad, son Philip!—Gifford's no
intruder,
That we should rid him hence by such wild rants:
My kinsman hither rode at his own danger,
To tell us that Dunbar is hasting to us,
With a strong force, and with the King's com-
misson,
To enforce against our lies a hateful charge,
With every measure of extremity.
Phu. 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 me,
On whose authority, I tell thee, cousin,
Dunbar is here already.
Gif. Already?
Phu. Yes, gentle coz. And you, my sire, be
hasty
In what you think to do.
Aucn. I think thou darest n.t jest on such a
subject.
Where hast thou these fell tidings?
Phu. Where you, too, might have heard them,
noble father,
Save that your ears, nail'd to our kinsman's lips,
Would list no coarser accents. O, my soldiers,
My merry crew of vagabonds, for ever!
Scum of the Netherlands, and wash'd ashore
Upon this coast like unregarded sea-weed,
They had not been two hours on Scottish land,
When, lo! they met a military friend,
An ancient fourier, known to them of old,
Who, warm'd by certain stoups of searching wine,
Inform'd 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.

Aucn. (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.

Gir. 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 oertiered, and, save my page,
There's not a man to buck me. But I'll hie
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 coursers feed in my wide stalls,
The best of them is yours to speed your journey.

Phi. Stand not on ceremony, good our cousin,
When safety signs, to shorten courtesy.

Gir. (to Arch.) Farewell. then, cousin, for my
tarrying here
Were ruin to myself, small aid to you;
Yet loving well your name and family,
I'd fain—

Phi. Be gone!—that is our object, too—
Kinsman, adieu.

[Exit Gifford. Philip calls after him.]
You yeoman of the stable,
Give Master Gifford there my fleetest steed,
You cut-tail'd roan that trembles at a spear.—

[Trampling of the horse heard going off.]
Hark! he departs. How swift the dastard rides,
To shun the neighborhood of jeopardy!

[He lays aside the appearance of levity
which he has hitherto worn, and says
very seriously,
And now, my father—

Auch. And now, my son—thor'st ta'en a perilous game
Into thine hands, rejecting elder counsel,—
How dost thou mean to play it?

Phi. 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.

Aucch. Exile's a passing ill, and may be borne;
And when Dunbar and all his myrmidon's
Are eastward turn'd, we'll seize our own again.

Phi. Would that were all the risk we had to
stand to!
But more and worse,—a doom of treason, forfeiture,
Death to ourselves, dishonor to our house,
Is what the stern Justiciary menaces;
And, fatally for us, he hath the means
To make his threatenings good.

Aucch. It cannot be. I tell thee, there's no force.
In Scottish law to raze a house like mine,
Coeval with the time the Lords of Galloway
Submitted them unto the Scottish sceptre,
Renouncing rights of Tanistry and Brehon.

Some dreams they have of evidence; some sus-
picion.
But old Montgomery knows my purpose well,
And long before their mandate reach the camp
To crave the presence of this mighty witness,
He will be fitted with an answer to it.

Phi. Father, what we call great, is often ruin'd
By means so ludicrously disproportion'd,
They make me think upon the gunner's lintstock,
Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glow-worm, yet applied
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,
Sent a young King—a young Queen's mate at
least—
Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,
As they can tell who heard,—and you were one
Who saw, perhaps, the night-flight which began it.

Aucch. If thou hast naught to speak but drunken folly,
I cannot listen longer.

Phi. I will speak brief and sudden.—There is
one
Whose tongue to us has the same perilous force
Which Bothwell's powder had to Kirk of Field;
One whose least tones, and those but peasant ac-
cents,
Could rend the roof from off our fathers' castle,
Level its tallest turret with its base;
And he that doth possess this wondrous power
Sleeps this same night not five miles distant from us.

Auch. (who had looked on Phi!lipp with much ap-
pearance of astonishment and doubt, ex-
claiming), Then thou art mad indeed!—Ha!—ha!—I'm glad on't.
I'd purchase an escape from what I dread,
Even by the phrensy of my only son!

Phi. I thank you, but agree not to the bargain.
You rest on what you ciev cat has said:
Yon silken doublet, stuff'd with rotten straw,
Told you but half the truth, and knew no more.
But my good vagrants had a perfect tale:
They told me, little judging the importance,
That Quentin Blane had been discharged with
them.
They told me, that a quarrel happ'd at landing,
And that the younger and an ancient sergeant
Had left their company, and taken refuge
In Chapeldonnam, 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;
But laugh, if thou hast list for merriment,
To think he stands on the same land with us,
Whose absence thou wouldst deem were cheaply purchased
With thy soul's ransom and thy body's danger.

*MS.* Tis then a fatal truth! Thou art no yelper,
To open rashly on so wild a scent;
Thou'rt the young bloodhound, which careers and springs,
Frolics and fawns, as if the friend of man,
But seizes on his victim like a tiger.

*Phil.* 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 victims.³

*Accn.* He is in ours to-night.³

*Phil.* He is. I'll answer that MacLellan's trusty.

*Accn.* Yet he replied to you to-day full rudely.

*Phil.* Yes! the poor knave has got a handsome wife,
And is gone mad with jealousy.

*Accn.* 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!

*Phil.* Most reverend sire, you talk of ancient morals,
Preach'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."¹

³ *MS.*—"He's in our power to-night."¹

⁴ Alexander, fifth Earl of Glencairn, for distinction called
'The Good Earl,' was among the first of the peers of Scot-
and who concerned 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, that "if she violated the engagements which she

Scott. 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 o'erpowering 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.

*Phil.* 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 Auchindrane,
Or take precaution that the ancient house
Shall have another heir than the sly courtier
That's gaping for the forfeiture.

*Accn.* 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?

*Phil.* 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 Catholics, en-
titled "The Hermit of Altareit" (Loretto).—See Sibbald's
Chronicle of Scottish Poetry.—He assisted the Reformers
with his sword, when they took arms at Perth, in 1559; had
a principal command in the army embodied against Queen
Mary, in June, 1567; and demolished the altar, broke the
images, tore down the pictures, &c., in the Chapel-royal
of Holyrood-house, after the Queen was conducted to Loch-aven.
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.

**Pur.** Why, Niel MacLellan, who, return'd again To his own tower, as if to pass the night there. They pass'd on him, or tried to pass, a story, As if they wish'd the sergeant's company, Without the young comptroller's—that is Quentin's, And he became an agent of their plot, That he might better carry on our own.

**Auch.** There's life in it—yes, there is life in't And we will have a mounted party ready To scour the moors in quest of the banditti That kill'd the poor old man—they shall die instantly.

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?

**Pur.** It needed not. The whole pack oped at once Upon the scent of dollars.—But time comes When I must seek the tower, and act with Niel What farther's to be done.

**Auch.** Alone with him thou goest not. He bears grudge—

Thon 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.

**Pur.** 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 Justicar As one that's free of guilt. Go, deck the castle As for so 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 assent 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 bestest will to injure him, And seek'st occasion suiting 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.

**Pur.** (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, slumbering 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. AUCHINDRANE and PHILIP, as if dismounted from their horses, come forward cautiously.

PHI. The nags are safely stow'd. Their noise might scare him;
Let them be safe, and ready when we need them,
The business is but short. We'll call MacLellan,
To wake him, and in quiet bring him forth,
If he be so disposed, for here are wajers
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!—

AUC. Too furious boy!—alarm or noise undone 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 quash his evidence,
Taking such pains to rid him from the world,
Who would, if spared, have fix'd a crime upon us?

PHI. Well, I do own me one of those wise folks,
Who think that when a deed of fate is planned,
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?

AUC. 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?

PHI. With all my heart. It is small honor to me
To be the agent in a work like this.—
Yet this poor culprit, 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 Blanc,
And not more necessary is its death
To our accommodation—so we slay it
Without a moment's pause or hesitation.

AUC. 'Tis not, my son, the feeling call'd remorse,
That now lies tugging at this heart of mine,
Engendering thoughts that stop the lifted hand.
Have I not heard John Knox pour forth his thunders
Against the oppressor and the man of blood,
In accents of a minister of vengeance?
Were not his fiery eyeballs turn'd on me,
As if he said expressly, "Thou'rt the man!"
Yet did my solid purpose, as I listen'd,
Remain unshaken as that massive rock.

PHI. Well, then, I'll understand 'tis not remorse,—
As 'tis a fable 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

AUC. In Ireland he might live afar from us.

PHI. Among Queen Mary's faithful partisans,
Your ancient enemies, the haughty Hamiltons,
The stern MacDonnells, the resentful Graemes—
With these around him, and with Cassilis' death
Exasperating them against you, think, my father,
What chance of Quentin's silence.

AUC. Too true—too true. He is a silly youth,

Who had not wit to shift for his own living—
A bashful lover, whom his rivals laugh'd at—
Of plant temper, which companions play'd on—
A moonlight waker, and a noontide dreamer—
A torturer of phrases into somnets,—
Whom all might lead that chose to praise his rhymes.

PHI. I marvel that your memory has room
To hold so much on such a worthless subject.

AUC. 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!
Par. Indeed!—then have we had our midnight
ride
To wondrous 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
Thou shalt not from thy brother take the life,
The precious gift which God alone can give!—
Par. Here is a worthy guerdon now, for stuffing
His memory with old saws and holy sayings!
They come upon him in the very crisis,
And when his resolution should be firmest,
They shake it like a 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 naught to do
But bid us kiss the cushion and the headman.
Acc. It is too true—There is no safety for us,
Consistent with the unhappy wretch's life!
In Ireland he is sure to find my enemies.
Arran I've proved—the Netherlands I've tried,
But wilds and wars return him on his hands.
Par. Yet fear not, father, we'll make surer work;
The land has caves, the sea has whirlpools,
Where that which they seek in returns no more.
Acc. I will know naught of it, hard-hearted boy!
Par. Hard-hearted! Why—my heart is soft as
yours;
But then they must not feel remorse at once,
We can't afford such wasteful tenderness:
I can 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.
Par. 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.

Phi. Fear not, MacLellan has his trust and con-
fidence,
Bought with a few sweet words and welcomes
home.
Auch. But think you that the Ranger may be
trusted?
Phi. I'll answer for him,—Let's go float the
shallop.
[They go off, and as they leave the Stage,
MacLellan is seen descending from the
Tower with Quentin. The former bears a
dark lantern. They come upon the Stage.
Mac. (showing the light.) So—bravely done—
that's the last ledge of rocks,
And we are on the sands.—I have broke your
slumbers
Somewhat untimely.
Que. Do not think so, friend.
These six years past I have been used to stir
When the réveille 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 'e'en too happy
For sound repose.
Mac. The greater fool were you.
Men should enjoy the moments given to slumber;
For who can tell how soon may be the waking,
Or where we shall have leave to sleep again?
Que. The God of Slumber comes not at com-
mand.
Last night the blood danced merry through my
veins:
Instead of finding this our land of Carrick
The dreary waste my fears had apprehended,
I saw thy wife, MacLellan, and thy daughter,
And had a brother's welcome;—saw thee, too,
Renew'd my early friendship with you both,
And felt once more that I had friends and country
So keen the joy that tingled through my system,
Join'd with the searching powers of yonder wine,
That I am glad to leave my feverish 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 gamesome, Master
Quentin,
Being roused from sleep so suddenly as you were
Que. Why, there's the jest on't. Your old cas-
tle'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 sargeant,  
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 trifle  
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  
Ere we should leave our beds—and first the one  
And then the other's summon'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,  
Delusion far too exquisite to last.  
Mac. You guess not then for what I call you forth.  
It was to meet a friend—  
Que. What friend? Thyself excepted,  
The good old man who's gone to see Montgomery,  
And one to whom I once gave dearer title,  
I know not in wide Scotland man or woman  
Whom I could name a friend.  
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 not cumber 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 Auchindrane  
In common have with such a man as thou?  
Que. No matter what—Enough, I will not see him.  
Mac. He is thy master, and he claims obedience.  
Que. My master! Ay, my task-master—Ever since  
I could write man, his hand hath been upon me;  
No step I've made but cnmber'd with his chain,  
And I am weary on't—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, AUCHINDRANE and PHILIP enter on the Stage from behind, and suddenly 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 scurple, slave, at my command,  
To meet me when I design 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 in't,  
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 loathly to him;  
The language, nay, the music jars his ear!  
Why should I, guiltless of the slightest crime,  
Suffer a punishment which, sparing life,  
Deprives that life of all which men hold dear?  
Auch. Hear ye the serf I bred, begin to reckon  
Upon his rights and pleasure! Who am I—  
Thou abject, who am I, whose will thou thwartest?  
Pnh. Well spoke, my pious sire. There goes remorse!
Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.

Que. Your words are deadly, and your power
resistless;
I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life
May give you the security you seek,
Without commission of a mortal crime.

Acen. Who'st would deign to think upon thy
life?
I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou mayst sojourn for some little space,
Having due means of living dealt to thee.
And when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.

Que. Noble my lord,
I am too weak to combat with your pleasure;
Yet, O, for mercy's sake, and for the sake
Of that dear land which is our common 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 soars to meet the morning.
Grant me but this—to show no darker thoughts
Are on your heart than those your speech
expresses!

Phil. 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!

Que. I obey.—Then farewell, Scotland,
And Heaven forgive my sins, and grant that mercy,
Which mortal deservers not!

Auch. (speaks aside to his Son.) What signal
Shall let me know 'tis done!

Phil. When the light is quench'd,
Your fears for Quentin Blane are at an end.—
(To Que.) Come, comrade, come, we must begin
our voyage.

Que. But when, O when to end it!

[He goes off reluctantly with Philip and
MacLellan. Auchindrane stands looking
after them. The moon becomes
overclouded, and the Stage dark. Auchindrane,
who has gazed fixedly and eagerly
after those who have left the Stage, be-
comes animated, and speaks.

Auch. It is no fallacy!—The night is dark,
The moon has sunk before the deepening clouds;
I cannot on the mucky beach distinguish
The shallop from the rocks which lie beside it;
I cannot see tall Philip's floating plume,
Nor trace the sullen brow of Niel MacLellan;
Yet still that catifl'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,
The wolf's, the tiger-cat's, or the hoarse bird's
That spies its prey at midnight? I can see him—
Yes, I can see him, seeing no one else,—
And well it is I do so. In his absence,
Strange thoughts of pity mingled with my purpose,
And moved remorse within me—but they vanish'd
When'er he stood a living man before me;
Then my antipathy awakened within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.1—How they linger!
The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself,
What has the poor wretch done to wake my ha-
tred—
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 breasts 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,

1 MS.——'my antipathy,
Strong source of inward hate, arose within me,
Seeing its object was within my reach,
And scarcely could forbear.'

2——"In that moment, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll."

BYRON—The Giaour.
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.

   Man. 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 Niel—I'll tell your lordship Who the men were—

   Auch. Pshaw, woman, can you think That I have any interest in your gossips? Please your own husband, and that you may please him, Get thee to bed, and shut up doors, good dame. Were I MacLellan, I should scarce be satisfied To find thee wandering here in mist and moonlight, When silence should be in thy habitation, And sleep upon thy pillow.

   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! Linger such dregs of heathendom among you? And hath Knox preach'd, and Wishart died, in vain? Take 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 hus band—

   Auch. I wait him on the beach, and bring him in 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 Niel.

   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.

   [MARION goes to her Tower, and after enter ing it, is seen to come out, lock the door, and leave the Stage; as if to execute AUCHINDRANE'S commission. He, apparently going off in a different direction, has watched her from the side of the Stage, and on her departure speaks.]

   Auch. Fare thee well, fond woman, Most dangerous of spies—thou 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 knaves had ta'en my dollars and my life.

   OFF. You fought most stoutly. Two of them were down Ere we came to your aid.

   SER. Gramercy, halberd! And well it happens, since your leader seeks This Quentin Blane, 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 yonder tower Under the guard of one who smoothly spoke, Although he look'd but roughly—I will chide him For bidding me go forth with yonder traitor.
Off. Assure yourself 'twas a concerted stratagem.
Montgomery's been at Holyrood for months,
And can have sent no letter—'twas a plan
On you and on your dollars, and a base one,
To which this Ranger 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 ne'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 to 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 doff his clothes,
Or go to bed, as sometimes he will do
When there is aught to chafe him. Until past
midnight,
He wander'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 corpse-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. Auchindran
May come upon the beach; arrest him also,
But do not state a cause. I'll back again,
And take directions from my Lord Dunbar.
Keep you upon the beach, and have an eye
To all that passes there.

[Exeunt separately.]

SCENE II

Scene changes to a remote and rocky part of the
Sea-beach.

Enter Auchindran, meeting Philip.

Auch. The devil's brought his legions to this
beach,
That won't be so lonely; morions, lances,
Show in the morning beam as thick as glow
worms
At summer midnight.

Phil. I'm right glad to see them,
Be they who'er they may, so they are mortal.
For I've contended with a lifeless foe,
And I have lost the battle. I would give
A thousand crowns to hear a mortal steel
Ring on a mortal harness.

Auch. How now!—Art mad, or hast thou done
the turn—
The turn we came for, and must live or die by
Phil. '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?

Phil. 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?—So
be it
To all that menace ill to Auchindran,
Or have the power to injure him!—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look

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Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue. 1

Parn. Hear me, old man.—There is a heaven
above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart preach,
Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness
Is slain, and silent. But his misused body
Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waters like a living thing; 2
Erect, as if he trod the waves which bear him.

Auch. Thou speakest phrenzy, when sense is
most required.

Parn. Hear me yet more!—I say I did the deed
With all the coldness of a practised hunter
When dealing with a stag. I struck him over-
board,
And with MacLellan’s aid I held his head
Under the waters, while the Ranger tied
The weights we had provided to his feet.
We cast him loose when life and body parted,
And bid him speed for Ireland. But even then,
As in defiance of the words we spoke,
The body rose upright behind our stern,
One half in ocean, and one half in air,
And tided after as in chase of us. 3

Auch. It was enchantment!—Did you strike at
it?

Parn. Once and again. But blows avail’d no more
Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
The column for a moment, which unites
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sunk down before my ear, but rose unhar’d,
And dogg’d us closer still, as in defiance.

Auch. ’Twas Hell’s own work!—

Parn. MacLellan then grew restive
And desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.
Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued
By this dead shape, upon whose ghastly features
The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light;
And, baited thus, I took the nearest way 4
To ensure his silence, and to quell his noise;

1 “This man’s brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.”
—2d King Henry IV.

2 “Walks the waters like a thing of life.”
—Byron—The Corsair.

3 This passage was probably suggested by a striking one in
Southey’s Life of Nelson, touching the corpse of the Neapolitan
Prince Caraccioli, executed on board the Foudroyant, then
the great British Admiral’s flag-ship, in the bay of Naples, in
1799. The circumstances of Caraccioli’s trial and death form,
it is almost needless to observe, the most unpleasant chapter in
Lord Nelson’s history:—

“’The body,’” says Southey, “was carried out to a con-
siderable distance and sunk in the bay, with three double-
headed shot, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, tied to

I used my dagger, and I flung him overboard,
And half expected his dead carcass also
Would join the chase—but he sunk down at once.
Auch. He had enough of mortal sin about him,
To sink an argosy.

Parn. 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,
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 queens it, the brave
little maiden!

Vil. Ay, they all queen it from their very
mallow,

These willing slaves of haughty Auchindran.

But now I hear the old man’s reign is ended;—
’Tis well—he has been tyrant long enough.

SECOND Vil. Finlay, 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. Pahay, it is but a sea-gull on the
wing,

Between the wave and sky.

THIRD Vil. Thou art a fool,

Standing on solid land—’tis a dead body.

SECOND Vil. And if it be, he bears him like a
live one,

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 from the bottom of the sea, and was com-
ing as fast as he could to Naples, swimming half out of the
water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle
credibility. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the King,
stood out to sea; but the ship had not proceeded far before a
body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching
them. It was recognized, indeed, to be the corpse of
Caraccioli, which had risen and floated, while the great
weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like
that of a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the
King, and perhaps excited some feelings of superstitious fear
akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on
shore, and receive Christian burial.”—Life of Nelson, chap.
vi.
Not prone and weltering like a drowned corpse,  
But bolt erect, as if he trode the waters,  
And used them as his path.  

FOURTH VIL.  
It is a herman,  
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 see.  

SECOND VIL. Not I, my friend;  
E’en take the risk yourself, you’d put on others.  

[Ser. What, are you men?  
Fear ye to look on what you must be one day!  
I, who have seen a thousand dead and dying  
Within a flight-shot square, will teach you how in  
war  
We look upon the corpse when life has left it.  

[He goes to the back scene, and seems  
attempting to turn the body, which has  
come ashore with its face downwards.  
Will none of you come aid to turn the body?  

ISA. You’re cowards all.—I’ll help thee, good old  
man.  

[She goes to aid the Sergeant with the  
body, and presently gives a cry, and  
faints. Hildebrand comes forward.  
All crowd round him; he speaks with  
an expression of horror.  

SER. ’Tis Quentin Blane! Poor youth, his gloomy  
bodings  
Have been the prologue to an act of darkness;  
His feet are manacled, his bosom stat’d,  
And he is foully murder’d. The proud Knight  
And his dark Ranger must have done this deed,  
For which no common ruffian could have motive.  

A Pea. Caution were best, old man—Thou art  
a stranger,  
The Knight is great and powerful.  

SER. Let it be so.  
Call’d on by Heaven to stand forth an avenger,  
I will not blench for fear of mortal man.  

Have I not seen that when that innocent  

Had placed her hands upon the murder’d body,  
His gaping wounds, that erst were soak’d with  
brine,  
Burst forth with blood as ruddy as the cloud  
Which now the sun doth rise on!  

Pea. What of that?  
SER. Nothing that can affect the innocent child,  
But murder’s guilt attaching to her father,  
Since the blood musters in the victim’s veins  
At the approach of what holds lease from him  
Of all that parents can transmit to children.  
And here comes one to whom I’ll vouch the cir-  
cumstance.  

The Earl of Dunbar enters with Soldiers and oth-  
ers, having Auchindrane and Philip prisoners.  

DUX. Fetter the young ruffian and his trait’rous  
father!  

[They are made secure.  

AUCH. ’Twas a lord spoke it—I have known a  
Knight,  
Sir George of Home, who had not dared to say so.  

DUX. ’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 dag-  
egger 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!  

PHIL. Father, ’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 profligacy I have practised.  
Ruin’d our house, and shutter’d be our towers.  
And with them end the curse our sins have mer-  
ited?  

MS.—“His unbloody wounds,” &c.  
“ ’The poet, in his play of Auchindrane, displayed real  
tragic power, and soothed all those who cried out before for a  
more direct story, and less of the retrospective. Several of the  
scenes 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 eman-  
ces, that the public still complained that he had not done his  
best, and that his genius was not dramatic.”—Allan Cun-  
ningham. —Athenaeum, 11th Dec. 1833.
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 Vehme" (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 refi- cimento of the original than a translation, since the whole is compressed, and the incidents and dialogue occasionally much varied. The imitator is ignorant of the real name of his ingenious contemporary, and has been informed that of Beit Weber is fictitious.

The late Mr. John Kemble at one time had some desire to bring out the play at Drury-Lane, then adorned by himself and his matchless sister, who were to have supported the characters of the unhappy son and mother; but great objections appeared to this proposal. There was danger that the main-spring of the story,—the binding engage- ments formed by members of the secret tribunal,—might not be sufficiently felt by an English audience, to whom the nature of that singularly mys- terious institution was unknown from early association. There was also, according to Mr. Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of Tom Thumb, when all die on the stage. It was, besides, esteemed perilous to place the fifth act and the parade and show of the secret conclave, at the mercy of undolings 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 buskin. The German taste also, caricatured by a number of imitators who, incapable of copying the sublimity of the great masters of the school, supplied its place by extravagance and bombast, fell into disrepute, and received a coup de grace from the joint efforts of the late lamented Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere. 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 ille- gitimate 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 follow- ing play, that if it should not find its way to the public sooner, it is certain to do so when the author can no more have any opportunity of correcting the pieces, and consequently at greater disadvantage than at present. Being of too small a size or con- sequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to the Keepsake, where its demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles.  

ABBOITSFORD, 1st April, 1829.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Rudiger, Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior
George of Aspen, sons to Rudiger.
Henry of Aspen, }

1 George Wächter, who published various works under the pseudonym of Veit Weber, was born in 1763, and died in 1837.
—Ed.

2 See Life of Scott, vol. ii. pages 18, 20, 72; iii. 2; ir. 208.
Roderic, Count of Maltingen, chief of a department of the Invisible Tribunal, and the hereditary enemy of the family of Aspen.
William, Baron of Wolfstein, ally of Count Roderic.
Bertram of Ebersdorf, brother to the former husband of the Baroness of Aspen, disguised as a minstrel.

DUKE OF BAVARIA.
WICKERD.
REYNOLD, followers of the House of Aspen.
CONRAD, Page of Honor to Henry of Aspen.
MARTIN, Squire to George of Aspen.
Hugo, Squire to Count Roderic.
PETER, an ancient domestic of Rudiger.
FATHER LUDOVIC, Chaplain to Rudiger.

WOMEN.
ISAABELLA, formerly married to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, now wife of Rudiger.
GERTRUDE, Isabella’s niece, betrothed to Henry.

Soldiers, Judges of the Invisible Tribunal, &c. &c.

Scene.—The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Jriefenhaus, and the adjacent country.

The House of Aspen.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An ancient Gothic chamber in the Castle of Ebersdorf. Spears, crossbows, 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 roan horse! Had he not stumbled with me at the ford after our last skirmish, I had been now with my sons. And yonder the boys are, hardly three miles off, battling with Count Roderic, and their father must lie here like a worm-eaten manuscript in a 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, utters by syllables a cold “How is it with you?” and shuts himself up for days in his solitary chamber—Henry, my cheerful Henry—

ISA. Surely, he at least—

Rud. Even he forsakes me, and skips up the tower staircase like lightning to join your fair ward, Gertrude, on the battlements. I cannot blame him; for, by my 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.

ISA. Not alone, dear husband. Heaven knows what I would do to soften your confinement.

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 wherever 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 us, which thy marriage had broken, were renewed—but the sunshine of my Isabella’s light heart returned no more.

ISA. (weeping) Beloved Rudiger, you search my very soul! Why will you recall past times—days of spring that can never return? Do I not love thee more than ever wife loved husband?

RUD. (stretches out his arms—she embraces him.) And therefore art thou ever my beloved Isabella. But still, is it not true? Has not thy 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 Arnolt 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?

Rud. Now, there lies the difference: you sorrow that they are in danger, I that I cannot share it with them.—Hark! I hear horses' feet on the drawbridge. Go to the window, Isabella.

Isa. (at the window.) It is Wickerd, your squire.

Rud. Then shall we have tidings of George and Henry. (Enter Wickerd.) How now, Wickerd? Have you come to blows yet?

Wic. Not yet, noble sir.

Rud. 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 Griefenhaus; therefore your noble son, George of Aspen, greets you well, and requests twenty more men-at-arms, and, after they have joined him, he hopes, with the aid of St. Theodore, to send you news of victory.

Rud. (attempts to rise hastily.) Saddle my black barb; I will head them myself. (Sits down.) A murrain on that stumbling roan! 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—

Rud. 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 Griefenhaus in ruins, here the Wolfsbill; and here the marsh on the right.

Isa. The marsh of Griefenhaus!

Rud. Yes; by that the boys must pass.

Isa. Pass there! (Apart) Avenging Heaven! 'Hy hand is upon us! [Exit hastily.

Rud. Whither now? Whither now? She is gone. Thus it goes. Peter! Peter! (Enter Peter.) Help me to the gallery, that I may see them on horseback. [Exit, leaning on Peter.

**SCENE II.**

*The inner court of the Castle of Ebersdorf; a quadrangle, surrounded with Gothic buildings; troopers, followers of Rudiger, pass and repass in haste, as if preparing for an excursion.*

**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 bawling! think'st thou old 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 snatching 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 Arnolf of Ebersdorf, his mother's first husband.—I marvel he could not have fitted himself with an attendant from among the faithful followers of his worthy father, whom Arnolf and his adherents used to hate as the Devil hates holy water. But Martin is a good soldier, and has stood toughly by George in many a hard brunt.

Wic. The 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.
THE HOUSE OF ASPEN.

Wic. Dost thou marvel at that? She was married to Arnold by a species of force, and they say that before his death he compelled her to swear never to espouse Rudiger. The priests will not absolve her for the breach of that vow, and therefore she is troubled in mind. For, d'ye mark me, Reynold—

[Bugle sounds.

Rev. A truce to your preaching! To horse! and a blessing on our arms!

Wic. St. George grant it! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The gallery of the Castle, terminating in a large balcony commanding a distant prospect.—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—these 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! Seest 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 Wickerd—a hardy fellow, but somewhat given to prating. That is young Conrad who gallops so fast, page to thy Henry, my girl.

[Bugles, &c., at a greater distance still.

Ger. Heaven guard them. Alas! I the voice of war that calls the blood into your cheeks chills and freezes mine.

Rud. Say not so. It is glorious, my girl, glorious! See how their 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 lither last night.

—(Sings.)

“Off rode the horseman, dash, sa, sa!
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. Minhold, 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! wouldst 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, may, 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 found slain in a forest; the poniard was left in the wound, and bore this label—"Thus do the invisible judges punish treachery."


Isa. A slight indisposition only.

Rud. And what of it all? We know our hearts are open to our Creator; shall we fear any earthly inspection? Come to the battlements; there we shall soonest desery the return of our warriors.

[Exit Rudiger, with Gertrude and Peter.

Isa. Minstrel, send the chaplain hither. (Exit Bertram.) 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 midnight, who boast to avenge the hidden guilt, and to penetrate the recesses of the human breast, how blind is your penetration, how vain your dagger, and your cord, compared to the conscience of the sinner!

Enter Father Ludovic.

Lud. Peace be with you, lady!

Isa. It is not with me: it is thy office to bring it.

Lud. And the cause is the absence of the young knights?

Isa. Their absence and their 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; peradventure they will bring back thy children to thy bosom.

Isa. Thy brethren cannot pray for me or mine. Their vow binds them to pray night and day for another—to supplicate, without ceasing, the Eternal Mercy for the soul of one who—Oh, only Heaven knows how much he needs their prayer!

Lud. Unbounded is the mercy of Heaven. The soul of thy former husband—

Isa. I charge thee, priest, mention not the word. (Apart.) Wretch that I am, the meanest menial in my train has power to goad 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 deepest blood, can erase such guilt. Prove but that to me, and I will build thee an abbey which shall put to shame the fairest in Chris-
tendom.

Lud. Nay, nay, daughter, your conscience is over.
ACT II.—SCENE I.

A woodland prospect.—Through a long avenue, half grown up by brambles, are discerned in the background the ruins of the ancient Castle of Grieffenhau. The distant noise of battle is heard during this scene.

Enter George of Aspen, armed with a battle-axe in his hand, as from horseback. He supports Martin, and brings him forward.

Geo. Lay thee down here, old friend. The enemy’s horsemen will hardly take their way among these brambles, through which I have dragged thee.

Mar. Oh, do not leave me! leave me not an instant! My moments are now but few, and I would profit by them.

Geo. Martin, you forget yourself and me—I must back to the field.

Mar. (attempts to rise.) Then drag me 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’s 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 mayst 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—Swear to me thou wilt speak a word of comfort to my parting soul.

Geo. (takes his hand.) I swear I will. (Alarm and shouting.) But be brief—thou knowest my haste.

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 requited not his passion. She loved thy father; but her sire, old Arnheim, was the friend of Arnolf, and she was forced to marry him. By midnight, in the chapel of Ebersdorf, the ill-omened rites were performed; her resistance, her screams were in vain. These arms detained her at the altar till the nuptial benediction was pronounced. Canst thou forgive me?

Geo. I do forgive thee. Thy obedience to thy savage master has been obliterated by a long train of services to his widow.

Mar. Services! 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 aglaf 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, thou ravest—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 Grieffenhau—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 sometimes stands over Martin with his hands clasped together.) Oh, had you seen him when the potion took effect! Had you heard his ravings, and seen the contortions of his ghastly visage!—He died furious and impatient, 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! (Attempts to rise, and falls heavily. A loud alarm.)

Enter Wickerd, 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, Wickerd! 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 headlong flight—the hemlock marsh is red with their gore! (Martin gives a deep groan, and faints.) Away! away! (They hurry off, as to the pursuit.)

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.

Rod. A curse on fortune, and a double curse upon George of Aspen! Never, never will I forgive him my disgrace—overthrown like a rotten trunk before a whirlwind!

Wolf. Be comforted, Count Roderic; it is well we have escaped being prisoners. See how the troopers of Aspen pour along the plain, like the billows of the Rhine! It is good we are shrouded by the thicket.

Rod. 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 outline this disgrace only to avenge!

Wolf. Be comforted; the knights of Aspen have not gained a bloodless victory. And see, there lies one of George's followers—(seeing Martin.)

Rod. His squire Martin; if he be not dead, we will secure him; he is the depositary 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.

Rod. What wouldst thou tell?

Mar. Oh, I would tell all the temptations by which I was urged to the murder of Ebersdorf! Rod. Murder!—this is worth marking. Proceed.

Mar. I loved a maiden, daughter of Arnolf's steward; my master seduced her; she became an outcast, and died in misery—vowed vengeance—and I did avenge her.

Rod. Hast thou accomplices?

Mar. None, but thy mother.

Rod. The Lady Isabella!

Mar. Ay; she hated her husband: he knew her love to Rudiger, and when she heard that her father was returned from Palestine, her life was endangered by the transports of his jealousy—thus prepared for evil, the fiend tempted us, and we fell.

Rod. (breaks into a transport.) Fortune! thou hast repaid me all! Love and vengeance are my own!—Wolfstein, recall our followers! quick, sound thy bugle—(Wolfstein sounds.)

Mar. (stares wildly round.) That was no note of Aspen—Count Roderic of Maltingen—Heaven! what have I said!

Rod. What thou canst not recall.

Mar. Then is my fate decreed! 'Tis as it should be! in this very place was the poison gather'd—'tis retribution!

Enter three or four soldiers of Roderic.

Rod. Secure this wounded trooper; bind his wounds, and guard him well: carry him to the ruins of Griefenhaus, and conceal him till the troopers of Aspen have retired from the pursuit;

—look to him, as you love your lives.

Mar. (led off by soldiers.) Ministers of vengeance! my hour is come! [Exeunt.

Rod. Hope, joy, and triumph, once again are ye mine! Welcome to my heart, long-absent visitors! One lucky chance has thrown dominion into the scale of the house of Maltingen, and Aspen kicks the beam.

Wolf. I foresee, indeed, dishonor to the family of Aspen, should this wounded squire make good his tale.

Rod. And how think'st thou this disgrace will fall on them?

Wolf. Surely, by the public punishment of Lady Isabella.

Rod. And is that all?

Wolf. What more?

Rod. Shortsighted that thou art, is not George of Aspen, as well as thou, a member of the holy and invisible circle, over which I preside?

Wolf. Speak lower, for God's sake! these are things not to be mentioned before the sun.

Rod. True: but stands he not bound by the most solemn oath religion can devise, to discover to the tribunal whatever concealed iniquity shall come to his knowledge, be the perpetrator whom he may—ay, were that perpetrator his own father—or mother; and can you doubt that he has heard Martin's confession?

Wolf. True: but, blessed Virgin! do you think he will accuse his own mother before the invisible judges?

Rod. If not, he becomes forsworn, and, by our law, must die. Either way my vengeance is complete—perjured or parricide, I care not; but, as the one or the other shall I crush the haughty George of Aspen.

Wolf. Thy vengeance strikes deep.

Rod. Deep as the wounds I have borne from this proud family. Rudiger slew my father in battle—George has twice baffled and dishonored my arms, and Henry has stolen the heart of my beloved; but no longer can Gertrude now remain under the care of the murderous dam of this brood of wolves; far less can she wed the smooth-
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, Reynold, and followers.

Hen. Joy to thee, brother! though, by St. Francis, I would not gain another field at the price of seeing thee fight with such reckless desperation. Thy safety is less than miraculous.

Rey. 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 trencher-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?—(apprehensively.)

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.)

[He brings 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. (clasps his hands together.) I breathe again—I spy comfort. Why could I not see as well as this fellow, that the wounded wretch may have been distracted? Let me at least think so till proof shall show the truth (aside.) Wickerd, think not on what I said—the heat of the battle had chafed my blood. Thou hast wished for the Netter 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 scour the woods towards Griefenhaus, 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 e'wad himself up like a dormouse.

Hen. I think he must be prisoner.

Geo. Heaven forefend! Take a trumpet, Eustace (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,
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Bursting resistless, through foemen they go:
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,
Till from the battle proud Roderic retiring,
Yields in wild rout the fair palm to his foe.

Joy to each warrior, true follower of Aspen!
Joy to the heroes that gain'd the bold day!
Health to our wounded, in agony gasping;
Peace to our brethren that fell in the fray!

Boldly this morning,
Roderic's power scorning,

Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield:
Joy blest them dying,
As Maltingen flying,
Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
Their death-clouded eyeballs descried on the field!

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen,
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away;
There each fond damsel, her gallant youth clasping,
Shall wipe from his forehead the stains of the fray.

Listening the prancing
Of horses advancing;
E'en now on the turrets our maidens appear.
Love our hearts warming,
Songs the night charming,
Round goes the grape in the goblet gay dancing;
Love, wine, and song, our blithe evening shall cheer!

HEN. Now spread our banners, and to Ebersdorf
in triumph. We carry relief to the anxious, joy
to the heart of the aged, brother George. (Going off.)

Geo. Or treble misery and death.

[Apart, and following slowly.

The music sounds, and the followers of Aspen begin
to file across the stage. The curtain falls.

ACT III—SCENE I.

Castle of Ebersdorf.

RUDIGER, ISABELLA, and GERTRUDE.

Rud. I prithee, dear wife, be merry. It must be over by this time, and happily, otherwise the bad news had reached us.

Isa. Should we not, then, have heard the tidings of the good?

Rud. Oh! these fly slower by half. Besides, I warrant all of them engaged in the pursuit. Oh!

not a page would leave the skirts of the 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?

GER. I think I see a horseman.

ISA. A single rider! then I fear me much.

GER. It is only Father Ludovic.

Rud. A plague on thee! didst thou take a fat friar on a mule for a trooper of the house of Aspen?

GER. But yonder is a cloud of dust.

Rud. (eagerly) Indeed!

GER. It is only the wine sledges going to my aunt's convent.

Rud. The devil confound the wine sledges, and the mules, and the monks! Come from the window, and torment me no longer, thou seer of strange sights.

GER. Dear uncle, what can I do to amuse you?

Shall I tell you what I dreamed this morning?

Rud. Nonsense: but say on; any thing is better than silence.

GER. I thought I was in the chapel, and they were burying my aunt Isabella alive. And who, do you think, aunt, were the gravediggers who shovelled in the earth upon you? Even Baron George and old Martin.

ISA. (appears shocked) Heaven! what an idea!

GER. Do but think of my terror—and Minhold the minstrel played all the while, to drown your screams.

Rud. And old Father Ludovic danced a sara-band, with the steeple of the new convent upon his thick skull by way of mitre. A truce to this nonsense. Give us a song, my love, and leave thy dreams and visions.

GER. What shall I sing to you?

Rud. Sing to me of war.

GER. I cannot sing of battle; but I will sing you the Lament of Eleanor of Toro, when her lover was slain in the wars.

ISA. Oh, no laments, Gertrude.

Rud. Then sing a song of mirth.

ISA. Dear husband, is this a time for mirth?

Rud. Is it neither a time to sing of mirth nor of sorrow! Isabella would rather hear Father Ludovic chant the "De profundis."

GER. Dear uncle, be not angry. At ;resent, 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 dark wood,

¹ Compare with "The Maid of Toro" ante, 635.
As a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sigh'd to the breezes and wept to the flood.—
"Saints, from the mansion of bliss lowly bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliant's cry,
Grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Frederick restore, or let Eleanor die."

Distant and faint were the sounds of the battle;
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamor came loading the gale.

Breathless she gazed through the woodland so dreary,
Slowly approaching, a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"Save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying;
Save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low;
Cold on yon heath thy bold Frederick is lying,
Fast through the woodland approaches the foe."

[The voice of Gertrude sinks by degrees,
till she bursts into tears.

Rud. How now, Gertrude?
Ger. Alas! may not the fate of poor Eleanor at this moment be mine?
Rud. Never, my girl, never! (Military music is heard.) Hark! hark! to the sounds that tell thee so.
[All rise and run to the window.

Rud. Joy! joy! they come, and come victorious.
(The chorus of the war-song is heard without.) Welcome! welcome! once more have my old eyes seen the banners of the house of Maltingen trampled in the dust.—Isabella, broach our oldest casks: wine is sweet after war.

Enter Henry, followed by Reynold and troopers.

Run. 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.)
Ger. 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.
Ger. It is bloody!—(shocked.)
Rud. Dost start at that, my girl? Were it his own blood, as it is that of his foes, thou shouldest 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 loosens and takes off his casque.)
Ger. There is one, two, three hacks, and none has pierced the steel.
Rud. Let me see. Let me see. A trusty casque! Ger. Else hadst thou gone.
Isa. I will reward the armorer with its weight in gold.
Geo. (aside.) She must be innocent.
Ger. 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 our
possession, for his ransom. Never shall I know peace 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.

Rud. I will receive him in the hall.

[Exit, leaning on Gertrude and Henry.]

Isa. Go, George—see after Martin.

Geo. (firmly) No—I have a task to perform; and though the earth should open and devour me alive— I will accomplish it. But first—but first—Nature, take thy 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, think you, that prisoner was?

Isa. I know not (with increasing terror.)

Geo. (trembling, but proceeding rapidly.) His own twin-brother, who sucked the same breasts with him, and lay in the bosom of the same mother; his brother whom he loved as his own soul—what should that knight have done unto his brother?

Isa. (almost speechless.) Alas! what did he do?

Geo. He did (turning his head from her, and with clasped hands) what I can never do:— he did his duty.

Isa. My son! my son!—Mercy! Mercy! (Clinging 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, Framers 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 terror's 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 murder-ess of her husband has dragged out years of hidden remorse, to be brought at last to the scaffold by her own cherished son—thou art silent.

Geo. The language of Nature is no more! How shall I learn another?

Isa. Look upon me, George. Should the executioner be abashed before the criminal—look upon me, my son. From my soul do I forgive thee.

Geo. Forgive me what?

Isa. What thou dost meditate—be vengeance heavy, but let it be secret—add not the death of a father to that of the sinner! Oh! Rudiger! Rudiger! innocent cause of all my guilt and all my woe, how wilt thou tear thy silver locks when thou shalt hear her guilt whom thou hast so often clasped to thy bosom—hear her infamy proclaimed by the son of thy fondest hopes—(weeping.)

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 poniard! (Opens it) Heaven and earth!—a summons from the invisible judge!—(Drops the parchment.)

Geo. (reads with emotion.) "Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, we conjure thee, by the cord and by the steel, to appear this night before the avengers of blood, who judge in secret and avenge in secret, like the Deity. As thou art innocent or guilty, so be thy deliverance."—Martin, Martin, thou hast played false!

Isa. Alas! whither shall I fly?

Geo. Thou canst not fly; instant death would follow the attempt; a hundred thousand arms would be raised against thy life; every morse' thou didst taste, every drop which thou didst
Drink, the very breeze of heaven that fanned thee,
would come loaded with destruction. One chance
of safety is open:—obey the summons.
ISA. And perish.—Yet why should I still fear
death? Be it so.
Geo. No—I have sworn to save you. I will not
do the work by halves. Does any one save Martin
know of the dreadful deed?
ISA. None.
Geo. Then go—assert your innocence, and leave
the rest to me.
ISA. Wretch that I am! How can I support the
task you would impose?
Geo. Think on my father. Live for him; he
will need all the comfort thou canst bestow. Let
the thought that his destruction is involved in
thine, carry thee through the dreadful trial.
ISA. Be it so.—For Roderic I have lived: for
him I will continue to bear the burden of exist-
ence: 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 evi-
dence 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
chapels; 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 pa-
rent; and the penance I will do for my perjury
shall appall even the judges of blood.

Enter Reynolds.

Rey. Sir knight, the messenger of Count Roderic
desires to speak with you.
Geo. Admit him.

Enter Hugo.

Hco. 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.
Hco. And 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?
Hco. Not as it seems to me. He is weak through
loss of blood; but since his wound was dressed he
can both stand and walk. Our Count has a notable
balsam, which has recruited him much.
Geo. Enough—I will send the priest.—(Exit
too.) 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?
Rey. 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.
Rey. So please you—I think the minstrel could
well execute such a commission: he is shrewd and
cunning, and can write and read like a priest.
Geo. Call him.—(Exit Reynold.) If this fails, I
must employ open force. Were Martin removed,
no tongue can assert the bloody truth.

Enter Minstrel.

Geo. Come hither, Minhold. Hast thou courage
to undertake a dangerous enterprise?
Ber. My life, sir knight, has been one scene of
danger and of dread. I have forgotten how to fear.
Geo. Thy speech is above thy seeming. Who art thou?
Ber. An unfortunate knight, obliged to shroud
myself under this disguise.
Geo. What is the cause of thy misfortunes?
Ber. I slew; at a tournament, a prince, and was
laid under the ban of the empire.
Geo. I have interest with the emperor. Swear
to perform what task I shall impose on thee, and
I will procure the recall of the ban.
Ber. I swear.
Geo. Then take the disguise of a monk, and go
with the follower of Count 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 your
squire in danger?
Geo. It is, unless thou canst accomplish his re-
lease.
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, 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 rest,
and walked the party in the field.
Geo. Saddle my steed; I will follow him.
Att. So please you, your noble father has twice demanded your presence at the banquet.

Geo. It matters not—say that I have ridden forth to the Wolfshill. Where is thy lady?

Att. In the chapel, sir knight.

Geo. "Tis well—saddle my bay-horse—(apart) for the last time. [Exit."

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The wood of Griesenhaus, 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.

Rod. We are safe here for the present. They make no immediate motion of advance. I fancy neither George nor Henry are with their party in the wood.

Enter Hugo.

Hug. Noble sir, how shall I tell what has happened?

Rod. What?

Hug. Martin has escaped.

Rod. Villain, thy life shall pay it! ( Strikes at Hugo—is held by Wolfstein. )

Wolf. Hold, hold, Count Roderic! Hugo may be blameless.

Rod. Reckless slave! how came he to escape?

Hug. Under the disguise of a monk's habit, whom by your orders we brought to confess him.

Rod. Has he been long gone?

Hug. An hour and more since he passed our sentinels, disguised as the chaplain of Aspen: but he walked so slowly and feebly, I think he cannot yet have reached the posts of the enemy.

Rod. Where is the treacherous priest?

Hug. He waits his doom not far from hence. [ Exit Hugo.]

Rod. Drag him hither. The miscreant that snatched the morsel of vengeance from the lion of Maltzungen, shall expire under torture.

Re-enter Hugo, with Bertram and Attendants.

Rod. Villain! what tempted thee, under the garb of a minister of religion, to steal a criminal from the hand of justice?

Ber. I am no villain, Count Roderic; and I only aided the escape of one wounded wretch whom thou didst mean to kill basely.

Rod. Liar and slave! thou hast assisted a murderer, upon whom justice had sacred claims.

Ber. I warn thee again, Count, that I am neither liar nor slave. Shortly I hope to tell thee I am once more thy equal.

Rod. Thou! Thou!——

Ber. Yes! the name of Bertram of Ebersdorf was once not unknown to thee.

Rod. ( astonished: ) Thou Bertram! the brother of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, first husband of the Baroness Isabella of Aspen!

Ber. The same.

Rod. Who, in a quarrel at a tournament, many years since, slew a blood-relation of the emperor, and was laid under the ban?

Ber. The same.

Rod. And who has now, in the disguise of a priest, aided the escape of Martin, squire to George of Aspen?

Ber. The same—the same.

Rod. Then, by the holy cross of Cologne, thou hast set at liberty the murderer of thy brother Arnolf!

Ber. How! What! I understand thee not!

Rod. Miserable plotter!—Martin, by his own confession, as Wolfstein heard, avowed having asked Isabella in the murder of her husband. I had laid such a plan of vengeance as should have made all Germany shudder. And thou hast counteracted it—thou, the brother of the murdered Arnolf?

Ber. Can this be so, Wolfstein?

Wolf. I heard Martin confess the murder.

Ber. Then am I indeed unfortunate!

Rod. What, in the name of evil, brought thee here?

Ber. I am the last of my race. When I was outlawed, as thou knowest, the lands of Ebersdorf, my rightful inheritance, were declared forfeited, and the Emperor bestowed them upon Rudiger when he married Isabella. I attempted to defend my domain, but Rudiger—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 Saracens in Spain and Palestine.

Rod. But why didst thou return to a land where death attends thy being discovered?

Ber. Impatience urged me to see once more the land of my nativity, and the towers of Ebersdorf. I came there yesterday, under the name of the minstrel Minhold.

Rod. And what prevailed on thee to undertake to deliver Martin?

Ber. George, though I told not my name, 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 preventing attendance upon his sick-bed, and an inspection of his body.

Ber. My vengeance shall be dreadful as its cause! The usurpers of my inheritance, the robbers of my 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 business 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 dreadful history. [Exeunt.

From the opposite side enter GEORGE, HENRY, WICKERD, CONRAD, and Soldiers.

Geo. No news of Martin yet?

Wic. None, sir knight.

Geo. Nor 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-natured. Thy mind cannot even support the burden which mine must bear, far less wilt thou approve the means I shall use to throw it off.

Hen. Try me.

Geo. I may 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 become the confidant of crimes past—the accomplice of others to come.

Hen. Shall I guess?

Geo. I charge thee, no!

Hen. I must. Thou art one of the secret judges.

Geo. Unhappy boy! what hast thou said?

Hen. Is it not so?

Geo. Dost thou know what the discovery has cost thee?

Hen. I care not.

Geo. He who discovers any part of our mystery must himself become one of our number.

Hen. How so?

Geo. If he does not consent, his secrecy will be speedily ensured by his death. To that we are sworn—take thy choice!

Hen. Well, are you not banded in secret to punish those offenders whom the sword of justice cannot reach, or who are shielded from its stroke by the buckler of power?

Geo. Such is indeed the purpose of our fraternity; but the end is pursued through paths dark, intricate, and slippery with blood. Who is he that shall tread them with safety? Accursed be the hour in which I entered the labyrinth, and doubly accursed that, in which thou too must lose the cheerful sunshine of a soul without a mystery!

Hen. Yet for thy sake will I be a member.

Geo. Henry, thou didst rise this morning a free man. No one could say to thee, "Why dost thou so?" Thou layest thee down to-night the veriest slave that ever tagged 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 chapter. Show him this signet and this letter; tell him that matters will be this night discussed concerning 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 you dread?

Geo. Young man, the first duty thou must learn is implicit and blind obedience.

Hen. Well! I shall soon return and see thee again.

Geo. Return, indeed, thou wilt; but for the rest—well! that matters not.

Hen. I go: thou wilt set a watch here?

Geo. I will. (Henry going.) Return, my dear Henry; let me embrace thee, shouldst thou not see me again.

Hen. Heaven! what mean you?

Geo. Nothing. The life of mortals is precari-
ous; and, should we not meet again, take my blessing and this embrace—and this—(embraces him warmly.) And now haste to the duke. (Exit Henry.) Poor youth, thou little knowest what thou hast undertaken. But if Martin has escaped, and if the duke arrives, they will not dare to proceed without proof.

Re-enter Wickerd and followers.

Wic. We have made a follower of Maltungen prisoner, Baron George, who reports that Martin has escaped.

Geo. Joy! joy! such joy as I can now feel! Set him free for the good news—and, Wickerd, keep a good watch in this spot all night. Send out scouts to find Martin, lest he should not be able to reach Ebersdorf.

Wic. I shall, noble sir.

[The kettle-drums and trumpets flourish as for setting the watch: the scene closes.

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SCENE II.

The chapel at Ebersdorf, an ancient Gothic building.

Isabella is discovered rising from before the altar, on which burn two tapers.

Isa. I cannot pray. Terror and guilt have stifled devotion. The heart must be at ease—the hands must be pure when they are lifted to Heaven. Midnight is the hour of summons: it is now near. How can I pray, when I go resolved to deny a crime which every drop of my blood could not wash away! And my son! Oh! he will fall the victim of my crime! Arnolf! Arnolf! thou art dreadfully avenged! (Tap at the door.) The footstep of my dreadful guide. (Tap again.) My courage is no more. (Enter Gertrude by the door.) Gertrude! is it only thou? (embraces her.)

Ger. Dear aunt, leave this awful place; it chills my very blood. My uncle sent me to call you to the hall.

Isa. Who is in the hall?

Ger. Only Reynold and the family, with whom my uncle is making merry.

Isa. Sawest thou no strange faces?

Ger. No; none but friends.

Isa. Art thou sure of that? Is George there?

Ger. No, nor Henry; both have ridden out. I think they might have staid one day at least. But come, aunt, I hate this place; it reminds me of my dream. See, yonder was the spot where methought they were burying you alive, below yon monument (pointing).

Isa. (starting.) The monument of my first hus-

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SCENE III.

The Wood of Griefenhaus.—A watch-fire, round which sit Wickerd, Conred, and others, in their watch-cloaks.

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.)

(RHEIN-WEIN LIED.)

What makes the troopers' frozen courage musters?

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 within, sirs,

When the night-frost crusts the fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine they cluster,

The grapes of juice divine,

That make our troopers' frozen courage musters:

Oh, blessed be the Rhine!

Con. Well sung, Wickerd; thou wert ever a jovial soul.

Enter a trooper or two more.

Wic. Hast thou made the rounds, Frank?
FRANK. Yes, up to the hemlock marsh. It is a stormy night; the moon shone on the 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.

WIG. 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.

WIG. 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.

WIG. Hear me, ye hare-livered boys! Can you look death in the face in battle, and dread such nursery bugbears? 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.

WIG. And I will take 't other sup of Rhenish to fence against the horrors of the tale.

CON. It is about my own uncle and godfather, Albert of Horsheim.

WIG. 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 awaked by deep groans: he cast his eyes upon the mirror, and saw—

FRANK. Sacred Heaven! Heard you nothing?

WIG. Ay, the wind among the wither'd leaves. Go on, Conrad. Your uncle was a wise man.

CON. That's more than gray hairs can make other folks.

WIG. 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.)

WIG. 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.)

WIG. Where? what?

CON. 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.

WIG. (levelling his pike.) Man or devil, which wilt thou, shalt shalt shall feel cold iron, if thou bidgest a foot nearer. (Martin stops.) Who art thou? What dost thou seek?

MAR. To warm myself at your fire. It is deadly cold.

WIG. 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.

WIG. He raves.

MAR. He passed me but now in the wood, mount-ed 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!"

WIG. 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: you
have the charge of the large gilded cup, embossed with the figures of the twelve apostles. It was the favorite goblet of my old master.

Con. By our lady, Martin, thou must be distracted indeed, to think our master would intrust Wickerd with the care of the cellar.

Mar. I know a face so like the apostate Judas on that cup. I have seen the likeness when I gazed on a mirror.

Wic. Try to go to sleep, dear Martin; it will relieve thy brain. (Footsteps are heard in the wood.) To your arms. (They take their arms.)

Enter two Members of the Invisible Tribunal, muffled in their cloaks.

Con. Stand! Who are you?

1 Mem. Travellers benighted in the wood.

Wic. Are ye friends to Aspen or Maltingen?

1 Mem. We enter not into their quarrel; we are friends to the right.

Wic. Then are ye friends to us, and welcome to pass the night by our fire.

2 Mem. Thanks. (They approach the fire, and regard Martin very earnestly.)

Con. Hear ye any news abroad?

2 Mem. None; but that oppression and 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.

Con. Be at ease, and strive to sleep.

Mar. Too well I know—I shall never sleep again.

2 Mem. The wretch of whom we speak became, from revenge and lust of gain, the murderer of the master whose bread he did eat.

Wic. Out upon the monster!

1 Mem. For nearly, thirty years was he permitted to cumber the ground. The miscreant thought his crime was concealed; but the earth which 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 hands—every element bore witness to his guilt.

Mar. Conrad, good youth—lead me from hence, and I will show thee where, thirty years since, I deposited a mighty bribe. [Rises.

Con. Be patient, good Martin.

Wic. And where was the miscreant seized?

[The two Members suddenly lay hands on Martin, and draw their daggers; the Soldiers spring to their arms.

1 Mem. On this very spot.

Wic. Traitors, unloose your hold!

1 Mem. In the name of the Invisible Judges, I charge ye, impede us not in our duty.

[All sink their weapons, and stand motionless.

Mar. Help! help!

1 Mem. Help him with your prayers!

[He is dragged off. The scene shuts.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

The subterranean chapel of the Castle of Griefenhaus. It seems deserted, and in decay. There are four entrances, each defended by an iron portal. At each door stands a warder clothed in black, and masked, armed with a naked sword. During the whole scene they remain motionless on their posts. In the centre of the chapel is a ruinous altar, half sunk in the ground, on which lie a large book, a dagger, and a coil of ropes, beside two lighted tapers. Antique stone benches of different heights around the chapel. In the back scene is seen a dilapidated entrance into the sacristy, which is quite dark.

Various Members of the Invisible Tribunal enter by the four different doors of the chapel. Each whispers something as he passes the Warder which is answered by an inclination of the head. The costume of the Members is a long black robe capable of muffling the face: some wear it in this manner; others have their faces uncovered, unless on the entrance of a stranger: they place themselves in profound silence upon the stone benches.

Enter Count Roderic, dressed in a scarlet cloak of the same form with those of the other Members. He takes his place on the most elevated bench.

Rod. Warders, secure the doors! (The doors are barred with great care.) Herald, do thy duty! [Members all rise—Herald stands by the altar.

Herald. Members of the Invisible Tribunal, who judge in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity,
are your hearts free from malice, and your hands from blood-guiltiness?

[All the Members incline their heads.]

Rod. God pardon our sins of ignorance, and preserve us from those of presumption.

[Again the Members solemnly incline their heads.]

Her. To the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, I raise my voice; wherever there is treason, wherever there is blood-guiltiness, wherever there is sacrilege, sorcery, robbery, or perjury, there let this curse alight, and pierce the marrow and the bone. Raise, then, your voices, and say with me, woe! woe, unto offenders!

All. Woe! woe!

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!

Rod. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance?

Accuser. Upon a brother of this order, who is forewarned, and perjured to its laws.

Rod. Relate his crime.

Acc. This perjured brother was sworn, upon the steel and upon the cord, to denounce malefactors to the judgment-seat, from the four quarters of heaven, though it were the spouse of his heart, or the 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?

Rod. 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!

Rod. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury, should it be found false?

Acc. I will.

Rod. Brethren, what is your sentence?

[The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.]

Eldest Mem. Our voice is, that the perjured brother merits death.

Rod. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.

Acc. George, Baron of Aspen.

[A murmur in the assembly.]

A Mem. (suddenly rising.) I am ready, according to our holy laws, to swear, by the steel and the cord, that George of Aspen merits not this accusation, and that it is a foul calumny.

Acc. Rash man! gagest 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.)

Rod. Baron George of Aspen!

Gro. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-accused.

Rod. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from justice, on that condition alone, thy brethren may save thy life.

Gro. Thinkest thou I would betray for the safety of my life, a secret I have preserved at the breach of my word?—No! I have weighed the value of my obligation—I will not discharge it—but most willingly will I pay the penalty!

Rod. Retire, George of Aspen, till the assembly pronounce judgment.

Gro. Welcome be your sentence—I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beams 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 sacristy.]

Rod. 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.]

Rod. Speak your doom.

Eldest Mem. George of Aspen has declared him self perjured;—the penalty of perjury is death!

Rod. Father of the secret judges—Eldest among those who avenge in secret—take to thee the steel and the cord;—let the guilty no longer cumber 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?

Rod. How wilt thou stand before that throne, loaded with the guilt of a broken oath? The blood of the criminal be upon us and ours!

Eldest Mem. So be it, in the name of God!

[He takes the dagger from the altar, goes slowly towards the back scene, and reluctantly enters the sacristy.]
ELDEST JUDGE. (from behind the scene.) Dost thou forgive me?
Geo. (behind.) I do! (He is heard to fall heavily.)
[Re-enter the old judge from the sacristy. He lays on the altar the bloody dagger.
Rod. Hast thou done thy duty?
ELDEST MEM. I have. (He faints.)
Rod. He swoons. Remove him.
[He is assisted off the stage. During this four members enter the sacristy, and bring out a bier covered with a pall, which they place on the steps of the altar.
A deep silence.
Rod. Judges of evil, dooming in secret, and avenging in secret, like the Delty: God keep your thoughts from evil, and your hands from guilt.
Ber. I raise my voice in this assembly, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!
Rod. Enough has this night been done—(he rises and brings Bertram 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.
Rod. (resumes his seat.) Upon whom callest thou for vengeance?
Ber. Upon Isabella of Aspen.
Rod. She has been summoned.
HERALD. Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, I charge thee to appear, and stand upon thy defence.
[Three knocks are heard at one of the doors—it is opened by the warder.
Enter ISABELLA, the veil still wrapped around her head, led by her conductor. All the members muff their faces.
Rod. Uncover her eyes.
[The veil is removed. ISABELLA looks wildly round.
Rod. Knowest thou, lady, where thou art?
 Isa. I guess.
Rod. Say thy guess.
 Isa. Before the Avengers of blood.
Rod. Knowest thou why thou art called to their presence?
 Isa. No.
Rod. Speak, accuser.
Ber. I impeach thee, Isabella of Aspen, before this awful assembly, of having murdered, privily and by poison, Arnolf of Ebersdorf, thy first husband.
Rod. Canst thou swear to the accusation?
Ber. (his hand on the altar.) I lay my hand on the steel and the cord, and swear.

Rod. Isabella of Aspen, thou hast heard thy accusation. What canst thou answer?
 Isa. That the oath of an accuser is no proof of guilt!
Rod. Hast thou more to say?
 Isa. I have.
Rod. Speak on.
 Isa. Judges invisible to the sun, and seen only by the stars of midnight! I stand before you, 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.
Rod. Have you finished?
 Isa. A moment. Years after years have elapsed without a whisper of this foul suspicion. Arnolf left a brother! though common fame had been silent, natural affection would have been heard against me—why spoke he not my accusation? Or has my conduct justified this horrible charge? No! awful judges, I may answer, I have founded cloisters, I have endowed hospitals. 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-weighted 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.
Rod. Dost thou know the accuser, lady?
 Isa. (reassuming fortitude.) Let not the sinking of nature under this dreadful trial be imputed to the consciousness of guilt. I do know the accuser—know him to be outlawed for homicide, and under the ban of the empire; his testimony cannot be received.
ELDEST JUDGE. She says truly.
Ber. (to Rodric.) Then I call upon thee and William of Wolfstein to bear witness to what you know.
Rod. Wolfstein is not in the assembly, and my place prevents me from being a witness.
Ber. Then I will call another: meanwhile let the accused be removed.
Rod. Retire, lady.
[ISABELLA is led to the sacristy.
ISA. (in going off.) The ground is slippery—Heavens! it is floated with blood! [Exit into the sacristy.

ROD. (apart to Bertram.) Whom dost thou mean to call? [Bertram whispers.

ROD. This goes beyond me. (After a moment's thought.) But be it so. Maltingen shall behold Aspen humbled in the dust. (Aloud.) Brethren, the accusor calls for a witness who remains without: admit him. [All muffle their faces.

Enter Rudiger, his eyes bound or covered, leaning upon two members; they place a stool for him, and unbind his eyes.

ROD. Knowest thou where thou art, and before whom?

ROD. I know not, and I care not. Two strangers summoned me from my castle to assist, they said, at a great act of justice. I ascended the litter they brought, and I am here.

ROD. It regards the punishment of perjury and the discovery of murder. Art thou willing to assist us?

ROD. Most willing, as is my duty.

ROD. What if the crime regard thy friend?

ROD. I will hold him no longer so.

ROD. What if thine own blood?

ROD. I would let it out with my poniard.

ROD. Then canst thou not blame us for this deed of justice. Remove the pall. (The pall is lifted, beneath which is discovered the body of George, pale and bloody. Rudiger 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.

ROD. Rash and incontinent! Hear first the cause. Hear the dishonor 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 enters wounded, and throws herself on George's body.)

ISA. Murdered for me—for me! my dear, dear son!

RUN. (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.)

ROD. Oh! let me go—let me but try to stop her blood, and I will forgive all.

ROD. Drag him off and detain him. The voice of lamentation must not disturb the stern deliberation of justice.

ROD. Bloodhound of Maltingen! Well beseems thee thy base revenge! The marks of my son's lance are still on thy craven crest! Vengeance on the band of ye!

[ROD. is dragged off to the sacristy.

ROD. Brethren, we stand discovered! What is to be done to him who shall desecry our mystery? Eldest Judge. He must become a brother of our order, or die!

ROD. This man will never join us! He cannot put his hand into ours, which are stained with the blood of his wife and son: he must therefore die! (Murmurs in the assembly.) Brethren! I wonder not at your reluctance; but the man is powerful, his friends and allies to buckler his anse. It is over with us, and with our order, unless the laws are obeyed. (Fainter murmur.) Besides, have we not sworn a deadly oath to execute these statutes? (A dead silence.) Take to thee the steel and the cord (to the eldest judge.)

Eldest Judge. He has done no evil—he was the companion of my battle—I will not!

ROD. (to another.) Do thon—and succeed to the rank of him who has disobeyed. Remember your oath! (Member takes the dagger, and goes irresistibly 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 strewed with his white hairs, torn by those hands that have fought for Christendom. I will not be thy butcher.

(Throes down the dagger.)

BER. Irresolute and perjured! the robber of my inheritance, the author of my exile, shall die!

ROD. Thanks, Bertram. Execute the doom—secure the safety of the holy tribunal!

[BERTRAM seizes the dagger, and is about to rush into the sacristy, when three loud knocks are heard at the door.

ALL. Hold! Hold!

[The Duke of Bavaria, attended by many members of the Invisible Tribunal, enters, dressed in a scarlet mantle trimmed with ermine, and wearing a 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.

ROD. The Duke of Bavaria! I am lost.

DUKE. (sees the bodies.) I am too late—the victims lie: a fallen.
HEN. (who enters with the Duke.) Gracious Heaven! O George!

Rod. (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 pander 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 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 comes forward.)

Rod. Lord Duke, thou hast charged me with treachery—thou art my liege lord—but who else dares maintain the accusation, lies in his throat.

HEN. (rushing from the sacristy.) Villain! I accept thy challenge!

Rod. 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.)

THE END.
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