SCOTTS

POETICAL WORKS

COMPLETE

Illustrated
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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*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.

ADVERTISEMENT TO EDITION 1833.

The Introduction to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, written in April, 1829, was revised by the Author in the autumn of 1831, when he also made some corrections in the text of the Poem, and several additions to the notes. The work is now printed from his interleaved copy.

It is much to be regretted that the original MS. of this Poem has not been preserved. We are thus denied the advantage of comparing throughout the Author's various readings, which, in the case of Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, the Lord of the Isles, &c., are often highly curious and instructive.—Ed.

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

A poem of nearly thirty years' standing may be supposed hardly to need an Introduction, since, without one, it has been able to keep itself 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 dip my desperate pen in ink for other purposes than those of my profession. In 1796, when I first pub-

1 Published in 4to (£1 5s.), January, 1832.
2 "The 'Lay' is the best of all possible comments on the Border Minstrelsy."—British Critic, August, 1805.
lished the translations from Bürger, I was an isolated individual, with only my own wants to provide 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 demands 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 contingencies of life.

It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavorable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to 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 reality be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance 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 euncte nullum." 1

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

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

I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalized by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned, that since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had become extremely robust. From infancy I had 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 circumstance, 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 journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have traveled in a more commodious manner. I practised most

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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 1853, a Senator of the College of Justice by the title of Lord Jeffrey.—En.
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 char-
ter as a jurist, 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 con-
stitution rendered them most amenable to military
criticism. In other respects, the squadron was a
eine one, consisting chiefly of handsome men, well
mounted, and armed at their own expense. My
attention to the corps took up a good deal of time;
and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of
my life, it furnished an additional reason for my
reluctance again to encounter the severe course of
study indispensable to success in the juridical pro-
fession.

On the other hand, my father, whose feelings
might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had
been for two or three years dead, so that I had no
control to thwart my own inclination; and my in-
come being equal to all the comforts, and some of
the elegancies, of life, I was not pressed to an 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 epithet of the Irritable Race. It re-
quires no depth of philosophic reflection to per-
ceive, that the petty warfare of Pope with the
Dunces 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
\textit{crush} 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 temp-
ation of narrowing myself to what is called lit-
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
himsome draughts, until he is unable to endure
wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I re-
solved to stick by the society of my \textit{commis}; in-
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-
licable 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 friends could so far favor me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher honors. Upon such a post an author might hope to retreat, without any perceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavors to please, or he himself should tire of the pen. At this period of my life, I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the preferment to which I limited my wishes; and, in fact, I obtained in no long period the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

Thus far all was well, and the Author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great 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 a sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the hallow 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 dilution and contraction thus rendered necessary is singularly unfavorable to narrative composition; and the "Gondibert" of Sir William D'Avenant, though containing many striking passages, has never become popular, owing chiefly to its being told in this species of elegiac verse.

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

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

The lovely young Countess of 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 couplet of Pope's translation of the Iliad, there are two syllables forming a superbious 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;"

That wrath which sent to Pluto's gloomy reign,
The souls of mighty chiefs in battle slain,
Whose bones, unburied on the desert shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore."
courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave me the idea of an angelic visitant, than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry among us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written.

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

I was already acquainted with the "Joan of Arc," the "Thalaba," and the "Metrical 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 extravaganzas 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 censoring 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.—Ed.
2 This was Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, a man then considerably upwards of eighty, of a shrewd and sarcastic temper, which he did not at all times suppress, as the following anecdote will show:—A worthy clergyman, now deceased, with better good-will than tact, was endeavoring to push the senior forward in his recollection of Border ballads and legends, by expressing reiterated surprise at his wonderful memory. "No, sir," said old Mickledale; "my memory is good for little, for it cannot retain what ought to be preserved. I can remember all these stories about the old 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 speaking about."—Ed.
3 Two volumes, royal octavo. 1801.
4 Melvin’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.—Ed.
They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal pre- eminence. 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 disinterest 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 hearing 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 to- gether 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 golden Mean:
   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 lays might be sung, or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos, might remind the reader, at intervals, of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of cadre, or frame, 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 im- primatur 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 1806, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has since so voluminously, 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 be- tween 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 conse- quence 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 auth- or was riding with one of the worthy publishers. 1

It would be great affectation not to own frankly, that the author expected some success from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." The at- tempt 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 backrack and binding which belong to them of later days. But whatever might have been his expectations, whether moderate or unreasonable, the result left them far behind, for among those who smiled for the adven- turous Minstrel, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox. 2 Neither was

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1 One of these, William Erskine, Esq. (Lord Kinneddell), I have often had occasion to mention; and though I may hardly be thanked for disclosing the name of the other, yet I cannot but state that the second is George Cranston, Esq., now a Senator of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Cranston. 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.—En.

4 Though 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 1803, the Chancellor asked me about you and your then situation, and after I had answered him, Mr. Pitt observed—'He can't remain as he is,' and desired me to 'look to it.'"—Lockhart. *Life of Scott,* vol. ii. p. 226.

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-
ded, and there followed an octavo impression of 1500; in 1806, two more, one of 2000 copies, another of 2250; in 1807, a fifth edition of 3000; and a sixth of 3000; in 1808, 3550; in 1809, 3000—a small edition in quarto (the ballads and lyrical pieces being then annexed to it)—and another octavo edition of 3250; 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 in firm and old;

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 these half-civilized times, when the bands of government were so loosely twisted, that every man depended for safety more on his own arm, or the prowess of his chief, than on the civil power, may be said to hold a middle rank between history and private anecdote. War is always most picturesque where it is least formed into a science; it has most variety and interest where the prowess and activity of individuals has most play; and the nocturnal expedition of Biomed and Ulysses to seize the chariot and horses of Rhesus, or a raid of the Scots or the Kerrs to drive cattle, will make a better figure in verse, than all the battles of the great King of Prussia. The sleuth-dog, the beacon-fires, the Jedwood-ars, the moss-troopers, the yell of the sloggan, and all the irregular warfare of predatory expeditions, or feats 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 romances, and that assumed by Mr. Scott: the alterations of the first are usually casual and slight; those of the other, premeditated and systematic. The old romancier 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, oftener through in-

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

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.

"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.

3 "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 trueful 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 carriell'd,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay:  
Old times were changed, old manners gone;  
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne;  
The 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  

The ancient metrical romance. The author, enamored of the lofty visions of chivalry, and partial to the strains in which they were formerly embodied, seems to have employed all the resources of his genius in endeavoring to recall them to the favor and admiration of the public, and in adapting to the taste of modern readers a species of poetry which was once the delight of the country, but has long ceased to gladden any other eyes than those of the scholar and the antiquary. This is a romance, therefore, composed by a minstrel of the present day; or such a romance as we may suppose would have been written in modern times, if that style of composition had continued to be cultivated, and partakes consequently of the improvements which every branch of Literature has received since the time of its desolation."—JEFAYET. April, 1863.

[1] "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 precipitous stream, which unites with the Ettrick about a mile beneath the castle.

[2] Newmarket 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 Aubilwark, 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 Etrick. Various grants occur in the records of the Privy Seal, bestowing the keeping of the Castle of Newmarket upon different barons. There is a popular tradition that it was once seized, and held out by the outlaw Murray, a noted character in song, who only surrendered Newmarket upon condition of being made hereditary sheriff of the forest. A long ballad, containing an account of this transaction, is preserved in the Borders Minstrelsy (vol. i. p. 260). Upon the marriage of James IV. with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., the Castle of Newmarket, with the whole forest of Etrick, was assigned to her as a part of her jointure lands. But of this she could make little advantage; for, after the death of her husband, she is found complaining heavily, that Buccleuch had seized upon these lands. Indeed, the office of keeper was latterly held by the family of Buccleuch, and with so firm a grasp, that when the Forest of Etrick was dispossessed, they obtained a grant of the Castle of Newmarket in property. It was within the courtyard of this castle that General Lady Lindon military execution upon the prisoners whom he had taken at the battle of Philipshagh. The castle continued to be an occasional seat of the Buccleuch family for more than a century; and here, it is said, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch was brought up. For this reason, probably, Mr. Scott has chosen to make it the scene in which the Lay of the last Minstrel is recited in her presence, and for her amusement."—SCHUYLER'S Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

[3] Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representa-
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver never to battle rode:
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch;
And, would the noble Duchess design
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though still his hair, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the south to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained;
The aged Minstrel audience gain'd;
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perceptions he wished 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 paying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blend'd 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 dukes 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;

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And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!
A braver never to battle rode:
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch;
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The long-forgotten melody.
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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;

And lightned up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;
The present scene, the future lot,
His boasts, his wishes, were all forgot:
Cold difference, and age's front,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rang.
"Twas thus the latest Minstrel sung."
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 Buccleuch.

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 corset laced,
Pillow’d on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet bar’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;3
A hundred more fed free in stall:—
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI.

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

—JENKIN.

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

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.—4
Many a valiant knight is here;
But he, the chief-tain of them all,
His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
Beside his broken spear
Bards long shall tell
How Lord Walter fell.5
When startled burghers fled, afar,
The furies of the Border war;
When the streets of high Dumelin6
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan’s deadly yoll—
Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
Or staunch the death-fend’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?6

IX.

In sorrow o’er Lord Walter’s bier
The warlike foresters had bent;
And many a flower, and many a tear,
Old Teviot’s maids and matrons lent;
But o’er her warrior’s bloody bier
The Ladye dropp’d nor flower nor tear?

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

"The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steddilie!
And aye the over-word o’ the thrang
War—Rise for Branksome readyie," &c.

Compare also the Ballad of Kinmont Willie (vol. ii. p. 33).

"Now word’s gone to the bandd kepper,
In Branksome la’ where that he lay,"

&c.—En.

4 There are not many passages in English poetry more impressive than some parts of Stanza vii. viii. ix.—JENKIN.
5 See Appendix, Note E.
6 Edinburg.
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."
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,  
Had leek'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 daw 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 ne'er alone the bitter tear  
Had filled grief supplied;  
For hopeless love, and anxious fear,  
Had lent their mingled tide:  
Nor in her mother's after'd eye  
Dared she to look for sympathy.  
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,  
With Carr in arms had stood;  
When Mathhouse-burn to Melrose ran  
All purple with their blood;  
And well she knew, her mother dread,  
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,  
Would see her on her flying 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 Padua, far beyond the sea.  
Men said, he changed his mortal frame  
By feet of magic mystery;  
For when, in studious need, he paced  
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,  
His form no darkening shadow traced  
Upon the sunny wall.

XII.

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

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,  
That chases against the sewer's  
red side?  
Is it the wind that sways the oaks?  
Is it the echo from the rocks?  
What may it be, the heavy sound,  
That means old Franksome's turrets round?

XIII.

At the sullen, meaning sound,  
The ban-dogs bay and howl;  
And, from the turrets round,  
Loud whoops the startled owl.  
In the hall, both squire and knight  
Swore that a storm was near,  
And boded 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 green of the wind-swung oak,  
From the sullen echo of the rock,  
From the voice of the coming storm,  
The Ladye knew it well!  
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,  
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

"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 merris pacing.  
To aerial treetops,  
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,  
Trip it deft and merrily.  
Up, and mark their nimble feet!  
Up, and list their music sweet!"—

XVI.

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

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 II.
3 See Appendix, Note I.
CANTO I.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

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 stabled belt is dim;
Twinkling faint, and distant far,
Shimmers through mist each planet star;
I'll may I read their high decree!
But no kind influence deign they shower
On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quelled, and love be free."

XVIII.

The uncouthry voises ceast,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.
But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it 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,
Shore 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."

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
As c'er coach'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 Esk or Lidded, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one—
Alike to him was time or tide,
December's snow, or July's pride:
Alike to him was tide or time,
Moonless midnight, or matin prime:
Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
As ever drove prey from Cumberland;
Five times outwrought 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 Medrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle,
Greet the Father well from me;
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright;
And the Cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

XXIII.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep;
Stay not thou for food or sleep:
Be it scroll, or be it book,
Into it, Knight, thou must not look;
If thou readest, thou art born!
Better hast thou never been born."

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-gray steed,
Which drinks of 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."

1 See Appendix, Note N.
2 Foray, a predatory inroad.
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 utter-
ance of the letter r will bear testimony.—Ed.
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 31st Psalm,
Misere mei, &c., anciently read by criminals claiming the
benefit of clergy. ("In the rough but spirited sketch of the
XXV.

Soon in his sad he set 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 wooded path he rode,
Green hazels for his basket rod;
He pass'd the Peel of Goldieland,
And cross'd old Berwick's roaring strand;
Dinly he view'd the Meat hill's mound,
Where Druid shades still flitted round;2
In Hawick twink'd many a light;
Behind him seen they set in night;
And soon he spur'd his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazelldean.

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, deeper 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 bard'd3 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 Lady's grace,
At length he gain'd the landing place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,
And sternly shook his plumed head,
As glanced his eye o'er Haldon;4
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
Reck'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past;
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran;
Like some tall rock with lichen gray,
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbey.
When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,
Now midnight lauds5 were in Melrose sung
The sound, upon the fitful gale,
In solemn wise did rise and fail,
Like that wild harp, whose magic tone
Is waken'd by the winds alone.
But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all;
He metly stabbed his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine,
To ancient Riddell's fair domain;7
Where Aill, from mountains freel,

1 See Appendix, Note T.
2 Ibid. Note U.
3 Barded, or barbed,—applied to a horse accoutred with defensive armor.
4 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.
5 Pardie, the midnight service of the Catholic church.
6 See Appendix, Note T.
CANTO II.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO SECOND.

I.
If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,\(^1\)
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 ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;\(^2\)
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owllet to hoot o’er the dead man’s grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—\(^3\)
Then view St. David’s ruin’d pile;\(^4\)
And, home returning, softly 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,
He 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.”—JEFFERY.

2 See Appendix, Note W.

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

4 The Bucellech family were great benefactors to the Abbey of Melrose. As early as the reign of Robert II., Robert Scott, Baron of Muddleston and Rankleburn (so called Bucellech), gave to the monks the lands of Hinkery, in Ettrick Forest, pro sanc
tate anime sue.—Chantilly of Melrose, 28th May, 1415.

5 Aventail, visor of the helmet.
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mar{y},
When I ride on a Border foray. ¹
Other prayer can I none;
Suspense on my errant, 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.³

VIII.
Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glisten'd with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor flow'ret, glisten'd there,
But was carv'd in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gaz'd 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 Castille,
The youth in glittering squadrons start,³
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-clad'd postem door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The dark'en'd roof rose high aloft
On pillars lofty and light and small;
The key-stone, that lock'd each ribb'd side,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carv'd grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with cloister'd shafts so trim,

³ See Appendix, Note X.

² The cloisters were frequently used as places of sepulture.

An instance occurs in Dryburgh Abbey, where the cloister has an inscription, bearing, Hor jact frater Archdiudus.

² See Appendix, Note Y.

³ Corbels, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

¹ "With plinth and with capital flouri'd round." —First Edition.

² See Appendix, Note Z. ¹ Ibid. Note 2 A. ² Ibid. Note 2 B.

³ "Bombyx, September 23, 1805.—I began last night to read Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel; as part of my evening readings to my children. I was extremely delighted by the poetical beauty of some passages, the Abbey of Melrose for

With base and with capital flouri'd around,³
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.
Full many a saviour and sinner riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant Chief of Otterburne!⁴
And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale!⁴
O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.
The moon on the east cri'd shone⁵
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the elder wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the will w-wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Slow'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.
They sate them down on a marble stone,⁵—
(And 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 thin 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 romance, too, is admirable. The tone is antique; and it might be read for instruction as a picture of the manners of the mid ages. ¹ "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 Bards. Are not the good parts of his poem the most Homeric of any thing in our language? There are excellent passages, and so are there in Homer." —Sir James Mackintosh, Infy. vol. i. pp. 554, 562.

¹⁰ 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 setting-place of Waldere, one of the early abbots, who died in the odor of sanctity.

¹¹ See Appendix, Note 2 C.
A wizard, of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
His listless magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame? 
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that swept Eildon hills in three,
And brilled 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 beheld 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 read this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.
"I swear to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Brankstone's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scarce 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 tolled one:
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed;
Yet somewhat was he child'd with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

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

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

XIX.
Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day:
His heavy beard in silver roll'd,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spaniish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea;
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee.
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unrumpled was his face:
They trusted his soul had goten grace."

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 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

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
Yet now remorse and awe he owned;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewilder'd and unserved he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud;
With eyes averted pray'd he;
He might not on hie 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, then mayst not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man bow'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 chaster-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sob's, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept hold lay,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

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

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

XXV.
The sun had brightned Cheviot gray.
The sun had brightned the Carter's side;
And soon beneath the rising day
Smiled Branksome Towers and Teviot's side.
The wild birds told their warbling tale,
And whisper'd every flower that blows;
And prepar'd forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose,
And lovelier than the rose so red,
Yet paler than the violet pale,
She early left her sleepless bed,
The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.
Why does fair Margaret so early wake,4
And don her kirtle so hastily;
And the silken knots, which in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie;
Why does she stop, and look often around,
As she glides down the secret stair;
And why does she put the shaggy blood-hound,
As he roars him up from his hair;
And, though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?

XXVII.
The ladye steps in doubt and dread,
Lost her watchful mother hear her tread,
The lady caresses the soft blood-hound,
Lost her voice should wake the castle round;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her fosterfather's son;
And she glides through greenwood at dawn of light
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

1 See Appendix, Note 211.
2 A mountain on the boarder of England, above Jedburgh.
3 "How lovely and exhilarating is the fresh, cool morning landscape which envelopes the mind after the horrors of the spellful tomb!"—Annaeward.
4 "How true, sweet, and original is this description of Margaret—the trembling haste with which she attires herself, descends, and speeds to the lower!"—Annaeward.
XXVIII.

The Knight and ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fatter 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 shadied 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 Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your hopes are vain!
My harp has lost the enchanting strain;
Its lightness would my age reprove:
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, most o'er by eel,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear:
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the baron a-hunting rode
Through Redesdale's glens, but rarely tried,
He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;
'Tis said that five good miles he rode,
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 said:
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; 1
But well Lord Cranstoun served he:
And he of his service was full fair;
For once he had been taken or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this 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, 3
The trysting place was Newark lee.
Wat of Harden came thither amain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine;
They were three hundred spears and three.

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, Pag alludes to the spareness of his diet. Mr. Scott's gobelin, though "waspish, arch, and litherlie," proves a faithful and honest retainer to the lord, into whose service he had introduced himself. This sort of inconsistency 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 infidel.

1 See Appendix, Note 2 I.

2 The idea of the imp domestecating 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 Pag, is ambitious for figuring in the world, and petition his superior for permission to exhibit himself upon earth. The devil grants him a day-rule, but clogs it with this condition. —

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

3 See Appendix, Note 2 K.
Through Douglasburn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary's lake one day;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away.
They burned the chapel for raging rage,
And curs'd Lord Cranstoun's Gobin-Page.

XXXIV.

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


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

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold;
And that my kindly fire was die'd,
And my poor wither'd heart was dead,

And that I might not sing of love—
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a reft and gone!
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 humlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
While pondering deep the tender scene,
He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.
But the page shout'd wild and shrill,
And scarce his helmet could he don,
When downward from the shady hill
A stately knight came pricking on.
That warrior's steed, so dappled grey,
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 livelong night;
For it was William of Doleraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
When, dancing in the sunny beam,
He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest; 2
For his ready spear was in his rest.
Few were the words, and stern and high,
That mark'd the former's feudal hate;
For question fierce, and proud reply,
Gave signal soon of dire debate.
Their very courser seem'd to know
That each was other's mortal foe;
And snort'd 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,
That sigh was to his lady fair.
Stout Doleraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor lady, did to aid;
But he stoop'd his head, and couched his spear,
And spur'd his steed to full career.

2 The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, was a crane formant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic border motto, Thou shalt want ere I want.
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;
Theough ash spear, so stout and true,
Into a thousand diminers flew.
But Cranstone’s lance, of more avail,
Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer’s mail;
Through shield, and jack, and action, 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 girthings broke,
Hurl’d on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass’d his course;
Nor knew—so giddily roll’d his brain—
His foe lay stretch’d upon the plain.

VII.
But when he rein’d his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Brunscombe castle-gate:
His noble mind was only moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
“Thus 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 Cranstone rode;
The Goblin Page behind abode;
His lord’s command he ne’er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corset off he took,
The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvel’d a knight of pride,
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 clinch grasp:
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron claspes, that iron band,

Would not yield to unchristen’d hand,
Till he smeared the cover o’er
With the Borderer’s curdled gore;
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read:
It had much of glamour? might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight;
The cobwebbs on a dungeon wall
Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
A nutshell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeding? 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 Deloraine.
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 claspes, 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 soon I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.*

XI.
Unwillingly himself he address’d,
To do his master’s high behest:
He lifted up the living corsé,
And laid it on the weary horse;
He led him into Brunscone 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 bow’er;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
What’er he did of gramarye,*
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;

—See Appendix, Note 2 L.
—A shepherd’s hut.
—Magical delusion
—Ibid. Note 2 N.
—Magic
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play:
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.
He led the boy over bank and fell,
Until they came to a woodland brook;
The running stream dissolved the spell,
And his own elvish shape he took.
Could he have had his pleasure vile,
He had crippled the joints of the noble child;
Or, with his fingers long and lean,
Had strangled him in fainish spleen:
But his awful mother he had in dread,
And also his power was limited;
So he but scowled 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 gramarye,
The child, amidst the forest lower,
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,
Glare from some thickent 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 further still he went astray,—
Until he heard the mountains round
Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.
And bark! and bark! the deep-mouthed bark
Comes nearer still, and higher;
Bursts on the path a dark blood-bound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wretched 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-bound manfully,
And held his little bat on high;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,

At cautious distance heavily lay'd,
But still in act to spring;
When dash'd an arrow through the glade,
And when he saw the homed was stay'd,
He drew his tough bow-string;
But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, boy! 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 hound'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 bend'd 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 bangle-horn hung by his side,
All in a wolf-skin baddric 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 furbish'd sheaf bore he;
His buckler, scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee; 2
His shackle'd 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 hold 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 a fair face, and courage free,
Show he is come of high degree."

XIX.
"Yes! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;
And if thou dost not set me free,
False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue!
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
And William of Deloraine, good at need,  
And every Scott from Esk to Tweed;  
And if thou dost not let me go,  
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,  
*I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!*”—

XX.
“Gramericy, 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'll make them work upon the Border.  
Meantime be pleased to come with me,  
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see;  
I think our work is well begun,  
When we have taken thy father's son.”

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

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

1 Bandeller, belt for carrying ammunition.
2 Hackbuteer, musketeer.
3 See Appendix, Note 2 Q.
4 Ibid. Note 2 R.

XXIII.
She drew the splinter from the wound,  
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood;  
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound:  
No longer by his couch she stood;  
But she has taken the broken lance,  
And wash'd it from the dotted gore,  
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.

William of Deloraine, in trance,  
When'er she turn'd it round and round,  
Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.  
Then to her maidens she did say,  
That he should be whole man and sound,  
Within the course of a night and day.  
Full long she toil'd; for she did rue  
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

XXIV.
So pass'd the day—the evening fell,  
"Twas near the time of earl's bell;  
The air was mild, the wind was calm,  
The stream was smooth, the dew was balm;  
E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,  
Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.  
Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd  
The hour of silence and of rest.  
On the high turret sitting lone,  
She waked at times the lute's soft tone;  
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!  
Scarce could she draw her tighten'd 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 haughty sound,  
Rock, wood, and river rung around.  
The blast alarm'd the festal hall,  
And startled forth the warriors all;

5 "As another illustration of the prodigious improvement which the style of the old romance is capable of receiving from a more liberal admixture of pathetic sentiments and 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 compartments."—Jeffrey.
Far downward, in the castle-yard,
Fell many a torch and crosslet glared;
And helmets and plumes, confusedly tossed,
Were in the blaze half seen, half lost;
And spurs in ill disorder shook,
Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.
The Senechal, whose silver hair
Was clad in red by the torch's glare,
Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
And issued forth his mandates loud:
"On Pencryste glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthargheswirle;
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout!
Mount, mount for Branksome! every man!
Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
That ever are true and stout—
Ye men I send to Sir I. Heskeld;
For when they see the blazing bale,
Ellis and Armstrongs never fail.—
Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life!
And warn the Warden of the strife.
Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise."

XXVIII.
Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
Heard, far below, the courser's tread,
While loud the harness rang,
As to their seats, with clamor drest,
"The ready horsemen sprung:
And trampling hoofs, and iron casques,
And flaring voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In lightest 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 vessels and allies.

XXIX.
The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awaked the need fires' slumbering brand,
And rudely blushed the heaven:
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood flag on the sky,
All flaring and uneven;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From hill, 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 turn,
Haunted by the howling wind,
On many a cairn, gray pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazing saw,
From Soltra and Dampenber Law;
And Lochian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bow and keep 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 harrow peal.
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where masses stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whom the foe with deadly shower;
Was frequent heard the changing guard,
And watchword from the sleepless ward;
While, weared by the endless din,
Blood-bound and bandy ye'd within.

XXXI.
The noble Dame, amid the brawl,
Shared the gray Senechal's high seat,
And spoke of danger with a smile;
Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
Held with the chiefs of ripper 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 would that it was naught.
But leven clans, or Tyndale men,
Who came to gather in black-mail;
And Liddesdale, with small avail,
Might drive them lightly back again.
So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day.

Ceased the high sound—the listening throng
Appalled 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;

1 See Appendix, Note 2 A.
2 Mount for branksome was the gathering word of the Scots.
3 See Appendix, Note 2 C.
4 "We actually see the fires kindling, one after another, in the following sentences is, description."—Annual Review, 1804.
5 Neatber, beacon.
6 Turn, a mountain like.
7 Ean, a Scottish eagle.
8 See Appendix, Note 2 U.
9 Beane, make ready.
10 Protection money exacted by freebooters.
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO IV.

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

The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

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

II.

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

Why, when the 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 fame.  

III.

Now over Border, dale and fell,  
Full wide and far was terror spread;  
For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,  
The peasant left his lovely shed.  
The frighten'd doves and hinds were pent  
Beneath the peel's rude battlement;  
And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,  
While ready warriors seized the spear.  
From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye  
Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,  
Which, curling in the rising sun,  
Show'd southern ravage was begun.  

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—  
"Prepare ye all for blows and blood;  
Watt Tinlin, 9 from the Liddel-side,  
Comes wading through the flood."  
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."  

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman  
Enter'd the echoing barbican.

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

8 See Appendix, Note 2 V.
9 Ibid. Note 2 W.  
10 "And when they came to Branksome he's,  
They shouted a' that loud and his,  
Till up an spak him auld Buccleuch,  
Said—'Wha's this brings the fraye to me?—  
"It's I, Jamie Telfer, o' the fair Border,  
And a harried man I think I be,'" &c.


11 An inroad commanded by the Warden in person.
12 "The dawn displays the smoke of ravaged fields, and shepherds, with their flocks, flying before the storm. Tidings 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 Dunsinane. The portrait of the rude retainer is sketched with the same masterly hand.

13 Mr. Scott has trod in the footsteps of the old romancers, who
He led a small and shaggy nag, 
That through a bog, from bay to bay, 
Could bound like any Billhope stag;  
It bore his wife and children twain; 
A half-clad hero was all their train; 
His wife, stout, rubbly, and dark brow'd; 
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud, 
Laugh'd to her friends among the crowd. 
He was of stature passing tall, 
But sparingly form'd, and lean withal; 
A batter'd morion on his brow; 
A leather jack, as fence crow; 
On his broad shoulders loosely lung; 
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 hardly partner bore.

VI.  
Thus to the Lady did Tinlin show 
The tidings of the English foe:—  
"Jolted Lord Howard" is marching here, 
And hot Lord Daere, with many a spear, 
And all the German back but men,  
Who have long lain at Askerton: 
They cross'd the Lid'dle at curfew hour, 
And burn'd my little lonely tower: 
The fiend receive their souls therefor!  
It had not been burn't this year and more. 
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright, 
Served to guide me on my flight;  
But I was chased the livelong night. 
Black John of Akesaw, and Fergus Graeme, 
Fast upon my traces came, 
Until I turn'd at Priesthaugh Serrog, 
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 Easter'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, Ails, and Ettrick shade,  
Came in, their Chief's defence to aid. 
There was saddling and mounting in haste, 
There was pricking over moor and hea; 
He that was last at the treaty'ing place  
Was but lightly held of his gaye lady.  

VIII.  
From fair St. Mary's silver wave, 
From dreary Gainescleargh'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, 
Encum'd by Fahl'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 far remembrance worn, 
You shoot 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 grace his shield, 
Without the bond of Murdoch.  
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 

See Appendix. Note 2 Y.  
S Bandman.  
4 As the Borderers were indifferent about the furnishing of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendor in decorating and ornamenting their families.—See Lexey de Morbus Limitansorum.  
+ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.  
| See Appendix, Note 3 A.  
| See Appendix, Note 3 C.  
* The broken ground in a bog.  
* The four last lines of stanza vii. are not in the 1st Edition. —Ed.  
* See Appendix, Note 3 D.  
See Appendix, Note 3 B.  
* Ibid. Note 3 A.  
* 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 Dinlay's spotless snow;
Five stately warriors drew the sword
Before their father's band;
A braver knight than Harden's lord
Në'er belted on a brand.¹

X.²
Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
Came trooping down the Todshawhill;
By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires 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 seignory to claim:
Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot¹ 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 trow,
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."³
Word on word gave fuel to fire,
Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,
But that the Earl the sight had seen,
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 Ese 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 taken.
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."⁴

XII.
Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn;
"Little care we for thy winded horn.
Në'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
With rusty spur and miry boot."—
He blew his bugle so loud and harse,
That the dun deer started at fair Craikercross;
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 Pentoum-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 Scots have scatter'd the Beattison clan,
In Eskdale they left but one landed man.

XIII.
Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
And warriors more than I may name;
From Yarrow-clough to Hindhaugh-swair,⁵

Stanzas x, xi, xii. were not in the first Edition.

¹ See, besides the note on this stanza, one in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 10, respecting Wat of Harden, the Author's ancestor.
² A satirical piece, entitled "The Town Elogogue," 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.
³ The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot, or Herezeld.
⁴ This and the three following lines are not in the first edition.—Ed.
From Woodhouselee to Chester-glen,
Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear;
Their gathering word was Bellenden.¹
And better hearts o'er Border did
To siege or rescue never rode.

The Ladye mark'd the airs come in,
And bigh her heart of pride arise;
She bade her youthful son attend,
That he might know his father's friend,
And learn to face his foes.

"The boy is ripe to look on war;
I saw him draw a cross bow stiff,
And his true arrow struck afar
The raven's nest upon the cliff,
The red-cross, on a southern breast,
Is broader than the raven's nest:
Thou, Whitlade, 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 wound'd and plain'd in manner wild.

The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had chang'd 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 weakness to Baeedleuch!—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has curst our line,
That coward should o'er be son of mine!"

XV.

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

Full fast the archim ran and laugh'd,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from sturtle! Tinlinn's yew,
And pierc'd his shoulder through and through
Although the imp might not be slain,

And though the wound soon heal'd again,
Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain;
And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;
And martial murmurs, from below,
Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.
Through the dark wood, in mingled tons,
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 Almavay's sullen kettledrum;
And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
Above the cape 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 mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord?—
They were not arm'd like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns;
Buff coats, all broider'd and broder'd o'er,
And morsing-horns² 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.
CANTO IV.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

37

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 ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthen'd lines display;
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George, for merry England!"

XX.
Now every English eye, intent
On Branksome's armed towers was bent;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining brash of each cross-bow;
On battlement and bartizan
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan;
Falcon and falconer, 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 open, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

XXI.
Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager 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;
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Daure 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 Ladye of Bucceleuch,
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 ye swith return;
And, if but one poor straw you burn,
Or do our towers so much molest,
As scare one swallow from her nest,
St. Mary! but we'll light a brand
Shall warm your hearts in Cumberland."—

XXIII.
A wrathful man was Daere'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 Bucceleuch.
Obeisance meet the herald made,
And thus his master's will he said:—

XXIV.
"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords;
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Warderny,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border side;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a flemens-firth;"—
We claim from thee William of Dethorne,
That he may suffer march-treason's pain.
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
These restless riders may not spare,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,"—
And storm and spoil thy garrison:

* The stanzas, describing the march of the English forces,
and the investiture of the castle of Branxholm, display a great
knowledge of ancient costume, as well as a most picturesque
and lively picture of feudal warfare."—Critical Review.
"Ancient pieces of artillery.
A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the
ancient Borders, who were wont, when any one broke his
word, to expose this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless
villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much
dreaded. See Leslie.
"An asylum for outlaws.
See Appendix, Note 3 H.
Plundered.
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;
implor'd for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.

A moment changed that Lady's cheer,
Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear.
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sord each warrior frown'd;
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest;
Umut'ted and collect'd steed,
And thus replied, in damned'ss mood.:

XXVI.
"Say to thy Lords of high emprise,
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deborah
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-troun'st stain,
Or else he will the combat take
'Gainst 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' sword; ¹
When English blood swell'd Acrane's ford; ²
And but Lord Dacre's steel 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, whilst I live, no foe finds room.

Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high;
Our sloop is their lyke-wake³ dirge,
Our mast, 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 blew;
Pensil and penions wide were flung,
To heaven the Border sloop rang.
"St. Mary for the young Bucelouch!"
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 saith,
*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 hero's caught.
Already on dark Raceshaw
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw;*
The lances, waving in his train,
Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain;
And on the Liddel's northern strand,
To bar retreat to Cumberland,
Lord Maxwell ranks his merry-men good,
Beneath the eagle and the rod;

And Jedwood, Esk, and Teviotdale,
Have to proud Angus come;
And all the Merse and Lauderdale
Have risen with hasty Home.
An exile from Northumberland,
In Liddesdale I've wander'd long;
But still my heart was with merry England,
And cannot brook my country's wrong;
And hard I've spurr'd all night, to show
The mustering of the coming foe."

XXIX.
"And let them come!" fierce Dacre cried;
"For soon you erest, 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 harquebus on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Dacre for England, win or die!"—

XXX.
"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray shack,
Saw the blanched lion e'er fall back?*
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots against thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye maid,
Ere conscious of the advancing aid:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deborah;* ⁵
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 L. ⁴ Ibid. Note 3 K.
³ Ibid. Note 3 L.
⁵ Lyke-wake, the watching a corpse previous to interment.
⁶ Weapon-schaw, the military array of a county.
⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 M. ⁸ Ibid. Note 3 N.
XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Duare brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he staid,
And slow and sullenly obey'd.
But never again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride;
And this slight dissonant, 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 declared, 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, Branksome's Lord,
Shall hostage for his clan remain:
If Deloraine fail good Musgrave,
The boy his liberty shall have.
Hove'er it falls, the English band,
Unharming Scots, by Scots unarm'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's 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 preservation 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,! 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 Dough's 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 bear 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 lave;
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 toll
For the vain tribute of a smile;
Even when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping leaves wake at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

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

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 obliteration?
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that 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, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate car mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feeds 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,
Morns o'er the field he heap'd with dead;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps again,
And shrieks along the battle-plain.
The Chief, whose antique crownet long
Still sparkles in the feudal song,
Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
Sees, in the thademum once his own,
His ashes undistinguish'd lie,
His place, his power, his memory die:
His greens 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 scarecly 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, 2 above the columns dun,
Glanced momentarily to the sun;
And feudal banners fair display'd
The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
From the fair Middle Marches came;
The Bloody Heart blow'd in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreaded name; 3
Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn, 4
Where the Seven Spears of Welderburne 5
Their men in battle-order set;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet, 6
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of Old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home! a Home!" 7

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 See Appendix, Note 3 C.
2 Begin in the first edition we read—
'Veils not to tell what hundreds more
From the rich Merse and Lammermore,' &c.
The lines on Welderburne and Swinton were inserted in
the second edition.—En.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 R.
4 Ibid. Note 3 S.
5 Sir David Home of Welderburne, who was slain in the
fateful battle of Flodden, left seven sons by his wife, Isabel,
daughter of Hoppringle of Galashields (now Pringle of White-
bank). They were called the Seven Spear of Wedder-
burne.
CANTO V.

And how a day of fight was taken
'Twixt Musgrave and stout Deboraine;
And how the Ladye pray'd them dear,
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Wore England's noble Lords forgot.
Himself, the honourable Senechal
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call
These gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight;
Nor, when from war and armor free,
More famed for stately courtesy:
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble dame, perchance you ask,
How those 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 grasped,
Still in the mailed gauntlet claspt,
Were interchanged in greeting dear:
Visors were raised, and faces shown,
And many a friend, to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.
Some drove the jolly bowl about,
With dice and draughts some chased the day;
And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, revelry, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.¹

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
Or sign of war been seen,
Those bands, so fair together ranged,
Those bands, so frankly interchanged,
Had dyed with gore the green:
The merry shout by Teviot-side
Had sunk in war cries wild and wide,
And in the groan of death;
And whingers,² now in friendship bare,
The social meal to part and share;

Had found a bloody sheath,
'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
In the old Border-day?
But yet on Branksome's towers and tow'r,
In peaceful merriment sunk down
The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

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

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
At length the various clamors died:
And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
No sound but Teviot's rushing tide;
Save when the changing sentinel
The challenge of his watch could tell;
And save, where, through the dark profound,
The clanging axe and hammer's sound
Rung from the nether lawn;
For many a busy hand toil'd there,
Strong pales to shape, and beams to square;⁴
The lists' dread barriers to prepare
Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
Despite the Dame's reproving eye;
Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
Full many a stifled sigh;
For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally,—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely 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 See Appendix, Note 3 U.
⁴ Ibid. Note 3 V.
⁵ This line is not in the first edition.
XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,  
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;  
Where sound the clang, and stamp, and smart,  
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 painted head—  
Blessed Mary! can it be?—  
Secure, as in Osmanan bowers,  
He waketh through Branksome's hostile towers,  
With fearless step and free.  
She dared not sing, 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 bethein 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 warier's pest,  
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 malignat 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 Crewe'smoun's gallant Knight,  
And to the gentle Clyde's 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 angel's shared, by Alla given,  
To hit from earth our low desire." &c.

2 A manus piece of music, adapted to the bagpipes.

The heart of them that loved so well,  
True love's the gift which God has given  
To man alone beneath the heavens;  
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 hedges blow,  
The pipe's shrill pot2 aroused each clan;  
In haste, the deadly strife to view,  
The trooping warriors eager ran;  
Thick round the lists their lances stood,  
Like blasted pines in 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 Thirlstaine.3  
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,4  
And the fierce chiefs their claims withdrew.

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,  
The stately Ladye'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 slashed and lined;  

---

3 It may be noticed that the late Lord Napier, the representative of the Scotts of Thirlstane, was Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire (of which the author was sheriff-depute) at the time when the poem was written; the competitor for the honor of supplying Deloraine's place was the poet's own ancestor.—Ed.
4 See Canto III. Stanza xviii.
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 stroke to guide her broacher'd rein.
He deem'd, she shoulder'd at the sight
Of warriors met for mortal fight;
But cause of terror all unguess'd,
Was flattering 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 knighthly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staves 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,
Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous seath and scorn.'

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

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

"The whole scene of the duel, or judicial combat, is con-
ducted according to the strictest ordinances of chivalry, and
delineated with all the minuteness of an ancient romancer.
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.

'S First Edition, "In vain! In vain! haste, holy Friar."
Of all his guilt let him be shaven,  
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 pitious sight,  
The silent victor stands;  
His beaver did he not unclasp,  
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp  
Of gratulating hands,  
When bo! strange cries of wild surprise,  
Mingled with seeming terror, rise  
Among the Scottish bands;  
And all, amid the throng's 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 lady sprang from seat with speed;  
Vaulted each marshal from his steed;  
"And who art thou," they cried,  
"Who hast this battle fought and won?"  
His plumed helm was soon undone—  
"Cranstoun of Teviot-side!  
For this fair prize I've fought and won,"—  
And to the Ladye led her son.

XXV.
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;  
Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,  
Though low he kneel'd at her feet.  
Me lists not tell what words were made,  
What Douglas, Home, and Howard said—  
—For Howard was a generous foe—  
And how the clan united pray'd  
The Ladye would the feud 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 chas 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 joint the maid.—  
Cared not the Ladye to betray  
Her mystic arts in view of day;  
But well she thought, ere midnight came,  
Of that strange page the pride to tame,  
From his foul hands the Book to save,  
And send it back to Michael's grave.—  
Needs not to tell each tender word  
"Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord,  
Nor how she told of former woes,  
And how her bosom fell and rose,  
While he and Musgrave bandied 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;
THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

CANTO V.

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 wrath,\(^1\)
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 heartily:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Thought 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 stalwart 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.

XXXI.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!
I woe, my deadly enemy;
For, if I slay 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 Snaffle, spur, and spear,\(^2\)
Thou wert the best to follow gear!
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase couldst wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray\(^3\)"

---

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, lends the gale;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bake 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 require his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howso'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.

---

\(^1\) The spectral apparition of a living person.

\(^2\) "The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear. Have for their blazon had, the snaffle, spur, and spear."

\(^3\) Poly-Albion, Song 13.

\(^4\) "The style of the old romancers has been very success-

\(^5\) "I'd give the lands of Deloraine, Dark Musgrave were alive again."---

Critical Review
The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

CANTO VI.

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 wise can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wreath, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unloved, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Lands of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er unlace 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,
Solo 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;
Alas! for feast and fight prepared,
Battle and banquet both they shared.

1 "The Lady of the Lake" has nothing so good as the address to Scot'and."—McLeroy.
2 The preceding four lines form the inscription on the monument of Sir Walter Scott in the market-place of Selkirk.—See Life, vol 1, p. 257.
3 The line "Still lay my head," &c., was not in the first edition.—En.
4 See Appendix, Note 3 X.
5 Ibid. Note 3 Y.
CANTO VI.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

And princely peacock's gilded train,1
And o'er the beard-head, garnish'd with flame,
And eyemet 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 psalterie:
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Lowly 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 clamber join'd with whistling scream,
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' 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 bit his glove, 4 and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrad, 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,

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 soul treachery espy,
Now sought the castle battery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free, 
Revel'd as merrily and well
As those that sat in lordly style.
Watt Tinlim, 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 about the riders every one:
Such day of mirth ne'er cheer'd their clan,
Since old Baccleuch the name did gain,
When in the drunken the buck was ta'en. 6

IX.
The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tinlim'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 wrung 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 festered joint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point.
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
And board and flagons overturn'd: 7
Riot and clamer wildly began:
Back to the hall the Urchin ran;

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 Thornesope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border thieves, in 1597.
7 See Appendix, Note 4 C.
8 The appearance and dress of the company assembled in the chapel, and the description of the subsequent feast, in which the hounds and hawks are not the least important personages of the drama, are again happy imitations of those authors from whose rich but unpolished pen Mr. Scott has wrought much of his most exquisite imagery and description. A society, such as that assembled in Brandon Castle, infused with national prejudices, and heated with wine, seems to have contained in itself sufficient seeds of spontaneous disorder; but the golden 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 butlers. — Critical Review 1805
Took in a darkling morn his post,
And grimm'd and mutter'd, "Lost! lost! lost!"

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

XI.
ALBERT GRAEME. 2
It was an English lady bright,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And she would marry a Scottish knight,
For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall;
But they were sad ere day was done,
Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
When the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall;
Her brother gave but a flake of wine,
For 'twere that Love was lord of all.

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

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

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

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

And died for her sake in Palestine,
So Love was still the lord of all.

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 somet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court:
There sung thy harp, arrivial'd long,
Fitzraver 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 dream'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.
Fitzraver! 0 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 Naxworth's iron towers,
Wind'sor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
And faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitzraver came;
Lord William's foremost he,
And chief of all his minstrels.

XVI.
Fitzraver. 8
'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Direct and concise narrative of a tragic occurrence."
—JERREY.

See Appendix, Note 4 D.
1 2 It is the author's object, in these songs, to exemplify the
3 different styles of ballad narrative which prevailed in this island
4 at different periods, or in different conditions of society.
The first (Albert's) is conducted upon the rude and simple
5 mode of the old Border ditties, and produces its effect by the
6 "The second song, that of Fitzraver, the bard of the 80.
Which told the mystic hour, approaching night,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show him the lady of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII.
Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hollow'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-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken 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 despotic sway,

The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI.
Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
Appauses 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;²
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 wath'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
And throbbing heart, the struggling sail;
For all of wonderful and wild
Had rapture for the lonely child.

XXII.
And much of wild and wonderful
In these rude isles might fancy call;
For thither came, in times afar,
Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,
The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and burn,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave,³
And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Seal'd 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 uncoath;—
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curlid,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;⁴
Of those dread Maids,² whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell;
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their felacious wrench'd from corpse's hold;⁵
Waked the dear tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dear arise to arms!
With war and wonder all on flame,

1 See Appendix, Note 4 G.
2 Ibid. Note 4 H.
3 The chiefs of the Väkingr or Scandinavian pirates, as
4 See Appendix, Note 4 I.
5 Ibid. Note 4 K.
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learnt a tender minstrelsy;
Yet something of the Northern spell
Mixed with the softer numbers well.

XXIII. 

HAROLD.

1 O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No laurel leaf of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and slow the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle? 2

—"Moor, moor the large, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheugh, 3
Nor tempt the stormy flight 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 flight to-day?"

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

"Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindsay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If '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 bard's of the Northern Continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the Minstrel's readiness in the south. We prefix 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."—JEREMY.

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

3 See Appendix, Note 1 M. 4 Inch, isle.


7 See Appendix, Note 4 N.

8 First Edits. "But the kelpie rung and the mermaids sang."

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It muddied all the copper-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefes uncoiled '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 battress 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 chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knoll;
But the sea's carves rang, and the wild winds sang,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay, 10
Searce mark'd the guests the dark'd hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all:
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on space,
Each one could scarce his neighbor's face,
Could scarce see his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast.

10 "I observe a great poetical climax, designed, doubtless, in the two last of these songs from the first."—Anna Seward.

"We (G. Ellis and J. H. Face) entertain some doubts about the propriety of dwelling so long on the minstrels' 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, insufficient 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 untimely."—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 no book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe must have been insufficient to occupy an entire canto; so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the minstrels."—Scott to Miss Seward—Life, vol. ii pp. 218, 222.
And chill'd the soul of every guest
Even, the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found! found!
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 trophies beam, each sculptured stone,
Were in-tant seen, and instant gone;
Full through the guest's bodazzled 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 harum rung;
On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
To arms the startled warders sprung.
When ended was the dreadful roar,
The elvish dwarf was seen no more! 1

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, "Goblin Come!"
And on the spot where burst the brand,
Just where the page had flung him down,
Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
And some the waving of a gown.
The guests in silence pray'd and shook,
And terror dimm'd each lofty look.

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 rises tomb 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 reader; it is an undignified and improbable fiction, which excites neither terror, admiration, nor astonishment, but needlessly deforms the strain of the whole work, and excites at once our incredulity and contempt. He is not a 'tricksy spirit,' like Ariel, with whom the imagination is irresistibly enamored, nor a tiny merech, like Oberon, disposing of the destinies of mortals; he rather appears to us to be an awkward sort of a mongrel between Puck and Caliban, of a servile and brutal nature, and limited in his powers to the falsehood of petty malignity, and the infliction of desplicable 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

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-hound in Man. 2
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, 3
That he a pilgrimage would take
To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
Of Michael's restless sprite.

Then each, to case 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 taken, and prayers were pray'd,
'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid.

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 cre-
dulity 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 ro-
manee when the aged minstrel recited it to the royal Charles
and his mighty earls, 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 purging 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 some of a very high lineage, we do not know what lawful
business they could have at Branksome Castle in the year
1550."—Jeffrey.

2 See Appendix, Note 4 O.
3 ibid. Note 4 P.
4 See the Author's Introduction to the 'Lay,' p. 13
XXVIII.

Naught of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell;
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Bless’d Teviot’s Flower, and Cran-stoun’s heir:
After such dreadful scene, ‘twere vain
To wake the note of mirth again.

More meet it were to mark the day
Of penitence and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
Sought Melrose’ holy shrine.

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
Did every pilgrim go;
The strands by might hear unceast, FOOTNOTE
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath,
Through all the lengthen’drow:
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 sallow’d side,
And there they knelt them down:
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave;
Beneath the letter’d stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead;
From many a garnish’d niche around,
Stern saints and tortured martyrs crown’d.

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
With sable cowl and seapular,
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 knee’d;
With holy cross he sign’d them all,
And pray’d they might be safe in hall,
And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,

And solemn requiem for the dead;
And bells tol’d out their mighty peal,
For the departed spirit’s weal;
And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song.—

DIES ILLA, DIES ILLA,
SOLVER SICULUM IN PAVILLIA;
While the pealing organ rang:
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay, so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung.

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner’s stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

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

Hessel 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,\(^1\)
Arose the Minstrel’s lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden, hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter’d wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg’d before.
So pass’d the winter’s day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,\(^2\)

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

Wordsworth’s Yarrow Visited.

\(^1\) Bowhill is now, as has been mentioned already, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. It stands immediately below Newark Hill, and above the junction of the Yarrow and the Ettrick.
\(^2\) 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 thirsts sung in Hardhead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh;¹
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,

1 Orig. — 'And grain wered green on Carterhaugh.'

² 'The arch allusions which run through all these introductions, without in the least interrupting the truth and graceful paths of their main impression, seem to me exquisitely characteristic of Scott, whose delight and pride was to play with the genii which nevertheless mastered 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 action 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 disturbing 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 trusts it—but fortunately it is a transparent one.'

³ 'Many minor personal allusions have been explained in the notes to the last edition of the 'Lay.' It was hardly necessary even then to say that the choice of the hero had been dictated by the poet's affection for the living descendants of the Baron of Cranston; and now—none who have perused the preceding pages can doubt that he had dressed out his Margaret of Branksome in the form and features of his own first love. This poem may be considered as the 'bright consummate flower' in which all the dearest dreams of his youthful fancy had at length found expansion for their strength, spirit, tenderness, and beauty.'

⁴ 'In the closing lines—

- 'Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone;
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in solitude 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 Aishtedel. 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 'sheriff' (as he had in former days delighted to call himself), but the 'lord of the calm and the scene.' —Lockhart. Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 292.

The large quotations we have made from this singular poem must have convinced our readers that it abounds equally with poetical description, and with circumstance curious to the antiquary. These are further illustrated in copious and very entertaining notes: they, as well as the poem, must be particularly interesting to those who are connected with Scottish families, or conversant in their history. The author has managed the verification 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.

And, if it has not the finished harmony, which, in such a subject, it were in vain to have attempted, it has great ease and spirit, and never tires the reader. Indeed we think we see a tendency in the public taste to go back to the more varied measures and familiar style of our earlier poets; a natural consequence of having been satiated with the regular harmony of Pope and his school, and somewhat wearied with the stiffness of lofty poetic language. We now know what can be done in that way, and we seek entertainment and variety, rather than finished modulation and uniform dignity.

We now take our leave of this very elegant, spirited, and striking poem.'—Annual Review, 1824.

⁵ '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 isconspicuous in the specimens we have already extracted; and a great variety of short passages occur in every part of the poem, which are still more striking and meritorious, though it is impossible to detach them, without injury, in the form of a quotation. It is but fair to apprise the reader, on the other hand, that he will meet with very heavy passages, and with a variety of details which are not likely to interest any one but a Borderer or an antiquary. We like very well to hear of 'the gallant Chief of Otterburne,' or 'the Dark Knight of Liddesdale,' and feel the elevating power of great names, when we read of the tribes that mustered to the war, 'beneath the crest of Old Dunbar and Hepburn'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 Tordig or Johnstone clans, or of Ellitae, Armstrongs, and Tullianis; still less can we relish the introduction of Black Jack of Athelstone, Whitside the Black, Arthur Forthe-Brush, Red Roland Forster, or any other of those worthies, who

'Sought the beavers which made their brook,
In Scotland and in England both,'

into a poem which has any pretensions to seriousness or dignity. The ancient metrical romance might have admitted these homely personalities; but the present age will not endure 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. 14.

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Ingilis of Manor, the estate of Mardstone, in Lanarkshire, for one-half of the barony of Branksome, or Brank-son, 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 Patrick Forest and in Teviotdale. In the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Teviotdale, he enjoyed the harmony of Eckford, by a grant from Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Ruberford, confirmed by Robert III., 26 May, 1421. Tradition imputes the exchange between Scott and Ingilis to a conversation, in which the latter—a man, it would appear, of a mild and forbearing nature, consoled 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 Mardstone, 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 repairs 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 turgid for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 24 February, 1133; 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 Ingilis, 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 1579-1, the vengeance of Elizabeth, provoked by the incursions 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 1571, 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 Sir William Scott of Richford Knight began his work upon ye 24 of Marche 1571 yer quha departit at God's pleasour ye 17 April 1574." On a smaller compartment are sculptured the arms of Douglas, with this inscription, " Dame Margaret Douglas his wife comple-

NOTE B.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hang their shields in Branksome-Halt.—P. 19.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendor and from their frontier situation, retained in their household at Brank-son, a number of gentlemen of their own name, who held lands from their chief, for the military service of watching and warring his castles. Satchell tells us, in his dogged poetry,

"No baron was better served in Britain;
The barons of Buccleugh 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 hells rang 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 name:

Satchell, many of the ancient barons of Buccleuch lie buried. There is also said to have been a mill near this suburban apiece, an ancient military circumstance, as little or no corn grown within several miles of Buccleuch. Satchell says it was used by good men for the bounties of the churchmen.
Accordingly, dismounting from his Pegnas, Satchells gives us, in prose, the names of twenty-four gentlemen, younger brothers of ancient families, who were pensioners to the house of Buckleth, 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 Gladstanes of Whitehall, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforesaid, were ready on all occasions, when his honor pleased 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 Buckleth did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand marks a year."—History of the name of Scott, p. 15. An immense sum in those times.

1 Room, portion of land.

Note C.

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

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

Note D.

They watch, against Southern force and guile, Last Scroop, or Hogard, or Percy's poachers, Threaten Branksome's lordly towers, From Workworth, or Nunworth, or merry Coronavirus.—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 prisoners, the Laird of Buckleth. It occurs in the Cotton MS. Calig. b. viii. f. 222.

"Pleasseth ye most gracious highness to be advertised, that my compatriot, with Raynald Carnaby, desirè licence of me to invade the realm of Scotland, for the annoyance of your highness's enemies, where they thought best expost with thewmen ye inhabitants of Northumberland, sithè, as was towards me accousting to theire assembly, and as by their discretion vpeone the same they shulde thinke most convenient; and soo ye dyde mee yppone Monday, before night, being the in day of this instant monethe, at Wawhepe, upon Norths Tyne water, above Tyndall, where they were to the number of xv e men, and soo invadet Scotland at the hour of xii of the clock at night, at a place called Whelie Cawye; and before xi of the clock dyd send forth a foray of Tyndall and Ryddesdale, and laide all the reydowere in a bushment, and naturly dyed seet upon a towere called Brankholme, where the Lord of Buckleth dwellythe, and purposed themselves with a traysee for hym lyke to his accustomed manner, in ryynge to all fraye; albeit, that knight he was not at home, and soo they bryt the said Brankhol, and other towes, as to say Whicheste, Which estre-helme, and Whelie, and laid ordered themself, soo that sundry of the said Lord of Buckleth's servants, who dyd ie one fourth of his gates, was takyn prisoners. They dyd not lewe one bowe, nor one shot, without that the gate of the said Lord Buckleth vraynty; and the, lanynged and frayed, supposing the Lord of Buckleth to be within iii or iiiii myles to have trayned him to the bushment; and soo in the breyking of the day dyd the foray and the bushment mete, and receld homeward, making theire way westward from theire invasion to be over Lyddersdale, as intending lyf the fray frome theye first entry by the Scotts watches, or otherwyse by warming, shuld yone gone vnto Godworth and the countrye of Scotlant and the borders of the same; whiche Godworth is from the Wholes Cawye vi miles, that therby the Scotts shulde have comen further vnto theyme, and more out of oordre; and soo upon sundry good considerations, before they entered Lyddersdale, as well accomplishing the inhabitants of the same to be towards your highness, and to enforce theyme the more thereby, as also to put an occasion of suspect to the Kinge of Scotts, and his counsil, to be taken anent these, amongst themselues, made proclamacions, commanding, upon payne of death, assurance to be for the said inhabitants of Lyddersdale, without any prejudice or hurt to be done by any Inglyssan vnto theyme, and soo in good oordre abowe the howe of ten of the clock before none, vppon Tewisday, dyd pass through the said Lyddersdale, when dyd come diverse of the said inhabitants there to my servantes, under the said asurance, offering themselues with any service theye couthe make; and thus, thanks he to Godde, your highness's subjects, abowte the howere of xii of the clock at none the same dayes, came into tis your highnesse realm, bringing wit theye above xi Scottis prisoners, one of themame named Scott, of the sur-name and kyn of the said Lord of Buckloth, and of his house-hold; they brought also cec nowere, and above lx horse and marres, keping in savetie frone losse or hurte all yor said highnesse subjects. There was also a towne, called Newbriggs, by diverse formen of Tyndall and Ryddesdale, takyn vp of the night, and spoyled, when was slayne ii Scottismen of the said towne, and many Scotts there hurte; your highnesse subjects was xii myles within the gronde of Scotlande, and is from my house at Workworth, above lx miles of the most evil passage, where great snowes doth lyse; herefore the same townes now bryt bryht not at any tyne in the mynd of man in any wars been enterprised unto nowe; your subjects were thereto more encouraged for the better advancement of your highness service, the said Lord of Bucklant beyog always a mortal enmy to this your Gracees realm, and he dyd say, within xii days before, he would see who dunt lyse near hyrn; wt many other cruell words, the knowledge whereof was certailly laid to my said servantes, before theye enterprise maid on hym; most luminously beseeching your majesty, that your highnesse thanks may conuer to theyme, whose name be here inclosed, and to have in your most gracious memory, the paynfull and diligent service of my pree servaunte Wharton, and thus, as I am most bondon, shall dispose wt them that be under me f . . . . annoyane of your highness enemies." In resentment of this foray, Buckleth, with other Border chiefs, assembled an army of 3000 riders, with which they penetrated into Northumberland, and laid waste the country as far as the banks of Branhish. They hunted, or defeated, the English forces opposed to them, and returned loaded with prey.—Pinkerton's History, vol. ii. p. 318.
Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful man, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud between the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary, to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1528, in the words of Priscott, "the Earl of Angus, and the rest of the Douglases, ruled all which they liked, and no man durst say the contrary; who refore 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 Melrose, at his home passing, and there to take him out of the Douglases hands, and to put him to liberty, to use himself among the lave (rest) of his lords, as he thinks expeditious."

"The letter was quietly delivered, 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, conveyed all his kin and friends, and all that would do for him, to ride with him to Melrose, where 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 Fernyhirst (the chief 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 marvelled what the matter meant; while at the last they knew the Laird of Buccleuch, with a certain company of the thieves of Annandale. With him they were less afraid, and made them manfully to the field contrary them, and said to the King in this manner, 'Sir, you is Buccleuch, and thieves of Annandale with him, to unseat your Grace from the gate' (i.e. interrupt your passage). 'I vow to God they shall either fight or flee: and ye shall stay here on this know, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please; and I shall pass, and put you thence 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 snady other lords, such as the Earl of Lennox, and the Lord Erskine, and some of the King's own servants; but all the lave (rest) past with the Earl of Angus to the field against the Laird of Buc- cleuch, who joined and countered cruelly both the said parties in the field of Harmeliver, 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 tribut 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-

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1 Turnwicks, near Melrose. The place of conflict is still called Skinner's Field, from a corruption of Stewarts Field. (See the Minstrelsy of the

loved and chased; and especially the Lairds of Cessford and Fernyhirst followed furious, till at the foot of a path the Laird of Cessford was slain by the stroke of a spear by an Elliot, who was then servant to the Laird of Buccleuch. But when the Laird of Cessford was slain, the chase ceased. The Earl of Angus returned again with great unweariness and victory, and thanked God that he saved him from that chance, and passed with the King to Melrose, where they remained all that night. On the morrow they past to Edinburgh with the King, who was very sad and dolorous of the slaughter of the Laird of Cessford, and many other gentlemen and yeomen slain by the Laird of Buccleuch, containing the number of fourscore and fifteen, which died in defence of the King, and at the command of his writing."

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

Valterius Scottus Bacceleucius,
Egregio suspepsa facine curae, libertate Regis, ac aliis robus gestis clares, sub Jacobo V. Av. Christii, 1526.

"Intentata allis, nullique audita priorum
Amet, ne pavidiun morste, metu-te quattu,
Libertatem altis soli transehisse Regis:
Sublevatum hane Regi restituisse paras;
Si vices, quanta ò successum praeum destrae!
Sin virtus, falsa spee pace, pane animam.
Hostica vis nocuit: sint altera robera mentis
Atque decus. Vincent, Rege probante, fides
Iusta quis animis virtus, poesoe aerior aerior
Oblisit, obscuris nox premat an teachris?"

Heroes ex omni Historia Scotiae lectissimi, Ancore Johan.
Jouxtando Abersondenensis Scotio, 1603.

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

The feud between these two families was not reconciled in 1596, when both chieftains paraded the streets of Edinburgh with their followers, and it was expected their first meeting would decide their quarrel. But, on July 14th of the same year, Colville, in a letter to Mr. Bacon, informs him, "that there was great trouble upon the Borders, which would continue till order should be taken by the Queen of England and the King, by reason of the two young Scott chieftains, Cessford and Buc- lugh, and of the present necessity and scarcity of corn amongst the Scots Borders and riders. That there had been a private quarrel betwixt those two lords on the Borders, which was like to have turned to blood; but the fear of the general trouble had reconciled them, and the injuries which they thought to have committed against each other were now transferred upon England: not unlike that emulation in France between the Baron de Biron and Mous. Jourèvre, who, being both ambitious of honor, undertook more hazardous enterprises against the enemy than they would have done if they had been at concord together."—Birch's Memorials, vol. ii. p. 67.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

NOTE F.

While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
The howe of the feudal war,
Shall never, never be forgot!—P. 19.

Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud here, from 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 war. This indenture is printed in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol i. But either it never took effect, or else the feud was renewed shortly afterwards.

Such factions were not uncommon in feudal times; and, as might be expected, they were often, as in the present case, void of the effect desired. When Sir Walter 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 Guise knight, of the house of Mirepoix, whose kinsman was Bishop of Cambray. 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 set upon and treacherously slain, by the kindred of the knight whom he had killed. Sir Walter, guided by the old man, visited the lovely 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 Frosart, 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 Kerr, Carr, or Carr, was very powerful in the Border. Fynes Morris remarks, in his Travels, that their influence extended from the village of Prestontrange, in Lothian, to the limits of England. Cessford Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the family, is situated near the village of Morebattle, within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills. It has been a place of great strength and consequence, but is now ruined. Tradition affirms that it was founded by Hallert, or Habbey Kerr, a gigantic warrior, concerning whom many stories are current in Roxburghshire. The Duke of Roxburgh represents Kerr of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction between Kerrs of Cessford and Fairhirst.

NOTE H.

Lord Cranstoun.—P. 20.

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

NOTE I.

Of Bethune's line of Picardie.—P. 20.

The Bethune'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 Duc de Sully; and the name was accounted among the most noble in France, while aught noble remained in that country. The family of Bethune, or Beaton, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates: namely, Cardinal, Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Bucleuch, widow of Sir Walter Scott, of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge. With this was mingled by faction, the foul accusation of her having influenced Queen Mary to the murder of her husband. One of the placards preserved in Buchanan's Detection, accuses of Darley'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 Queen, amounting thither, throw the persuasion of the Erle Bothwell, and the witchcraft of Lady Bucleuch."

NOTE K.

He learnt the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.—P. 29.

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 cabala, by which he said, he could charm snakes, and work other miracles; and, in particular, could produce children without the intercourse of the sexes.—See the examination of Wemyss of Bogie before the Privy Council, concerning Gowrie's Conspiracy.

NOTE L.

His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny soil!—P. 29.

The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magnus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit—Hexwood'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 voiceless forms of air.—P. 29.

The Scottish vulgar, without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters; to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes

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.  
2 This expression and sentiment were dictated by the situation of France, in the year 1553, when the poem was originally written. 1621.
with a mellowest purpose, and sometimes with milder views. It is said, for example, that a gallant Baron, having encamped from the Holy Land to his castle of Drumoolean, found his fine lady bearing 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 dams of the Crusaders, but it spoken, was so rare, that it required a miraculous solution. The fact, they were, believed, when she averred confidently, that they had, if they promised, to join the Tavest, was learned upon the child, who afterwards became Baron of Drumoolean, and chief of a powerful clan. To those spirits are also ascribed, in Scotland, the

"Very meaues, that syllable most names,
Oang sheals, and sheares, and desert wildnesse."

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

"It is not here; it is not here
That you shall build the church of Deer;
But on Taptillery,
Where many a corpse shall be."

The site of the edifice was accordingly transferred to Taptillery, an omission at some distance from the place where the building had been commenced.—

MARDEN'S JUNO. I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid.

NOTE N.

_A fancied moss-trooper, &c._—P. 21.

This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by 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 pursue their calling.

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

"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 moses, and rising 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 23d of February comes into the calendar.

"2. Increase. When England and Scotland were united in Great Britain, they that formerly lived by bastinadoes, broke 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 fleas and herrs in the morning, none at night, and purchase many again next day. They may give for their motto, _visit or extupa_, stealing from their honest neighbors what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveler, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish janizary; otherwise, woe to him that falls into their quarters."

"3. Height. Averaging, forty years since, to some thousands. These compelled the vouchage to purchase their security, by paying a constant rent to them. When in their greatest heights, they had two great encampments: one called Tavest, from the river Tavest, and the Lord William Howard of Newcastor. He sent many of them to Carlisle, to that place where the office both also has his work by deglitch. 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, cost in their lots amongst themselves, and all have one purse.

"4. Decay. By the wisdom, valor, and diligence of the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who rooted these English Forces with his regiment. His severity unto them will not only be executed, but commanded, by the justices, who consider how our great lawyer 34th describe such persons, who are solemnly outlawed. BRAC- Torus, lib. xiv. trac. 2, cap. 11.— _Ex tene grante capti tamum, in quid siti judicii inquisitione rite procedant, etc._ amen amen judicium present, et merito non ignoscant, qui secundum legem eam fieri reconcipant._—"Then forward (after that they are outlawed), they wear a wolf's head, so that they lawfully may be destroyed, without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without law, because they refused to live according to law."

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

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

NOTE O.

—I_ame the Unicorn's pride,
_Earl the Crescent and the Star._—P. 21.

The arms of the Kers of Cessford were, _Vert on a chevron, betwixt three unicorns' heads erased argent, three mullets sable_; 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 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. Satchells mentions, among the twenty-four gentlemen's pensioners of the family, *_William Scott, commonly called Eeat-the-Black_, who had the lands of Neither Deloraine for his service._* And again, "This William of Deloraine, commonly called _Eat-the-Black_, was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, whose house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassenden._" 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 Monmouth. I have endeavored to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterized the Borderers of his day; for which I can say, only, that, "it behoveth, in a lyneage, some to be faylisse and outrageous, to mayntyne and sustayne the peassable._" As a contrast to my Marchman, I beg leave to trespass, from the same author, the speech of Amnagot Marcell, a captain of the Adventurous Companions,
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

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a robber, and a pilferer of the country of Auvergne, who had been bribed to sell his strongholds, and to assume a more honorable military life under the banner of the Earl of Armagnac. But "when he remembered all these, he was sorrowful; his treasure he thought he would notmonnysis; he wente dayly to serche for newe piliesges, whereby encrised his profyte, and then he sawe that alle was closed fro' hym. Then he sayde and imayned, that to pyll and to robb (all things considered) was a good lyfe, and so reprinted hym of his good doing. On a tyme, he said to his old companons, 'Sir, there is no deporte nor glory in this warde amonge men of warre, but to use suche lyfe as we have done in tyne past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and somtyme found by the way a rich prouce or merchant, or a route of multettes of Mount-pellyer, of Narbonne, of Lymsyn, of Foyrnes, of Besyres, of Tholous, or of Carusouar, laden with cloth of Brussels, or peite ware conuynge fro' the feres, or laden with styro fro' Burges, fro' Danas, or fro Aislyndre; whatsoever we met, all was ours, or el ransommed at our pleasures; dayly we gate newe money, and the villaynes of Auvergne and of Lymsyn daily provyded and brought to our castell whete mele, good wynes, bettes, and fatte mottens, pilluye, and wyde foule; We were ever furnishyd as the we had beene knygs. When we rode forth, all the countrey trymmed for feare: all was ours goyng and conuynge. Howe tok we Carlisle, I and the Bore of Compayne, and I and Perot of Bernys took Calouet; how dyd we scale, with lytell rude, the strong castell of Marquell, pertayning to the Eri Dalphabet: I kept it not pat fye tyme, but I recevied for it, on a seyre table, fynke thousande frankes, and forgave one thousand for the love of the Eri Dolphabets children. By my fayth, this was a farye and a good lyfe! Wherefore I repete myselfe sore deseyved, in that I have rendered up the fortress of Alays; for it wolde have keppe fro' al the worlde, and the dayes that I gatte it. I was furnishyd with vytyalles, to have beene kept seven yere without any re-
nytyllynge. Thi Eri of Armynakhe hath decevynge me: Olyve Barbe, and Perot le Bernys, showed to me how I shulde repente myselfe: certeyne I sure repente myselfe of what I have done."
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NOTE Q.

By wilfull braw, by desperate boundes,
Had biffled Percy's best blood-boundes. —P. 21.

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

"Rycht to the burn that passyt ware,
But the sleuth-hand made stining thar,
And wauetlyrg lang tyne ta fra,
That he nce airtgate conh;
Till at the last that John of Lorne
Peresvith the hund the sleuth had lorne."

The Bruce, Book vii.

A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this cir-
cumstance:—"The hero's little hand had been joined by an Irishman, named Fawdoun, or Fawkoun, a man savage, and sus-
nicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Enro Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen follow-
ers. The English pursued with a Bonzie sleuth-brach, or blood-bound.

"In Gelderland there was that bracthet bred,
Siker of scrett, to follow them that fled;
So was he used in Eke and Libblessall,
While (I.e. till) she gut blood no feecing might avail."

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

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

The story concludes with a fine Gotic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn. He sent out his attendants by two and two, but no one returned with tokens. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The chal-

mion 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 Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter. The Minstrel concludes,

"Trust ryght wele, that all this be sooth indeed,
Supposing it to be no point of the cred."—

The Wallace, Book v.

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

NOTE R.

— the Mont-hill's mound,
Where David shodes still fitte round.—P. 22.

This is a round artificial mount near Hawick, which, from its name (Μοτ, Ang. Sus. Concilium, Convraem), 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.

— the tower of Hazeldean.—P. 22.

The estate of Hazeldean, corruptly Hassendean, belonged formerly to a family of Scots, thus commemorated by Satch-
dells:—

"Hassendean came without a call,
The ancienest house among them all."

NOTE S.

On Minto-cregs 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 Barchills' Red. This Barchills is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower be-
neath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name. On the summit of the crags are the fragments of another ancient tower, in a picturesque situ-

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tion. Among the houses cast down by the Earl of Hartfoils, in 1545, occur the towers of Easter Bambols, and of Minto-crag, with Minto town and place. Sir Gilbert Elliot, father to the present Lord Minto, was the author of a beautiful pastoral song, of which the following is a more correct copy than is usually published. The poetical mantle of Sir Gilbert Elliot has descended to his family.

"My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-book,
And all the gay banits of my youth I forsake:
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 repine!
Poor shepherd, Amynta, no more can be thine!
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
Ah! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?"

NOTE U.
Ancient Riddell's fair domain.—P. 22.
The family of Riddell have been very long in possession of the barony called Riddell, or Rydsdale, 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. 11. 727; the other dated 936, and filled with the bones of a man of gigantic size. These coffins were discovered in the foundations of what was, but has long ceased to be, the chapel of Riddell; and as it was argued with plausibility, that they contained the remains of some ancestors of the family, they were deposited in the modern place of sepulture, comparatively so termed, though built in 1110. But the following curious and authentic documents warrant most conclusively the epithet of "ancient Riddell." 1st, A charter by David 1. to Walter Rydala, Sheriff of Roxburgh, confirming all the estates of Liblisselice, &c., of which his father, Gerome de Rydala, died possessed, 2illy, A bull of Pope Adrian IV., confirming the will of Walter de Riddie, knight, in favor of his brother Ancschittil the lands of Liblisselice, Whettones, &c., and ratifying the bargain between Ancschitilk and Haundros, concerning the church of Liblisselice, in consequence 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 Pope Alexander III., confirming the said will of Walter de Riddie, bequeathing to his brother Ancschitilk the lands of Liblisselice, Whettones, &c., and ratifying the bargain between Ancschitilk and Haundros, concerning the church of Liblisselice, in consequence 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 Ancschitilk de Riddie, in favor of his son Walter, conveying the said lands of Liblisselice and others, dated 10th March, 1129. It is remarkable, that Liblisselice, otherwise Rydsdale, or Riddell, and the Whettones, have descended, through a long train of ancestors, without ever passing into a collateral line, to the person of Sir John Buchanan Riddel, Bart. of Riddell, the linear descendant and representative of Sir Ancschitilk. These circumstances appeared worthy of notice in a Border work. 2

NOTE V.
But when Melrose be reach'd twice silence all;
He mostty staid his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's family seal.—P. 22.
The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David 1. 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 ornament seems as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the clusters, as is hinted in the next Chant, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrain 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 Galashields, a favourite Scotch air, ran thus:—

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

NOTE W.
When buttresses and buttresses, alternately,
Seem framed ofChan and ivory;
When either edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die.

Then view St. David's ruin'd pile.—P. 23.
The buttresses ranged along the sides of the ruins of Melrose Abbey, are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing inscriptions for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished.

David 1. 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 sower sowing to the wind.

NOTE X.
For mass or prayer can I freely larry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary.
When I ride on a Border foray.—P. 24.
The Borderers were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Calville, in his Paragons, or Admonition, states, that the informed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, "as I would wis at God that ye would only go but to the Hollands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our ain countrymen, who, for lack of preaching and instruction of his presence, must, with yinny, become either infidels, or atheists." But we learn, from Lowley, that, however difficult in real religion, they regularly toil their leads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition.

1 Grandfather to the present Earl, 1812.
2 This note was written, the ancient family of Riddell have passed with all their Scotch estates.—Ed.
3 Na'il, Brek.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

NOTE Y.
So had he seen, in fair Castille,
The youth in glittering squadrions start;
Sudden the flying javet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.—P. 24.

"By my faith," say the Duke of Lancaster (to a Portuguee squire), "of all the feats of arms that the Castellynes, and they of your countie dight use, the castyrege of their dertes best pleased me, and gladly I wold se it: for, as I hear say, if they strike one arihtye, without he be well armed, the dart will pierce him thurfge."—By my faith, sir," sayd the squyer, "ye say trouch; for I have seen many a grete stroke given with them, which at one time cost us dearly, and was to us great displeasure; for, at the said skymish, Sir John Lawrence of Coyghe was striken with a dart in such wise, that the head pended all the plates of his cote of mayle, and a sakte stopped with sylke, and passed through his body, so that he fell down deade."—Froissart, vol. ii. ch. 24.—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 Sarazyns, there was a yonge knight called Agadilger Dolyne; he was alwayes well mounted on a redy and a lyght horse; it seemed, when the horse ranne, that he did fly in the aye. The knight seemed to be a good man of arms, and was of the wysest of usage three fethered darteres, and rychte well he could handle them; and, according to their custome, he was clene armed, with a long white towell about his head. His apparel was blacke, and his own colour browne, and a good horseman. The Cristen men say, they thoughte he dyd such deedes of arms for the love of some yonge ladye of his countrey. And true it was, that he loved everyly the King of Thunne's daughter, named the Lady Azala; she was inheritour to the reigne of Thunne, after the deasse of the kyng, her father. This Agadilger was sole to the Duke of Olyfynne. I can nat telle if they were married together after or not; but it was shewed me, that this knight, for love of the sayde ladye, during the siege, did many deedes of arms. The knyghtes of France wold fayne have taken hym; but they colde never attrape nor inclose him; his horse was so swift, and so reedy to his hand, that alwayes he escaped."—Vol. ii. ch. 71.

NOTE Z.
And there the dying lampes 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 bat-tayles and encounterys that I have made mention of here before in all this history, great or smalle, this bat-taylle that I treat of nowe was one of the sorct and best foughten, without cowardys or faynte hertes: for there was myther knyghtes nor squyer but that dyde his devoys, and foughte hantle to hantle. This bat-tayle was lyke the bat-tayle of Becherehill, the which was valiantly fought and endur'd." The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, deeply purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. "His obsequy was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tome of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym."—Froissart, vol. ii. p. 153.

NOTE 2 A.
—Dark Knight of Liddesdale.—P. 24.
William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the regin 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 inaccessable 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 Goscroft, 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-Cross, upon the ridge of a hill called William-hope, betwixt Tweed and Yarrow. His body, according to Goscroft, was carried to Lindesey church the first night after his death, and thence to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown.

NOTE 2 B.
The moon on the cast ariet shone.—P. 24.
It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Douglas, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly 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, begin 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 eyebe and pure him moryde bath,
For of his deed was meale death.'

Some years ago, a person digging for stones, about the old castle of Hermitage, broke into a vault, containing a quantity of chaff, some bones, and pieces of iron; amongst others, the curb of an ancient bridge which the author has since given to the Earl — Dalhousie, under the impression that it possibly may be a relic of some ancient structure. The worthy clergyman of the parish has mentioned this discovery in his Statistical Account of Castletown.
meeting and interlacing of rolls and loops, 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.

The renowned Michael Scott.—P. 24.

Sir Michael Scott of Balvenie flourished during the 13th century, and was one of the ambassadors sent to bring the Maid of Norway to Scotland upon the death of Alexander III. By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote a commentary upon Aristotle, printed at Venice in 1506; and several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchemy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dampier 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 obtained without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereto invoked. Dampier: Historia Fecundissima, 1627, lib. xi. p. 455. Loosly characterizes Michael Scott as "singulare philosophiae, astronomiae, ac medicinae laude praeclaram; decubatur penitissimus magi magac recessus subgisse." Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard:—

"Quell altro che nel fiasco è così poco,

Michele Scotto fu, che veramente

Delle magiche fiocie seppi il giuoco."

Inferno, Canto xxmno.

A personage, thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael Scott survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland, any work of great labor and antiquity is ascribed, either to the agency 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 convent where he died. Satchells, wishing to give some authority for his account of the origin of the name of Scott, pretends, that, in 1629, he chance to be at Barch under Bowness, in Cumberland, where a person, named Lancelet Scott, showed him an extract from Michael Scott's works, containing that story:—

"I said the book which he gave me

Was of Sir Michael Scott's historic;

Which history was never yet read through,

Nor never will, for no man dare it do.

Young scholars have pick'd out something

From the contents, that dare not read within.

He carried me along the castle then,

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

His writing pen did seem to me to be

Of hardened metal, like steel, or lacquer;

The volume of it did seem so large to me,

As the Book of Martyrs and Turks historic.

Then in the church he let me see

A stone where Mr. Michael Scott died he;

I asked at him how that could appear.

Mr. Michael had been dead above five hundred year;

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

More than he had been dead a few years ago;

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

History of the Right Honorable Name of Scott

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 numerals, was supposed to have learned the magic, for which he was stigmatized by the ignorance of his age.—William of Malmsbury, 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'Aubenton on Learned Incredulity, p. 45. These Spanish schools of magic are celebrated also by the Italian poets of romance:—

"Questo città di Talleto sola.

Tenere studio di negromancia.

Qualvi di magica arte si legge

Pubblicamente, e di pronomazia;

E molti comansi sempre avra;

Experimenti assai d' idromanzia

E d' altro false opinion di sciocchi.

Come e fattore, a vossu baster gli occhi."

H. Morgante Maggiore, Canto xxv, St. 329.

The celebrated magician Maugis, cousin to Rinaldo of Montalban, called, by Ariosto, Malagigi, studied the black art at Toledo, as is learned from "Il credere d'Agnesto D'Agreusment.

He even held a professor's chair in the neromantic university; for so I interpret the passage, "non honorate ase d'enchanted, de charmes et conjurations, ni n'y avait meilleur maistre que leu; et en tel veron qu'on le laisoit en chose, et l'appelloit on maistre Magus." This Salamancan Damandal is said to have been founded by Hercules. If the classic reader inquires where Hercules himself learned magic, he may consult "Les faicts et processeurs du noble et vaillant Hercules," 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-errant, the seven liberal sciences, and in particular, that of judicia astrology. Such, according to the idea of the middle ages, were the studies, "maxima que domuit 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 unbolted, 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 prepared 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 ax, 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, "Bretcheide Honoreck, facon by evil bent thou on the biferle," on the left hand, "Thou shalt be dispossess'd by strange people," on one shoulder, "I invoke the son of Hagar," on the other, "I do mine office." When the King had deciphered these ominous inscriptions, the statue returned to its exercise, the tempest commenced anew, and Roderic retired, to mourn over the predicted evils which approached his throne. He caused the gates of the cavern to be blocked 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
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

Note 2 E.

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

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

"Master Michael Scott's man
Sought meat, and gat none."

Immediately the good old woman, instead of pursuing her domestic occupation, which was baking bread for the reap-
erers, 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 contented himself with looking in at the window, and saw the reapers at their involuntary exercise, dragging his wife, now completely exhausted, sometimes round, and sometimes through the fire, which was, as usual, in the midst of the house. Instead of entering, he saddled a horse, and rode up the hill, to humble himself before Michael, and beg a cessation of the spell; which the good-natured warlock immediately granted, directing him to enter the house backwards, and, with his left hand, take the spell from above the door; which accordingly ended the supernatural dance.—This tale was told less particularly in former editions, and I have been censured for inaccuracy in doing so.—A similar charm occurs in Histoire de Bourdeaut, and in the ingenious Oriental tale, called Calip Jeth. The most astounding his victory over the witch of Falsehope, Michael Scott, like his predecessor, Merlin, fell at last a vic-
tim to female art. His wife, or concubine, elicted from him the secret that her art could ward off any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a brown sow. Such a mess she accordingly administered to the wizard, who died in consequence of eating it; surviving, however, long enough to put to death his treacherous confidant.

Note 2 F.

The words that left Eildon hills in three.—P. 25.

Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a 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 enchantress conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

Note 2 G.

That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
 Until the eternal doom shall be.—P. 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. Fortunius Lictus investigates the subject in a treatise, De Lacernis Antiquorum Receditis, published at Venice, 1631. One of these perpetual lamps is said to have been discovered in the tomb of Tul-
liola, the daughter of Cicero. Thewick was supposed to be composed of ashen. Kircher enumerates three different recipes for constructing such lamps; and wisely concludes, that the thing is nevertheless impossible.—Mendes Subter-
ranae, p. 72. Delrio imparts the fabrication of such lights to magical skill.—Disquisitiones Magicae, p. 58. In a very rare romance, which "treateth of the life of Virgilius, and of his death, and many marvelous dothes that he dyed in his lyfe-time, by wychecraft and nygrmonomey, through the helpe of the devyls of hell," mention is made of a very extraordinary pro-
cess, in which one of these mystical lamps was employed. It
seems that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth by magical art. For this purpose he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flakes, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues struck with their flakes incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower he repaired privately, attended by one tray servant, to which he communicated the secret of the entrance, and later they conveyed all the magician’s treasures.

"Then said Virgilus, my dere beloved friend, and that I above men truste and know mooste of my secret;" and then he led the man into a cella, where he made a sager lamp of all seasons burning. "And then said Virgilus to the man, ‘Se you the barrel that standeth here!’ and he said, ‘Yes!’ Therein must thou put me: first ye must see me, and have me snake to pieces, and cut my head in ten pieces, and salte the head in the bottom, and then the pieces there after, and my herte in the mydel, and then set the barrel under the lamp, that nyghte and day the fat therein may droppe and leake; and ye shall it days long, ones in the day, fill the lamp, and fayle nat. And when this is all done, then shall I be resuscitate, and made yong age!’"

At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abused, and unlike some servile obsequious, till the emperor threatened him with death, when at length he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat exerted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails.

"And then the emperor entered into the castle with all his folk, and sought all about in every corner after Virgillus; and at the last they sought so long, that they came into the seller, where they saw the lamp hang over the barrel, where Virgillus lay in deed. Then asked the emperor the man, who had made him so hardy to put his master Virgillus so to death; and the man answered no word to the emperor. And then the emperor, with great anger, drew out his sword, and slew he there Virgillus’ man. And when all this was done, then saw the emperor, and all his folk, a naked child in tythes running about the barrel, saying these words: ‘Come, ye child, and do the tythes that ye ever came here.’ And with these words vanished the child away, and was never seen agayn; and thus abd Virgillus in the barrel deed."

Virgilus, ed. let., printed at Antwerp by John Dodskeere.

This curious volume is in the valuable library of Mr. Dare; and is supposed to be a translation from the French, printed in Flanders for the English market. See Goutet Biblioth. Frang. t. 15. 225. Catalogue de la Bibliothèque Nationale, tom. 8. p. 5. He Barc, No. 3637.

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**Note 2 I.**

The Baron’s Dwarf has courser held.—P. 27.

The idea of Lord Cranston’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 Tosshaw-hill, in Exekdale, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground (that is, tying their horses, in order to hinder them from travelling far in the night), when they heard a voice at some distance, crying, ‘Tut! Tut! Tut!’ One of the men, named Moffat, called out, ‘What did has tint you? Come here.’ Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way, Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it, would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once striking a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its last appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violently 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 savit!’ (viz. sore.) After it had staid there long, one evening, when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children near by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry three times, ‘Gilpin Horner!’ It started, and said, ‘That is me, I must away,’ and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said, he had often heard his father, and other old men in the place, who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger years I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with any who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking there must be some misrepresentation in it.’ To this account, I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word tint! tint! Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or He-te-ram, as he pronounced the word; and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lest, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner, on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited; and that many persons of very good rank, and considerable information, are well known to revere absolute faith in the tradition.

1 Tort signifies beat.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

NOTE 2 K.

But the Lodge of Branksome gather'd a bond
Of the best that would ride at her command.—P. 27.

"Upon 29th June, 1537, Dame Janet Bentoune Lady Buccleuch, and a great number of the name of Scott, dejected (accused) for coming to the kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes, to the number of two hundred persons bodin in feite of were (arrayed in armor), and breaking open the door of the said kirk, in order to apprehend the Laird of Cranstone for his destruction." On the 29th July, a warrant from the Queen is presented, discharging the justice to proceed against the Lady Buccleuch while new calling—Abridgment of Books of Advertisment, in Advocates' Library.—The following proceedings upon this case appear on the record of the Court of Justiciary:

On the 29th of June, 1537, Robert Scott, in Dowhill parish, priest of the kirk of St. Mary's, accused of the convocation of the Queen's legs, to the number of two hundred persons, in war-like array, with hats, helmets, and other weapons, and marching to the chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes, for the slaughter of Sir Peter Cranstone, 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 ball given by Robert Scott of Allanhaugh, Adam Scott of Burnfuie, Robert Scott in Howfourth, Walter Scott in Thalhawgh, Walter Scott, younger of Symton, Thomas Scott of Hayning, Robert Scott, William Scott, and James Scott, brothers of the said Walter Scott, Walter Scott in the Wull, and Walter Scott, son of William Scott of Harden, and James Wemyss in Eekford, all accused of the same crime, is declared to be forbidden. On the same day, Walter Scott of Symton, and Walter Chisholm of Chisholm, and William Scott of Harden, became bound, jointly and severally, that Sir Peter Cranstone, and his kindred and servants, should receive no injury from them in future. At the same time, Patrick Murray of Fallohill, Alexander Stuart, uncle to the Laird of Trakwhare, John Murray of Newhall, John Fairly, residing in Skirk, George Tait, younger of P in, John Pennycook of Pennycook, James Ramsay of Cokpen, the Laird of Fashyde, and the Laird of Hendersonsoun, were all severely fined for not attending as jurors; being possibly either in alliance with the accused parties, or dreading their vengeance. Upon the 30th of July following, Scott of Symton, Chisholm of Chisholm, Scott of Harden, Scott of Howpawlie, Scott of Burnfuie, with many others, are ordered to appear at next calling, under the pain 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-bound'd priest.—P. 29.

"At Unthank, two miles N. E. from the Church of Eves, are the ruins of a chapel for divine service, in time of Peverely. 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, opud Macfarlane's JHS.

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 spectator, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. The transformation of Michael Scott by the witch of Fablehope, already mentioned, was a genuine operation of glamour. To a similar charm the ballad of Johnny Faif imparts the fascination of the lovely Countess, who eloped with that gipsy leader:—

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

It was formerly used even in war. In 1581, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a ne'er-do-well offered to "make the syre so thynke, that they within shall thynke that there is a great bridge on the see (by which the castle was surrounded) for ten men to go a front; and when they within the castle see this bridge, they will be so affrayed, that they shall yeild them to your mercy. The Duke demanded,— Fayre Master, on this bridge that ye spoke of, may our people assuredly go thereon to the castell, to as-sayle 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 goe to nought, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see.' Then the Duke began to laughe; and a certain of young knights, that were there present, said—Syr, for godsake, let the mysterie assy his cunning: we shall love making of any signe of the cross on us for that tyne.' "The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognized in the enchantor the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Pay, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, that the sea was coming over the walls. The sage avowed the fact, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles de la Pay. 'By my faith,' quod the Earl of Savoy, 'ye say well; and I will that Sir Charles de la Pay shall know that he hath got wrong to fear you. But I shall assure hym of you; for ye shall never do enchantment to deceive hym, nor yet none other. I wolle not that in tymne to come we shulde be reproch'd that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knayghtes and squyers assembled, that we shulde do any thing be enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemies by suche crafte.' Then he called to him a servaunt, and said, 'Go, and get me a hundred men, and let him stykke off this mysterie's head without delay;' and as soone as the Ere had command'd it, insountyt it was done, for his head was styken of before the Ere's tent.'"—FROISSART, vol. i. ch. 391, 392.

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

"He gart them see, as it seemt in samyn hour, Hunting at herds in holtie so hair; Some sailit on the sea, or saw the seiers of them, Bersis battalions, on bard bein as a bare: He could carle the comp of the kingis de Syne lye in the steids, But a block bonewede; He coude of a henis hede Make a man mes."

"He gart the Empoure tow, and trowbye behald, That the corne-craib, the panders at hand, Had poystit all his pris hor in a pouy fald! Because that eis of the corn in the kirkland. He coude wick windrisers, quhant way that he wald, Mak a gray gus a gold garland, A lang spere of a bittile, for a bense bald
Nobles of muschelles, and silver of sand.
Then pocket with justice the jambhane ja,
Carvings in rings, 
Rambles in coralvines, 
Rasht dresses and stags,
It must as well.

NOTE 2 N.

Now if you ask who gave the stroke,
I cannot tell, so not I throw;
It was not given by man since.

Dr. Henry More, in a letter prefixed to Glanville's Sadoceismus Triumpheus, mentions a similar phenomenon.

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

"E'en is nothing till sense finds out:
Some ends in nothing, so naught goes about.

Which rhyme of his was so rapturous to himself, that, on the raising of the second verse, the old man turned himself about upon his toes as nimly 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 resurrection; when I have run him quite down by reason, he would but laugh at me, and say this in rhyme, H. (calling me by my Christian name); to which I have answered: 'What reason, sirs? for so I need, 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 duty, to him in those times, but truth is, nothing but palpable evidence would move him; and being a bold man, and finding nothing, he told me he had used all the magical ceremonies of conjuration he could, to raise the devil or a spirit, and he had a most earnest desire to meet one, but never could do it. But this he told me, when he did not seem 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 jog again; 'so,' thought he now, 'I am invited to the converse of my spirit,' and therefore, so soon as his boots were off, and his shoes on, out he goes into the yard and next field, to find out the spirit that had given him this familiar clap on the back, but found none neither in the yard nor field next to it.

"But though he did not feel this stroke, albeit he thought it afterwards (finding nothing came of it) a mere delusion; yet not long before his death, it had more force with him than all the philosophical arguments I could use to him, though I could warn him and beseech him as I pleased; but yet all my arguments, how solid soever, made no impression upon him; whereby after several reasonable reasons, and after some many of the same nature, whereby I would grow to him the soul's distinction from the body, and its immortality, when nothing of such subtile consideration did any more execution on his mind than some lightning is said to do, though it makes the word, on the fuzzy consistency of the scablin,—Well, said I, 'father L., though none of these things move you, I have something still behind, and what yourself has acknowledged to be true, that may do the business—Do you remember the clap on your back when your servant was pulling off your boots in the hall? 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 philosophical arguments that I could produce.

NOTE 2 O.

The running stream dissolved the spell—P. 26.

It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can entice a brook between you and witches, sorcerers, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's immortal Tam o' Shanter turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain high wearls could, by spells, convert cardinal clothes, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market, but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the supposed purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is scarce on the Irish, for a very good reason. "Gena sta spiiren sha non solvan devine."—Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scripturæ, p. 1676.

NOTE 2 P.

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

Initiated 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 Lincom green, with eyes of red and blue,
His fellow's visaged born not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their halshar shill.
The wadding echoes wakke I from every dale and hill;
The hulshars set with studs atwant their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckeld fast,
A short sword at their belt, a bucker scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man.
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wandrouse strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a choosey yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or razing shaft."

Poly-Albion, Song 55.

To wound an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, was reckoned contrary to the law of arms. In a tilt between Gawain Michael, an English squire, and Joachim Cathure, a Frenchman, "they met at the square prettys rudely; the Frenchmen jested right pleasantly; the Englishman ran too hooe, for he strak the Frenchman deep to the thigh. Wherewith the Erle of Buckingham was right sore displeased, and so were all the other lords, and sayde how it was shunfully done."—Froissart, vol. i. chap. 366. Upon a similar occasion, the two knights came a fote afece against other ruddy with thir splees low couched, to strike ech other within the four quarters. Johan of Castell-Morant stroke the English sayer on the last in such wise, that Syr Wolynn Franton stumblod and bowed, for his sayer a lyttel fayled him. He helde his spere lowe with both his handes, and coude nant amend it, and strake Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant in the thigh, so that the spere went clese throuthe, that the heed was sene a handful on the other side. And Syr Johan with the strike edel, but he fell nat. Than the Englyshe knyghtes and syppers were righte sore displeased, and sayde how it was a foule stroke. Syr Wyllyam Franton excused hymselfe, and sayde how he was sore of that adventure, and chose that ye he had knowne that it shulde have bene so, he wold never have begonne it: sayenge how he could not amend it, by cause of glussing of his sote by constaynt of the great stroke that Syr Johan of the Castell-Morant had given him."—Froissart, vol. i. chap. 573.
Note 2 Q.

She drew the splinter from the wound, and with a charm she stanch'd the blood.—P. 31.

See several charms for this purpose in Reginald Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, p. 373.

"Tom Potts was but a serving man, but yet he was a doctor good; he bound his handkerchief on the wound, and with some kinds of words he stanch'd the blood." Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, Lond. 1701, p. 131.

"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 brought me, I put it within the basin, observing, in the interim, what Mr. Howell 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 find that I feel no more pain. Methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before."

—I replied, 'Since then that you feel already so good effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your playsters; only keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the circumstance of the 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. Howell's servant came running, that his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more; for the heat was such as if his hand were twist coals of fire. I answered, although that had happened at present, yet he should find ease in a short time. For I knew the reason of this new accident, and would 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. Thereupon he went; and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master without any pain at all. To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterward; but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized, and entirely healed."—Page 6.

The King (James VI.), obtained from Sir Kenelm the discovery of his secret, which he pretended had been taught him by a Carablist friar, who had learned it in Armenia, or Persia. Let not the age of animal magnetism and metallic tractors smile at the sympathetic powder of Sir Kenelm L'Poy. Reginald Scott mentions the same mode of cure in these terms:—"And that which is more strange...they can remove any strange with that very sword wherewith they are wounded. Yes, and that which is beyond all admiration, if they stroke the sword upward with their fingers, the part shall feel no pain; whereas, if they draw their fingers downward, thereupon the part wounded shall feel intolerable pain." I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed on 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 wound wrapt up:—

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

*On Percyghst grows a bale of fire.*—P. 32.

*Rule, beacon-fagot.* The Border beacon, from their number and position, formed a sort of terrestrial gymnastic exercise with Edinburgh.—The Act of Parliament, 1455, c. 38. deems, that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are coming unde.; four bales, blazing both ends, that the enemy are in great force; and the same token being for-ward and maid at Eggerghoij (Regent's Castle), fra they so the fire of Hume, that they fire right swa. And in like manner on Speitra Edge, sail so the fire of Eggerghoj Castell, and mark tarning in like manner. And then may all Louthans be warned, and in special the Castle of Edinburgh; and their fourteenth to be made in like manner, that they in Fife, and fra Stirling east, and the east part of Lothian, and to Dunfermline, all may see them, and come to the defence of the realm."

These beacons (at least in latter times) were a "long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron bander 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*:—

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

"I had private intelligence given me, that there were two Scotchmen that had killed a churchman in Scotland, and were by one of the Granes relieved. This Grenie 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 to 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 rising from the house as fast as his horse could carry him: I little suspected 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 away so fast? He will be in Scotland within this half hour; and he is gone to let them know, that you are here, and to what end you are come, and the small number you have with you; and that if they will make haste on a sudden they may surprise us, and do with us what they please.' Hereupon we took advice what 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 stayed some hours, expecting more company; and within short time after the country came in on all sides, so that we were quickly between time 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 give to the top of the tower, and to unsecrec; and then some twenty of them to fall down together, and by that means to win the tower.—The Scots, seeing they present danger, off set at a gallop, and I picked themselves to my mercy. They had no sooner opened the iron gate, and jellyed themselves upon their pretence; but we might see 400 horse within a quarter of a mile coming to their rescue, and to surprise me and my small company; but of a sudden they stayed, and stand 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 uncles, and our own souls; and they are coming, thinking to surprise you, upon weak grass mags, 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 stands among them); and therefore I resolved with myself to give them a fair navig, 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 spent that day would be very hard upon my conscience. And therefore I desired them, for my sake, to forbear; and, if the Scots did not presently make away with all the speed they could, upon my 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; 'at 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 halted 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 gray parameter.*

Where arms of mighty chieftains lie hid.—P. 32.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summits 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 Rongnyse, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance above having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer wall of unbaked clay, studded with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

**Note 2 V.**

*For pathless march and mountain cell,*

*The peasant left his lovely shed.*—P. 33.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herders, on the approach of an English army.—*Minstrelsy of the
Scottish Border, vol. i. p. 392.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverns may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlawes, upon the Avel at Acrum, upon the Jed at Huntlaes, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gordon and Hawthornside, are hollowed into similar recesses. But even these dreary dens were not always weare places of concealment. "In the way as we came, not far from this place (Long Niddry), George Ferres, a gentleman of my Lord Protector's . . . . . happened upon a cave in the ground, the mouth thereof was so sorne with the fresh print of steps, that he seemed to be certeyne thear wear some folke within; and gone done to trie, he was readly receyved with a halebrot or two. He left them not yet. till he had known wherby thei wolde be content to ynde and come out; which they fouldly refusing he went to my lord's grace, and upon utterance of the thynge, got licence to deal with them as he could; and so returned to them, with a skore or two of pioners. Three vetes had their cave, that we wear ware of, whereof he first stopt up on; another he fille full of strate, and set it a fyre, wherewith theye within cast water space; but it was so wel mainsteyned without, that the fyre preyved, and thei within fay to get them belyke into another parler. Then devised we (for I hopt to be with him) to stop the same up, whereby we shold ether smoothen them. or fynd out their vetes, if thei hadde any mone; as this was done at another issue, about xii score of, we mought se the flame of their smoke to come out: the which continued with so great a force, and so long a while, that we could not thinke they needed get them out, or smoothen within: and forasmuch as we found not that they dyd thetone, we thought it for certain theri were more of the tother."-PATTER'S Accouct of Somersett's Expedition into Scotland, and DAMELL'S Fragments.

Note 2 W.

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

From the following fragment of a letter from the Earl of Northumberland to King Henry VIII., preserved among the Cotton MSS. Calig. B. vii. 170, 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.

"Surely, my lords, says the Earl, he had threatened to come within 3 miles of my pore house of Werkworth, where I lye, and gife me light to put on my clothes at mydnight; and alsoo the saide Mark Carr said there opplyy, that seyng they had a governor on the Marches of Scotland, as well as they had in Ingland, he shulde keipe his highnes instructions, gyffyn unto your garson, for making of any day-foray; for he and his friends wolde burne enough on the nghty, letyng your comissill here defyne a notabke acyte at thayre pleasures. Upon which, in his highnes same, I commaundet these wachete to be kepte on your Marches, for comynge in of any Scots.—Nevertheles, upon Thursday at night last, came thryte light horsemen into a littel village of myne, called Whittell, having nct past sex houses, lying towards Ryddisdall, upon Shibtobell More, and there wolde hifie the saied howses, but ther was no fyre to get there, and they forge to bronge any withte thynye; and took a wyf being great with chylthe, in the said townie, and said to hyr. When we can not gyve the hard lytch, yet we shall doo this in stye of hym; and gyve her his ill mortall woundes upon the heid, and another in the right side, with a dagger; whereupon the said wyfis deede, and the childe in her bellye is loste. Beweçishing your most gracius highnes to reduce unto your gracious memory this wyfiful and shamefull murder, done within this your highnes reigne, notwithstanding all the inhabittants thereabout rose unto the said fray, and gaved warnynge by becons into the country afore thynye, and yet the Scotsmen dyde escape. And upon certeyne knowledge to my brother Clyfforth, and me, had by credibele persons of Scotland, this abynamble act not only to be done by dyverse of the Marsh, but also the afore named persons of Tyvidail, and consented to, as by appearance, by the Erle of Mures, upon Friday at night last, let slip C of the best hoorsoe of Glendalv, with a pore of your highnes subjects of Berwyke, together with George Dowgws, who came into Ingland agayne, in the dawning of the day; but afore theye retourne, they dye mar the Earl of Mures provisions at Coldingham; for they did not only burne the said town of Coldingham, with all the come thearunto belonging, which is extened worthe thei markte sterling; but also burned two townes nere adjaceng theerunto, called Brauncerlest and the Black Hill, and take xxiii persons, bx horse, with ce hed of catall, which, nowe, as I am informad, hathe not only been a staye of the saide Erle of Mures not coming to the Bordure as yet, but also, that none inlande man will advenue thay self upon the Marches. And as for the tax that shulde have been grauntad for finding of the saied ill hundred men, is utterly denied. Upon which the King of Scotland deportad from Edyburgh to Stirling, and as yet there dote remayn. And also I, by the advice of my brother Clyfforth, have devysed, that within this ill nyghts, Goddes willing Kelsie, in like case, shall bee bret, with all the corn in the said town; and then they shall have noo place to lye any garson in ngyh unto the Borders. And as I shall atteigne further knowledge, I shall not fail to satisfye your highnes, according to mymost bounden duty. And for this burning of Kelsie is devysed to be done secretely by Prynall and Ryddilsdale. And thus the holy Trynte and * * * your most royal estate, with logh lyf, and as much increase of honour as your most noble heart can desire. At Warkworth, the xxii day of October." (1522.)

Note 2 X.

Watt Tulliam.—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 Berwick, a 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 Tulliam pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tulliam mounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult:—"Sutor Watt, ye cannot sew your boots; the heels risp, and the seams risc."—If I cannot sew," retorted Tulliam, discharging a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,—"If I cannot sew, I can jerk."2

Note 2 Y.

Billyhope Stag.—P. 34.

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

"Billyhope hares for bucks and roes,
And Carli laugh for swine,
And Tarra for the good bull-trout,
If he be taken in time."2

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

1 Risps, crowd.—Rice, tear.

2 Forks, to twitch, as shoemakers do; a securing the stitches of their work.
Note 2 C.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain attached to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, daughter of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Thomas Elizabeth. By a poetical chivalronn, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches, and, from the rivers with which he surrounded the Border country, tower of Balted Wall Howard is still famous in our traditions. In the castle of Naworth, his apartments, containing a bedchamber, oratory, and library, are still shown. They impress us with an unhappening idea of the life of a holy warden of the Marches. Three or four strong doors, separating these rooms from the rest of the castle, indicate the apprehensions of treachery from his garrisons; and the burning winding passages, through which he could privately descend to the guardroom, or even to the dungeons, imply the necessity of no small degree of secret superintendence on the part of the governor. As the ancient books and furniture have remained undisturbed, the general appearance of those apartments, and the armor scattered around the chamber, almost lead us to expect the arrival of the warden in person. Naworth Castle is situated near Brampton, in Cumberland. Lord William Howard is ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.

Note 3 A.

Lord Dacre.—P. 34.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Argo, or Polamene, under Richard Cœur de Lion. There were two powerful branches of that name. The first family, called Lord Dares of the South, held the castle of the same name, and are ancestors to the present Lord Dacre. The other family, descended from the same stock, were called Lord Dares of the North, and were barons of Gilgland and Grasstoke. A chieftain of the latter branch was warden of the West Marches during the reign of Edward VI. He was a son of a hot and obstinate character, as appears from some particulars of Lord Surrey’s letter to Henry VIII., giving an account of his behavior at the siege and storm of Jedburgh. It is printed in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, Appendix to the Introduction.

Note 3 B.

The German hochbutter-men.—P. 34.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII, and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Flodden, there were in the English army as many hussite hussars as foot, and two hundred and four hundred, composing chiefly of foreigners. On the 7th of September, 1513, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, wrote to the Lord Dacre, warden of the West Marches:—"The Almain, in number two thousand, very valiant soldiers, shall be sent you shortly from Newcastle, together with Sir Thomas Holcroft, and with the force of your warlike which we have accustomed to the most strength of bowmen, that might be sent, shall make the attempt to Longhamburgh, being of so much strength, but that it may be skated with ladders, whereas, beforehand, we would you caused secretly some number to be provided; or therewith furnished with the pike-axe, and so taken; either to be kept for the King’s Majesty, or otherwise to be defaced, and taken from the profits of the persons that shall lawful the house of the warden to be used." Repeated innumerable times of the Almain, as the subsequent correspondent, and the enterprise seems finally to have been abandoned, from the difficulty of providing these strangers with the necessary victuals and carriages in so poor a country as Dumbartonshire.

History of Cumberland, vol. 1. (1st ed. p. 1.) From the text of the modern and correct printers, we learn, that the Low Country and German soldiers marched to the attack with their right knees bared. And we may also observe, in such pictures, the extravagance to which they carried the fashion of ornamenting their dress with knots of ribbon. This custom of the Germans is alluded to in the Mirror for Magistrates, p. 129.

"Their pleated garments therewith well adorned.
All jugde and freont, 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 estate of Thirlestane, Gameburn, Soutra, 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 Fain, 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, committing them to bear a border of thre-fo-de-luce, similar to the trewe 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 Scots, considereth the flath and good servis of o’ right trusty friend John Scott of Thirlestane, quha command to our Hoste at Somerlide, with three score and ten hauenciers on horseback of his friends and followers, and bound willing to gang with us into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to take at all our bidding; for the quhilk cause, it is our will, and we doe straitlie command and charge our honerables and his deputies for the time hereafter, to give and to grant to the said John Scott, one Border of thre-fo-de-luce about his coste of armes, sik as is on our royal banner, and alane ane bundell of lances above his haimet, with this words, Readily, as Readily, that he and all his aftercomers may bruk the samme as a pledge and token of our good will and kindnes for his trustyworthiness; and that the same servis be, ye waris, as follow to them. Given at Flatta, Muir, under our hand and privy casket, the xxvi day of July, in the xxii and xxiiaries. By the King’s grace special ordinance.

"Jo. Arskine."

On the back of the charter is written.


1 Sir in orig.
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTRELS

Note 3 D.

An aged Knight, to danger stept,
With many a moss-trooper came on;
And at a golden fieldعة,
The stars and crescent groved his shield,
Without the bend of Muriestane.—P. 34.

The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Muriestane was acquired by the marriage of one of those chief-tains with the heiress, in 1206. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter, assumed in consequence of that marriage. — See Gladstone of Whitley's J.S.S., and Scotts of Stoyle's Pedigree, Newcastle, 1753.

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 Minstrels 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 hugh-kern, said to have been used by this formidable leader, is preserved by his descendant, the present Mr. Scott of Harden. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Bowrthick. 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 Bortha horse, that loads the meats with sand,
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,
Through stony hills, whose sides are shag'd with thorn,
Where springs, in scatter'd tufts, the dark-green corn,
Towers wood-girl Harden, far above the vale,
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.
A harry race, who never shrunk from war,
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty her,
Here fix'd his mountain home,—a wide domain,
And rich the soil, that purple heath been grain;
But what theiggard ground of wealth denied,
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

"The waning harvest-moon show cold and bright;
The warden's horn was heard at dead of night;
And as the mussy portals were flung,
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rang.
What fair, half veil'd, from her latticed hall,
Where red the waving gleams of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, woful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the pile of spoil, that straw'd the ground,
Here sat, all anxious, a wailing sound.
With trembling haste the youthful marton flew,
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

"Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;
While beautiful Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasped 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 waite to frame the harp's heroic string.

"His are the strains whose wandering echoes thru
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their flowering flowers.
He lived o'er Yarrow's flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holy leaves o'er Harden's bier:
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom.
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unused."

Note 3 E.

Scots of Eskdale, a stalwart band.—P. 35.

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

Note 3 F.

Their gathering word was Belleenden.—P. 36.

Belleenden is situated near the head of Bowrthick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word. — Surrey of Selkirkshire in Macfarlane's J.S.S., Advocates' Library. Hence Satchells calls one part of his genealogical account of the families of that clan, his Belleenden.

Note 3 G.

The camp their home, their law the sword,
They know no country, 'sau'd no lord.—P. 36.

The mercenary adventurers, whom, in 1380, the Earl of Cambridge carried to the assistance of the King of Portugal against the Spaniards, mutinied for want of regular pay. At an assembly of their leaders, Sir John Soitier, a natural son of Edward the Black Prince, thus addressed them: "I con soyale, let us be alle of one alliance, and of one accorde, and as us amongs ourselves reyse up the banner of St. George, and let us be frende to God, and enemies to alle the worlde; for without we make ourselfe to be feared, we gete nothyng." "By my fayth," said Sir William Helmon, "ye saye right well, and so let us do." They all agreed with one voyce, and so regarded among them who shulde be their captainys. Then they advisyed in the case how they coude nat have a better captainye than Sir John Soitier. For they sulde than have good leyser to do yvele, and they thought he was more mettely thereto then any other. Then they mised up the penos of St. George, and cried, 'A Soitier ! a Soitier ! the valyant bastarde ! fronde to God, and enemies to all the worlde!' — Froissart, vol. i. ch. 393.
NOTE 3 H.

That he may suffer march- treason pain—P. 37.

Several cases of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march treason. Among others, was the crime of aiding, or assisting in rove, against the opposite country during the time of truce. Thus, in an inquest held at the water of Leith, in the Saloon, on the 26th day of May 1581, between Ralph Dene of Michtam, and John Mackenzie, Constable of the castle of Dunfermline, the former was acquitted by the jury as a distinct law and custom, and the latter, that he should be hanged or beheaded; and if any company (save any guiles within the truce before said, one of that company shall be hanged or beheaded, and the remnant sail restore the goods stolen in the dubble."—History of Westmorland and Cumberland, introd. p. xxix.

NOTE 3 J.

Doraon. 

Will chance 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 bills, or indentures, by Berwick, ran thus: "You shall swear by heaven above you, by your part of Parson, by God, the Sun God made in six days and seven nights, and by God below, you are what out skilled of art, part, way, writing, read, killing, having, or resuming of any of the goods and cattle named in this bill. So help you God."—History of Cavan and Limer. p. xxv.

NOTE 3 K.

Knighted he took of Douglas' sword.—P. 38.

The dignity of knight hood, 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 person who, after due probation, was found to merit the honor of knighthood. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights barmeens after or to fore an engagement. Even so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Essex highly offended his jealous sovereign by the indeterminate action of this privilege. Among others, he knighted the squire Sir John Harrowgton, whose favor at court was by no means con veneied by his new honor.—See the Nave Antiqu. caused by Mr. Palk. But probably the latest instance of this kind of conferred by a subject, was in the case of Thomas Ken, knighted by the Earl of Hindley, after the death of the Earl of Argyll in the battle of Bannockburn. The fact is attested, both by a prose and a poetic account of the engagement contained in an ancient MS. in the Adventurers' Library and edited by Mr. Dalryll, in Godly Songs and Ballats, Edin. 1602.

NOTE 3 L.

When English blood swell'd Drumchapel's ford.—P. 38.

The battle of Anstruther Moor, or Penielheugh, was fought A.D. 1535. The English, commanded by Sir John Evers and Sir Bran Latin, 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 Kelliech and Norman Lesly.

NOTE 3 M.

For who, so field or force black, 

Say the mylene lion e'er fall back?—P. 38.

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

"The Description of the Armes."

"Of the proud Cardinal this is the shield

Borne up between two angels of Sultan;

The six bloody axes in a bare fiddle,

Sheweth the cruelte of the red man,

Which hath devoured the Beautiful Swan,

Mortal enemy unto the White Lion,

Carter of Yorke, the yyle butcher's sonne,

The six bulles hoodles in a felle blaceye,

Belenement his sturdy fombristnesse,

Wherefore, the gally loyalty to put alabacee,

Hecrytheth in his dyshly drowses;

The handley in the middes deth express

The maasstiff curre brod in Ypswich towne,

Grayynge with his teth a kinges crowne.

The cloude significh playne his tynnony,

Covered over with a Cardinall's hatt,

Wherein shall be fullfilled the prophesye,

Arystelye flaxke, and put on thy salt.

For the tyne is come of bagge and walatt.

The temporall chalvity thus thrown downe,

Wherefor, prest, take hede, and beware thy crowne."
"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, at Rivington in Lancashire, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter-week, being the eighth day of April next ensuing, A. D. 1692, 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 cockes, two bastard swords, the blades to be one yard and half a quarter in length, two Scotch daggers, or ducts, at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed on the field, to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed by the gentlemen, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture, of intent all matters shall be made so plain, as there shall be no question to stick upon that day. Which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen. And for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the grounds of the quarrel, we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that, knowing the quarrel, their eyes may be witness of the trial.

THE GROUNDS OF THE QUARREL.

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

' 2. He charged him, that whereas his Majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him, as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her Majesty's subjects therein; Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty, for that her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle was by him made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for murderers, felonies, and all sorts of misdemeanours. The precedent was Calista Whitehead and Ranion Blackkurne.

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

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

(Signed) "Thomas Musgrave."

"Lancelot Carleton.""

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 Roving Willie," Ramsay, who set no value on traditional lore, published a few verses of this song in the Tea-Table Miscellany, carefully suppressing all which had any connection with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worldlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the ballad:

"Now Willie's gone to Jeddart,
And he's for the road-day;
But Stobs and young Falnash
They follow'd him a' the way;
They follow'd him a' the way,
They caught him up and down,
In the links of Ousenam water
They fand him sleeping sound.

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

Note 3 O.

Hr, the jevil 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 odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air called "Rattling Roving Willie," Ramsay, who set no value on traditional lore, published a few verses of this song in the Tea-Table Miscellany, carefully suppressing all which had any connection with the history of the author and origin of the piece. In this case, however, honest Allan is in some degree justified, by the extreme worldlessness of the poetry. A verse or two may be taken, as illustrative of the history of Roaring Willie, alluded to in the ballad:

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Note 3 P.

He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws
In the Old Douglas' day. -- P. 30.

The title to the most ancient collection of Border regulation runs thus:—"Be it remembered, that, on the 18th day of December, 1465, 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 bodily 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 marches, 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 decreted and delivered by the said lords and
Borders, thought them right splendid and profitable to the Borders; the white,blue, ordnances, and points of warfare, he took, and all the whole lords and Borders he caused hastily to be sworn, that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also, the said Earl William, and lords, and others, Borders, 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."

Note 3 Q.

The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas, dreadful 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.

Note 3 R.

And Swinton laid his lance in rest,
That knew of gore the sparkling crest
Of Clavell's Montage.—P. 40.

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

Note 3 S.

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

The Earls of Home, as descendants of the 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 warcry, of this powerful family, was, "A Home! a Home!" It was anciently placed in an escutcheon above the crest. The helmet is armed with a lion's head erased, with a cap of state gules, turned up ermine. The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homeis. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hules; a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

Note 3 T.

And some, with many a merry shout,
In riot, merriment, and rout,
Pursued the foot-ball play.—P. 41.

The foot-ball was anciently a very favorite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carnie- chael of Carniechael, Warden of the Middle Marches, was killed in 1560 by a hand of the Armstrongs, returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Cary, in his Memoirs, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Satch riders to he held at Kelso for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an excursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggle.

Note 3 U.

'Twas true, not, war, such sudden change
Was not infrequent, our 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 of the inhabitants on either side do not appear to have regarded each other with that violent and personal animosity, which might have been expected. On the contrary, like the out posts of hostile armies, they often carried on something resembling friendly intercourse, even in the middle of hostility; and it is evident, from various ordinances against trade and intermarriages, between English and Scottish Borders, that the governments of both countries were jealous of their cherished intimate connection. Froissart says of both nations, that "Englishmen on the one party, and Scots on the other, are good men of war; for when they meet there is a horizontal fight without spurious. There is no blow [truce] between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure; be, by on echo upon other; and when they be well beaten, and cut the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorify so in they're deserts of armies, and are so joyful, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed, or that they go out of the field; so they shortly echo of them so content with either, that, at their departure, every one will they say, God thank you."—BERNSTEIN'S FROISSART, vol. ii. p. 173. The Border meetings of truce, which, although places of merchandise and merriment, often witnessed the most bloody scenes, may serve to illustrate the description in the text. They are vividly portrayed in the old ballad of the Rebelspur, [See MINSTRELS, vol. ii. p. 15.] Both parties came armed to a meeting of the Border, yet they intermixed fearlessly and peaceably with each other in mutual sports and familiar intercourse, until a casual fray arose:

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

In the 28th stanza of this canto, there is an attempt to express some of the mixed feelings, with which the Borders in each side were led to regard their neighbors.

Note 3 V.

On darkening plain,
Loud holla, whoop, or whistle run,
As hands their stragglers to regain,
Give the shrill water-curfew 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 sun a setting up, among all things the most memorable in our hole journey, one thing seemed to me an insoluble disorder and abuse: whereas always, both in all tumults of war, and in all camps of armies, quietness and stillness, without noise, is, principally in the night, after the watch is set, observed (I need not reason why), our northern prickers, the Borderers, notwithstanding, with great enmity (as thought me), and not unlike (to be played) unto a masterly hounde howling in a his way when he hath lost him he waited upon, sun howling, sun howling, and most with crying, A derwyke, a derwyke! A Fowryke, a Fowryke! A Balmer, a Balmer! or so otherwise as they captains names wear,
never find these troubles and dangerous noises all the night be- long. They said, they did it to find their captain and fellows; but if the soldiers of our other countries and shires had used the same manner, in that case we should have oft times had the state of our campes more like the outrage of a absolute hunting, than the quiet of a well ordered army. It is a feet of war, in mine opinion, that might right well be left. I could rehearse cases (but yet I take it, they are better unspoke than attred, unless the fault wear sure to be amended) that might shew thee move alwys more penal to our armie, but in their one night's so doyge, than they shew good service (as some say) in a boole ymage. — * Apud Dalzell's Fragments, p. 73.*

**Note 3 W.**

*To see how than the chance causeth wind,*

*Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,*

*And with the bugie rouse the frye.* — P. 45.

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

**Note 3 X.**

*She wrought not by forbidden spell.* — P. 46.

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

Virgilius therbye, also walkenge among the hylls alle about. It forturnet he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, where, he went so depe, that he coul not see no more lyght; and than he went a lyttel farther therein, and than he saw some lyght eygane, and than he went fourth streyghte, and within a lyttel wyle after he hauede a voyde that called *Virgilius!* Virgilius! and looked aboute, and he coude nat see no boode. Than said he (i.e. the voice), *Virgilius, see ye not the lyttel borde lying heside you there marcked with that word?* Than answered Virgilius, *I see that borde well anough.* The voice said, *Doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte.* Than answered Virgilius to the voice that was under the lyttel borde, and sayd, *Who art thou that callest me so?* Than answered the devyl, *I am a devyl conjured out of the boode of a certeyne man, and banyshed here till the day of judgmen, without that I be delvered by the handes of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray thee, the delver me out of this puyn, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of neograwe, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the parycye therein, that no man in the sence of neograve shall passe the. And moreover, I shall shewe and enforme the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desye, and whereby methinke it is a great gyfe for so lyttel a doyng: For ye may also thus al thy power freedelys, and make ryche thy enemies.* Thoroughe that great promise was Virgilius tempt- ed; he bude the fynd shew the boke to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll; and so the fynde shewed him. And than Virgilius pulled open a borde, and there was a lyttel hole, and thereat the devyle out like a yell, and cam and stode before Virgilius lyke a byggge man; whereof Virgilius was astonied and marvayled greatly thereof, that so great a man myght come out of so lyttel a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, *Shalde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?* — *Yea, I shall well,* said the devyl. — *I holde the best pledge that I have, that ye shall not do it.* — *Well,* said the devyl, *thereto I consent.* And than the devyl wrange himselfe into the lyttel hole agene; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole agaye with the borde close, and so was the devyll begyled, and myght nat there come out aven, but sycheth sychet styll therin. Than called the devyll drededly to Virgilius, and said, *What have ye done, Virgilius!* — Virgilius answered, *Abylde there styll to thy day appoynte;* and fro thens forth sycheth he there. And so Virgilius became very connynge in the parycye of the black science.*

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 Vir- gil, 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. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, bad, 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 märe hyr, 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 did by his conunynge, and called it Napells. And the f buds- also of it was drawen in, and in that towne was a tower with ill corners, and in the toppe he set an apell upon an yron yarde, and so men cudde pull away that apell without he brake it; and thoroughge that yren set he a boile, and in that boile set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stakke upon a cheyne, and so hange th it still. And when the egge styreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and whan the egge brake, then shulde the towne sink. Whan he had made the ende, he lette call it Napells. This appears to have been an article of current belief during the middle ages, as ap- pears from the statutes of the order De Saint Esprit au droit désir, instituted in 1352. A chapter of the knights is appointed to he hold annally at the Castle of the Enchanted Egg, near the gruto of Virgil. — Montaurcon, vol. ii. p. 329.*
NOTE 3 Y.

A merlin sat upon her breast,

Hold by a leash of silken twist. — P. 46.

A merlin, or sparrow-hawk, was actually raised by ladies of rank, as a feken was, in time of peace, the constant attendant of a lady or lady's. See LATHAM on Falconry. Goldsmith relates that when Mary of Lorne was captured, and passed the Earl of Argyll to a royal garrison into his Castle of Tantallon, to try him, he refused the castle money, but, as if appeasing a peacock's wash, which was, in his own words, and which he was feken during the Queen's speech, he explained, "Two enemies in one great globe, she will never be full." — HUME'S History of the House of Douglas, 1713, vol. ii. p. 131. Barry complains of the common and incoherent practice of bringing hawks and hounds into churches.

NOTE 3 X.

And princely peacock's gilded train,

And over the bowld garnished brave. — P. 47.

The peace, it is well known, was concluded, during the times of chivalry, not merely as an expulsive act, but as a dish of present indemnity. After his repeated it was again decreed with its plume, and a sponge, dipped in light spice of wine, was placed in its tail. When it was introduced on days of grand feasts, it was the signal for the adjacent knights to take upon their bows to do some deed of chivalry, "before the peacock and the ladies." The best'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 baren at whose board it was served.—PINKERTON'S History, vol. i. p. 452.

NOTE 4 A.

Smote, with his goatlet, stout Huntly. — P. 47.

The Rutherfords of Huntly 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. Reckon Drewh was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition of the Coach of Huntly, remarkable for leaping 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 Rideless, but which apparently is lost, except the following lines.

"Baud Rutherford he was fu' stout,

With all his nine sons him about,

He brought the lads of Jedburgh out,

And loudly fought that day."

NOTE 4 B.

—bid his groom. — P. 47.

to look the tom, or the glove, seems not to have been con- 1 In Fox's relation, the height of the mound of the Castle of Falkirk exhibited a corner of its strength. The bridge had wide water, and was only 16 feet above it. The height was six or seven stories, and was approached by a way of seven. There was a high and strong bridge, and, continued up as a wall much before the ancient castle, and the chimney with the house apparent; a human mansion, the same described by the Count and all the stones.

1 Besides those raised by the Queen and Surgeon, or took with her, and were in the same manner brought up, he speaks of a gentleman, named Butchart, who kept the same, the theme of which was the history of the ancient nation. "For the Falconers in old time, and such barbarous as in the continent lived more in court than in the hills, or did inhabit the islands, after they began to cross over one to another in
WATTS' Bellenden.

The Bucelwech arms have been altered, and now allude less pointedly to this hunting, whether real or fanciful. The family now hear 9r, upon a hood azure, a mallet 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 term, a hirt of leath and a hirt of grece. The family of Scott of Hoppisley and Thirlestane long retained the hingle-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 Aeth, applying to the female supporters."

NOTE 4 D.

The Minstrel of that ancient name. — P. 48.

"John Grome, second son of Mallet, Earl of Monteith, commonly surmised, 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 settled themselves; and many of their posterity have continued there ever since. Mr. Stanford, speaking of them, says (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides, They were all stark mastroopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland 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), Kate, Lowley, bough's t' 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 Gromes being chiefly in the Debatable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both warlike accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them. — See a long correspondence on this subject between Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, in Introduction to History of Cumberland. The Debatable 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 leaned 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'."

Acorumanceis, and those of the surname in that quarter, unto this day. Moreover, the fashion of wearing iron remains yet with the people of that continent, from their old trade of thieving." — Tomkins' Travagis, p. 4. Lond.

1 See various notes in the Minstrelsy.

2 The tomb of Sir William St. Clare, on which he appears sculptured in armor, with a greyhound at his feet, is still to be seen in Roslin chapel.

The persons who show it always tell the story of his hunting match, with

NOTE 4 F.

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 somme display beauties which would do honor to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1540; 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 Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.

NOTE 4 G.

The storm-swept Oreads: Where erst St. Clairs held princely sway, Over isle and inlet, strand and bay. — P. 49.

The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Waldemar Compte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard Duke of Normandy. He was called, for his fair deportment, the Sceemy St. Clair; and, settling in Scotland during the reign of Malcolm Canmore, obtained large grants of land in Mid-Lothian. These domains were increased by the liberality of succeeding monarchs to the descendants of the family, and comprehended the baronies of Rosline, Penthall, Cowland, Cardale, 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 Penthall-hills, had often started a "white fawn 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 courier would affirm that his hounds were fitter 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 Marchburn. The King instantly caught at his unvarying offer, and betted the forest of Penthall-moor against the life of Sir William St. Clair. All the hounds were tied up, excepting those of the latter, 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 Kirkton, Logan-house, Darragh, &c., in free forasiris. Sir William, in acknowledgment of St. Katherine's intercession, built the chapel of St. Katherine in the Hopes, the churchyard of which is still to be seen. The hill, from which Robert Bruce beheld this memorable chase, is still called the King's Hill; and the place where Sir William hunted, is called the Knight's Field. — Mr. History

some addition to Mr. Hay's account; as that the Knight of Rosline's flight made him postscript, and that in the last emergency, he shouted, 

"Help, Help, ye noble men, my dog and I shall be to 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 rook. As Mr. Hay does not mention this circumstance, I hope it is only founded on the courteous posture of the hound on the rearment

This adventurous banishment married, Elizabeth, daughter of Malcolm Sigur, Earl of Orkney and Strathmore, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1373, 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 1714, by act of Parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravenscraig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William Sanclair, Earl of Cuthness.

NOTE 4 H.
Still mock 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 1615, having been garrisoned against the government by Robert Stewart, natural son, to the Earl of Orkney.

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

"I had occasion to entertain myself at Kirkwall with the melancholy prospect of the ruins of an old castle, the seat of the old Earls of Orkney, my ancestors; and of a more melancholy reflection, of so great and noble an estate as the Orkney and Shetland Isles being taken from one of them by James the Third for failure, 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 younger brother, the Earl of Mar; and for which, after the forfeiture, he gratefully divorced my far-famed ancestor's sister; though I cannot persuade myself that he had any mischiefs 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 Douglas, which at that time did not much sally 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 Edda. I left the town of Kirkwall a noble monument of the grandeur of the times, the finest church ever I saw 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 often obliged to acknowledge by letters yet extant, and in a style more like friends then sovereigns; our attachment to them, without any other thanks, having brought upon us considerable losses, and among others, that of all in Cromwell's time; and left in that condition without the least relief except what we found in our own virtues. My father was the only son 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 at a time when the losses in the case of the royal family, and their usual gratitude, had scarce left him bread to maintain a numerous family of eleven children, who had soon after sprung up on him, in spite of all which, he had honourably persisted in his principle. I say, these things considered, and after being treated as I was, and in that unlucky state, when objects appear to men in their true light, as at the hour of death, could I be blamed for making some bitter reflections to myself, and laughing at the extravagance and unreasonable humour of men, and the singularity of my own case (an exile for the cause of the Stuart family), when I ought to have known, that the greatest crime I, or my family, could have committed, was persevering, to my own destruction, in serving the royal family faithfully, though obstinately, after so great a share of oppression, and after they had been pleased to damn me and my family to marve.—MS. Memoirs of John, Master of St. Clair.

NOTE 4 I.
Of that now-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle guards the world.—P. 49.

The formagins-anne, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the widest legends 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 betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the Ragnarok, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

NOTE 4 K.
Of those dread Maidis, whose hideous yell,—P. 49.

These were the Fabelgjouar, or Selectors of the Shain, 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 4 L.
Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale deathlights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old.
Their faithful wrench from corpses' hold.—P. 49.

The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures. Thus, Angantsy, before commencing the duel in which he was slain, stipulated, if he fell, his sword Tyrfing should be buried with him. His daughter Hervor, afterwards took it from his tomb. The dialogue which passed betwixt her and Angantsy's spirit on this occasion has been often translated. The whole history may be found in the Hervarar-Saga. Indeed, the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence, the northern hero had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valor than to encounter supernatural beings.—BARTHOLOMEUS DE CAUSA CONTAMPTE A DAINIS MORTIS, lib. i. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13.

NOTE 4 M.
Castle Ravenscraig.—P. 50.

A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated between Kirkwall 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 Kirkine (now Earl of Roslyn), representative of the family. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin.

NOTE 4 N.
Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep aspierasy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.—P. 50.

The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Prince of
APPENDIX TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

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

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

"Sir William Sinclair, the father, was a lewd man. He kept a miller's daughter, with whom, it is alleged, he went to Ireland; yet I think the cause of his retreat was rather occasioned by the Presbyterian, who vexed him sadly, because of his religion being Roman Catholic. His son, Sir William, died during the troubles, and was interred in the chapel of Roslin the very same day that the battle of Dunbar was fought. When my godfather was buried, his (i.e., Sir William's) corpse seemed to he entire at the opening of the cove; but when they came to touch his body, it fell into dust. He was lying in his armor, with a red velvet cap on his head, on a flat stone; nothing was spoiled except a piece of the white furring that went round the cap, and answered to the hinder part of the head. All his predecessors were buried after the same manner, in their armor: late Rosine, my good father, was the first that was buried in a coffin, against the sentiments of King James the Seventh, who was then in Scotland, and several other persons well versed in antiquity, to whom my mother would not hearken, thinking it beggarly to be buried after that manner. The great expenses she was at in burying her husband, occasioned the sumptuary acts which were made in the following parliament."

NOTE 4 O.

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

The ancient castle of Peele-town, in the Isle of Man, is surrounded by four churches, now ruinous. Through one of these chapels there was formerly a passage from the guard-room of the garrison. This was closed, it is said, upon the following occasion:—"They say, that an apparition, called, in the Manxk language, the Manthe Doog, to the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peele-castle, and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who, at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and, for that reason, forebore wearing and all profane discourse, while in its company. But 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 captain, 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 accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention, that the Manthe Doog was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of the day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence."

"One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and, though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavored to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the Manthe Doog would follow him, as it had done the others; for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough; for he was never heard to speak more, and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entranced by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs, by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death.

"The Manthe 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 often than he had then hairs on his head."—WALDRON'S Description of the Isle of Man, p. 107.

NOTE 4 P.

St. Bride of Douglas.—P. 51.

This was a favorite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular, as we learn from the following passage:—"The Queen-reign had proposed to raise a rival noble to the ducal dignity; and discovering of her purpose with Angus, he answered, 'Why not, madam? I we are happy that have such a princess, that can know and will acknowledge men's services, and is willing to recompense it; but, by the might of God!' (this was his oath when he was serious and in anger; at other times, it was by St. Blyde of Douglas), 'If he be a Duke, I will be a Duke!'—So she desisted from prosecuting of that purpose."—GODCROFT, vol. ii. p. 131.
Marmion:
A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.
IN SIX CANTOS.

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

LAYDEN.

NOTICE TO EDITION 1832.

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 1839.

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 "pleasenter 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; in his mansion of Ashstiel, 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...
official persons were entitled to bargain with their successors, either for a sum of money, which was usually a considerable one, or for an interest in the emoluments of the office during their life. My predecessor, whose services had been unusually meritorious, stipulated for the emoluments of his office during his life, while I should enjoy the survivorship, on the condition that I discharged the duties of the office in the mean time. Mr. Pitt, however, having died in the interval, his administration was dissolved, and was succeeded by that known by the name of the Fox and Grenville Ministry. My affair was so far completed, that my commission lay in the office subscribed by his Majesty; but, from hurry or mistake, the interest of my predecessor was not expressed in it, as had been usual in such cases. Although, therefore, it only required payment of the fees, I could not in honor take out the commission in the present state, since, in the event of my dying before him, the gentleman whom I succeeded must have lost the vested interest which he had stipulated to retain. I had the honor of an interview with Earl Spencer on the subject, and he, in the most handsome manner, gave directions that the commission should issue as originally intended; adding, that the matter having received the royal assent, he regarded only as a claim of justice what he would have willingly done as an act of favor. I never saw Mr. Fox on this, or on any other occasion, and never made any application to him, conceiving that in doing so I might have been supposed to express political opinions contrary to those which I had always professed. In his private capacity, there is no man to whom I would have been more proud to owe an obligation, had I been so distinguished.

By this arrangement I obtained the survivorship of an office, the emoluments of which were fully adequate to my wishes; and as the law respecting the mode of providing for 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." 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-crowned haughty Marmion,
Now forging sentences, 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 foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?"
to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenrous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise—I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the Poem was 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 huge head 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 be 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, 1820, Scott says, "It is funny enough to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, of whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavoring to scratch out a living with my pen. God help the hear, if having little else to eat, he must not even sack 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 £3000 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, Ibid. pp. 355, 293.

"Marmion was first printed in a splendid quarto, price one guinea and a half. The 3000 copies of this edition were all disposed of in less than a month, when a second of 3600 copies, in 8vo., was sent to press. There followed a third and a fourth edition, each of 3000, in 1829; a fifth of 2000, early in 1830; and a sixth of 3000, in two volumes, crown 8vo., with twelve designs by Singleton, before the end of that year; a seventh of 3000, and an eighth of 5000 copies 8vo., in 1811; a ninth of 3000 in 1815; a tenth of 500 in 1820; an eleventh of 500, and a twelfth of 2000 copies, in foolscap, both in 1823. 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, 1835), may be stated at 50,000 copies. I presume it is right for me to facilitate the task of future historians of our literature by preserving these details as often as I can. Such particulars respecting many of the great works even of the last century, are already sought for with vain regret; and I anticipate no day when the student of English civilization will pass without curiosity the contemporary reception of the Tale of Flodden Field."—Lockhart, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 60.
Marmion.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY LORD MONTAGU, 1
&c. &c. &c.
THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the Public have honored with some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. Yet the Author of Marmion must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its success, since he is sensible that he hazard's, 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 than 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. 2
Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere:
Late, gazing down the steepy Iinn,
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 hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,

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

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our Forest hills is shed; 3
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 sward and wintry sky,

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

2 MS.—" No longer now in glowing red
The Ettrick Forest hills are clad."

1 Lord Montagu was the second son of Henry Duke of Bucklebury, by the only daughter of John last Duke of Montagu.
2 For the origin and progress of Scott's acquaintance with Mr. Rose, see Life, vols. ii. iii iv. vi. Part of Marmion

3 Lord Montagu was the second son of Henry Duke of Bucklebury, by the only daughter of John last Duke of Montagu.
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkindin's rill:
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wrapps 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 means the gathering blast.

My mps, though hardly, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child,
Feel the sad influence of the hour,
And wail 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,
While you frolic glad light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings; 1
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.
But oh! my country's wontly 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 grasp'd the victor's steel!
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly may he shine,
Where glory weeps o'er Nelson's shrine;

And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O Prrr, thy hallow'd tomb!
Deep graved in every British heart,
O never let those names depart.
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
Who victor died on Gaetitc wave; 4
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, Hafnia, Trafalgar;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise;
Ah! to whom the Almighty gave
For Britain's sins, an early grace!
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,
A hamble held the pride of power,
Spar'n'd at the sordid last of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself;
Who, when the frantic crowd again
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein, 6
O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the free-
man's laws.

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

1 "The '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 fall, in our estimation, far below that beautiful simile of the 'Tweed which he has introduced into his former poem. The Art, at, rat malacot of Moschus 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 Nebron.

5 Copenhagen.

6 MS.—"Proud at subjection's cracking rein."

7 MS.—"Show'd their bold zeal a worthier cause."

8 This paragraph was interpolated on the blank page of the MS. We insert the lines as they appear there:—
"O had he lived, though stripp'd of power,
Like a lone watchman on the tower,
His thrilling trumpet through the land
Had warn'd when foemen were at hand.
As by some beacon's lonely light,
By thee our course had steer'd aright;
Our steady course had steer'd aright;
Our pilots kept their course aright;
His single mind, unheav'd by fate,
Had stripp'd his country's tottering weight;
As some tall column left alone,
Had stripp'd our tottering state and throne;
His strength had stripp'd our tottering throne,
The beacon light is quench'd in smoke,
The warder fallen, the column brook."

MARMION.

Thy strength had prop'd the tottering throne:
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched 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 Palioure'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 steerage of the realm gave way!
Then while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,2
Convocate 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 requiescet 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,

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 still the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung;
Here, where the fretted ailes prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
"All peace on earth, good-will to men."4
If ever from an English heart,
O, here let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,5
Record, that Fox a Briton died!
When Europe crouch'd 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.6

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs 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

1 MS.—""Yet think how to his latest day,"
2 MS.—""But still upon the holy day,""
3 In place of this complect, 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 kind
From error—Fox had never err'd."
4 "While Scott was correcting a second proof of the passage
where Pitt and Fox are mentioned together, at Stunmore Priory,
In April, 1807, Lord Abercorn suggested that the compliment
to the Whig statesman ought to be still further heightened, and
several lines—
"For talents mourn untimely lost,
When best employ'd, and wanted most," &c.—
were added accordingly. I have heard, indeed, that they came
from the Marquè's own pen. Ballantyne, however, from some
inadvertence, had put the sheet to press before the revise, as it
is called, arrived in Edinburgh, and some few copies got abroad
in which the additional couplets were omitted. A London
journal (the Morning Chronicle) was stupid and 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 Abercorn's that Scott had thought it
worth his while to contradict the absurd charge in the newspa-
pers of the day.—LOCHART, Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 61.
5 MS.—"And party passion roll'd aside."
6 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 opin-
on, he did not live one; and just such an eunuchism as he
himself pronounces over the grave of his villain hero, Mar-
mion."—JEFFREY.
7 MS.—"Their 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.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The vine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
Forever toiled beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride! —
The mighty chief's sleep side by side?
Drop upon Fox's grave 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?"

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 ears;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain!
Though not unmark'd from northern clime,
Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme;
His Gothic harp has o'er you rung;
The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,
My wilder'd fancy still beguile;
From this high theme how can I part,
Ere half unloaded is my heart?
For all the tears o'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:

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 begins 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:
Mooter, she says, for me to stray,
And waste the solitary day,
In plucking from you fen the Reed,
And watch it floating down the Tweed;
Or list the shrilling lay,
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
Marking its cadence rise and fall,
As from the field, beneath her pale,
She trips it down the uneven dale;
Mooter for me, by yonder cairn,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn;
Though oft he stop in rustic fear;
Lost his old legends the ear
Of one, who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learned taste refined.

But thou, my friend, canst't fitly tell
(For few have read romance so well),
How still the legendary lay,
Of poet's bosom holds its sway;
How on the ancient minstrel strain
Time lays his palsied hand in vain;
And how our hearts at doleful deeds,
By warriors wrought in steely weeds,
Still throb for fear and pity's sake;
As when the Champion of the Lake
Enters Morgana's fated house,
Or in the Chapel Perilous,
Despising spells and demons' force,
Holds converse with the unbowed corse;
Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,

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

Byron's Age of Bronze.

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

Rouven's Pleasures of Memory.

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

See Appendix, Note A.
CANTO I.

MARMION.

(Alas, that lawless was their love!)  
He sought proud Tarquin in his den,  
And free full sixty knights; or when,  
A sinful man, and unconfess'd,  
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,  
He might not view with waking eye.¹

The mightiest chiefs of British song  
Sear'd not such legends to prolong:  
They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,  
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme;  
And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
Had raised the Table Round again,²  
But that a ribald King and Court  
Bade him toil on, to make them sport;  
Demand'd for theiriggard pay,  
Fit for their souls, a looser lay,  
Licentious satire, song, and play;³  
The world defrauded of the high design,⁴  
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 man,  
Essay to break a feeble lance  
In the fair fields of old romance;  
Or seek the mount'd castle's cell,  
Where long through talisman and spell,  
While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept,  
Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept:  
There sound the harpings of the North,  
Till he awake and sally forth,  
On venturous quest to prick again,  
In all his arms, with all his train,⁵  
Shield, lance, and brand, and plume and scarf,  
Pair, 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 veild 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;

¹ See Appendix, Note B.  ² Ibid. Note C.  ³ MS.—“Licentious song, lampoon, and play.”  ⁴ MS.—“The world defrauded of the bold design,  
And quench'd the heroic fire, and marr'd the Profaned the heavenly lofty line.”  ⁵ In the MS. the rest of the passage stands as follows:—“Around him wait with all their charms,  
Pure Love, which virtue only warms:  
She scarce his passion tells;  
Mystery, half seen and half conceal'd;  
And Honor, with unspotted shield;  
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 deed may thus be won;  
Ytene's oak—beneath whose shade  
Their theme the merry minstrelsy made,  
Of Ascanius and Beris bold;⁶  
And that Red King,⁷ who, while of old,  
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,  
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—"  
Ytene's oaks have heard again  
Renew'd such legendary strain;  
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,  
That Amaelis so famed in hall,  
For Oriana, foild in fight  
The Necromancer's felon might;  
And well in modern verse hast wove  
Partenope's mystic love.⁸  
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,  
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

MARMION.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CASTLE.

I.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,⁹  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone:  
The battlemented towers, the donjon keep,¹⁰  
The loophole gates, where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.¹¹  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,¹²  
Sear'd forms of giant height:  
Their armor, as it caught the rays,

² See Appendix, "ote D.  ³ William Rufus.  ⁴ "Partenaire de Blist," a poem, by W. S. Rose, Esq., was published in 1808,—Ed.  ⁵ See Appendix, Note E.  ⁶ The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.  ⁷ In the MS. the first line has "hoary keep;" the fourth "donjon steep;" the seventh "ruddy lustre;"  ⁸ MS.—"Eastern sky;"
Flash'd back again the western blaze, ¹
In lines of dazzling light.

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

III.
A distant trampling sound he hears;
He looks abroad, and soon appears,
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump ² of spears,
Beneath a peacock gay;
A horseman, darting from the crowd,
Like lightning from a summer cloud,
Spurs on his metalled courser proud,
Before the dark array.
Beneath the sable palisade,
That closed the Castle barricade,
His angled horn he blew;
The warder hasted from the wall,
And warned 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!" ⁴
Then to the Castle's lower ward
Sped forty yeomen tall,
The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,

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."—Flooden Field.
⁴ MS.—" A welcome shot."
⁵ MS.—" On his brown cheek an azure shear
Bore token true of Bosworth war."—Ibid. Note II.

Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
The lofty palisade unspar'd
And let the drawbridge fall.

V.
Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-aun chargier 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.
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 lender 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 plamage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,
With wings out-spread, and forward breast;
'En such a falcon, on his shield,
Sword sable in an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
'Those checks at me, to whate'er is right.' ⁷
Blue was the charger's bridle' 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 chum;
For well could each a war-horse tame,
Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,

⁶ Marmion is to Delineine what Tom Jones is to Joseph Andrews: the varnish of higher breeding nowhere diminishes the prominence of the features; and the mission of a king is as light and sinewy a cavalier as the Borderer—rather less fated, more wicked, not less fit for the hero of a ballad, and much more so for the hero of a regular poem."—George Ellis.
⁷ See Appendix, Note G.
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-nules along,
And ambling palfrey, when at need
Him listed ease his battle-stead.
The last and trustiest of the four,
On high his forked 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 seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue;
With falcons broder'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.
Each, chosen for an archer good,
Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood;
Each one a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard shaft could send;
Each held a bear-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,
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 ream,
Thou flower of English land!"³

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

XII.
They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,
Where the guests stood all aside,
And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,
And the heralds loudly cried,
"Room, lordlings, room for Lord Marmion,
With the crest and helm of gold!"
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold:
There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove
'Gainst Marmion's force to stand:
To him he lost his lady-love,
And to the King his land.
Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair;
We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,⁶
And saw his saddle bare;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,

¹ MS.—"One bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong, Treo led his sumpter-nules along, The third his palfrey, when at need."
² MS.—"And when he enter'd, such a clang As through the echoing turrets rang."
³ "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 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.
⁴ See Appendix, Note I.
⁵ Ibid, Note K.
⁶ MS.—"Cleave his shield."
XIII.
Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,
Baron of Twissell, and of Hold,
And Captain of the Hold. 1
He led Lord Marmion to the den,
Rais'd 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 rhytime of deadly feud,
"How the fierce Thirwallis, and Ridleys all,
Stout William de Bruce,
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-shawe!"
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 ministred strain,
By knight should ne'er be heard in vain.

XIV.
"Now, good Lord Marmion," Heron says,
"Of your fair courtesy,
I pray you bide some little space
In this poor tower with me,
Here may you keep your arms from rust,
May breathe your war-horse well;
Seldom has pass'd a week but gust
Or feats of arms b-fell:
The Scots can ream a mettled steed;
And love to couch a spear;
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, 2
Where hast 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, 3
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, 4
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. 5
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. 6

XVII.
Unmark'd, at least unreck'd, the taunt,
Careless the Knight replied, 7
Is come, I ween, of lineage high,
And of thy lady's kin.
That youth, so like a paramour,
Who wept for shame and pride,
Was erst, in Wilson's lady's bower,
Sir Ralph de Wilson's bride."
MS.—"Whisper'd strange things of Heron's dame.
MS.—"The Captain gay replied."
CANTO I.

"No bird, whose feathers gayly flaunt,
Delights in cage to bide;
Norham is grim and grated close,
Hemmed in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower;
And better loves my lady bright
To sit in liberty and light,
In fair Queen Margaret’s bower
We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon on our glove;
But where shall we find leash or bawn,
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She’ll stoop when she has tired her wing." — ①

XXVIII.

"Nay, if with Royal James’s bride
The lovely Lady Keran 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 now;
For here be some have pricked as far,
On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar;
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan’s ale,
And driven the beavies of Landerdale;
Harried the wives of Greenlaw’s goods,
And given them light to set their hoeds." — ③

XX.

"Now, m 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 unseen 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 ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege, we have not seen:
The mass he might not sing or say,
Upon one stunted 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 balsome 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-Road.
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 Bughthrig found him with his wife;
And John, an enemy to strife,
Sans flock and hood, fled for his life.
The jealous churl that deeply swore,
That, if again he venture o’er,
He shall shrieve penitent no more.
Little he loves such risks, I know;
Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,
Carved to his uncle and that lord,
And reverently took up the word.
—“Kind uncle, 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 N.
③ See Appendix, Note O.
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 kissing crabs, or flagons swill;
Last night, to Norham there came one,
Will better guide Lord Marmion."—
"Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,
Well hast thou spoke; say forth thy say."—

XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from Rome;
One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine,
In Arab 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 sin's pardon hath he pray'd.
He knows the passes 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!" quoth Lord Marmion,
"Full hath we been, my sportive friers,
That venerable man, for me,
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.
If this same Palmer will me lead
From hence to Holy-Road,
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,
Instead of cockle-shell, or lead,
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 gleve, or jest,
Some lying legend, at the least,
They bring to cheer the way."—

XXVI.

"Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
"This man knows much, perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore.
Still to himself he's muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.
Last night we listen'd at his cell;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmur'd on till morn, how'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 aves, and two creeds."—

XXVII.

"Let pass," quoth Marmion; "by my fay,
This man shall guide me on my way,
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company.
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer to the Castle-hall."
The summon'd Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
we think, are of this description; and this commination of
Sir Hugh Heron's troopers, who
Have drank the monks of St. Rothan'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."—JEFFREY.

1 See Appendix, Note T.
2 See Appendix, Note L.
3 See Appendix, Note R.
4 Ibid. Note S.
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
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 gauzy 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 billow's sound;  
Thence to Saint Filian's blessed well,
Whose spring can phrenesied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore;  
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it thro' no more!"

XXX.
And now the midnight draught of sleep,
Where wine and spices richly steep,
In massive bowl of silver deep,
The page presents on knee.
Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went through among the rest,
Who drank it merrily;
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,
Though Selby press'd him courteously.
This was a sign the feast was o'er;
It hurst'd the merry wassail roar.
The minstrels ceased to sound.
Soon in the castle naught was heard,
But the slow footprint 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 bagles 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, filing from the gate, had pass'd
That noble train, their Lord the last.
Then loudy rung the trumpet call;
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,
And shook the Scottish shore;
Around the castle eddied show,
Volumes of smoke as white as snow,
And hid its turrets hear;

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 alter form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,"
4 MS.—"Happy whom none such more befall."
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 did the merry wassail 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
Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE
REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

Ashiel, Ettrick Forest.

The scenes are desert now, and bare,
Where flourished once a forest fair;²
When these waste glens with copse were lined,
And peopled with the hart and hind.
You Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears
Have fended him for three hundred years,
While fell around his green companions—
You lonely Thorn, would he could tell
The changes of his parent dell,³
Since he, so gray and stubborn now,
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough;
Would he could tell how deep the shade
A thousand mingled branches made;
How broad the shadows of the oak,
How clung the 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 lurching step around me prowled,
And stop, against the moon to howl;
The mountain-bear, on battle set,
His tusks upon my stem would whet;

¹ MS.—"Slow they roll’d forth upon the air."
² See Appendix, Note V.
³ The second 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 thorn gifted with the powers of reason, and relating the various scenes which it has witnessed during a period of three hundred years. A melancholy train of fancy is naturally encouraged by the idea."—Monthly Review.

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 vessels must’d round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intend,
Guard every pass with crossbow beat;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falconers hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the hush the gazebounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratichet’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 harquebuss below;
While all the rocking hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunter’s cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely.

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;⁷
Yet 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 thy greyhounds true?
O’er bight or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang,
More fleet of foot, or sure of Fang.
Nor dull, between each merry chase,
Passed by the intermitted space;
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, untenanted Bowhill!⁸
No longer, from thy mountains dun,

⁴ Mountain-ash.
⁵ See Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel.
⁶ Slow-hound.
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 burg of Selkirk, it is mentioned, that the citizens assisted him to suppress this dangerous outwaiτ.
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 bower's,
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh;
No youthful Baron's left to grace
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,
And ape, in manly step and tone,
The majesty of Oberon;²
And she is gone, whose lovely face
Is but her least and lowest grace?
Though if to Syphil 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 dejected ear
Grows quick that lady's step to hear;
At moonrise she expects her not,
Nor busies her to trim the cot;
Pensive she turns her rummaging wheel,
Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal;
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—
Her long-descended 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.
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
mentioned to, George Henry, Lord Scott, son to Charles, Earl of
Dilkeith (afterwards Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry), and
who died early in 1808.—See Life of Scott, vol. iii.
pp. 59-61.
² The four next lines on Harriet, Countess of Dilkeith, after
wards Duchess of Buccleuch, were not in the original MS.
³ The late Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whybank—whose
beautiful seat of the Vair stands on the Tweed, about two
miles below Ashiestiel, the then residence of the poet.
⁴ 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.
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 gentle heart impressed.
'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;
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor
redge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Aburst and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,
Save where, of land, you slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing conceal'd might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might
dwell;
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,
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 stilly is the solitude.

Naught living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,¹
Yet still, beneath the hollow'd soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones—be hail,
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 Dryhope's lonely top decay;
And, as it faint and feeble died
On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
To say, "This 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—
(No 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;²
And ever stope again I have
Their bosoms on the surging wave;
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,

¹ See Appendix, Note X.
² "A few of the lines which follow breathe as true a spirit of peace and repose, as even the simple strains of our venerable Walton."—Monthly Review.
³ "And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and nightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
There pen her o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its way,²
And, in the bitters—distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I clear'd;²
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life
(Though but escape from fortune's strait),
Something must matchless good and wise,
A great and grateful sacrifice;
And deem each hour to musings 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—skene,⁶
There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down ye dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog—smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to rave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prion'd by enchantor's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene,
Just on the edge, straining his ken
To view the bottom of the den,
Where deep, deep down, and far within,
Toils with the rocks the roaring hain;
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave,
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,

And every herb that sipsthe dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.⁷

If Penelope.

⁴ See Appendix, Note V.
⁵ MS.—"Spread through broad mast their snowy sail."
⁶ MS.—"Till fancy wild had all her sway."
⁷ MS.—"Till from the task my brain I clear'd."
⁸ See Appendix, Note Z.
CANTO II.

MARMION.

CANTO SECOND.

The Convent.

I.

The breeze, which swept away the smoke,
Round Norham Castle roll'd,
When all the loud artillery spoke,
With lightning-flash and thunder-stroke,
As Marmion left the Hold.
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,
It freshly blew, and strong too,
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle,
It bore a bark along.
Upon the gale she stoo'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen lann'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 maids,
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them were strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicte;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terror pray;
Then shrick'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 Niece 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
Bound within the cloister wall:
The deadliest sin her mind could reach,
Was of monastic rule the breach;
And her ambition's highest aim
To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.
For this she gave her ample dower,
To raise the convent's eastern tower;
For this, with carving rare and quaint,
She deck'd the chapel of the saint,
And gave the relic-shrine of cost
With ivory and gems embos'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 dower;
'Twas she, with carving rare and quaint,
Who deck'd the chapel of the saint."

13
On two apostates from the faith,  
And, if need were, to doom to death.

V.  
Nought say I here of Sister Clare,  
Save this, that she was young and fair;  
As yet a novice unprofe's'd,  
Lovely and gentle, but distress'd,  
She was betroth'd to one now dead,  
Or worse, who had dishonour'd her.  
Her kinsman laid 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-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,  
Nor waves, nor breezes murmur'd there:  
There saw she, where some careless hand  
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,  
To hide it till the jackals come,  
To tear it from the scantly 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 mountanous Northumberland;  
Towns, towers, and halls, successive rise,  
And catch the nun's' delightful eyes.  
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,  
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;  
They mark'd, amid her trees, the hall

Of lofty Scaton Delaval;  
They saw the Rhythe and Wansbeck floods  
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;  
They passed the tower of Widderington,  
Mother of many a valiant son;  
At Copet's aisle their heads they tell  
To the good Saint who own'd the cell;  
Then did the Aine attention claim,  
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;  
And next, they cross'd themselves, to hear  
The whitening breakers sound so near,  
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,  
On 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 crown;  
Then from the coast they bore away,  
And reach'd the Holy Island's bay.

IX.  
The tide did now its flood-mark raise,  
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 feet 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 sawn'd,  
With massive arches broad and round,  
That rose alternate, row and row,  
On ponderous columns, short and low,  
Built ere the art was known,  
By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,  
The arcades of an alley'd walk  
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane  
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain;  
And needful was such strength to these,  
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
Scour'd by the wind's eternal sway;  
Open to rovers fierce as they,  
Which could twelve hundred years withstand  
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.  
Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuild'sd in a later style,

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 rounded, with consuming power,
The pointed angles of each tower;
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,
And with the sea-wave and the wind,
Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,
And made harmonious close;
Then, answering from the sandy shore,
Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar,
According chorus rose:
Down to the haven of the Isle,
The monks and nuns in order file,
From Cuthbert's cloisters grim;
Banner, and cross, and relic 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 said,
Suppose the Convent banquet made:
All through the holy done,
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 lamp 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;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And monks cry, "Fye upon your name!
In wrath, for loss of silvan game,
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—
"This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While laboring on our harbor-pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."
They told, how in their convent-cell
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelfled;³
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was 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;⁴
And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail,
To vie with these in holy tale;
His body's resting-place, of old,
How oft their patron changed, they told;⁴
How, when the rude Dane burn'd their piles,
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 See Appendix, Note 2 B. ⁴ Ibid. Note 2 F.
(Although with them they led
Galwegian, wild as ocean’s gale,
And Lochin’s knights, all sheathed in mail,
And the bold men of Teviotdale),
Before his standard fled.
Twas he, to vindicate his reign,
Edged Alfred’s falchion on the Dane,
And turned the conqueror back again.
When, with his Norman bowyer hand,
He came to waste Northumberland.

XVI.

But faint Saint Hilda’s nuns would learn
If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.
Such tales had Whithby’s fishers told,
And said they might his shape behold,
And hear his awl sound;
A deaden’d clang,—a huge dim form,
Scen but, and heard, when gathering storm.
And night were closing round.
But this, as tale of idle fame,
The nuns of Lindisfarne disdain.

XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe,
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was dark and lone that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell:
Old Colvulf 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 Sixhelm, made
A place of burial for such dead,
As, having lived 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

1 See Appendix, Note 2 G. 2 Ibid. Note 2 H. 3 Ibid. Note 2 I.
4 MS.—‘Seen only when the gathering storm.’’
5 See Appendix, Note 2 K.
6 Antique chandelier.

Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay; and still more few
Wore those, who had from him the clue
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung.
From the rude rock the side-walls 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 plush, upon the stone.
A cresset, in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seem’d to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to show
The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convicts three;
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were 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 Prioress;
And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quench’d by age’s night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor 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 aisle,
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 MS.—‘Suspended by an iron chain,
A cresset show’d this dark domain.’’
2 MS.—‘On stony table lay.’’ 3 See Appendix, Note 2 L.
Obscured her charms, but could not hide,
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And, on her doubtful breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But, at the Prioress' command,
A Monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread,
In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church number'd with the dead,
For broken vows, and convent fled.

XXI.
When thus her face was given to view
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear
To those bright ringlets glistening fair),
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair.¹

XXII.
Her comrade was a sordid soul,
Such as does murder for a meed;
Who, but of fear, knows no control,
Because his conscience, scath'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 inimitable. 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 savagest deeds;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl,
His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath the lash;
While his mute partner, standing near,
Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.
Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,
Well might her paleness terror speak!
For there were seen in that dark wall,
Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall;
Who enters at such grisly door,
Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.
In each a slender meal was laid,
Of roots, of water, and of bread:
By each, in Benedictine dress,
Two haggard monks stood motionless;
Who, holding high a blazing torch,
Show'd the grim entrance of the porch:
Reflecting back the smoky beam,
The dark-red walls and arches gleam.
Hewn stones and cement were display'd,
And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.
These executioners were chose,
As men who were with mankind foes,
And with despite and envy fired,
Into the cloister had retired;
Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,
Strove, by deep penance, to efface
Of some foul crime the stain;
For, as the vassals of her will,

Not once had turn'd to either side—
Nor once did those sweet 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 192
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the toss!"

BYRON'S WORKS, VOL. X, P. 171.

² 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 strate to own.
By strange device were they brought there,
They knew not how, nor knew not where.

XXV.
And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the Chapter’s doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
Alive, within the tomb;¹
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;
’Twas 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 crum’d herself to bear.³
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair.⁴

¹ See Appendix, Note 2 M.
² MS.—"A feeble and a flutter’d streak;
Like that with which the mornings break
In Autumn’s sober sky;"²
³ "Mr. S. has judiciously combined the horrors of the punishment with a very beautiful picture of the offender, so as to heighten the interest which the situation itself most necessarily excite; and the struggle of Constance to speak, before the fatal sentence, is finely painted."—Monthly Review.
⁴ MS.—"And marm’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."²

XXVII.
"I speak not to implore your grace;⁵
Well know I for one minute’s space
Successless might I sue:
Nor do I speak your prayers to gain;
For if a death of lingering pain,
To cleanse my sins, be penance vain,
Vain are your masses too.—
I listen’d to a traitor’s tale,
I left the convent and the veil;
For three long years I bow’d my pride.
A horse-boy in his train to ride;
And well my folly’s meed he gave,
Who 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,
No’er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true born’r’d for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me!"³

XXVIII.
"The King approved his favorite’s aim;
In vain a rival barr’d his claim,
Whose fate with Clare’s was plight,
For he attains that rival’s fame
With treason’s charge—and on they came,
In mortal lists to fight.
Their oaths are said,
Their prayers are pray’d,
Their lances in the rest are laid
They meet in mortal shock;
And, hark! the throng, with thundering cry,
Shout ‘Marmion, Marmion!’ to the sky,
De Wilton to the block!"³
Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide⁶
When in the lists two champions ride,
Say, was Heaven’s justice here?"³

¹ Nor 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 land’s heir,
And Constance loved no more—
Loved her no more; who, once Heaven’s bride,
Now a second mental by his side,
Had wander’d Europe o’er."
⁵ MS.—"Say, ye who preach the heavens decide
When in the lists the warriors ride."
When, loyal in his love and faith,
Wilton found overthrow or death,
Beneath a traitor’s spear!
How false the charge, how true he fell,
This guilty packet best can tell.”—
Then drew a packet from her breast,
Paused, gather’d voice, and spoke the rest.

XXIX.
“Still was false Marmion’s martial pride;
To Whitby’s convent fled the maid,
The hated match to shun.
‘Ho! shifts she thus?’ King Henry cried,
‘Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,
If she were sworn a nun.’
One way remain’d—the King’s command
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:
I linger’d here, and rescue plan’d
For Clara and for me:
This caffit 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.¹
Had fortune my last hope betray’d,
This packet, to the King convey’d,
Had given him to the headsman’s stroke,
Although my heart that instant broke.—
Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.

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 be 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;

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

Some traveller then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones,
And, ignorant of priests’ cruelty,³
Marvel such relics here should be.”

XXXII.
Fix’d was her look, and stern her air:
Back from her shoulders stream’d her hair,
The locks that wont her brow to shade,
Stared up erectly from her head;²
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!”¹
From that dire dungeon, place of doom,
Of execution too, and tomb,
Paused forth the judges 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;⁵
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 hurry’ing, tottering on:
Even in the vesper’s heavenly tone,⁶
They seem’d to hear a dying groan,
And bade the passing knell to toll
For welfare of a parting soul.
Slow o’er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll’d,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprang up on Cheviot Fell,

⁵ MS.—“From that dark penance vault to day.”
⁶ MS.—“That night amid the vesper’s swell,
They thought they heard! Constantia’s yell,
And bade the mighty bell to toll,
For welfare of a passing soul.”
Spread his broad nostrils to the wind, 
Lashed before, aside, behind, 
Then coach'd him down beside the hind, 
And quaked among the mountain fern, 
To hear that sound so dull and stern.¹

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Marmion.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO
WILLIAM ERSKINE, ESQ.²
Ashiestiel, Eiltrick Forest.

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass, 
With varying shadow, o'er the grass, 
And imitate, on field and furrow, 
Life's check'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 dooms 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?—²
Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime 
Some transient fit of lofty rhyme

¹ "The sound of the knell that was rang for the parting soul of this victim of seduction, is described with great force and solemnity."—Jeffrey.
² William Erskine, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-depute of the Orkneys, became a Judge of the Court of Session by the title of Lord Kinnoul, and died at Edinburgh in August, 1832. He had been from early youth the most intimate of the Poet's friends, and his chief confidant and adviser as to all literary matters. For a notice of his life and character by the late Mr.

To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse 
For many an error of the muse, 
Oft hast thou said, "If, still mispent, 
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 feeder hard, 
Still from the grave their voice is heard; 
From them, and from the paths they show'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 hero? 
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 baneful Europe stood her foes,— 
The star of Brandenburgh arise! 
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, 
Predece'sd honour of guilty earth. 
Lamented Chief!—not thine the power, 
To save in that presumptuous hour, 
When Prussia hurried to the field, 
And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield! 
Valor and skill 'twas thine to try, 
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die. 
I'll had it seem'd thy silver hair 
The last, the bitterest pang to share, 
For prince's crown rest, and scutcheon riven, 
And birthright to usurpers given; 
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel, 
And witness woes thou couldst not heal! 
On thee relenting Heaven bestows

Hay DonabieTON, to which Sir Walter Scott contributed several paragraphs.—Po.

MS. "Well, sound now lowly, and now higher, 
Irregular to wake the lyre."

MS. "Thine hours to thristless rhyme are lent."

MS. "Dost thou not deem our later days 
Yields topic meet for classic lay? 
Hast thou no elegiac tone 
To join that universal moan, 
Which mingled with the battle's yell, 
Where venerable Brunswiek fell?— 
What! not a verse, a tear, a sigh, 
When valor bleeds for liberty?"
CANTO III.

MARMION.

AWAKENING AT THE INSPIRED STRAIN.

Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakespeare lived again.

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

Look east, and ask the Belgian why,
Beneath Batavia's sultry sky,
He seeks not eager to inhale
The freshness of the mountain gale,
Content to rear his whiten'd wall
Beside the dank and dull canal?
He'll say, from youth he loved to see
The white sail gliding by the tree.
Or see you weatherbeaten bind,
Whose sluggish hordes before him wind,
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged check
His northern clime and kindred speak;
Through England's hugging meals he goes,
And England's wealth around him flows;
Ask, if it would content him well,
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,
Memorial of her thankfulness.
And about the same time the Marchioness of Abercorn expresses the delight with which both she and her lord had read the generous verses on Pitt and Fox in another of those epistles."—Life of Scott, vol. lii. p. 9

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 bench:
Alike to him the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridge, or the ear:
Alike to him the war that calls
Its votaries to the shattered 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 Auffright
Howl'd round the father of the fight,
Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,
The conqueror's wreathe, with dying hand.

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

1 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'est 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 breach,
And, scorn of tyrannic power,
As dauntless in the Temple's tower:
Alike to him, the sea, the shore,
The brand, the bridge, or the ear,
The general's eye, the pilot's art,
The soldier's arm, the sailor's heart.
Or if to touch such chord be thine," &c.

2 "Scott seems to have communicated fragments of the poem very freely during the whole of its progress. As early as the 231st of February, 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 commemoration 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. lii. p. 9

3 Sir Sidney Smith.

4 Sir Ralph Abercromby.

5 "As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue 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 peecent part.

"Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Witt, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's best beam turns vinegar most sour," &c.

Popc's Essay on Men.—Ed.
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,
And spies 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 Devil’s meadows forsake
Bennachie, gray, and Garry’s lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm’d me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings, roused in life’s first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm’d my fancy’s waking hour.¹
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sigh’d no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a patty streamlet’s speed
Claim’d homage from a shepherd’s rood;
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,²
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin’d wall.
I deem’d such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey’d;
And still I thought that shatter’d tower³
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvell’d as the aged mind
With some strange tale bewitch’d my mind,
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had sparr’d their horse,
Their southern rampe to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,
And, home returning, fill’d the hall
With revel, wassail-riot, and brawl.⁴
Methought that still with trumpet and clang
The gateway’s broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seem’d with scars,
Glared through the window’s rusty bars,

¹ MS.—"The lonely hill, the rocky tower,
    That catch’d attention’s waking hour."
² MS.—"Recesses where the roses grew."
³ Smallhholm Tower, in Berwickshire, the scene of
the author’s infancy, is situated about two miles from
Dryburgh Abbey.
⁴ The two next couplets are not in the MS.
⁵ MS.—"While still with mimic heaps of shells,
    Again my spurt the combat tells—
    Onward the Scottish Lion bore,
    The scatter’d Southeron fled before."
My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line;
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend.
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale!

Marmion.

CANTO THIRD.

The Hostel, or Inn.

I.
The livelong day Lord Marmion rode:
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,
By glen and streamlet winded still,
Where stunted birches hid the rill.
They might not choose the lowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.
Oft on the trampling band, from crown
Of some tall cliff, 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 wait'd 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: 3
Thence winding down the northern way,
Before them, at the close of day,
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay. 3

II.
No summons calls them to the tower,
To spend the hospitable hour.
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone;
His cautious dame, in bower alone,
Dreaded her castle to unclose,
So late, to unknown friends or foes.
On through the hamlet as they passed,
Before a porch, whose front was graced
With bush and flagon trimly placed,
Lord Marmion drew his rein:

The village in seems'd large, though rude; 4
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 forge, food, and firing call,
And various clamor fills the hall:
Weighing the labor with the cost,
Tolls everywhere the bustling host.

III.
Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,
Through the rude hostel might you gaze;
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,
The rafters of the sooty roof
Bore wealth of winter cheer;
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,
And gammons of the tusky boar,
And savory launche 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.
Thiers 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.

3 The village of Gifford lies about four miles from Haddington: close to it is Yester House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a little farther up the stream, which descends from the hills of Lammermoor, are the remains of the old castle of the family.
4 See Appendix, Note 2 N
V.
Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fix’d on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell;
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The Palmer’s visage fell.

VI.
By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbrok’n, save when in comrade’s ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whisper’d forth his mind:

“Saint Mary! sawst thou eter such sight?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
When’er the firebrand’s sickle light
Glances beneath his brow?
Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
For his best palfrey, would not I
Endure that sullen scowl.”

VII.
But Marmion, as to chase the awe
Which thus had quell’d their hearts, who saw
The ever-varying fire-light show
That figure stern and face of woe,
Now call’d upon a squire:

“Fitz-Eustace, know’st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire.”

VIII.
“So please you,” thus the youth rejoind’d,
“O’er 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 well the lover’s note alike;
Told Saint Valentine, no thrush
Sings livelier from a spring-side bush.
No nightingale can love-lorn tune
More sweetly warbles to the moon.
Woe to the cause, what’er it be,
Detains from us his melody,
Lavish’d on rocks, and billows stern,
Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.

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

Eleva 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.

Eleva 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 can not; but I ween,
That could their import have been seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their prey,
For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
Yet fatal strength they boast to steel
Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,
Even while they writh beneath the smart
Of civil conflict in the heart.
For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,
And smiling, to Fitz-Ennuse said—
"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a death-pen'ant song,
Such as in numbers they toll
For some departing sister's soul?"
Say, what may this portend?"
Then first the Palmer silence broke
(The livelong day he had not spoke),
"The death of a dear friend." 91

CHORUS.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye
Ne'er changed in worst extremity;
Marmion, whose soul could scantily brook,
Even from his King, a haughty look?
Whose accent of command control'd,
In camps, the boldest of the bold—
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now,
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow:
For either in the tone,
Or something in the Palmer's look,
So full upon his conscience strook,
That answer he found none.
Thus oft it hap'd, that when within
They shrunk at sense of secret sin,
A feather daunts the brave;
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise,
And proudest princes veil their eyes
Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter!—By his aid
Was Constance Beverley betray'd,
"Not that he angur'd of the doom;
Which on the living closed the tomb:
But, tired to hear the desperate maid;"
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid;
And wroth, because in wild despair;
She practis'd on the life of Clare;
Its fugitive the Church he gave,
Though not a victor, but a slave;
And deem'd restraint in convent strange
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.
Himself, proud Henry's favorite peer,
Held Romish thunders idle fear,
Secure his pardon he might hold,
For some slight mutet of penance-gold.
Thus judging, he gave secret way,
When the stern priests surprised their prey.
His train but deem'd the favorite page
Was left behind, to spare his age;
Or other if they deem'd, none dared
To mutter what he thought and heard:
Woe to the vassal who durst pry
Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well,
And safe secured in distant cell;
But, waken'd by her favorite lay,
And that strange Palmer's boding say,
That fell so ominous and drear,
Full on the object of his fear,

Even from his King, a scornful look,
" But tired to hear the furious maid,"
" Incensed, because in wild despair."
To aid remorse's venom'd throe,
Dark tales of convent vengeance rose;
And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,
All lovely on her soul return'd;
Lovely as when, at treacherous call,
She left her convent's peaceful wall,
Carried 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 man! How changed these timid looks have been,¹
Since years of guilt, and of disguise,
Have steal'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes!
No more of virgin terror speaks
The blood that mantles in her cheeks;
Fierce, and un feminine, are there,
Phrenzy 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 break the stern monastic laws!
The penance how—and I the cause!—
Vigil and seorge—perchance even worse?²—
And twice he rose to cry, "To horse!"³—
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 Venmachar obey,
Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,
And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
From Scotland's simple land away,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, knightlike, he despises fear,
Not far from hence:—if fathers old
Aught our hamlet legend told."—
These broken words the melanchols move
(For marvels still the vulgar love),
And, Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the host thus gladly told:—

XIX.

The Host's Tale.

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown
Since Alexander fill'd our throne
(Third monarch of that warlike name),
And eke the time when here he came
To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord:
A braver never drew a sword;
A wiser never, at the hour
Of midnight, spoke the word of power:
The same, whom ancient records call
The founder of the Goblin-Hall,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've all his host,
To meet upon the western coast:
For Norse and Danish galleys plied
Their ears within the frith of Clyde.
There floated Haco's banner trim,⁴
Above Norveyan warriors grim,⁵
Savage of heart, and large of limb,
Threatening both continent and isle,
Dute, Arran, Cunningham, and Kyle.

How will her daunt spirit swell,
And chafe within the narrow cell!"¹

¹ MS.—"Since fiercer passions wild and high,
Have flush'd her cheek with deeper dye,
And years of guilt, and of disguise,
Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes,
And I the cause—for whom were given
Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven!—

² See Appendix, Note 2 P.

³ See Appendix, Note 2 Q.

⁴ MS.—"From this plain simple land away.

⁵ MS.—"There floated Haco's banner grim
O'er fierce of heart and large of limb.
Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,
Heard Alexander's bugle sound,
And tarried 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 made 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,
Combust, 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 horse,
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 racking 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 controll'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,
When yawning graves, and dying groan,
Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown,—
With untaught valor shalt compel
Response denied to magic spell.'—2
'Gramercy,' quoth out Monarch free,
'Place him but front to front with me,
And, by this good and honored brand,
The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,
Soothly I swear, that, title what tide,
The demon shall a buffet side.'—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 seek, whose circling crown
Crests the ascent of yonder down:
A southern entrance shalt thou find;
There halt, and there thy bugle wind,
And trust thine elfin foe to see,
In guise of thy worst enemy:
Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—
Upon him! and Saint George to speed!
If he go down, thou soon shalt know
Whate'er these airy sprites can show;—
If thy heart fail thee in the strife,
I am no warrant for thy life.'

XXIII.
"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,
Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the King
To that old camp's deserted round: 5
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; 6
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;"
Alike the leopards in the shield,
Alike his Syriam courser’s frame,
The rider’s length of limb the same;
Long afterwards did Scotland know,
Fell Edward’s was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

"The vision made our Monarch start,
But soon he knew’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 huny 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 bore,
Triumphant to the victor shore.
Such signs may learned clerks explain,
They pass the wit of simple swain.

XXV.

"The joyful King turn’d home again,
Headed his host, and 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

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

XXVI.

The quaights were deep, the liquor strong,
And on the tale the yeoman-throng
Had made a comment sage and long.
But Marmion gave a sign:
And, with their lord, the squires retire;
The rest, around the hostel fire,
Their drowsy limbs recline;
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppress’d with dull and ale, they store:
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;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, or ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady’s love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;
But, ere his dagger Eustace drew,
His master Marmion’s voice he knew.

"Fitz-Eustace! rise, I cannot rest;
Youchurl’d wild legend haunts my breast,
And graver thoughts have charmed my mood;
The air must cool my feverish blood;
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of elfin chivalry.
Arose, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed.

1 Edward L., surnamed Longshanks.
2 MS.—”To be fulfilled in times afar,
When our sons’ sons wage northern war;
A royal city’s towers and spires,
Redden’d the midnight sky with fire,
And shouting crews her navy bore,
Triumphant, from the vanquish’d shore.”
3 For an account of the expedition to Copenhagen in 1801, see Southery’s Life of Nelson, chap. vii.

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

MARMION.

Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale."—
Then softly down the steps they slid,
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron said:—

XXIX.
"Didst never, good my youth, hear tell,
That on the hour when I was born,
Saint George, who gracest my sire's chapel,"
Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary weight forborn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me,
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Effin Fee!"
Bliithe 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 faunt 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 receiv'd
For gospel, what the church believed,—
Should, stirr'd by idle tale,
Ride forth in silence of the night,
As hoping half to meet a sprite,
Array'd in plate and mail,
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,
That passions, in contending flow,
Unfix the strongest mind;
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,
We welcome fond credulity,
Guide confident, though blind.

XXXI.
Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared,
But, patient, wait'd 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 soild 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
Ashbridel, Ettrick Forest.

An ancient minstrel said, sugest" "Where is the life which late we led?"
That Motley clown in Arden wood,
Whom humorous Jacques with envy view'd,
Not even that clown could amplify,
On this trite text, so long as I.
Eleven years we now may tell,
Since we have known each other well;
Since, riding side by side, our hand
First drew the voluntary brand, 4
And sure, through many a varied scene,
Unkindness never came between.
Away these winged years have flown,
To join the mass of ages gone;
And though deep mark'd, like all below,
With checker'd shades of joy and woe;
Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,
Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,
While here, at home, my narrower ken

4 James Skene, Esq., of Rubislaw, Aberdeenshire, was Cornet in the Royal Edinburgh Light Horse Volunteers, and Sir Walter Scott was Quartermaster of the same corps.
5 MS.—"Unsheath'd the voluntary brand,"
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
CANTO IV.

Somewhat of manners saw, and men;
Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream,
So still we glide down to the sea
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day,
Since first I tuned this idle lay;
A task so often thrown aside,
When leisure graver cares denied.
That now, November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore,
Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,
Once more our naked birches sigh,
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,
Have don'd their wintry shrouds again:
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed.
Earlier than wert along the sky,
Mix'd with the rakes, the snow mists fly;
The shepherd, who in summer sun
Had something of our envy won,
As thou with pencil, I with pen,
The features traced of hill and glen;
He who, outstretched' d the livelong day,
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book,
Or idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the less'en 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 sheeted rain,
Against the casement's ticking pane;
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dissemble to dangerous task.

Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in whistling rain;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go,
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repose;
Whistling and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathe's the plaid:
His flock he gathers, and he guides,
To open downs, and mountain sides,
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.

The blast, that whistles o'er the 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,
Renumbing 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,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,
His healthy fare, his rural cot,
His summer couch by greenwood tree,
His rustic kirt's loud revelry,
His native hill-notes, tuned on high,
To Marion of the blithesome eye,
To Marion of the blithesome eye,
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed
And all Arcadia's golden creed?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,
Of human life the varying scene!
Our youthful summer oft we see

But soon he loses it, and then
Turns patient to his task again.

'Oh, 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

'Conches upon his frozen breast.'

'The Scottish Harvest-home.'

'To Marion's blithely blinking eye.'

'Our youthful summer oft we see.
Dance by on wings of game and glee,
While the dark storm reserves its rage,
Against the winter of our age:
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,
His manhood spent in peace and joy;
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.  
Then happy those, since each must drain
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—  
Then happy those, belov'd of Heaven,
To whom the mingled cup is given:
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,
When thou of late, was doom'd to twine,—
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bire her Sire had smiled,
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,  
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,  
For many a kindly word and deed,
To bring my tribute to his grave:—
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, per chance, 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 trance,
We could right pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too;  
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, yeo'd the White.
At either's feet a trusty squire,
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
Jealous, each other's motions view'd,
And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.
The leverock 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,  
The wild blast sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright, and lamps beam'd gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
And he was held a laggard soul,
Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl.
Then he, whose absence we deplore,  
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
The longer miss'd, bewail'd the more;
And thou, and I, and dear-loved R——,
And one whose name I may not say; —

9 MS. — "When light we heard what now I hear."
10 Colin Mackenzie, Esq., of Portmore, one of the Principal Clerks of Session at Edinburgh, and through life an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, died on 10th September, 1830.—En.  
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, 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.—En.
12 The gentleman whose name the Poet "might not say," was the late Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, Bart., son of the author of the Life of Beattie, and brother-in-law of Mr. Skene.
MARMION.

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 blow;
With their light and lively call,
Brought grooms and yeomen to the stall,
Whistling they came, and free of heart,
But soon their mood was changed;
Complaint was heard on every part,
Of something disarranged.
Some charger’s load for armor lost;
Some bridle wound and wrangled with the host;
“By Becket’s bones,” cried one, “I fear,
That some false Scot has stolen my spear!”
Young Blount, Lord Marmion’s second squire
Found his steed wet with sweat and mire;
Although the rated horse-boy sware,
Last night he dress’d him sleek and fair.
While chaf’d the impatient squire like thunder,
Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder—
“Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all I
Bevis lies dying in his stall:
To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
Of the good steed he loves so well I”
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw;
Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—
“What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lanterned by Friar Run。”

II.

Fitz-Eustaco, who the cause but guess’d,
Nor wholly understood,
His companions’ clamorous plaints suppress’d;
He knew Lord Marmion’s mood,
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,
And did his tale display
Simply as if he knew of naught
To cause such disarray.
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,
Nor marvel’d at the wonders told,—
Pass’d them as accidents of course,
And bade his clarion sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost
Had reckon’d with their Scottish host;
And, as the charge he cast and paid,
“Ill thou deserv’st thy hire,” he said;
“Dearest 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 hand
With English cross, and blazing brand,
Shall drive the devils from this land,
To their infernal home;
For in this haunted den, I vow,
All night they trample to and fro.”—
The laughing host look’d on the hire,—
“Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou canst among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be best,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And shut the pang to undergo.”
Here stay’d their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on
The Palmer showing forth the way,
They journey’d all the morning day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,
Through Humbie’s and through Saltoun’s wood
A forest glade, which, varying still,
Here gave a view of dale and hill,
There narrower closed, till over head
A vaulted screen the branches made,
"A pleasant path," Fitz-Enstanst said;
"Such as where errant-knights might see Adventures of high chivalry
Might meet some damsel flying fast,
With hair unbound, and looks agast;
And smooth and level course were here,
In her defence to break a spear.
Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells;
And oft, in such, the story tells
The damsel kind, from danger freed,
Did grateful pay her champion's need."
He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind:
Perchance to show his lore design'd;
For Enstanst much had pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
In the hall window of his home,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton, or De Worde.²
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 grasped his bow,
But by the flourish soon they knew
They breathed no point of war.
Yet cautious, as in foeman's land,
Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,
Some opener ground to gain;
And scarce a furlong had they rode,
When thinner trees, receding, show'd
A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.
First came the trumpets, at whose clang
So late the forest echoes rang;
On prancing steeds they forward press'd,
With scarlet mantle, azure vest;
Each at his trumpet a banner wore,
Which Scotland's royal scutcheon² bore:
Heralds and pursuivants, by name
Bute, Islay, Marchmont, Rothsay, came,
In painted tabards, proudly showing
Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,
Attendant on a King-at-arms,
Whose hand the armorial truncheon held,
That feudal strife had often quelled,
When wildest its alarms.

VII.
He was a man of middle age;
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,
As on King's errand come;
But in the glances of his eye,
A penetrating, keen, and sly
Expression found its home;
The flash of that satiric rage,
Which, bursting on the early stage,
Branded the visage of the age
And broke the keys of Rome.⁴
On milk-white palfrey forth he paced;
His cap of maintenance was graced
With the proud heron-plume
From his steed's shoulder, join, and breast,
Silk housings swept the ground,
With Scotland's arms, device, and crest
Embroidered round and round.
The double pressure might you see,
First by Achains borne,
The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,
And gallant unicorn.⁵
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 beseeemed 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.⁶

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 hollow'd wine,
And on his finger given to shine
The emblematic gem.

¹ MS.—"Upon a sleek and ponderous tone."
² William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was born in Kent, a. d. 1412, and died in 1491. Wycliffe de Worde was his next successor in the production of those "Rare volumes, dark with tarnish'd gold."
³ which are now the delight of bibliomaniacs.
⁴ The MS. has "Scotland's royal Lion" here; in line 9th, "scarlet tabards!" and in line 12th, "Masoned truncheon"
⁵ MS.—"The flash of that satiric rage, Which, bursting from the early stage, Lash'd the coarse vices of the age," &c.
⁶ MS.—"Silver unicorn." This, and the seven preceding lines, are interpolated in the blank page of the MS
⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.
Their mutual greetings duly made,
The Lion thus his message said:
"Though Scotland's King hath deeply sworn
Never to knit faith with Henry more,
And strictly hath forbid resort
From England to his royal court;
Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion's name,
And honors much his warlike fame.
My liege hath deeme'd it shame, and lack
Of courtesy, to turn him back;
And, by his order, 1, your guide,
Must lodging fit and fair provide,
Till finds King James meet time to see
The flower of English chivalry."

IX.
Though only 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 know of spies
In Lady Heron's watching eyes:"
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.
At length up that wild dale they wind,
Where Crichton 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 deadcalm hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.
Crichton I, though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rade, and better'd Keep,
Have been the martlet's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of moulderling shields the mystic sense,
Scuteheaks of honor, or pretence.
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rule magnificence.
Nor wholly yet had time defaced
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraised,
Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpar'd below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair brown facets richly show.
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but horseless cattle go.
To shield them from the storm.
And, shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More:
Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish maxes of the Tyne.

XII.
Another aspect Crichton show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rose,
But yet 'twas melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were in the Castle then,
But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing dame,
To welcome noble Marmion came.
Her son, a stripling twelve years old,
Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold;
For each man that could draw a sword
Had march'd that morning with their lord,
Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died
On Fledden, by his sovereign's side.
Long may his Lady look in vain!
She ne'er shall see his gallant train,
Come sweeping back through Crichton-Dean
"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,

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.'"
Who marshal’d then his land’s array,
Upon the Borough-moor that lay.
Perchance he would not liènman’s eye
Upon his gathering lost should pry;
Till full prepared was every band
To march against the English land.
Here while they dwelt, did Lindesay’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.¹

XIV.
It chanced, as fell the second night,
That on the battlefields they walk’d,
And, by the slowly-fading light,
Of varying topics talked;
And, unaware, the Herald-bard²
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;³
And, closer question’d, thus he told
A tale, which chronicles of old
In Scottish story have enroll’d:—

XV.
Sir David Lindesay’s Tale.

“Of all the palaces so fair,⁴
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare

¹ MS.—“Nor less the Herald Monarch knew
  The Baron’s powers to value true—
  Hence confidence between them grew.”

² MS.—“Then fell from Lindesay, unaware,
  That Marmion might his labor spare.”

³ See Appendix, Note 3 B.

⁴ In some places, Mr. Scott’s love of variety has betrayed
  him into strange imitations. This is evidently formed on
  the school of Sterne and Hopkins.—
  ‘Of all the palaces so fair,’ &c. JEFFREY.

In Scotland there are about twenty palaces, castles, and
  remains, or sites of such,

  “Where Scotia’s kings of other years
  had their royal home.

  ‘Linthgow, distinguished by the combined strength and
  beauty of its situation, must have been early selected as
  a royal residence. David, who bought the title of saint by
  his liberality to the Church, refers several of his charters to
  his town of Linlithgow; and in that of Holyrood expressly be-
  stows on the new monastery all the skins of the rams, ewes,
  and lambs, belonging to his castle of Linlithgow, which shall
  die during the year. . . . The convenience afforded for the
  sport of falconry, which was so great a favorite during the
  feudal ages, was probably one cause of the attachment of the
  ancient Scottish monarchs to Linlithgow and its fine lake.
  The sport of hunting was also followed with success in the
  neighborhood, from which circumstance it probably arises that
  the ancient arms of the city represent a black greyhound bitch
  tied to a tree. . . . The situation of Linlithgow Palace is
  eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some
  elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake.
  The form is that of a square court, composed of buildings of
  four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within
  the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented, and the
  size of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the
  staircases, are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet-room
  is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet
  high, with a gallery for music. The king’s wardrobe or
  dressing-room, looking to the west, projects over the walls, so
  as to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of the
  most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen.”—Sir Walter

⁶ See Appendix, Note 3 C.
⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 D.

⁸ MS.—“In offices as strict as Lent,
  And penances his Junes are spent.”

⁹ MS.—“For now the year brought round again,
  The very day that he
  The day that the third James
  Was slain—
  In Katherine’s aisle the Monarch kneels,
  And folded hands thus he bears what he feels”
  And hands sore clasped”
Their banners o'er them beaming,
I too was there, and, saith to tell,
Redenford 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 eucrine white;
His forehead high, his head was bare,
Down hung at length his yellow hair.—
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,
I pledge to you my knighthood word,
That, when I saw his placid grace,
His simple majesty,
So stately gliding on,—
Seem’d to me, ne’er did limner paint
So just an image of the Saint,
Who propp’d the Virgin in her faint,—
The loved Apostle John!

XVII.

"He stepp’d before the Monarch’s chair,
And stood with rustic plainness there,
And little reverence made;
Nor head nor body, bow’d nor bent,
But on the deck his arm he leant,
And words like these he said,
In a low voice, but never tone
So thrill’d through vein, and nerve, and bone:—
"My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—
Woe waits on thine array;

If war thou wilt, of woman fair,∗
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warn’d, beware:
God keep thee as he may!"

The wondering Monarch seem’d to seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward pass’d;
But, lighter than the whirlwind’s blast,
He vanish’d from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,
That glance’d but, and dies."

∗ MS.—"In a low voice—but every tone
Throll’d through the listener’s vein and bone."

∗ MS.—"And if to war thou wilt dare
Of wanton wiles and woman’s snare."

‡ MS.—"But events, since I cried the Tweed,
Have undermined my skeptical creed."

XVIII.

While Lindsay told his marvel strange,
The twilight was so pale,
— He mark’d not Mariam’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,3
"What much has changed my skeptic creed,
And made me credit aught."—He said,
And seem’d to wish his words unsaid:
But, by that strong emotion press’d,
Which prompts us to unloose 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 seems
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 flood,
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 drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space
I listen’d, ere I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they served me true,

4 MS.—"In vain," said he, "to rest I laid
My burning limbs, and throbbing head—
Fantastic thoughts return’d;
And, by their wild dominion, I cvay’d,
My heart within me burn’d,"

5 MS.—"And yet it was so slow and dear."
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day, ¹
In single fight, and mix'd affray,
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 tremble! with affright;
And as I prey'd in rest my spear,
My hand so shook with very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.
"Why was I my tongue the issue tell?
We rav. ear course,—my charger fell;—
What could be 'gainst the shock of hell?—
I roll'd upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—³
Yet did the worst remain:
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled³
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;
For ne'er, from visor rai'd, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grinly 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 hap'd of old,
When once, near Norham, there did fight
A spectre fall of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Balmer bold,
And train'd him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
"And such a phantom too, 'tis said,
With Highland broadsword vow, and plaid,
And fingers, red with gore,
Is seen in Rothiemurchus glade,
Or where the sable pine-trees shade
Dark Tomanton, and Auchnasauld,
Dromnuchty, 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 further 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

¹ See the traditions concerning Balmer, and the spectre called Lhamdearg, 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."
Across the fuzzy hills of Braith,
They passed the glen and stony rill,
And climbed the opposing bank, until
They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV.
Blackford! on whose uncrumpled breast,
Among the broom, and thorn, and thim,
A triumphant, I sought the nest,
Or list, as I lay at rest,
While rose, on breezes thin,
The murmur of the city crowd,
And, from his steed's jangling sound,
Saint Giles's mingling din.
Now, from the summit to the plain,
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;
And over the landscape as I look,
Naught do I see unchanged remain,
Save the rude cliffs and chinning brook.
To me they make a heavy moan,
Of early friendships past and gone.

XXV.
But different far the change has been,¹
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,²
Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand did I say? I ween,³
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:⁴
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 Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lothian's fertile plain,
And from the southern Red-wire edge,
To farthest Rossie's rocky ledge;

From west to east, from north to south,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come:
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,
And chargers' shrill neigh;
And see the shifting lines advance,
While frequent thund'ring loud,
The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.
Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of falling smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where that night-watch their fires had made.
They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-carr and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tug'd to war;
And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,⁵
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-man'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, pennon, penn-oil, bandrol,⁶ there
Over the pavilions flew,
Highest and midmost, was descried
The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine tree, strong and straight,⁷
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,
Which still in memory is shown,
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight.
Where'er the western wind mur'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.⁸

XXIX.
Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—¹⁰
He view'd it with a chief's delight,—

¹ Each of these feudal enclaves intimated the different rank of these entitled to display them.
² See Appendix, Note 3 E.
³ MS.—"A thousand said the verse? I ween,
Thousands on thousands there were seen,
That whiten'd all the heath between."
⁴ Here ends the stanza in the MS.
⁵ Seven culverins so called, cast by one Borthwick.
⁶ MS.—"The standard staff, a mountain pike,
Pitch'd in a huge memorial stone,
That still in a monument is shown."
⁷ See Appendix, Note 3 G.
⁸ MS.—"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."
CANTO IV.

MARMION.

123

Until within him burn'd his heart,  
And lightning from his eye did part,  
As on the battle-day;  
Such glance did falcon never dart,  
While stooping on his prey.  
"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,  
Thy King from warfare to dismount  
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 dimm'd their armor's shine  
In glorious battle-gale!"

Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood:  
"Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,  
That kings would think withal,  
When peace and wealth their land has bless'd;  
'Tis better to sit still at rest,  
Than rise, perchance to fall."

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,  
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.  
When sated with the martial show  
That peopled 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 large Castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massive, close and high,  
Mine own romantic state?  
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,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold.  
Like Eustace's heart felt closely pent;

As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,  
And rais'd his bridle hand,  
And, making demi-volte in air,  
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land?"

The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;  
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd a flourish proud,  
Where mingled trump and clarion loud,  
And lute, and kettle-drum,  
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,  
And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
And cymbal chattering 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 spoke:  
"Thus clamor still the war-notes when  
The king to mass his way has ta'en,  
Or to St. Katharine's of Sienne,  
Or Chapel of Saint Roeque.  
To you they speak of martial fame;  
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 loss," he said;—"when looking forth,  
I view on Empress of the North  
Sit on her lilly throne;  
Her palace's imperial bowers,  
Her castle, proof to hostile powers,  
Her stately halls and holy towers—  
"Nor loss," he said, "I mean,  
To think what woes 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 lengthier wall,—  
But not for my presaging thought,  
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!

1 MS.—"Tis better sitting still at rest,  
Than rising but to fall;  
"or while these words they did exchange,  
They reach'd the camp's extremest range."  
The Poet appears to have struck his pen through the two  
lines in italics, on conceiving the magnificent picture which re-
places them in the text.

2 MS.—"Dun-Edin's towers and town."
Lord Marmion, I say now;  
God is the guardian of the field,  
The champion's spear and shield,  
But thou thyself shalt say,  
When joint you host in deadly stowre,  
That England's daunt must weep in bower,  
Her monarchs, deathless king:  
For ever shall they  
Lead on by such a power  
And now, down wining 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 over every Border string,  
And fit his harp the pump to sing  
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,  
In the succeeding lay.

Marmion.
INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

Edinburgh.

When dark December glooms the day,  
And takes our autumn joys away;  
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,  
Upon the weary waste of snows,  
A cold and profitless regard,  
Like patron on a needly hard;  
When wily toil, rough and grim,  
And over the chimney rests the gun,  
And hang, in idle trophy, near,  
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;  
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,  
And greyhound, with his length of limb,  
And pointer, now employ'd no more,  
Cumber our parlor's narrow floor;  
When in his stall the impatient steed  
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed;  
When from our snow-encircled home,  
Scarcely cares the hardiest step to roam,  
Since path is none, save that to bring

1 M.S.—"Their monks dead masses sing."  
2 "These introductory Epistles, though excellent in themselves, are in fact only interludes to the tale, 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 heard, and writing letters to his intimate friends."—George Ellis.  
3 This accomplished gentleman, the well-known conductor of Mr. Canning and Mr. Fox in the "Shrewsbury," and editor of "Specimens of Ancient English Romances," &c., died

The needful water from the spring;  
When wrinkled news-page, thrice o'er,  
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,  
And darkling politician, cross'd,  
Invokes against the lingering post,  
And answering housewife: sore complains  
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains;  
When? such the country cheer, I come,  
Well pleased, to seek our city home;  
For converse, and for books, to change  
The Forest's melancholy range,  
And welcome, with renew'd delight,  
The busy day and social night.

Not here need my descending rhyme  
Lament the ravages of time,  
As erst by Newark's river towers,  
And Eltrick stripp'd of forest bower,  
True,—Caledonia's Queen is chang'd,  
Since on her dusky summit ranged,  
Within its steepy limits pent,  
By balwark, 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 spiked with iron prong.  
That long is gone,—but not so long,  
Since, early closed, and opening late,  
Jealous revolved the studied gate,  
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,  
A wicket c,hurlishly supplied.  
A stent then, and steel-girt was thy brow,  
Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now,  
When safe amid thy mountain court  
Thou sat'st, like Empress at her sport,  
And liberal, unconfined and free,  
Flinging thy white arms to the sea.  
For thy dark cloud, with unbridledower,  
That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,  
Thou glean'st against the western ray  
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

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

10th April, 1815, aged 70 years; being succeeded in his estate 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 ed it almost verbatim, though with somewhat a different meaning, from a chorus in "Caractacus;"  
"Britain heard the descent sound,  
She hung 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 Malbeco'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 avantail;
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.
They who whilom, in midnight fight,
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 Malbeco'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 Paridel advance,
Bold as he was, a looser glance.
She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart;
Incomparable Britonarte!

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.
Ne'er reader at alarm-bell's call
Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,
Than now, in danger, shall be thine,
Thy dauntless voluntary line;
For fosse and turrent 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 knoep, or pinnacle.
And if it come,—as come it may,
Dum-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 dubious light,
That lovers 'twixt the day and night:
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,
Knights, squires, and lovely damsels to see,
Creation of my fancy,
Than gaze abroad on rocky fen,⁵
And make of mists invading men.
Who loves not more the night of June
Than dull December's gloomy moon?
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 Beaumelle 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 her 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 let the duldest theme bid lit
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,—

² For every one her liked, and every one her loved.
³ See Appendix, Note 3 I.
⁴ In January, 1796, the exiled Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France, took up his residence in Holyrood, where he remained until August, 1799. When again driven from his country by the Revolution of July, 1830, the same unfortunate Prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts, and remained there until 16th September, 1832.
⁵ MS.—"Than gaze out on the foggy fen." ⁶ See Appendix, Note 3 K.
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, O!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practice, all can preach,—
With even patience to endure
Lingering disease, and painful cure,
And least affliction's pangs subdued
By mild and many Fortune.

Enough, the lesson has been given:
Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known,
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,
Who, like his Border sires of old,
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,
Till Windsor's oak, and Ascot 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 stori'd pane
Irregularly traced and plan'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 Lindsay bade) the palisade,
That closed the tented ground;
Their men the warders backward drew,
And carried pikes as they rode through,
Into its ample bound.

Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,

"Come then, my friend, my genius, come along,
Oh master of the poet and the song!"

Pope to Bellingbroke.

2 At Sunningshill, 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 tented ground;"

Upon the Southern band to stare.
And envy with their wonder rose,
To see such well-appointed foes:
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,
So huge, that many simply thought,
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought;
And little deemed 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 marvel'd one small band
Could marshal forth such various hand:

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 curvet, that not in vain
The sword sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below.

He saw the hardy burghers there
March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,
For visor they wore none,
Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight;
But burn'th'd were their corslets bright,
Their brigantes, and gorgets light,
Like very silver alone.
Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded lance 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 vest)
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."
A crossbow there, a hagbut here,
A dagger-knife, and brand.
Sober he seemed'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 fill the fellow 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 sallon yell.
On active steed, with lance and blade,
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—
Let nobles fight for fame;
Let vassals follow where they lead,
Burghers to guard their townships bleed,
But war's the Borderer's game.
Their gain, their glory, their delight,
To sleep the day, morn and the night,
'Or 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,—
"Hlst, Ringan! seeest thou there?
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride?—
O! could we but on Border side,
By Euesdale glen, or Liddell's tide,
Bestet a prize so fair!
That fangless Lion, too, their guide,
Might chance to lose his glistening hide;
Brown Mauldin, of that doublet pied,
Could make a kirtle rare."

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

V.
Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man;
Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,
And will 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 fairy baskins 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 chanting tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leaves the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
Grumbled 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 clang,
The armorers' anvil clash'd and rang:
Or toil'd the swartly smith, to wheel
The bar that arms the charger's heel;
Or axe, or falchion, to the side
Of jarring grindstone was applied.

The fangless Lion, too, his guide,
Might chance to lose his glistening hide."

* MS.—"Wild from their red and swarthy hair
Look'd through their eyes with savage stare.
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,
Through street, and lane, and market place,
Here lancer, or cromer, or sword;
While brothers, with important face,
Described each new-born lord,
Discoursed his lineage, told his name,
His following, and his warlike fame.
The Lion led to lodging meet,
Which high above stood the crowded street;
There must the Baron rest,
Till past the hour of vesper tide,
And then to Holy Reel must ride,—
Such was the King's behalf.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train?
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron deems his peaceable peace,
And following Lindsay as he leads,
The palace halls they gain.

VII.

Old Holy-Reel rung merrily,
That night, with wassail, mirth, and glee,
The 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's eye.

The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long.

This feast outshone his banquets past;
It was his blithest—and his last.

The dazzling brightness, 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 legg-rac'd cap, and motley vest,
The licenced fool retailed his jest;
His magic tricks the juggler pleads;
At dice and draughts the gallants vie'd;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted then in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er sadness and disdain;

And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, peradventure, 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 many form to know;
Although, his courtesy to show,
He droll'd, to Marmion bending low,
His brood'd cap and plume.

For royal was his garb and mien,
His cloak, of crimson velvet plied,
Trim'd with the fur of martain wild;
His vest of changeable satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung about,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown,
His trusty blade, Toledo right;
Descended from a balbrie bright;
White were his buckins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was button'd with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deem'd he never had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size;
For feet 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 merrily 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 of care and bower,
If in a sudden turn, he felt

1 Following—Feudal retinue.—This word, as 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.—En.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 P.
3 MS.—"Bearing the badge of Scotland's crown."
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in pensive pain,
In memory of his father slain.  
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore, 
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rush'd, with double glee,
Into the stream of revoluy:
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tightened rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

X.
O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway:  
To Scotland's Court she came, 
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the King to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay King allegiance own;
For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,  
And march three miles on Southern land,
And bid the banners of his land
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 mazily plan'd
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,  
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eye that fell;—
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

XI.
The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,  
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil:—
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew;  
And as she touch'd and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view;
For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.  
And first she pitch'd her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the silent ring;
And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play!
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rang,
While thus the wily lady sung:

XII.
Lady Lochinvar:—

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
He stood not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Edeke 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 woo'd 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."

The ballad of Lochinvar is in a very slight degree founded on a ballad called "Katharine Janfair," which may be found in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. iii.
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now art I come, with this best love of mine,
To head but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There sit maids in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.

The bride kiss’d the gabelt, 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-maids whisper’d, "Twere better by far,
To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word to her ear,
When they reach’d the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the court the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before he sprang!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scarr;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ‘mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the last bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye o’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

XIII.
The Monarch o’er the siren hung
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 vied;
And lasses wink’d, and spoke aside.
The witching dance to Marmion threw
A glance, where seems’d to reign.
The pride that claims applause due,
And of her royal conquest too.

A real or feign’d disdain:
Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like dispelled 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 sack’d by many a raid,
Our peaceful liege-men rob’d," he said:
"On day of trust our Warden slain,
Stout Barton kill’d, his vessels taken—
Unworthy were we here to reign,
Should these for vengeance cry in vain;
Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,
Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.
He paused, and led where Douglas stood,
And with stern eye the pageant view’d:
I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore,
Who coronet of Angus bore,
And, when his blood and heart were high,
Did the third James in camp defy,
And all his minions led to die.

On Lawler’s dreary flat:
Princes and favorites long grew tame,
And trembled at the homely name
Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat;
The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,
Its dungeons, and its towers,
Where Bothwell’s turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely 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.

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.

King James’s minions led to die,
On Lawler’s dreary flat."
XV.

His giant-form, like ruin'd tower,
Though full its musclos' 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;—
Your host shall be the Douglas bold,—
A chief unlike his sires of old.
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd;
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,
More than to face his country's foes.
And, I bethink me, by St. Stephen,
But 'tis this mood to me was given,
A prize, the first fruits of the war,
Tain'd 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."
And, with the slaughter'd favorite's name,
Across the Monarch's brow there came
A cloud of ire remorse, and shame.

XVI.

In answer naught could Angus speak;
His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break;
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek
A burning tear there stole.
His hand the Monarch sudden took,
That sight his kind heart could not brook:
"Now, by the Bruce's soul,"
Angus, my hasty speech forgive!
For sure as doth his spirit live,
As he said of the Douglas old,
I well may say of you,—
That never king did subject hold,
In speech more free, in war more bold,
More tender and more true."
Forgive me, Douglas, once again."
And, while the King his hand did strain,
The old man's tears fell down like rain,

1 See Appendix, Note 3 V.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 W.
3 MS.—"But yester morn was hither driven."
4 The next two lines are not in the original MS.

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 brawny's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part."
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!"

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 sheet of arrows spent,
Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:
Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!"—
The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—
"Lords, to the dance,—a ball! a ball!"
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 Iffla's maids befall,
Whose galley, as they sail'd again
To Whitby, 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

"O, Dowglas! Dowglas!
Tendir and trew."
—The Houlate.

"A maid to see her love depart."

6 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, sure
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,
A 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 man,
Mid battle of a war begun?
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convey of their dangerous guide.

XIX.
Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, joint;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warn'd him by a scroll,
She had a secret to reveal,
That much concern'd the Church's weal,
And health of sinner's soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,
Above the stately street:
To which, as common to each home,
At night they might in secret come.

XX.
At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors rear,
You might have heard a pebble fall,
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet tap his boiling wing
On Gibes's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic fronts cast the sky
Were here wrap't 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 gleaming far,
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry,
To bowe 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 sanctified,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—
For his dear Church's sake, my tale
Attend, nor deem of light avail,
Though I must speak of worldly love,—
How vain to those who weep above!—
De Wilton and Lord Marmion would
Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood;
(I'ilde it were of Whitby's dame,
To say of that same blood I came);—
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion said despicably,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,^c
When he came here on Simnel's part;
And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokesfield's plain,—
And down he threw his glove,—the thing
Was tried, as went, before the King;
Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Guddles he had known;
And that between them there went
Some scroll of courteous compliment.
For the 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 fall-

2 See Appendix, Note 3 X.
3 Ibid. Note 3 Y.
XXII.

"His squire, who now De Wilton saw
As recreant doom'd to suffer law,
Repentant, ow'd in vain,
That, while he had the sculls 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 votress there.
The impulse from the earth was given,
But bent her to the paths of heaven.
A purer heart, a lovelier maid,
Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,
No, not since Saxon Edelfred;
Only one trace of earthly strain,
That for her lover's loss
She cherishes a sorrow vain,
And murmurs at the cross.—
And then her heritage:—it goes
Along the banks of Tame;
Deep fields of grain the reaper mows,
In meadows rich the heifer lows,
The falconer and huntsman knows
Its woodlands for the game.
Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,
And I, her humble votress here,
Should do a deadly sin,
Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,
If this false Marmion such a prize
By my consent should win;
Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn
That Clare shall from our house be torn;
And grievous cause have I to fear,
Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

"Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd
To evil power, I claim thine aid,
By every step that thou hast trod
To holy shrine and grotto dim,
By every martyr's tortured limb,
By angel, saint, and seraphim,
And by the Church of God!
For mark:—When Wilton was betray'd,
And with his squire forged letters laid,
She was, alas! that sinful maid,
By whom the deed was done,—
O! shame and horror to be said!—
She was a perjured 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 venousure 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,
Then holy man, at Whitby's shrine
A weekly mass shall still be thine,
While priests can sing and read.—
What all's thou?—Speak!"—For as he took
The charge, a strong emotion shook
His frame; and, ere reply,
They heard a faint, yet shrill 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 there!
Look at yon City Cross!
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scatheous seem to rear,
And blazon'd banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,¹
Rose on a turret octagon;
(But now is razed that monument

¹ MS.—"Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret hexagon:
(Dust unto dust, lead unto lead,
On its destroyer's drowsy 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 trumpetanging.
Or be tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
A minstrel's malison? is said?—
Then on its battlements they saw
A vision, passing Nature's law;
Strange, wild, and dimly seen;
Figures that seemed to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly,
While naught confirmed could ear or eye
Discern of sound or scene.
Yet darkly did it seem, as there
Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,
With trumpet sound and blazon fair,
A summons to proclaim;
But indistinct the pageant proud,
As fancy forms of midnight cloud,
When flings the moon upon her shroud
A wakening tinge of flame;
It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,
From midst of the spectre crowd,
This awful summons came:—

"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 c'rr hath soild your hearts within:
I cite you by each brutal lust,
That c'rr defiled your earthly dust,—
By wrath, by pride, by fear, or by each o'ermastering passion's tone,
By the dark grave, and dying groan!
When forty days are passed and gone, 2
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,
Fare-doom'd to Fledden's carnage pile,
Was cited there by name;
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,

Of Lutterward, and Scrivellaye;
De Wiltou, erst of Aberley,
The self same thundering voice did say,—

But then another spoke:
"Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal Lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on high,
Who burst the sinner's yoke."

At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
The summoner was gone.
Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her head 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 need 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.
The 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 mind
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 plann'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 Enusteau govern'd fair,
A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,
CANTO V.

MARMION.

With all her nuns and Clare.
No audience had Lord Marmion sought;
Ever he fear'd to aggravate
Clar de Clare's suspicions 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 fm'd by looks and sighs,
And lighted oft at lady's eyes;
He long'd to stretch his wide command
Our luckless Clare's ample land:
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,
Although the pang of humbled pride
The place of jealousy supplied,
Yet conquest by that meaness won
He almost leant'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, 1
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,
Before a venerable pile, 2
Whose turrets view'd, afar,
The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle, 3
The ocean's peace or war.
At tolling of a bell, forth came
The convent's venerable Dame,
And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest
With her, a loved and honor'd guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whitby fair.
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thank'd the Scottish Priore.
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that pass'd between.
O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfrey's leave;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horseback to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said,—" I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part;—
Think not discourtesy,
But lords' commands must be obey'd;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,
That you must 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 Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cisterian shook:
"The Douglas, and the King," she said,
"In their commands will be obey'd;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,—
For much of State she had,—
Composed her veil, and raised her head,
And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said,
"Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry

1 MS.—"North Berwick’s town, and conic Law."
2 The convent alluded to is a foundation of Cisterian nuns.
3 MS.—"The lofty Bass, the Lamb’s green isle"
Drove the monks forth of Coventry,' 
Did him his fate explore! 
Prancing in pride of earthly trust, 
His charger hurled him to the dust, 
And, by a base plebeian thrust, 
He died his hand before. 
God judge 'twixt Marimon and me; 
He is a Chief of high degree, 
And I a poor recurse: 
Yet oft, in holy writ, we see 
Even such weak minister as me 
May the oppressor bruise: 
For thus, inspired, did Judith say 
The mighty in his sin, 
And Jaed thus, and Deborah"——
Here lasty Blount broke in:
"Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band: 
St. Anton fire thee! will thou stand 
All day, with banquet in thy hand, 
To hear the Lady preach? 
By this good light! if thus we stay, 
Lord Marimon, for our fond delay, 
Will sharper sermon teach. 
Come, d' sou thy cap, and mount thy horse; 
The Dame must patience take perform."——

XXXII.
"Submit we then to force," said Clare, 
"But let this barbarous lord despair 
His purposed aim to win; 
Let him take living, land, and life; 
But to be Marimon'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 don, 
Where even a humble 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.—Fm.
3 For the origin of Marimon'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 Dirleton, in order the better to bridle the lords and barons, who inclined to the reformed faith, and to secure by attacks the seaward of the Frith of Forth. For this purpose, the Regent, to use the phrase of the time, 3 dealt with the (then) Earl of Angus for his consent to the proposed measure. He occupied himself, while she was speaking, in feeding a falcon which sat upon his wrist, and only replied by addressing the bird, but leaving the Queen to make the application. 'The devil is in this greedy glad—she will never be for.' But when the Queen, without appearing to notice this hint, continued to press her obnoxious request, Angus replied, in the true spirit of a feudal noble, 'Yes, Madam, the castle is yours: God forbid else. But by the might of God, Madam!' such was his usual oath, 'I must be your Captain and Keeper for you, and I will keep it as well as any you can place there.'" —Sir Walter Scott's Miscellaneou: 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 taken.  
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 dailying off the day
With Heron's wily dame.
Such acts to Chronicles I yield;
Go seek them there, and see;
Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,
And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their post,
Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain;
And that brave Surrey many a band
Had gather'd in the Southern land,
And march'd into Northumberland,
And camp at Wooler ta'en.
Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chafe, and swear:—
"A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this battle-day:
Death to my fame if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot 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 101 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 axed 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-grown'd rib, and marrow-bone;
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While Scolds yeld'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in phrase, would they hie,
While wildly-loose their red locks fly,
And danc'd 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 stole'd priest the chalice rear;
The damsel dom'd her kittle 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, squire, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Cerimony 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 half'd, with uncontro'll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
Then the grim bear's head frowned 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 bear.¹
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithe and trowels.
There the huge sidon rock'd; hard by
Plains perilous stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor failing old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory guaze.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And cards roar'd, with bithesome din;
If unmoleos 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! 0! what masksers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry; England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time;
And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name;
For course of blood, our proverbs demand,
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 solvity with wine,
And honest nirth with thoughts divine:
Small thought was his, in after time

¹ MS.—And all the hunting of the bear.
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 hail rare well the dying year."
⁷ The MS. adds:—"As beasts are Shallow to Sir John."
¹ "Hamish was a pretty fellow as a very pretty fellow in his day."—Old Bachelor.
² MS.—"With all his many-language lore."
³ 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 Java in August 1811, before completing his 36th year.
⁴ "Scenes sung by him who sings no more!
His brief and bright career is o'er,
And mute his useful strain;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
This may I say:—\textit{in realms of death}
\textit{Ulysses meets Alcides' wrath;}\textit{\ldots} 
\textit{The ghost of murder'd Polydore;}\textit{\ldots} 
\textit{For omens, we in Livy cross,}
\textit{At every turn, locutus Bos.}
\textit{As grave and duly speaks that ox,}
\textit{As if he told the price of stocks;}
\textit{Or held, in Rome republican,}
\textit{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 Gwendowerly,
And shun "the spirit's Blasted Tree."\textsuperscript{3}

The Highlander, whose red claymore
The battle turn'd on Maidia'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:
Invisible to human ken,
He walks among the sons of men.

\textit{Didst e'er, dear Heber, pass along}\textsuperscript{3}
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,
Which, like an eagle's nest in air,
Hang e'er the stream and hamlet fair\textsuperscript{4}
Deep in their vaults, the peasants sny,
A mighty treasure buried lie,
Amass'd through rapine and through wrong
By the last Lord of Franchémont.\textsuperscript{5}

The iron chest is bolted hard,
A huntsman sits, its constant guard;
Around his neck his horn is hung,
His hanger in his belt is 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,

\begin{flalign*}
&\text{Since 'twixt them first the strife began,}&&
&\text{And neither yet has lost nor won.}&&
&\text{And oft the Conjurer's words will make}&&
&\text{The stubborn Demon groan and quake;}&&
&\text{And oft the bands of iron break,}&&
&\text{Or bursts one link, that still amain,}&&
&\text{Past as 'tis open'd, shuts again.}&&
&\text{That magic strife within the tomb,}&&
&\text{May last until the day of doom,}&&
&\text{Unless the adept shall learn to tell}&&
&\text{The very word that ench'd the spell,}&&
&\text{When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.}&&
&\text{An hundred years are pass'd and gone,}&&
&\text{And scarce three letters has he won.}&&
\end{flalign*}

\textbf{Such general superstition may} \textit{Excuse for old Pitcairn's say;}
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from Heaven,\textsuperscript{6}
That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,
Nor less the infernal summoning;\textsuperscript{2}
May pass the Monk of Durham's tale,
Whose demon fought in Gothic mail;
May pardon plead for Fordun grave,
Who told of Giffard's Goblin-Cave.

But why such instances to you,
Who, in an instan', 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 gribble 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 piffer'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.

\textsuperscript{3} This paragraph appears interpolated on the blank page of the MS.
\textsuperscript{4} MS. — "Which, high in air, like eagle's nest,
\textit{Hang from the dizzy mountain's breast.}"
\textsuperscript{5} See Appendix, Note 4 I.
\textsuperscript{6} Ibid. Note 3 B.
\textsuperscript{2} 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 dreamer, changed and cold,
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,
And, like the impatient steed of war,
Be snuff’d the battle from afar;
And hopes were none, that back again,
Herald should come from Termonme,
Where England’s King in eager lay,
Before decisive battle-day:
While these things were, the mournful Clare
Did in the Dame’s devotion 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 over the margin of the deep,
Many a rude tower and rampart there
Replied 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 over its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield;
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,
And in the chief three mallets stood,
The eagerness of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, damed and galled, 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

I MS.—“The tower contained a narrow stair,
And gave an open access where.”

III.

And, for they were so lonely, Clare
Would to these battlements repair,
And muse upon her sorrows there,
And list the seabird’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 Whitty’s fate,—
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 Balthasar gown;
It was unseemly sight, he said,
A notice 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 brocaded 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 dawn or twilight dim,
It fearful would have been
To meet a form so richly dress’d?
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-born Fay she might have been,
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen

* 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.

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 tranced 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."
O! wherefore, to my duller eye,
Did still the Saint her form deny!
Was it, that, sear’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 break the mild command,
That ruled thy simple maiden band.
How different now! 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;
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 were thou ’gainst foeman’s spear,
That hath made fatal entrance here,
As these dark blood-gouts say.—
Thus Wilton!—Oh! 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, \( \text{though} \) weak,
\( \text{He ne’er shall bend me, though he break.} \)"
4 MS.—"By many a short careess 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 dams 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 mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare
Each changing passion’s shade;
Brightening to rapture from despair,
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,
And joy, with her angelic air,
And hope, that paints the future fair,
Their varying hues display’d:
Each o’er its rival’s ground extending,
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,
And mighty Love retains the field.
Shortly I tell what then he said,
By many a tender word delay’d,¹
And modest blush, and bursting sigh,
And question kind, and fond reply:—

VI.

De Wilton’s History.⁶

"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.⁶
Austin,—rememberst 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 tear the closing wound,
And dash me frantic on the ground,
If e’er I heard the name of Clare.
At length to calmer reason brought,
Much by his kind attendance wrought,
charged with coloring; and yet the painter is so fatigued with his exertion, that he has finally thrown away the brush, and is contented with merely 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 hide,
I portrayed many a band,
No name a lord of rank and birth,
But marked with the dregs of earth.
Off Austin for my reason fear’d,
When I would sit, and deeply brood
On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,
Or wild and solemn schemes upbraid.
My friend at length fell sick, and said,
God would remove him soon;
And, while upon his dying bed,
The hour of my sorrows ceased—
If ever 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 taken:
Full well the paths I knew.
Fame of my fate made various sound,
That death in pilgrimage I found,
That I had perish’d of my wound,—
None cared which tale was true:
And living eye could never guess
De Wilton in his Palmer’s dress;
For now that sable shroud is shed,
And trimm’d my shaggy beard and head,
I scarcely know me in the glass.
A chance most wonderful 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 never the time shall I forget,
When, in a Scottish hostel set,
Dark looks did I exchange;
What were his thoughts I cannot tell;
But in my bosom mustered 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 wrung upon my moody sprite,
And sent him armed forth by night.
I borrow’d steed and mail,
And weapons, from his sleeping hand;

MS.—“But thought of Austin staid my hand,
And in the sheath I plunged the brand,
I left him there alone—
O god, old man! even from the grave,
Thy spirit could De Wilton save.”

And, passing from a portal door,
We met, and ‘counter’d hand to hand,—
He fell on Gifford moor.
For the deathstroke my brand I drew
(O then my helm’d head he knew,
The Palmer’s soul 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
Hie Whithy’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 secret was some juggler’s 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 Tautallon Hold,
To Douglas late my tale I told,
To whom my house was known of old.
Worn by my proofs, his faithion bright
This eye new shall dub me knight.
These were the arms that once did turn
The tide of fight on Otterburn;
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,
When the Dead Douglas won the field?
These Angus gave—his armorer’s care,
Ere morn shall every breach repair;—
For naught, he said, was in his halls,
But ancient armor on the walls,
And aged chargers in the stalls,
And women, priests, and gray-hair’d men;
The rest were all in Twisel glen.²
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.
“Thence soon again we meet, my Clare!
This Baron means to guide thee there;
Douglas reverses his King’s command,
Else would he take thee from his band.

¹ See the ballad of Otterburne, in the Border Minstrelsy,
vol. i. p. 345.
² Where James encamped before taking post 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 meeter far for martial broil,
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
Once more"—"O Wilton! must we then
Risk new-found happiness again?
Trust fate of arms once more?
And is there not an humble glen,
Where we, content and poor,
Might build a cottage in the shade,
A shepherd then, 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 seami'd with scars,
Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two gray priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light,
Checkering the silver moonslime bright,
A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and crooket 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,
Doff'd his furry gown, and saddle hood:
O'er his huge form and visage pale,

He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And leau'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont of yore in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,
And Clare the spurs bound on his heels;
And think what next he must have felt,
At buckling of the falchion belt!
And judge how Clara changed her hue,
While fastening to her lover's side
A friend, which, though in danger tried,
He once had found untrue!
Then Douglas struck him with his blade:
"Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,
I dub thee knight.
Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!
For King, for Church, for Lady fair,
See that thou fight."—
And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace, and trouble;
For He, who honor best bestows,
May give thee double!"
De Wilton sobb'd, for so he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust
That Douglas is my brother!"
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,
Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
And foul fall him that bleaches first!"

XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide;
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Lord Marmion turn'd—well was his need,
And dash'd the rowsels in his stead,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rang;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, ravel 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 halted, and turns with clasped hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he rejoin'd his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name,—
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so fail 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, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill—
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
"Tis pity of him too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

XVI.
The day in Marmion's journey wore;
Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,
They cross'd the heights of Stanrig-moor
His troop more closely there he sumn'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?" said Marmion, quick.
"My Lord, I ill can spell the trick;
But all night long, with click and bang,
Close to my couch did hammers clang;
At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,
And from a loop-hole while I peep,

⁵ See Appendix, Note 4 N.
⁶ MS.—" "Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Could never pen a written line,
So swear I, and I swear it still,
Let brother Gawain fret his fill."
CANTO VI.

Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,  
Wraip'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 Master¹ pray  
To use him on the battle-day;  
But he preferr'd—'Nay, Henry, cease!  
Thou swarest horse-course, hold thy pace,—  
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—l pray,  
What did Blount see at break of day?'—  

XVII.  
"In brief, my lord, we both desired  
(For then I stood by Henry's side)  
The Palmer mount, and onwards ride,  
Upon the Earl's own favorite steed:  
All sheathed he was in armor bright,  
And much resembled that same knight,  
Subsided by you in Cotswold fight:  
'Lord Angus wish'd him speed.'—  
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,  
A sudden light on Marmion broke;  
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"  
He mutter'd; "twas nor ray nor ghost  
I met upon the moonlight wold,  
But living man of earthly mould.—  
O doughty blind and gross!  
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
Had laid De Witten 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 sharp questions must I shun;  
Must separate Constance from the Nun—  
0, 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 Leemel's convent² closed their march  
(There now is left but one frail arch,  
Yet mourn then not its cells;  
Our time a fair exchange hath made:  
Hard by, in hospitable shade,  
A reverend pilgrim dwells,  
Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,  
That ever wore sandal, frock, or hood.)  
Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there  
Give Marmion entertainment fair,  
And lodging for his train and Clare.³  
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 behold the English host  
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,  
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd  
The Till by Twisel Bridge.⁴  
High sight it is, and haughty, while  
They dive into the deep defile;  
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,  
Beneath the castle's airy wall.  
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,  
Troop after troop are disappearing;  
Troop after troop their banners rearing,  
Upon the eastern bank you see.  
Still pouring down the rocky den,  
Where flows the sullen Till,  
And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
Standards on standards, men on men,  
In slow succession still,  
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,  
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,  
and even transcends itself. It is impossible to do him justice  
by making extracts, when all is equally attractive.'"—Monthly  
Review.  
² See Appendix, Note 4 O.  
³ "From this period to the conclusion of the poem, Mr.  
Scott's genius, so long overloaded, bursts forth in full lustre,  
¹ His eldest son, the Master of Angus.  
⁴ See Appendix, Note 4 P.
To see fair England’s standards fly,”
“Stint in thy prate,” quoth Blunt, “thou’dst best,
And listen to our lord’s behest.”
With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—
“This instant be our band array’d;
The river must be quickly cross’d,
That we may join Lord Surrey’s host.
If fight King James,—as well I trust,
That fight he will, and fight he must,—
The holy Clare behind our lines
Shall tarry while the battle joins.”

XXII.
Himself he swift on horseback threw,
Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
Far less would listen to his prayer,
To leave behind the helpless Clare.
Down to the Tweed his hand he drew,
And muttered as the flood they view,
“The pensive in the Edmor’s claw,
He scarce will yield to please a daw:
Lord Augus may the Abbot awe,
So Clare shall ride with me.”
Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
Where to the Tweed Lant’s eels creep;
He ventured desperately:
And not a moment will he hide,
Till squire, or groom, before him ride
Headmost of all he stems the tide,
And stems it gallantly.
Eastace holds Clare upon her horse,
Old Huber led her rein,
Stoutly they braved the current’s course,
And, though far downward driven per force,
The southern bank they gain;
Behind them straggling came to shore,
As best they might, the train;
Each o’er his head his yew-bow bore,
A caution not in vain:
Deep need that day that every string,
By wet unharmed, should sharply ring.
A moment then Lord Marmion stay’d,
And breathed his steed, his men array’d,
Then forward moved his band,
Untill, Lord Surrey’s rear-guard won,
He halted by a Cross of Stone,
That, or a hillock standing lone,
Did all the field command.

And,
“Stint in thy prate,” quoth Blunt, “thou’dst best,
And listen to our lord’s behest.”

Neither can we be brought to admire the simple dignity of Saugh the Heron, who thus encourageth his nephew,—

“By my far,
Well hast thou spoke—say forth thy say.”

—JEFFREY.

MS.—“Where to the Tweed Lant’s«tributes creep.”
XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray:\nTheir marshall’d lines stretch’d east and west,\nAnd 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!
Thou 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;\nNor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurr’d amain,
And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

"—The good Lord Marmion, by my life!—
Welcome to danger’s hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;\nLord 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."—
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor further 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,
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.—
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;\nO 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 spears
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 the of Mr. Scott’s.—Jeffrey.

† This couplet is not in the MS.
* The next three lines are not in the MS.
And in the moone the penates flew,
As in the storm the white seamen.
Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plained crests of a ship's brave,
Feasting like foam upon the wave;
But no less distant they saw:
Wide ranged the battle on the plain;
 Spears clash'd, and battle blood flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow flight like rain;
Crests rose, and steep'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Aim'd the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;
And stainless Turnstall'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 Bedeneck 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
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble target wide,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
Twas rain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With tickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-field.
The Border siren rent the sky,
A Hame! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the changing blasts,
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 wave'd and '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 and Lady Clare,
May bid your heads and pater prayer,—

XXVIII
Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Percieve her reason stoops, or reels;
Percieve a courage, not her own;
Braces her mind to desperate tone:—
The scatter'd van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly, or, madd'n'd by despair,
Fight but to die,—Is Wilton there?"
With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drest'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 smeard with blood and sand:
Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plume gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!...
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazng on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That spear-wound has our master speck,
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion:—
"Unmurtur'd Blount! thy brawling cease;
He opes his eyes," said Eustace;—"Peace!"

1 In all former editions, Highlandman. Badeneck is the correction of the Author's interlaved copy of the edition of 1809.
2 MS. —"Though there the gallant mountaineer."
3 MS. —"Fell stainless Turnstall's banner white,
Sir Edmund's lion fell!"
4 MS. —"Fitz-Eustace, you and Lady Clare
May for its safety join in prayer."
XXIX.

When, doth’d his casque, he felt free air,1
Around ’gan Marmion wildly stare:—
“Where’s Harry Blount! Fitz-Eustace where?—
Linger ye here, ye hearts of harem!
Redeem my penion,—charge again!
Cry— Marmion to the rescue!”—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall never be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England’s fly,2
To Dacre bear my signet-ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey he;
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down,—my life is cost;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spar of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland’s central host,3
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 low moans,
And half he murmur’d,—“Is there none,
Of all my halls have murst,
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 hatred, 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—he,
To Dacre 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 indelitely 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

She stoop’d her by the ranel’s side,5
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountains side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little founain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Meink, weary, pilgrim, drink and pray.
For, the hind soul of. Syb’l. Grey.
Who built this 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 shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop’d his brow to havo—
“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 zeal!
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 wond;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
“Then it was truth,”—he said—“I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For, wasting fire, and dying groan,6
And priests shun on the altar stone,
from the discords by which they are surrounded.” —Critical Review.

6 MS.—“She stoop’d her by the ranel’s side,
But in abhorrence soon withdrew,
For, oozing from the mountains wide
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold, she marks
A little vaulted cell,
Whose water, clear as diamond sparks,
In a rude basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink, passing pilgrim, drink and pray.

6 MS.—“Fire, seralige, and dying groan,
And priests shun on the altar stone,
Might break him for delay,
It may not be—this flagy trance—
Curs’d son of man, base mandarin’s lance,
And doubly cursed my failing hand!
A sinful heart makes treble blind;
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.
With fruitless labor, Clara bound
And strives to catch the gauze-winged
The Monk, with unwavering cares,
Exhausted all the Church’s prayers.
Ever, he said, that close and near,
A lady’s voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear;
For that she ever sung,
"In the last battle, born down by the flying,
Where minglest war’s rattle with groans of the dying."
So the notes rang;
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner’s sand!—
O, look, my son, upon you sign!
Of the Redeemer’s grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner’s parting seen,
But never aught like this!—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering—well’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 shout’d, “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,

O, look, my son, upon this cross,
O, think upon the great divine,
On saints and heavenly bliss!—
By many a sinner’s parting seen,
And many a death-bed near,
But never aught like this!—

The Lady of the Lake has nothing so good as the death of Marmion—MACINTOSH.

In vain the wish—for lag they stray,
And spoil and havoc mark their way.
'O, Lady,' cried the Monk, 'away!'

But still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where’s now their victor vaward wing.
Where Huntly, and where Home!—
O, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Flodden echoes borne.
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer.
On Roncevalles fell!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quell the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Atar, 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 deep fell,
Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.
There all the night they spent in prayer,
And at the dawn of morning, there
She met her kins-man, Lord Fitz-Clare.

XXXIV.
But as they left the darkning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys fall,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
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 ghostly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good.
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,

MS.—"Ever the stubborn spears made good
Their dark impenetrable wood;
Each Scot steel’d where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell,
Till the last ray of parting light,
Then ceased the dreadful fight,
And sunk the battle’s yell.
The skilful vaward’s voice commands
Drew from the strife his shattered bands,
Their loss his foremost knew;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They met from the field as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow
Mists from the mountain blue.
By various march their scatter’d bands,
Disorder’d, guilt’d the Scottish land—
They unwrapp’d Flodden’s dreary side,
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 shatter'd 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 swollen 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 wait prolong:  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield!

XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:—  
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,  
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:  
The sad survivors all are gone.—  
View not that corpse mistrustfully,  
Defaced and mangled though it be;  
Nor to 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 enclosed within his manly hand,  
Beseemed the monarch shin.  
But, O! how changed since you blithe night!—  
Glady 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 monted Lichfield's lofty pile;  
And there, beneath the southern aisle  
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,  
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear  
(Now vainly for its sight you look;  
'Twas level'd when fanatic Brook  
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;  
But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,  
A guerdon meet the spoiler had)!

There erst was martial Marmion found,  
His feet upon a conchant hound,  
His hands to heaven upraised;  
And all around, on scutcheon rich,  
And tablet carved, and fretted niche,  
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 “wreath 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 and gash'd the slain,  
And thus their corpses were mista'en;  
And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,  
The lowly woodman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show  
Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low?  
but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained,  
and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember.”—Jeffrey.

2 “Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
The cloven cuirass, and the helmetless head,” &c.  

Byron's Lara.  

5 See Appendix, Note 4 S.  

4 Ibid. Note 4 T.  

3 "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 poetic 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 'c'en where he lay,
   But every mark is gone;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,
And lifted her bent of stone;
   But yet it cut the little hill?
Ossian the slender springlet still.
Of hands the stranger there;
   For through men may beat his curious eye;
The unconscious field decay;
And sempiternally repair.
To mark the water-flain and rush,
And rest there by the hazel bush,
And plant their garlands fair;
   Nor dream they sit upon the grave,
That holy bones of Marmion brave.—
When thou didst find the little hill;* With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
    Then lift'st the right path for the wrong;
If every desiring steep, thus trudg,
Still led thee further from the road;
Dread thus 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,
Whose soul is safe 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 hewed,
Amid the Spartan's stubborn wood:
Unscared by Holmeheath 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 sign I to that simple maid,
To whom it must in terms be said,
That King and kinmen did agree,
To bless fair Clare's constancy;
Who cannot, unless I relate,
Paint to her mind the bridals' state;
That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,
More, Saund, and Denny, pass'd the joke;
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine's hand the stocking threw;
And afterwards for many a day,
That it was held enough to say,
In blessing to a wedded pair,
"Love they like Wilton and like Clare"

D'Envoi.

TO THE READER.

Why then a final note prolong,
Or lengthen out a closing song.
Unless to bid the gentle soul,
Whose heart have list'd to my ode;
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 Petr!
A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright.
What can I wish but faithful knight?
To every faithful lover too.
What can I wish but lady true?
And knowledge to the studious sage;
And pillow to the head of age.
To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task, and merry holiday!
To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumber light!

romances in irregular rhyme, he may depend upon having as
many copyists as Mrs. Radeliff or Schiller, and upon becoming
the founder of a new school in the Catholic poetical church,
for which, in spite of all our exertions, there will probably be
no end, 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 apostle
of the heroic to the wholesome creed of his instrument, and to
stop the inscription before it becomes desperate and senseless,
by persuading the leader to return to his duty and allegiance.
We admire Mr. Scott's geniuses as much as any of
those who may be visited by his permission; and, like the
curse and the barbar in Dun Quixote, lament the day when a
gentleman of such endowments was corrupted by the wicked
tales of knight-craftery and enchantment."—Jeffrey.

* We do not flatter ourselves that Mr. Scott will pay to our
advice that attention which he has refused to his acute friend
Mr. Erskine; but it is possible that his own good sense may
in time persuade him not to abandon his loved fairy ground (a
province over which we wish him a long and prosperous gov...
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 unpleasing 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 fielders 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 corporal 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 bewildering had it been much more minutely painted—and that Dr. Wilton 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 era which prevailed at a certain period of our history, a better and variety of characters would have suited

any scale of painting. On the whole, I can sincerely assure you, that had I seen Marmion without knowing the author, I should have ranked it with Theocritus and Homer,—that is to say, on the very top shelf of English poetry."—Ibid. vol. iii. p. 46.

"I shall not, after so much of and about criticism, say anything more of Marmion in this place, than that I have always considered it as, on the whole, the greatest of Scott's poems. There is a certain light, easy, virginal charm about the Lay, which we look 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 felicity with so many noble qualities in the character of the hero, was, as the poet says, severely commented on at the time by the most ardent of his early friends, Leyden; but though he admitted the justice of that criticism, he chose 'to let the tree lie as it had fallen.' He was also sensible that many of the subordinate and connecting parts of the narrative are flat, harsh, and obscure—but would never make any serious attempt to do away with these imperfections; and perhaps they, after all, heighten by contrast the effect of the passages of high-wrought enthusiasm which alone he considered, in after days, with satisfaction. As for the 'epistolary dissertations,' it must, I take it, be allowed that they interfered with the flow of the story, when readers were turning the leaves with the first anor 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 Lyrical Pieces; and perhaps it might have been better than 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 purrillatures that genius ever painted of itself—buoyant, virtuous, happy genius—exciting 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 Marrick, or an Erskine."—Lockhart, vol. iii. p. 55.

CANTO VI.

MARMION.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

As before the Conquest of the Lake
Enter—Mary of the fated house,
On the Thors Prentice,
Joseph's son and dams' force,
Held warrior, with the unhurted corse—P. 86.

The romance of the Mere—Arthur contains a sort of abridgment of most of the adventures of the Round Table; and hence was in a comparatively modern language, given the general reader an excellent idea of what romances of courtesy were. It has also the merit of being written in English verse and many of the wild adventures which we have not told will advantageously borrow upon the whole.

NOTE B.

A sinful man, and unconscion'd.
He took the Sangreal's holy quest,
And, slumbering, saw the vision high,
He might not even with waking eye—P. 87.

One day, when Arthur was hunting a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passer was eaten in process time, which had long remained concealed from human eyes, because of the sins of the land, suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequences of this vision was, that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could only be revealed to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry, and pure and guiltless of evil conversation.

All Sir Launcelott's noble accomplishments were therein rendered vain by his guilty intrigue with Guenivere, at Gause; and in his holy quest he encountered only such disgraceful disasters as that which follows—

"But Sir Launcelott rode overhast, and ending in a wild forest, and held no path but as wild adventures led him; and at the last, he came unto a stone crosse, which departed two ways, in wast land: and, by the crosse, was a stone that was of marble; but it was so dark, that Sir Launcelott might not know what it was. Then Sir Launcelott looked by it, and saw an old cappell, and there he wend to have found people. And so Sir Launcelott tied his horse to a tree, and there he put off his shield, and hung it upon a tree, and then he went unto the cappell door, and found it wasted and broken. And withhe he found a faire altar, full richly arrayed with cloth of silk, and there stood a faire candlestick, which carried six great candles, and the candlestick was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, he had a great will for to enter into the cappell, but he could find no place where he might enter. Then was he passing heavy and dismayed. Then he returned, and came againe to his horse, and took off his saddle and his bridle, and let him pasture, and unheaved his horse, and ungripped his sword, and laid him down to sleepe upon his shield, before the crosse.

"And so hee fell on sleepe; and, halfe waking and halfe sleeping, he saw come by him two palisyes, both faire and white, which heare a litter, thern richly arrayed a sike knight. And when he was nigh the crosse, he there abode still. All the Sir Launcelott saw and beheld, for he slept not, and he heard him say, 'O sweete Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me, and when shall the holy vesell come by me, where through I shall be blessed, for I have endured thus long for little trespass?' And thus a great while complainted the knight, and alaways Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick, with the fire tapers, come before the
appendix to marmion.

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This, Also or notwithstanding whatsoever and, And therewith all the sike knight set him upright, 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 malady!' And therewith upon his hands, and upon his knees, he went so nigh, that he touched the holy vessell, and kisst it: And anon he was hole, and then he said, 'Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this malady.' Yow when the holy vessell had been there a great while, it went into the chappell again, with the candeliecke and the light, so that Sir lanceiet wist not where it became, for he was overtaken with shame, that he 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 dressd him upright, and kisst the cross. Then anon his squire brought him his armes, and asked his lord how he did. 'Certainly,' said hee, 'I thank God right heartily, for through the holy vessell I am healed: But I have right great marveille of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath bene 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 unhappie; for, as I deeme, hee is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the samne.'—Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and, therefore, by mine assest, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword; and so he did. And when he was cleane arrayed, he took Sir lanceiet's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

Then anon Sir lanceiet awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought what hee had there seen, and whether it were dreames or not; right so he heard a voice that, 'Sir lanceiet, more hardy than is the stone, and more sure than is the wood, and more nacked and bare than is the le of the fig-tree, therefore goe thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir lanceiet heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and ceased the time that he was borne; for then he deemed never to have had more worship; for the words went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that hee was so called.'

NOTE O.

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

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

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long laboring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem); and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of our native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, Stow, Bishop, or Bishop of London, was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawfull 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 (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons of the nearest 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 I., 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 Jaunapart, and Bevis bold.—P. 87.

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

"This granting was mighty and strong
And full 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,
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. 136

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 reeled by the eulogies of that doughty knight-errant and his gigantic associate.

NOTE E.

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

The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Uffanford) 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 usurper of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland; and, indeed, scarce any happened, in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The repeated sieges which the castle had sustained, rendered frequent repairs necessary. In 1164, it was almost rebuilt by James the Second, who added a huge keep, or donjon; notwithstanding which, King Henry II., in 1174, took the castle from the bishop, and committed the keeping of it to William de Neville. After this period it seems to
The towered towers, the donjon keep.—P. 87.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remind my readers, that the donjon, in the proper construction, was the strongest part of a feudal castle; a high square tower, with walls of tremendous thickness, and topped by the centre of the other buildings, from which last circumstance we derive the word dungeon. Dugancé de BEns has conjectures plausibly, that the name is derived from the keep being usually built upon hills which were called donjon. However, suppose the word came from the darkness of the apartments in these towers, which were thence nicknamed du danois; thus deriving the ancient word from the modern application of it.

The donjon or Keep at Donjon, where the battle of Philip of Marmion, as related by Sir Walter Scott, was fought, was called the East Tower. The mound is about 140 feet in height, and has a diameter of about 150 feet, and contained two entrances, the most convenient of which was afterwards converted into a window. It is said that the tower was partly destroyed during the Civil War, and in the time of Charles I. the keep was used for a garrison. The keep was captured by Sir Philip Stanhope, the English commander, in the year 1643. The castle was in a great state of dilapidation at the time of the Civil War, and was afterwards used as a garrison. It was afterwards converted into a warehouse, and is now in a state of great decay.

They haul'd Lord Marmion; They haul'd him Lord of Fontenay, Of Lutterworth, and Serbyhage, Of Tamworth tower and town.—P. 89.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely 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 Serbyhage, in Lincs. One, or both, of these noble possessions, was held by the honorable service of being the royal champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 16th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Findley, who married Mervise, his grand-daughter, and was succeeded in his castle by his son, Alexander de Findley, who married Mervise, his grand-daughter.
APPENDIX TO MARMION.

of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of his castle of Tarnworth, claimed the office of royal champion, and to do the service appertaining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainsay the King's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Byrnoke, to whom the manor of Strivelby 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 Previle 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 Grey has woven into his beautiful ballad, 'The Hermit of Warkworth.'—The story is thus told by Leland:—

"The Scottes cam ye to the marches of England, and destroyed the castles of Werk and Herletoft, 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 mischifes came by hunger and assages by the space of xi yeares in Northumberland; for the Scottes became so proude, after they had got Berwick, that they nothing esteemed the Englishmen. About this time there was a great feste made ye Lincolnship, to which came many gentilshad and ladies; and amonge them one lady brought a healeme for a man of war, with a very rich crete of gold, to William Marmion, knight, with a letter of commandement of her lady, that he should go into the danagarest place in England, and ther to let the healme be seene and known as famous. So he went to Norham; whither, within 4 days of cumming, nam Philip Moutlay, guardian of Berwicke, havyn ye bands 40 men of armes, the very blyre of men of the Scottish marches. Thomas Gray, captayne of Norham, seyngye this, brought his garson afore the barries of the castelt, behind whom cam William, richly arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and wearing the healeme, his lady's present. Then said Thomas Gray to Marmion, 'Sir Knigh, ye be cum hither to fame your helmet: mount up on your horse, and ride lyke a valiant man to your foes even here at hand, and I foreseeke God if I rescue not thy body dead or alyve, or I myself wyll dye for it.' Whereupon he take his eare, and rode among the throng of enemies: the which layde sore stripes on him, and pulled him at the last out of his saddle to the gronde. Then Thomas Gray, with al the hole garison, lette prick ye among the Scottes, and so wonded them and their horses, that they were overthrown; and Marmion, sore beten, was herold again, and, with Gray, persew the Scottes ye chase. There were taken 50 horse of price; and the women of Norham brought them to the foe men to follow the chase."

And in my hand slid shillings twa, To put his lenges to the prieff? For lenges of this new-year day."

The herdals, like the minstrels, were a race allowed to have great claims upon the liberality of the knights, of whose feasts they kept a record, and proclaimed them aloud, as in the text, upon suitable occasions.

At Berwick, Norham, and other Border fortresses of importance, pursuivants usually resided, whose inviolable character rendered them the only persons that could, with perfect assurance of safety, be sent on necessary embassies into Scotland. This is alluded to in stanza xxi. p. 94.

Note L

Sir Hugh the Heron bold, Baron of Trewell, 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 siren charms are said to have cost our James IV. so dear. Moreover, the said William Heron, was, at the time supposed, a prisoner in Scotland, being surrendered by Henry VIII., on account of his share in the slaughter of Sir Robert Ker of Cossford. 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 sound,—
"How the fierce Thirwall, and Ridley's 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 minstrels of Alesdon-moor, by an agent for the lead mines there, who communicated it to my friend and correspondent, R. Nurtte, Esquire, of Mainsforth. She had not, she said, heard it for many years; but, when she was a girl, it used to be sung at the merry-making "till the roof rang 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 stanzas and wild chorus.

I.

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys, and Thirwalls, and a
Ha' set upon Albany Featherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmushnag
There was Willmoteswick,
And Harleiding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa' I cannot' tell a', I cannot' tell a',
And mony a mair that the devil may know.

II.

The auld man went down, but Nicol, his son, Ran away afore the fight was begun;
And he ran, and he ran,
And afore they were done,
There was now a Featherstone gaz de a stun,
As never was seen the word begun.

III.

James had the cause of that mock prince,
Warbeck, that English counterfeitz,
Who on the gibbet paid the cheat.
Then did I march with Surrey's power,
What time we rated old Ayton tower.—P. 91.

The story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, Duke of York, is well known. In 1490, he was received honorably in Scotland; and James IV., after conferring upon him in marriage his own sister, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made war on England in behalf of his pretensions. To retain an invasion of England, Surrey advanced into Berwickshire at the head of considerable forces, but retreated, after taking the inconsiderable fortress of Ayton. Ford, in his Dramatic Chronicle of Perkin Warbeck, makes the most of this incident:

"SURREY.

"Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
Had in the foggis of their discomprized climate,
Not daring to behold our colors wave
In spight of this infected yare! Can they
Looke on the strengthe of Cendureste deface';
The glorie of Heydonhall devasted ;
That of Edington cast downe;
The pile of Fulden
Ortchlawne: And this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton Castle, yeelded and demolished,
And yet the peere shalbe! The Scots are bold,
Harlie in battayle, but it seemes the cause
They undertake consider'd, appeares
Unjoynted in the frame out!"

Note O.

— I true,
Northam can you guides now;
For here be some have pricked as for,
On Scottish ground, as to Dwabur;
Have drank the monks of St. Rothan's ale,
And driven the heroes of Lauderdale;
Harrid the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
And given them light to set their houses.—P. 91.

The garrisons of the English castles of War, Northam, and Berwick, were, as may be easily supposed, very abhorrent neighbors to Scotland. Sir Richard Matlady of Jeshon wrote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's Cow-fleet," when his barony of Blythe, in Lauderdale, was harassed by Rowlan Foster, the English captain of War, with his company, to the number of 300 men. They spoild the poet's 1st night of 5000 sheep, 3000 noit, 30 horses and mares; the whole furniture of his house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots (£28.8s.6d.), and every thing else that was portable. "In this spot was committed the 16th day of May, 1570 (and the said Sir Richard was threecore and fourteen years of age, and grown blind), in time of peace; when none of that country happened [expected] such a thing.

"The Blind Baron's Comfort" consists in a string of epitaphs on the word Blythe, the name of the land thus despoiled. Like John Littlegate, he had "A conceit left in his memory a miserable concept.

The last line of the text contains a phrase, by which the Borderers jocularly intimated the burning a horse. Who ever. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic brevity by this most trooping poet. 19 An is a pot with two ears.
20 Warbeck was, in prior editions, confounded with Ridley Hall, a noted two miles lower, on the same side of the Tyne, the hereditary seat of William C. Lowes, Esq.
21 Ridley, the bishop and martyr, was regarded by some authority, born at Hindolm, where a chair was, iserved, called the Bishop's Chair. Others, and particularly his biographer and namesake, Dr. Gloucest Ridley, asign the honor of the matter's birth to Willimote.
For, and for shot and He and to fine representing divine misfortune place, (as family, p.)

 Friar John —
 Himself still sleeps before his beads
 Have mark’d ten even and two creeds.—P. 92.

 Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and biviany, as well as his namesake in Rahelais. *But Gar-

gantuca could not sleep by any means, on which side sooner he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, "I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I; the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep." The conclave pleased Gantuca very well; and beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to Beati quorum, they fell asleep both the one and the other.

 The servant of the Church — he could rain
 The wildest war-horse in your train.—P. 91.

 This churchman seems to have been akin to Webb, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a leader among the Cornish insurgents in 1549. "This man," says Hollinshead, "had many good things in him. He was of no great stature, but well set, and mightily compact: He was a very good wrestler; shot well, both in the long bow and also in the crossbow; he handled his hand-gun and 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 a courteous and gentle behaviour. He descended of a good honest parentage, being borne at Penverin in Cornwall; and yet, in this rebellion, an arch-captain and a principal deer."—Vol. iv. p. 255, 4to. edition. This model of clerical talents had the misfortune to be hanged upon the steeple of his own church.

 A Palmer, opposed to a Pilgrim, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity; whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home or occupations, when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The Palmers seem to have been the Questioners of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1296. There is in the Bannatyne MS. a burlesque account of two such persons, entitled, "Simon and his brother." Their accoutrements are thus ludicrously described (I discard the ancient spelling)—

 Tyne shaped them up, to loop on less,
 Two tabards of the tartan;
 They counted naught what their cloaths were
 When so'd them on, in certain,
 Tyne clamped up St. Peter's keys,
 Made of an old red garnet;
 St. James's shells, on 'tther side, shows
 As pretty as a partane
 Toe,
 On Synmyne and his brother.

 To fair St. Andrews bound,
 Within the consecration to pray,
 Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
 From midnight to the dawn of day,
 Sung to the bilowr's sound.—P. 93.

 St. Regulus (Scottic, St. Rule), a monk of Patre, in Achalna, warned by a vision, is said. A.D. 579, to have sailed westward, till he landed at St. Andrews in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, it is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly facing the ruinous castle of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access; and the rock in which it is hewed is washed by the German Ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other an aperture into an inner den, where the miserable ascetic, who inhabited this dwelling, probably slept. At full tide, egress and regress are hardly practicable. As Regulus first colonized the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain, that the ancient name of Killrule (Cella Reguli) should have been superseded, even in favor of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was, that St. Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the relics of Saint Andrew.

 Saint Fillan's blessed well,
 Whose spring can quench'd dreams dispel,
 And the crazed brain restore.—P. 93.

 St. Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. Although
shorts, which is a mantle of diverse colours, much finer and lighter on their backs; with blue that runs on their heads, a handkerchief, but with two knots, about their necks, and thus they are attired. Now their weapons are long bows and forked arrows armed with targes, harquebusses, muskets, darks, and halberds. With these arms and many of what degree, soever, that came amongst them, must not disdain to wear it; for, if they do, then they will come to hunt or wince to live in their lives, but if men be loads unto them, and lie in their habit, then are they contented with kindness, and the sport will be pleasant. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes but to procure this hunting.

"My good Lord of Murray having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the remains of an old castle, called the Castle of Kindrogan. It was burnt 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 saw the space of twelve days after, before I saw either house, redeemed, or inhabited by 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 upon purpose to lodge in, which they call laquephards. I thank my good Lord Eshan, he commanded that I should always be on my horse going; the kitchen being always on the side of a house; many houses and post lodges, and may spot hunting and wangling, with great variety of cheer,—as venison baked; sudden, fast, and flowed beef; mutton, goats, kill, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridges, mormines, heath-turkeys, capelles, and lassoons; good ale, icks, white and claret, tan (or all sorts), with most potent aquavitae.

"All these, and more than these, we had continually in such abundant abundance, caught by Edemore, plowes, fishers, and brought by my lord's tenants and purveyors to our camp, which consisted of four tents fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this. Five or six hundred men do assemble in the morning, and they do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven, eight, or ten miles compass, they do bring, or chase, the deer in many herds; two, three, or four hundred in a herd, or 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, when they come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those forenamed scouts, which are called the Tinkhell, do bring down the deer; but, as the proverb says of the bad cook, so these tinkhells do live their own fingers; for, besides their bows and arrows, which they carry with them, we can hear, now and then, a bangueas or a musket go off, which they do seldom discharge in vain. Then, after we had staid there three hours, or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (the heads making a show like a wool), 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-fair with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are all set loose, as occasion serves, upon the herd of deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, darks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourteen 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 withal, at our rendezvous."
the Yarrow takes its source. It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lawes, 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 Lillian Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remarks to the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honor.

Note X.

—in feudal strife, a joy,
Hath told Our Lady's chapel low.—P. 96.

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lawes (de lacuosa) 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 Cronouns; 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 Borrow, 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 bence 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 Binram's Corse, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainy. His story much resembles that of Ambrose in "The Monk," and has been made the theme of a ballad, by my friend Mr. James Hogg, more poetically designed the Etrich 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 frowns round dark Lochskenie.—P. 96.

Lochskene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Moffat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the ean, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Lochskene 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 Whithby, in the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, on the coast of Yorkshire, was founded A. D. 637, in consequence of a vow of Oswy, King of Northumberland. It contained both monks and nuns of the Benedictine order; but, contrary to what was usual in such establishments, the abbess was superior to the abbot. The monastery was afterwards raised 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 Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office; but their merits were swallowed up in the 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, 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 Bale has termed it, a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant.

Note 2 C.

Then Whity's nuns exulting told
How to their house three Barons bold
Must menial 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 Uglebarby, then called William de Bruce; the Lord of Smeaton, called Ralph de Percy; with a gentleman and freeholder called Alkatan, did, on the 16th of October, 1139, 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 Eksdale-side; and the abbot's name was Selman. Then, these young gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild-boar, the hounds ran him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eksdale-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 in the habit of saying daily prayers, the bounds of one's life, he considered. For although the people of the town to which he was sent were not very religious, yet he found them in a very tractable state, and was not much hindered in preaching with their hearing, although all knew that they were in peril of death, from the irresistible tempest. But at the time the abbots being very great favor with the King, rescued them out of the storm, won a term in cause of the law, and this he had no reason to have the envy of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit, being a holy and devout man, and being at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired he would not for the gentlemen that had wounded him. This he did so doing, the gentlemen sone; and the hermit, being a very good and wise man, and seeing his case, 'I am sure to the end of the world have you given me.' The abbott answered, 'They are very good for the same.'—But the hermit answered, 'Not so, for I will freely forgive their death, if they will not be to enquired the person I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls.' The gentlemen being powerless, held him save their lives. Then said the hermit, 'You and your sons hold your land, the Abbey of Whitsby, and St. Hilda's in the north.'—That, upon Ascension-days, upon some day, or one of you, shall come to the wood of the Stanley, which is in Holdside, the same day at sunrise, and shall take the abbots office 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 eight years to be cut by you, or some of you, with a good and fruitful ground, and you, Halden Penn, shall take two yarns of corn, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Avel, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut an acre, and to be taken on your banks and carried to the town of Whitby, and to the Church before noon of the clock the same day before mentioned. At the same hour of rising of the clock, if it be full, your labors and service shall cease; and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so other them on each rule with your rafters; and so take on each side with your stout stowers, that they may stand these 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 are cruelly slain me; and that you may the better come to live for mercy, on account of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Holdside shall blow, Out on you! Out of you! Out in you! for this heinous crime. If you, or your successors, shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be done at the aforesaid hour, you or your shall forgo your tenure to the Abbey of Whitsby, or his successors. This I charge, and earnestly beg, that you may live and good provided for the service; and I request of you to promise, by your parts, that you shall be done by you and your successors, as is above required; and I will confirm it by the head of an honest man.' From the hermit said, 'My soul longs for the Lord: and I do as freely forgive these men my death as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross.' And, in the person of the abbott and the rest, he said moreover these words: 'In mansis tua, Hiccor, e mundi spiritum: a marches euis, victor recondita: Hiccor, terrae terres. Amen.' So he yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, anno Domini 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

"This service," it is added, "still continues to be performed with the presented 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."
stationary for a short time, and then caused himself to be launched upon the Tweed in a stone coffin, which landed him at Tithymouth, in Northumberland. This boat is finely shaped, ten feet long, three feet wide, and a half in diameter, and only four inches thick; so that, with very little assistance, it might certainly have swum: it still lies, or at least did so a few years ago, in two pieces, beside the ruined chapel of Tithymouth. From Tithymouth, Cuthbert wandered into Yorkshire; and at length made a long stay at Chester-le-Street, to which the bishop’s see was transferred. At length, the Danes, continuing to infest the country, the monks removed to Rippon for a space; and it was in return from thence to Chester-le-Street, that, passing through a forest called Dunholme, the Saint and his carriage became immovable at a place named Wardlaw, or Wardlaw. Here the Saint chose his place of residence; and all who have seen Durham must admit, that, if difficult in his choice, he evinced taste in at length fixing it. It is said that the Northumbrian Catholics still keep secret the precise spot of the Saint’s sepulture, which is only intrusted to three persons at a time. When one dies, the survivors associate to them, in his room, a person judged fit to be the depository of such a valuable a secret.

[The resting-place of the remains of this saint is not now matter of uncertainty. So recently as 17th May, 1257, 1139 years after his death, their discovery and disinterment were effected. Under a blue stone, in the middle of the shrine of St. Cuthbert, at the eastern extremity of the choir of Durham Cathedral, there was then found a walled grave, containing the coffins of the Saint. The first, or outer one, was ascertained to be that of 1541, the second of 1011; the third, or inner one, answering in every particular to the description of that of 628, was found to contain, not indeed, as has been averred then, and even until 1539, the incorruptible body, but the entire skeleton of the Saint; the bottom of the grave being perfectly dry, free from offensive smell, and without the slightest symptom that a human body had ever undergone decomposition within its walls. The skeleton was found swathed in five silk robes of embossed embroidery, the ornamental parts laid with gold leaf, and these again covered with a robe of linens. Besides the skeleton were also deposited several gilded silver insignias, and other relics of the Saint.

The Roman Catholics now allow that the coffin was that of St. Cuthbert. The bones of the Saint were again restored to the grave in a new coffin, amid the fragments of the former ones. Those portions of the inner coffin which could be preserved, including one of its rings, with the silver altar, golden cross, stole, comb, two maniples, tracelace, girdle, gold wire of the skeleton, and fragments of the five silk robes, and some of the rings of the outer coffin made in 1541, were deposited in the library of the Dean and Chapter, where they are now preserved.

For ample details of the life of St. Cuthbert,—his coffin-journeys,—an account of the opening of his tomb, and a description of the silk robes and other relics found in it, the reader interested in such matters is referred to a work entitled "St. Cuthbert, by James Raine, M. A."

APPENDIX TO MARMION.

jealousy and intractability of the different tribes who composed David’s army; among whom, as mentioned in the text, were the Galwegians, the Britons of Strath-Clyde, the men of Teviotdale and Lothian, with many Norman ad German warriors, who asserted the cause of the Empress Maud. See CHALMERS’ Caledonia, vol. i. p. 622; a most laborious enquirer, and interesting publication, from which considerable defects of style and manner ought not to turn aside the Scotch antiquary.

Note 2 II.

'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; a conception, which, as was reasonable, Alfred, after the victory of Ashdown, rewarded, by a royal offering at the shrine of the Saint. As to William the Conqueror, the terror spread before his army, when he marched to punish the revolt of the Northumbrians, in 1096, had forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. It was, however, replaced before William left the north; and, to balance accounts, the Conqueror having intimated an indiscrèt curiosity to view the Saint’s body, he was, while in the act of contriving the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a panic terror, that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel (which the monkish historian seems to have thought no small part both of the miracle and the penance), and never drew his bridle till he got to the river Tees.

Note 2 I.

Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.—P. 100.

Although we do not learn that Cuthbert was, during his lifetime, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those Ex-votis which are fixed 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.

Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his " Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odor of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance-vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his memorabilia, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks. whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is welcome to suppose the penance-vault was intended, by the founder, for the more genial purposes of a cellar.
These vaulted tombs were the greatest pride of German monks. In the earlier and more rigid times of monastic discipline, they were sometimes used as a mortuary for the lay benefactors of the convent, whose disembodied corpses were then sealed up and placed therein, to prevent pollution to the cloister. They also served as places of deposit for the chapter, when no space of uncommon seclusion was to be adopted. But their most frequent use, as implied by the name, was as places for performing penance, or undergoing punishment.

Note 2 L.

Tynemouth's Haughty Princess.—P. 100.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the coast-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was annually a monastery; for Vincula, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare wassail-basin, in exultation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a casket of fruit. But, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth, in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism. The nunery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; but, notwithstanding the argument of those who insist the gift was not made, and his carrying on a wrestling acquaintance with the Abbess of Col- dungham, 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 penance on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

Note 2 M.

On those the well was to enclose, 

_After, within the tomb._—P. 102.

It is well known that the religion, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman monks in similar cases. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words, WANDER IN FEAR, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to; but among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an imured nun.

[The Edinburgh Reviewer, on st. xxxii. post, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is made in peace—not part in peace, but go into peace, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mistake to another world.]—

Note 2 N.

The village inn.—P. 107.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelry, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of 'The Frans of Berwick.' Simon Lawder, 'the gay ouller,' seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a Margaret kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers; and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partickles, and Bordeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislators; who, so early as the reign of James I., not only enacted, that in all boroughs and fairs there be hololadles, having stable and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained that no inn, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to lodge anywhere except in these hostellaries, and that, if a person, save innkeepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for excersing such hospitability! But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

Note 2 O.

The death of a dear friend.—P. 109.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the '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. 35.

"A lady, 'tis dark, an' I heard the dead-bell! An' I darenae gae yerther for gradit fear!"

"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 supersitious awe. This reminds me of a thrilling anecdote, which I will bear 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! merry the dead-bell went through my head just now with such a knell as I never heard.'—'Why, I heard it too.'—

'B. Did you indeed? That is remarkably. I never knew of two hearing it at the same time before.'—'O. We will not go to Midlochto-might.'—B. I would not go for all the world! I shall warrant it is my poor brother Wat; who knows what these wild frishies may have done to him?"—

Hoggo's Mountain Bard, 3d Ed. pp. 31-2.

Note 2 P.

The Goblin-Hall.—P. 110.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester (for it bears either name indiscriminately), the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. The Statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Yarrow 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 Halympie, in his Annals, relates, that 'Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1387; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country Be-Hall, i.e. Hedgegoblin Hall.' A stair of twenty-four steps led down to this apartment, which is a large and spacious hall, with an arched roof; and though it hath stood for so many centuries, and been exposed to the external air for a period of fifty or sixty years, it is still as firm and entire as if it had only stood a few years. From the floor of this hall, another stair of thirty-six steps leads down to a pit which hath a communication with Hopeswater. A great part of the walls of this large and ancient castle are still standing. There is a tradition, that the castle of Yester was the last fortification, in this country, that surrendered to General

1 James I. Par. anent I. cap. 24; Parliament III. cap. 56.
Gray, sent into Scotland by Protector Somerset." Statistical Account, vol. xiii.—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 Dalrymple's authority for the anecdote is in Fordun, whose words are,—A. D. McClellan. Hugo Giffard de Yester moritur; eius visum, vol saltam caecum, et dognouen, arte demoniacque relationes format factu factitias: non widem habuit mirabilis specus subterraneas, opere mirifico constructas, magno terrorum spatii protetulas, qui conuenerit Duc-Ad all appetitas est." Lib. X. cap. 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 Norwegian 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 Ayrshire. Here he was encountered and defeated, on the 21 October, by Alexander III. Haco retreated to Orkney, where he died soon after this disgrace to his arms. These are still existing, near the place of battle, many barnes, some of which, having been opened, were found, as usual, to contain bones and arms.

**Note 2 R.**

*The wizard habit strange.*—P. 111.

"Magicians, as is well known, were very curious in the choice and form of their vestments. Their caps are oval, or like pyramids, with hoppets on each side, and fur within. Their gowns are long, and furred with fox-skins, under which they have a linen garment reaching to the knee. Their girdles are three inches broad, and have many cabalistical names, with crosses, trixes, 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 scathard."—See these, and many other particulars, in the Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits, annexed to Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, edition 1665.

**Note 2 S.**

*Upon his breast a pentacle.*—P. 111.

"A pentacle is a piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, according to the five senses, and suitably inscribed with characters. This the magician extends towards the 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. 66.

**Note 2 T.**

*As born upon that blessed night, When yawning graves and dying groan Proclaim'd Hell's empire overthrown.*—P. 111.

It is a popular article of faith, that those who are born on Christmas, or Good Friday, have the power of seeing spirits, and even of commanding them. The Spaniards imputed the haggard and downdcast looks of their Philip II, to the disagreeable visions to which this privilege subjected him.

**Note 2 U.**

Yet still the knavish spear and shield The Elfin warrior doth wield Upon the brown hill's breast.—P. 112.

The following extract from the Essay upon the Fairy Superstitions, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," vol. ii., will show whence many of the particulars of the combat between Alexander III, and the Goblin Knight are derived:

Gervase of Tilbury *†ed Imperial op. Script. rer. Brancastri* (vol. i. p. 797), relates the following popular story concerning a fairy knight:—"Osbert, a bold and powerful baron, visited a noble family in the vicinity of Wandelbury, in the bishopric of Ely. Among other stories related in the social circle of his friends, who, according to custom, amused each other by repeating ancient tales and traditions, he was informed, that if any knight, unattended, entered an adjacent plain by moonlight, and challenged an adversary to appear, he would be immediately encountered by a spirit in the form of a knight. Osbert resolved to make the experiment, and set out, attended by a single squire, whom he ordered to remain without the limits of the plain, which was surrounded by an ancient entrenchment. On repeating the challenge, he was instantly assaulted by an adversary, whom he quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins of his steed. During this operation, his ghostly opponent sprung up, and darting his spear, like a javelin, at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh. Osbert returned in triumph with the horse, which he committed to the care of his servants. The horse was of a sable color, as well as his whole accoutrements, and apparently of great beauty and vigor. He remained with his keeper till cock-crowing, when, with eyes flashing fire, he reared, spurred the ground, and vanished. On disarming himself, Osbert perceived that he was wounded, and that one of his steel boots was full of blood." Gervase adds, that, "as long as he lived, the scar of his wound opened afresh on the anniversary of the eve on which he encountered the spirit." Less fortunate was the gallant Bohemian knight, who, traveling by night with a single companion, "came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed under displayed banners. Despising the remonstrances of his friend, the knight pricked forward to break a lance with a champion, who advanced from the ranks apparently in defiance. His companion beheld the Bohemian overthrown, horse and man, by his aerial adversary; and returning to the spot next morning, he found the mangled corpses of the knight and steed."—*Hierarchy of Blessed Angels*, p. 354.

Besides these instances of Elfin chivalry above quoted, many others might be alleged in support of employing fairy machinery in this manner. The forest of Glenmere, in the North Highlands, is believed to be haunted by a spirit called "Ham-darur," in the array of an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand, from which he takes his name. He insists upon those with whom he meets doing battle with him; and the clergyman, who makes up an account of the district, extant in the Macfarlane MS. in the Advocates' Library, gravely assures us, that, in his time, "Ham-darur fought with three brothers whom he met in his walk, none of whom long survived the ghastly conflict. Barclay, in his "Euphormion," gives a singular account of an officer who had ventured, with his servant, rather to intrude upon a haunted house in a town in Flanders, than to put up with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till midnight, when behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling; this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members, rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed a gigantic warrior, who defied them..."
both to Satan. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and interrupted the line of their arguments, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on any who possessed such powers of self-control, nor did his orators make more of an individual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me; but I took the story made to the readers on his occasion as the usual proposal, that they should recant on their resolution; with a little display of skill, he was enabled to retract.

Thus much of the tale of the kind contained in an extract communicated to me by my friend Mr. Surtees of Malmesbury, in the Harrows, who copied it from a MS note in a copy of Barlow, "On the Nature of Spirits, S. V. 1634," which had been the property of the late Mr. Giv., attorney-general to the Bishop, Bishop of Durham. "It was not," says my obliging correspondent, "in Mr. Giv.'s own hand, but probably an hundred years old, and was said to be, E Libor Convent. Domina, per T. C. extens, whom I believe to have been Thomas Clapham, Esq. barrister, who held several offices under the See of Durham a hundred years ago. Mr. Giv. was possessed of most of his manuscripts." The extract, which, in fact, suggested the introduction of the tale into the present poem, runs thus:

"Quia servus bajamendi quod nostris temporibus erat, tenuissimae ut deo dignissimi, communi hac psalmi. Reptalis Barnum, cum criterio, quod tune temporum prope. Instauratur eum, electissima causa, egresso; ut in algerum Thure ripa praecedit cum vixima leporum inseque rur, forte cum subito quae nobili, sibi auter, ut ester. Jurem. Jurem cogito, congressus est, ut, ut festa ansel mi nciere. Regrante bolo, bosphora subtergulato, ac si atrae aurum inlato cura, ignis agnis plures. Nasci pro procura, equocon cerere in hostis impetu labente, in eremn crescunt pictore et capita capio, comminem, mortuo simius, evancho. Quem ut se agere habentem omnis abutacis est altus, polycutus, modo acutum non abutacris, monsique obstrepemus ab omnium turamse spectatus absconditus, nec Diva, Prescopia Regum, Sancta ont, prorsus aut ostent ssecessit est aiter meus conceptus, ar brevis cum sanum velutque restitu tosum esse. Prae agus absens condit us accepto est; ac extirperile me nescio quid occultum muriorem, sasuracent, prostratur, dicto civis in pedis sanum ut anta subligor. Nustrum autem, maxima pra re inaudita vestigia formidin persecution, Mi Jesu! exulant, vel quad simul; ut subito repercussa me hostem me ad omnes instituit, equum suum gravissimo nuper cedit efficitur, per sanum rum in eum focus pacatissimi. Ad casto tituque miraculam dux remintus, satis dubius, rem prumo accultur, dixit, constito bello, Confrorsus su是否存在 uten. Iuclus, percussa procul dubio tota, et modo extorquenter ilius apertae frons, qua humanis Christianum ad retinem tale auxili pollicere. Nomen utrumque ilius (nobilis iliae et claris) renunciam dum dux, cum haud elucidarum est quae Danubii, Ino permittente, formam quem obliterent, immo angeli lucis, otror ocula Un testa; post abscess. The MS. scholiast from which Mr. Clapham 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 Bulmer, as a well-known story, in the 4th Canto, Stanza 89, p. 121.

The northern chiefs of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military

Note 2 V.

Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the air he sought in vain,
The moon may find the stifled swan.—P. 114.

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the night in which those 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 Adspatio.

Note 2 W.

Forbes.—P. 115.

Sir William Forbes of Pinkign, Baronet; unequalled, perhaps, is the degree of individual affection exhibited for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Heastie," whom he befriended and patronized in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published; before the biographer and affec tionate 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.

Abias, "Will o' the Wisp." This personage is a strolling demon, or specter forebode, 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 be 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 Scott, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft." I have possessed a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Heber's "Anecdotes of Literature," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

Note 2 Y.

Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King-at-arms.—P. 117.

The late elaborate edition of Sir David Lindsay's Works, by Mr. George Chalmers, has probably introduced him to many of my readers. It is perhaps to be regretted, that the learned Editor had not bestowed more pains in elucidating his author, even although he should have omitted, or at least reserved, his disquisitions on the origin of the language used by the poet; as

Then played I twenty spring's songse; 8vo.

Mr. Chalmers does not inform us, by note or glossary, what is meant by the King's morning pu, de, lyn, upon the ilk; 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 anachronism; for the author of "Flodden Field" dispatches Dollismont, which can mean nobody but Sir David de 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 herald, in feudal times, being held of the utmost importance, the inauguration of the King-at-arms, who presided over their colleges, was proportionately solemn. In fact, it was the minims of a royal coronation, except that the anointing 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. Nor was he restored, but at the Lion's earnest solicitation.

Note 2 Z.

Crichton Castle.—P. 118.

A large ruinsie castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh, as located 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 pa, da, lyn, are the first effects of a child to say, "Where's David Lindsay?" and that the subsequent words begin another sentence—

"Upon the late

Then played I twenty springis perquisite," &c.

In another place, "justing lamus," i.e. loads, or implementations of tilting, is facetiously interpreted "playful limbs." Many such minute errors could be pointed out; but there are only mentioned incidentally, and not as diminishing the real merit of the edition.

1 The recent express, or rather is said to have expressed, the cause of forfeiture to be,—"Po quod Leonem, armorum Regum pagus umidum dum eorum ipsa incoluntur," &c.—"See Nisbet's Heriots, Part II, chap. xvi.; and Leslie Historia ad Annum 1105.

2 To 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 offered to their rank.

3 It is suggested by an ingenious correspondent, that Pa, da, lyn, might rather be interpreted, play, Dairy Lindsay.

Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed. The drills are ornamented with twining cloth 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, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in 1440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion; but the present state of the ruin is the contrary. In 1453, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then his proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margarett, in revenge, it is said, for the Monarch having dishonored his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earl Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl of Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch.

They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John 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 Musset More. This prison, which is not unfrequently applied to the instances of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin. It occurs twice in the "Epistula Iterinarium" of Collins. "Cer- cer subterraneus, sive, ut Mavri appellant, MAZHORR;" p. 147; and again, "Coguntur omnes Captivi sub acetum in ergastula subterranea, que Turvis Algeterani recenti MAZ- MORRAS," p. 533. The same word applies to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and serves to show from what nation the Gothic style of castle-building was originally derived.

Note 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 distinguished 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' thro' he thrust;
And Bothwell! Bothwell! cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to cause,

To neglect this was held discomtery in the great, and insolence in the inferior traveller; and so strictly was the etiquette insisted on by some feudal lords, that the Lord Ophishant is said to have planted guns at his castle of Newstyle in Augus, so as to command the high road, and compel all revenue passengers to do this act of homage.

"It chanced when such ideas were predominant, that the Lord of Crichton Castle received intelligence that a Southern chieftain of high rank, some say Scott of Buccleuch, was to pass his dwelling on his return from court. The Lord of Crichton made great preparation to banquet his expected guest, who nevertheless rode past the castle without paying the expected visit. In his first burst of indignation, the Baron pursued the discomfited truant, into holy of ells, and thus imprisoned, and contents him in the dungeon, while he himself and his vassals feasted upon the good cheer which had been provided. With the morning, however, came reflection, and anxiety for the desperate food which impended, as the necessary consequence of his rough proceeding; and 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, aified the honor of the stronger chief, and put a stop to the food which must otherwise have taken place between them."—Sir Walter Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works, vol. vii. pp. 192-3.—Ed.
But there he cant a worder cold.
But there he cant a worder cold.
The Buckingham street down he throw.
Thus Hurlls through his lonely heart.
His fate lies in cold blood.

Fielding's Fable, a Poem, edited by H. Walker. 1810.

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 sworn,
Against the English war.—P. 119.

This story is told by Prescott with characteristic simplicity—"The King, writing that France could get no support of arms for that issue, made a proclamation, fully matured, through all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the towns as in the fast lands, to all manner of men between sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready, with a twenty days', to pass over with forty days' victual, and to meet at the Bowling-green of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he should lead. His proclamation was hastily obeyed contrary to the Council of Scotland's will; but every man had his place so well as they could on no ways discharge the King, but every man was made for the preparation so hastily made. The King, when he was on the part of the Council, very sad and doleful, making his descent to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this way there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the back door, and told about him in a roll of thin cloth, a paper of book, and on his back to the great of his house, with all other house and clothes conform thereunto: but he had nothing on his head, but red and yellow hair behind, and in his latter which was down to his shoulders; but his formal was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two and thirty years, with a great piece of hair in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and singing 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, while the King was over the King, he made him little reverence or salutation, but bowed down and grothed on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as follows: Sir King, I am the man that went me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time; if thou art now, go; for if thou dost, thou wilt not be well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. further, she held the men with no woman, nor one time forward, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou there; for if they do, thou then shall be confounded, and brought to death: By this man had spoken these words unto the King's grace, the eyes were not done, and the King paused on this words, not to give him an answer: but in the meantime, before the King's eye in the presence of all the persons that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could not weeps be seen or touched; but vanished away as he had been a block of the wood, or a swelling of the wheel-wind, and could so more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindsay Lyon-coard, and John Leslie, the marchal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servitors to the King, were standing presently before the King, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have gathered further things at him: But all for nothing; they could not touch him; for he vanished away before 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 rebus, quae proponit Antonio, quod in decem annos, Montanum, homo spectabilis, pro specie populi, ut literam studijs studiis, vestigantur, in tumulis aequales, a quo in arcanis aequales, a quo in arcanis obsequium, ut vulgatum est, si homo spectabilis, non sineとなれ."—Buchanan, p. 118. The King's charge, in St. Catherine's aisle, which he had constructed for himself, with the very walls for the Knights' tombs removed, was neither so long as the place where the apparition was seen. I know not by what means St. Andrew got the credit of having been the celebrated monitor of James IV.; for the expression in his hearse's narrative, "My mother has seen me," could only be said by St. John, the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The whole story is so well set out, and that we have only the chance between a miracle or an imagination. Mr. Pinkerton plausibly argues, from the case on against inconstance, that the Queen was proxy to the scheme of those who had recourse to this expedient to deter King James from his impolitic war.

NOTE 3 C.

The wildbuck bell.—P. 119.

I am glad of an opportunity to describe the cry of the deer by another word than braying, although the latter has been sanctioned by the use of the Scotch natural translation of the Psalms. Bell seems to be an abbreviation of bell, though it was commonly conveyed great delight to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, from association. A gentle knight in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Worsley, built Wanstey Lodge, in Wanstey 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 face of the enemy, 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 water-pitcher, and was slain, it is not well understood by whom. James IV., after the battle, passed to Forlie, and hearing the monks of the chapel-loyal 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 cantos v. The battle of Fasque-born, in which James III. fell, was fought 16th 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 wall of the city to the bottom of Bradd Hills. It was entirely a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. marched the army 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
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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 that which he saw after the battle of Pinkie, in 1547:—“Here, now, to say somewhat of the manner of their camp. As they had no pavilions, or round houses, of any commendable compass, so there were few 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 set (after their fashion), for the love of France, with fleur-de-lays, 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 Fauksyde Bay, 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 cambrick in dale, for it was all of canvas sheets, and wear the tenticles, or rather cabins and coaches of their soldiers; which the (much after the common building of their country beside) had they framed of four sticks, about an ell long a piece, wherein two fastened together at one end aloft, and the two ends beneath stuck in the ground, as all about, standing in fashion like the bowers of a sowes yoke; over each 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 slant 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 nappy; howbeit, when they had lined them, and stuff’d them so thick with straw, with the weather as it was not very cold, when they wear one clothed, they were as warm as they had been wrapt in horses dung.”—Patten’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 treasure round the shield, mentioned, counter fleur-de-lis’d or lignited and armed auro, was first assumed by Echais, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eorich, or Archy, little better than a sort of King of Bretnford, whom old Grigg (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the northeastern coast of Scotland.

Note 3 II.
—Caledonia’s Queen is changed.—P. 124.

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the “Queen of the North” has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pen the 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 chief 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. Prestwood 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-sixth year of his reign, which corresponds to the year of God, 1461. This grant, Douglas, with his usual neglect of accuracy, dates in 1568. But this error being corrected from the copy in Macflein’s MSS., p. 119, 30, removes all suspicion 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 distressed monarch and his family, called forth on Scotland the encomium of Molinet, a contemporary poet. The English people, he says,—

“Uns nouveau roy excent,
Par despitieux voleurs,
Le vieil en debatent,
Et son legitime huir,
Qui fuytuf alta prendre,
D’Escosse le garand,
De tous siecles le mendre,
Et le plus tolentum.”

Recollection des Aventures.

Note 3 K.

—the romantic strain,
Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere
Could win the royal Henry’s ear.—P. 125.

Mr. Ellis, in his valuable Introduction to the “Specimens of Romance,” has proved, by the concurring testimony of La Ravaillère, Tresson, 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 Armoric an originals, and translated into Norman-French, or romance language, the twelve curious Lays, of which Mr. Ellis has given us a praiseworthy 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 1466, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, “whose arrows,” says Hollinshead, “were in length a full cloth yard.” The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer
carried under his left twenty-four Sgts, in allusion to his bundle of unmerited states.

NOTE 3 M

To pass to school, theagma to gain
And high conversancy, the price in vain.
This very song might descend among
On jamies's rogue house.—P. 126.

"The most famous, as the Frenchmen term it, is territo-
ry; the meadows, cloisters, or our put, as ox said, being
for by hours of personal triumph than for soldiers; yet I
cannot say they were attributive, so that they did
not too high, may be said in a light or mockery, for as Lax-
halt it, in his Book of Horsemanship. Monsieur de
M is said to have been that was excelled in performing
the joust, with his sword, stroke down a two-headed
horse in a manner, where divers of the dukes gal-
lance of France assisted; for, taking that there, when the horse
was to the height of four feet, and discharged a blow
twice, the horse was with half weight and form upon the two
ears, as another sword, that he struck them from their
horse to the ground."—Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life,
p. 42.

NOTE 3 N.

He saw the sturdyburghers there
March armed on foot with faces bare.—P. 126.

The Scottish horsemen 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 weapon-acquisitions are appointed to be held four times
a year, under the alderman or bailiffs.

NOTE 3 O.

On foot the yeoman too—
Each at his back a slender store
His forty days' provision bore,
His arms were halberd, axe, or spear.—P. 126.

Bows and sabers were in vain recommended to the peo-
ple of Scotland, by royal statutes; swords and axes seem uni-
versally to have been used instead of them. Their defen-
sive armor was the plate-jack, buckler, or brigandine; and
their musk completely crossbows and culverins. All wore
swords of constant temper, according to Patten; and a volu-
minous hanger or cromed their round neck, "not for cold, but for
cutting." The musket also was much used in the Scottish
army: The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a ban-

"Who manfully did meet their foes,
With. leaden muskets, and blades long."*.

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth,
each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision.
When this was expected, which took place before the battle
of Flodden, the army moved away of course. Among the
Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the
Border-priestards, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted
upon foot.

NOTE 3 P.

A banquet rich, and costly wares.—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 sent to
Sir John Fansell alone, who made his returnatory present was
necessary, however, was judged and acceptable on the part
of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, when on an embassy to
Stockholm in 1539-40, mentions, with complacency, "the same
night came Rotheram (the herald so soon) to me again, and
brought me wine from the King, both white and red."—Cliff

NOTE 3 Q.

his trim belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.—P. 129.

Four readers need to be reminded of this belt, to the weight
of which James added certain sums every year that he lived.
Fynes Moryson's tells us, that James was not slain in the bat-
tle of Flodden, because the Rotheram never had this token of
the mor-pet to show his Scotchmen. The person and char-
acters of James are delineated according to our best historians.
His romantic disposition, which led him highly to such gaiety,
approaching to insanity, was, at the same time, tinged with
enthusiastic devotion. These properties subsisted formed a
strange contrast. He was wont, during the days of devotion, to
assume the dress, and conform to the rules, of the order of Fran-
ciscans; and when he had thus done pence for some time in
Stirling, to plunge again into the tide of pleasure. Probably,
too, with no unusual inconstancy, 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 daring and profane parody
on the sermons of the Church of Rome, intitiled,—

"Dunbar's Fortie to the King,
lying over long in Streithing.

We that are here, in heaven's glory,
To you that are in Purgatory,
Commend us on our hearty wise;
I mean we toks in Paradise,
In Edinburgh, with all meriter,
To you in Stirling, with distress,
Where neither pleasure nor delight is,
For pity this epistle writ," &c.

See the whole in Riddell's Collection, vol. 1. p. 234.

NOTE 3 R.

Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.—P. 130.

It has been already noticed [see note to stanza xiii. of canto
i.], that King James's acquaintance with Lady Heron of
Ford did not commence until he marched into England. Our histo-
rians 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 hand-
able anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford from the scandal; that
she came and went, however, between the armies of James
and Surrey, is certain. See Pinkerton's History, and the au-
thor on the subject, vol. ii. p. 69. Heron of Ford had been,
in 1311, in some sort necessary to the slaughter of Sir Robert
de Cresfield, Warden of the Middle Marches. It was
committed by his brother the bastard, Lilburn, and Starked, these Borderers. Lilburn and Heron of Ford were delivered up by Ivery to James, and were imprisoned in the fortress of Fastcastle, where the former died. Part of the pretense 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 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 this request she sent him a ring of her finger, with fourteen thousand French crowns to pay his expenses." Pitscottie, 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 Betelhe-Cat.—P. 130.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, a man remarkable for strength of body and mind, acquired the popular name of Betelhe-Cat, upon the following remarkable occasion—James the Third, of whom Pitscottie complains, that he delighted more in music, and "politics 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 irreverently terms masons and fiddlers. His nobility, who did not sympathize in the King's respect for the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honor conferred on those persons, particularly on Cochrane, a mason, who had been created Earl of Mar; and, seizing the opportunity, when, in 1308, the King had convoked the whole army of the country from the King's person. When all had agreed on the propriety of this measure, Lord Gray told the assembly the apologue of the Mice, who had formed a resolution that it would be highly advantageous to their community to tie a bell round the cat's neck, that they might hear her approach at a distance; but which public measure unfortunately miscarried, from no mouse being willing to undertake the task of fastening the bell. "I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we propose may not lack execution, I will betelhecat!"
The rest of the strange scene is thus told by Pitscottie:—
"By this was advised and spoken by his lords foresaid, Cochrane, the Earl of Mar, came from the King to the council (which council was held in the kirn of Lander for the time), who was well accompanied with a band of men of war, to the number of three hundred light axes, all clad in white livery, and black bands thereon, that they might be known for Cochrane the Earl of Mar's men. Himself was clad in a riding-pie of black velvet, with a great chain of gold about his neck, to the value of five hundred crowns, and four blowing horns, with both the ends of gold and silk, set with a precious stone, called a beryll hanging in the midst. This Cochrane had his heumnest borne before him, overgilt with gold, and so were all the rest of his horses, and all his pavions were of fine canvas of silk, and the cords thereof fine twined silk, and the chains upon his pavions were double overgilt with gold.

"This Cochran was so prond in his conceit, that he counted no lords to be narrow to him, therefore he rushed rudely at the kirk-door. The council inquired who it was that perturbed them at that time. Sir Robert Douglas, Laist of Lochleven, was keeper of the kirk-door at that time, who inquired who that was that knocked so rudely? and Cochran answered, 'This is I, the Earl of Mar.' The which news pleased well the lords, because they were really boun to cause 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 companions 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 towl would set him better. Sir Robert Douglas syng pulled the blowing born 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 earne?' They answered, and said, 'It is good earne, and so thou shalt find; for thou and thy companions have abused our prince this long time; of whom thou shalt have no more credence, but shall have thry good 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 he laid hands on all the King's servants, and took them and hanged them before his eyes over the bridge of Lawler. Incontinent they brought forth Cochran, and his hands bound with a tow, who desired them to take one of his own pallion taws 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 Lawler, above the rest of his companions."—Pitscottie, p. 75, 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 insupportable insult, and retired accordingly, leaving his sons George, Master of Angus, and Sir William of Glenbarvie, 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 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 between it and the land. The circuit is of large extent, fenced upon three sides by the precipice which overhangs the sea, and on the fourth by a double ditch and very strong outworks. Tantallon was a principal castle of the Douglas family, and when the Earl of Angus was banished,
In 1527, it was held out against James V. The King went to payments in aid, and for its reduction, borrowed from the King of France, then belonging to the Duke of Albany. Two great ships, whose names, as Pitt, surnamed us with ancient mariners, were "Thrawmouth's Meg" and her Marrow," also, "two great botanicas and two moyan, two double talents, and four quarter taunds," for the safe guiding and conveyance of which, these lodes were laid in pawn at Dunbar. Yet notwithstanding all the apparatus, James was forced to run the siege, and only afterwards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Fraser. When the Earl of Angus returned from Banishment, upon the death of James, he again disclaimed possession of Tantallon, and it entirely altered a flag to an English ambassador, under circumstances similar to those described in the last. For was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sutler, who ruled there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiations for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI. He says, that though this place was poorly inhabited, it was of such strength as might warrant him against the risings of his enemies, and that he now thought himself equal to it.

There is a curious tradition, that the old Scottish March was meant to express the words,

Dung down Tantallon,
Mak a teig to the Baws.

Tantallon was at length "dung down" and ruined by the Covenanters, as high, the March of Douglas, being a favorer of the royal cause. The same mile was sold in the beginning of the eighteenth century to President Dalrymple of North Berwick, by the then Marquis of Douglas.

Note 3 Y.

Perchance some form was unobscured;
Perchance in prayer, or faith, he soared.—P. 132.

It was early necessary for those who felt themselves obliged to believe in the divine judgment being exemplified in the trial by duel, to find solace for the strange and obviously premeditated chances of the combat. Various curious evasive shifts, used by those who took up an unrighteous quarrel, were supposed sufficient to convert it into a just one. Thus, in the romance of "Amy and Anchois," the two brothers-once friends for the other, disgusted in his arms, avers that he did not commit the crimes of which the Seaward, his antagonist, truly, though maliciously, accused him whom he represented. Brantome tells a story of an Italian, who entered the lists upon an unjust quarrel, but, to make his cause good, fled from his enemy at the first onset. "Turn, coward!" exclaimed his antagonist. "Then lend," said the Italian, "coward I am none; and in this quarrel I fight to the death, but my first cause of combat was unjust, and I abandon it." "Je cours laussé à prélever," adds Brantome, "et d'ou j'ai pas de l'abais, 18€.

Elsewhere he says, very sensibly, upon the confidence which those who had a righteous cause entertained of victory: "Un autre abus y avait-il, que ceux qui avoient un juste sujet de querelle, et qu'on les faisait jurer d'entrer au camp, pensaient entrer aussi inoffensives, ou en n'assurant-t-il du tout, nes que leurs confessors, paroisses et confidants leurs en répondant tout-à-fait, comme si Dieu leur en eust donné une patience; et ne regardont point à d'autres fautes passées, et que Dieu en garder la punition à ce coup là pour plus grande, despisteuse, 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 cross. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Druim, near Edinburgh. The Magnus Cross of Edinburgh, in 1736, with consent of the Lord of Session (prok pauper) 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 Luchkenthous, and, on the other, an awkward, long, and low guard-house, which were fifty times more encumberance than the venerable and inoffensive Cross.

From the tower of the Cross, so long as it remained, the herald published the arts of Parliament; and its site, marked by rails, diverging from a stone centre, in the High Street, is still the place where proclamations are made.
APPENDIX TO MARMION. 173.

NOTE 4 A.

This awful summons came.—P. 131.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Lintoburg, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV. The following account from Pictesott 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 Pictesott, or Plottcock, 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 devils; and Pluto, as the god of the under world, implying any thing fabulous, was a synonyme of the grand enemy of mankind. "Yet all their warnings, and uncooth 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 Berorthwick, 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 proclamation thereof, The Summons of Plottock; which desired all men to compare, both Earl, and Lord, and Baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his own name), to compare, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should happen to him, 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, gangling in his gallery-staircomen 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 within 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 thereafter, 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 perish in the field with the king." 1

NOTE 4 B.

One of his own ancestry, Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.—P. 139.

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: "Home bellicosis, ferocia, et astutia, fere nullu suo tempore impars." This Baron, having expelled the Monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop, against a body of the Earl's followers: the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common footsoldier. He could not receive any succor. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

NOTE 4 C.

At Iol more deep the mud did drain.—P. 137.

The lol of the heathen Danes (a wood still applied to Christmas in Scotland) was solemnized with great festivity. The humor of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfaus tells a long and curious story, in the History of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hortus, 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 raiillery. The danes 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 failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity of a shooting. The sufferer, on such occasions, was instantly pluckt 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, masses is never said at night, except on Christmas eve. Each of the frolicks 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 per-outlined 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 ruff, white shoes, his scarfe and gutter tied cross, and his drum beaten before him.—The names of his children, with their attire: Miss-Ruff, in a velvet cap, with a spig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller; his torch-bearer, bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket; Candle, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bearer carrying a song-book, open;—Minc'd-pie, like a fine cook's wife, drest next, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoons;—Ginball, like a tumber, with a hoop and belt; his torch-bearer arm'd with coe-staff, and blinding cloth;—Post and Pair, with a pair-royal of axes 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-bearer carrying a march-jain, with a bottle of wine on either arm;—Mumming, in a masque pied suit, with a visor; his torch-bearer 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 wyth borne before him, and a bason, by his torch-bearer;—Baby Cock, 1 See, on this curious subject, the Essay on Fairies, in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' vol. ii. under the fourth head; also Jackson on Edenhills, p. 173. Chaucer calls Pluto the 'King of Faerie,' and Dunbar names him, 'Pluto, that elch Incubus.' If he was not actually the devil, he must be consid-
Note 4 E.

Why may not we, as well as they,
He innocently bide that day,
On goose or pie, on wine or ale,
And overenthusiastic be.

Pey come, and welcome, or plague not
Your friend and landlord, Walter Scott.

"Mr. Walter Scott, Less Laudum."?

The venerable old gentleman, to whom the lines are addressed, was the younger brother of William Scott of Haucham, being the eldest of a cadet of the Hardon 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 generous 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 "Critic of Coleman Street," one drunken cavalier upbraided 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 MacIlugal, Bart., and another painted for the famous Dr. Pitcairn,3 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 "Cwm, bren yr Elfyl, or the Spirit's Blasted Tree," a legendary tale, by the Reverend George Warrington:

"The event, on which this tale is founded, is preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughan's of Hengwrt; nor is it entirely lost, even among the common people, who still point out the walk to the passerby. The connexion between the two Welsh chiefs, Howel Solo, 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 Solo'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.

Cwmren yr Elfyl

"Through Nannau's Chase, as Howel pass'd,
A chief's-strewn'd both brave and kind,
Far distant borne, the stag-hounds' cry
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

"Starting, he bent an eager ear,—
How should the sounds return again?
His hounds lay weaned 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 portrait in question.

1 The history of their feud may be found in Pennant's Tour in Wales.

2 The old gentleman was an intimate of this celebrated genius. By the favor of the late Earl of Kellie, who was descended on the maternal
"Unhappy Chief! would naught avail,
No signs impress thy heart with fear,
Thy lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary seer?"

"Three ravens gave the note of death,
As through mid-air they wing'd their way;
Then o'er his head, in rapid flight,
They 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 know 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 winding 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 started sounds,
Or mark the lilting spirit stray.

"Pale lights on Cadar'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 sans had held their course,
In summer's smile, or winter storm;
The lady shed the widow'd tear,
As oft 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
Drearly bleak Rebell's tract appear'd,
And dull and dank each valley's space.

"Loud o'er the weir the hoarse flood fell,
And dash'd the foaming spray on high;
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angry frown'd the evening sky.

"A stranger pass'd Llanallgau'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 warden to the gate,
To know what meant the clamourous call.

"O! lead me to your lady soon;
Fay,—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 hang,
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,
Linger'd from sad Salapia'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!
"To journey extreme, and grief,
To thine own home as a parting prayer;
I heard the last few falling words,
Such as with pain I now convey.

"To Star's, and willow bear the tale,
We loosed our buried scorn at rest;
There but our eyes to sacred earth,
Then may our parting soul be blest."—

"Damn wayl'd the vane that formerly alone,
And from the tower that proudly spoke,
And I was but an arm, still raised to me.
Wound off had dealt the mortal stroke.

"How could I have his mandate bear?
Or how his will but obey!"
A most demid, with him I died;
With him I sworn the light of day.

"Preserved by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost, despow'd my land,
Per deeper, I fled my native soil,
And sought on Syria's distant strand.

"Oh, had thy long-dated lord,
The lark's care and banner view'd,
That in the sacred casket who fell
Such grandeur of a private fond!"

"Led by the anchor of the chase,
For distant from his own domain,
From where Garibaldion spreads her shades,
The Gliedemer sought the opening plain.

"With head afoe and anders wide,
A red bough roosted then crowed in view:
Swung with the sight, and wild with rage
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

"With biter tanant and keen approach,
He, all impetuous, cry'd his rage;
Revived the Chief, as weak in arms,
And bade him loud the battle wage.

"Gliedemer for once restrain'd his sword,
And, still in view, the fight delays;
But sofessed words, like oil to fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

"They fought: and doubtful long the fray;
The Gliedemer gave the fatal wound!
So, wonderful was my tale proceed,
And last set all dreadful sound.

"How could we hope for wish'd retreat,
His thunders and exalted wide,
His great landshke by magnificent scent,
Or many a track on mountain tried.

"I mark'd a bond and Blasted Oak,
Scar'd by the lightning's livid glare
Hollow its stem from branch to root,
And all its shrewd'd arms were bare.

"Be this, I cried, his proper grave—
(The thought in me was deadly sin)
A last we raised the hapless Chief,
And drop'd his bleeding corpse within.'

"A shriek from all the damsels burst,
That press'd the vaulted roofs below;
While home-struck the Lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe.

"With stupid stare and vacant gaze,
Full on his face her eyes were cast,
Absorbed—his last her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

"Like wild-fire o'er a money breast,
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 recoiled—right hand still,
Contracted, grasp'd a rusty sword;
Which eat in many a battle gleam'd,
And proudly deck'd their slaughter'd lord.

"They bore the coarse to Venner's shrine,
With holy rites and prayers address'd;
Nine white-rob'd monks the last voyage'd,
And gave the angry spirit rest.'"

**Note 4 II.**

The Highlander

**Will, on a Friday morn, took pate,**
**If ask'd to tell a fairy tale."**—P. 139.

The *Daunce shi*; or *Man of Power*, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian *Hammer* than the English Faries. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malignant, at least pesquish, inconsistent, and apt to do mischief on fright provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply imprinted on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at morn's 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 subterraneous people are held nearly censured, or for a more solemn reason, they are more active, and possessed of greater power. Some curious particular concerning the popular superstitions of the Highlanders may be found in Dr. Graham's Picturesque Sketches of Perthshire.

**Note 4 I.**

The towers of Franchement.—P. 139.

The journal of the friend to whom the Fourth Canto of the Poem is inscribed, furnishe me with the following account of a striking superstition.

"Passed the pretty little village of Franchement (near Spaw), with the romantic ruin of the old castle of the Counts of that name. The road leads through many delightful vales on a rising ground; at the extremity of one of them stands the ancient castle, now the subject of many supernatural legends. It is firmly believed by the neighboring peasantry, that the last Baron of Franchement 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
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 chiefstains possessed the ferocity, with the heroic virtues of a savage state. The most curious instance occurred in the case of Macclian, 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 Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkcudbrightshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander of King James the Second's guard, was uncle to the Tutor of Bounay, 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 honor due to a favorite servant of the King's household; but while he was at dinner, the Earl, who suspected his errand, caused his prisoner to be led forth and beheaded. After dinner, Sir Patrick presented the King's letter to the Earl, who received it with great 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, dispose upon the body as ye please;'

"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.'—Pitcottis's History, p. 30.

NOTE 4 O.

Leanell's convent.—P. 145.

This was a Cisterian house of religion, now almost entirely demolished. Leanell House is now the residence of my venerable friend, Patrick Brydson, 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.

Twisel 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 1846.
James had an audience with the Duke of Buckingham, who, on the day before, had sent to him a message by his servant who was sent to the Duke of Chandos. The Duke asked James to send a message to the Duke of Chandos. On the 13th of September, 1643, Sir Edward's army was about 6,000 strong, and 4,000 of them were at Twickenham, near the river Thames, in a house that they had occupied by a ferry. This movement had the effect of placing the English forces in a more advantageous position, and it was a great advantage to the English, as they were able to march up the river and engage the Scottish forces in a decisive battle. The English forces were led by the Duke of Buckingham, who had a large army with him. The English forces were led by the Duke of Buckingham, who had a large army with him.

The bridge of Twickenham, by which the English crossed the River Thames, was defended by a small force of the Scottish army, commanded by the Duke of Hamilton. This force was led by the Duke of Hamilton, who had a small army with him. The bridge was defended by a small force of the Scottish army, commanded by the Duke of Hamilton. This force was led by the Duke of Hamilton, who had a small army with him. The bridge was defended by a small force of the Scottish army, commanded by the Duke of Hamilton. This force was led by the Duke of Hamilton, who had a small army with him.

Note 4 Q.

Here might be the full array
Of other host, for deadly fray. — P. 117.

The power cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but so far as is necessary to understand the process, 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 stay, and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the edge of Flodden to secure the neighboring eminence of Branstone, 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 Edward, the Knight Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edward, his brother's position was drawn 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 gentry of Chester. Lord Dorset, 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 more ordered manner, and in deep silence. The Earl of Huntley


2 In 1513, Sir Camelot special orders were given to dig a trench four feet deep, and another trench four feet wide. These trenches were filled with earth which was piled up by the sides of the trench, then filled with earth and gravel, and covered with sand in order to protect the trench. The trench was surrounded by a number of cranes to construct the fortifications. The earth was piled up to a height of 10 feet, and the trenches were filled with sand and gravel. The fortifications were constructed of stone and timber, and were surrounded by a natural water. These sepulchral rooms contained nothing except bones, or dust of the same kind as that in the urn. —*Scot's* Local Records (3 vols., 1881), vol. ii. pp. 60 and 61.
undoubted 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 clinch’d within his manly hand,
Beseem’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 accursed, 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 unauthenticated 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 Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt, and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and acceptable. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King’s fate, and averred that James, weary of greatness after the 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 enumerating his personal excitements. They produce a better evidence, the monarch’s sword and dagger, which are still preserved in the Herald’s College in London. Stowe has recorded a degrading story of the disgrace with which the remains of the unfortunate monarch were treated in his time. An unknown 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 raised 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"—

"O ver a μή βούλεσθαι διάτασις εκείνην.

Νύν αυτό σκοτίο δειλήν.

"One venturous game my hand has won to-day—

Another, gallant, yet remains to play!"

The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feats and political discourses, which half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indiscriminately to entertain a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honorable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shown, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, more national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollection, was a labor of love; and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting, if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition). At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin! You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a 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!"

author first entered the romantic scenery of Loch Katrine, of which he may perhaps say he has somewhat extended the reputation, rising in all the dignity of danger, with a fleet and rear guard, and keened arms."—Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 103.

"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!"

Lokhart, vol. iii. p. 531.

I Lines in praise of wom.m.—Wishart's Memoirs of Montrose, p. 497.
"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed, I'll up 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 reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who hear 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 "heeze up my hopes," 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 Ninard, 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 frae his side,
He blew both land and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights
Came skipping ower the hill
Then he took out a little knife,
Let a' his daddies fa',
And he was the bravest gentleman
That was amang them a'.

And we'll go no more a-roving," &c.

This discovery, as Mr. Pepys says of the rent in his camlet cloak, was but a trifle, yet it troubled me; and I was at a good deal of pains to efface any marks by which I thought my secret could be traced before the conclusion, when I relied on it with the same hope of producing effect, with which the Irish postboy is said to reserve a "trot for the avenue."

I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennadlar 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. 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 poets—crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighborhood was crowded with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-ascertained fact, that from the date of the public-

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1 The Jolly Beggar, attributed to King James V.—Herod's Collection, 1760.
2 "I believe the shrewd critic here introduced was the poet's excellent cousin, Charles Scott, now lord of Knoyouth. The story of the Irish possum's trot he owed to Mr. Moore."—Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 533.
3 "Mr. Robert Cadell, who was then a young man in training for his profession in Edinburgh, retains a strong impression of the interest which the Lady of the Lake excited there for two or three months before it was on the counter. 'James Ballantyne,' he says, 'read the cantos from time to time to
tainment; perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certain timidity, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my function to increase it. But as the celebrated John Wilson is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself owed his full tide of popularity, was to wear a Writer, as I can, with honest truth, truly or myself, from having been at any time a part 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 unimportant, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or undervalue the value of 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 combining 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 for 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 redoubtability on the public, confining myself with the reflection, that if posterity should think me undervaluing the favor with which I was regarded by my contemporaries, they could not but say I had the crown, and had aged 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 lose the champion of pugilism, on the condition of being always ready to show proofs of my skill, than in the manner of the champion of chivalry, who performs his duties only on rare and solemn occasions. I was in any case conscious that I could not long hold a situation which the caprice, rather than the judgment, of the public, had bestowed upon me, and preferred being deprived of my precedence by some more worthy rival, to sinking into contempt for my indulgence, and losing my reputation by what Scottish lawyers call the negative prescription. Accordingly, those who choose to look at the introduction to Lokeley, 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 bailiff says, Queen Eleanor sunk at Charing Cross to rise again at Queenhithe.

It only remains for me to say, that, during my short pre-eminence of popularity, I faithfully observed the rules of moderation which I had resolved to follow before I began my course as a man of letters. If a man is determined to make a noise in the world, he is as sure to encounter abuse and ridicule, as he who gallops furiously through a village, must reckon on being followed by the curs in full cry. Experienced persons know, that in stretching to fling the latter, the rider is very apt to catch a bad fall; nor is an attempt to chastise a malignant critic attended with less danger to the author. On this principle, I let parody, burlesque, and squibs, find their own level; and while the latter hissed most fiercely, I was cautious never to catch them up, as schoolboys 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.

ABOTTFORD, APRIL, 1830.

2300, appeared in 1825. Since which time the Lady of the Lake, in collective editions of his poetry, and in separate issues, must have circulated to the extent of at least 20,000 copies more. So that, down to the month of July, 1830, the legitimate sale in Great Britain has been not less than 50,000 copies.

"In twice five years the greatest living poet,"


2. Don Juan, canto xi. st. 55.

3. 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.²

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 his 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 uninterrupted. 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 mountaineers, are as congenial to their native Highlands, as the birch and the pine which darken their glens, the sedge which fringes their lakes, or the heath which waves over their moors."—Quarterly Review, May, 1810.

³ It is honorable to Mr. Scott's genius that he has been able to interest the public so deeply with this third presentation of the same chivalrous 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—with their love of music and of song—so that the unvarying toils of the Saxon mechanic—their devotion to their chief—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.

4 The subject of The Lady is a common Highland irritation, but at a point where the neighborhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—who the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clans are so near to the Court, that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine. There are 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 Scotland 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 moulderling long hast hung
On the witch elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring.
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers hung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string.

O Harp of the North! that moulderling long hast hung,
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still mutter 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 hopelesse love, or glory won,
Armed the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each succeeding pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dances and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burden of thy minstresy
Was Knightly soul's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soever the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some fostling echo of thine earlier lays:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart thrill higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain,
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

1. The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monar's rill,
And deep his midnight hair had made
In long Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red

Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the changing hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his wanderer call,
"To arms! the foeman storm the wall,
The utter'd monarch of the waste
Springing from his heart:they in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested hunder 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 list'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the cope 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 mingling sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rang out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout;
With bark and whoop and wild hallow,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew;
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint and more faint, its falling din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and hill,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,

2 MS. — "At each according pause thou spokst aloud
Thine ardent symphony."'

3 MS. — "The bloodhound's notes of heavy bass
Resounded heavily up the pass."'
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

And roused the cavern, where 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;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 faltering horse;
And of the trackers of the deer,
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly on the mountain's side
Held the bold burst their mettle tried.

V.
The noble stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where brook 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 Lochard² 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 vigor with the hope return'd,³

¹ See Appendix, Note A.
² "About a mile to the westward of the inn of Aberfoyle, Lochard opens to the view. A few hundred yards to the east of it, the Avondale, 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.
³ "The first opening of the lower lake, from the cast, is uncommonly picturesque. Directing the eye nearly westward, Benlomond raises its pyramidal mass in the background. In nearer prospect, you have gentle eminences, covered with oak and birch to the very summit; the bare rock sometimes peeping through amongst the clumps. Immediately under the eye, the lower lake, stretching out from narrow beginnings to a breadth of about half a mile, is seen in full prospect. On the right, the banks are skirted with extensive oak woods which cover the mountain more than half way up.
⁴ "Advancing to the westward, the view of the lake is lost for about a mile. The upper lake, which is by far the most extensive, is separated from the lower by a stream of about 200 yards in length. The most advantageous view of the upper lake presents itself from a rising ground near its lower extremity, where a footpath strikes off to the south, into the wood that overhangs this connecting stream. Looking westward, Benlomond is seen in the background, rising, at the distance of six miles, in the form of a regular cone, its sides presenting a gentle slope to the N.W. and S.E. On the right is the lofty mountain of Benochrie, running west towards the deep vale in which Lochbie lies concealed from the eye. In the foreground, Lochard stretches out to the west in the fairest prospect; its length three miles, and its breadth a mile and a half. On the right, it is skirted with woods; the northern and western extremity of the lake is diversified with meadows, and corn-fields, and farm-houses. On the left, few marks of cultivation are to be seen.
⁵ "Farther on, the traveller passes along the verge of the lake under a ledge of rock, from thirty to fifty feet high; and, standing immediately under this rock, towards its western extremity, he has a double echo, of uncommon distinctness. Upon pro-
With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI.
'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;⁴
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;⁵
Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—⁶
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swim stantly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reach'd the lake of Vennachar;²
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,⁸
The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII.
Alone, but with unblated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourage and steel;
For faked now, and spent with toil,
Embosed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sohs he drew,
The laboring stag strain'd full in view,

⁴ Cambus-more, within about two miles of Callender, on the wooded banks of the Keltie, a tributary of the Teith, is the seat of a family of the name of Buchanan, whom the Poet frequently visited in his younger days.
⁵ Benledi is a magnificent mountain, 3009 feet in height, which bounds the horizon on the northwest from Callender. The name, according to Celtic etymologists, signifies the Mountain of God.
⁶ Two mountain streams—the one flowing from Loch Voil, by the pass of Leny; the other from Loch Katrine, by Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, unite at Callender; and the river thus formed thenceforth takes the name of Teith. Hence the designation of the territory of Menteith.
⁷ "Loch Vennachar, a beautiful expanse of water, of about five miles in length, by a mile and a half in breadth."—Graham.
⁸ About a mile above Loch Vennachar, the approach (from the east) to the Brigg, or Bridge of Turk (the scene of the death of a wild-beast famous in Celtic tradition), leads to the summit of an eminence, where there hunts upon the traveller's eye a sudden and wide prospect of the windings of the river that issues from Loch Achray, with that sweet lake itself in front; the gently rolling river passes its serpentine course through an extensive meadow; at the west end of the Lake, on the side of Aberfoyle, is situated the delightful form of Achray, the level field, a denomination justly due to it, when considered in contrast with the rugged rocks and mountains which surround it. From this eminence are two seen also, on the right hand, the entrance to Glenfinlas, and in the distance Benvenue."—Graham.
Two days of Black Saint Hubert's chase,  
Ungentle'd for courage, breath, and speed,  
First on his flyer's trace came  
And all but won that desperate game;  
For, scarce a spear's length from his launch,  
Vmerayed oul the head-hounds stood,  
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 steek 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 lay,  
Where that large rampart bari'd the way;  
Already glorying in the prize,  
Measured his mihlers with his eyes;  
For the death-wound and death-balloys,  
Must'rl'd his brach, his whinnyard drew;  
But thundering as he came prepar'd,  
With ready arm and weapon bared,  
The wary quarry shun'd the shock,  
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;  
Then, dashingly a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hand and hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trosach's wilds lostook  
His solitary rage took.  
There, while close enough'd, the thickets,  
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,  
He heard the baiiled dogs in vain  
Rave through the hollow pates unain,  
Chiding the rocks that yiel'd again.

IX.

Close on the bounds the hunter came,  
To cheer them in the vanish'd game;  
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
The gaunt horse exhausted fell.  
The impatient rider strove in vain  
To raise him with the spur and rein,  
For the good steed, his labors over,  
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;  
Then, toil'd with pity and remorse,  
He sorrow'd over the expiring horse.  
"Little thought, when first thy prey  
I shock'd upon the banks of Saing,  
That Highland eagle ever should feel  
On thy fleet hounds, my matchless steed!  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,  
The silky leaders of the chase;  
Close to their master's side they press'd,  
With drooping tail and humbled crest;  
But still the dingle's hollow throat  
Prolong'd the swelling hound's 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 bled his way,  
To join some comrades of the day;  
Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
So wondrous were the scenes it shew'd.

XI.

The western waves of ebbing day  
Rof'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-plung'd pinnacle;  
Round many an insurmountable mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass;  
Huge as the tower which builders vain  
Presumptuous pile'd on Shanir's plain;  
The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seem'd fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as paged ever deck'd,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare;  
Nor lack'd they many a bonner fair;  
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,  
Far over the unathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dewdrop's sheen,  
The brier-rose fall in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

XII.

Deasn nature scatter'd, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingle there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each clift a narrow bow'er;
Foxglove 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;
Adept, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
Aml, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven’s delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII.

Onward, amid the cope 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
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 make.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood.
Yet, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girdled with its mount;
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

1 MS. — "His soothed 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 twinkling streamers waved and danced."

2 MS. — "Affording scarce such breadth of flood,
As served to float the wild-duck's brood."

3 MS. — "Emerging skein from the wood."

4 See Appendix, Note D.

5 Loch Ketturin is the Gaelic pronunciation. In his Notes to "The Fair Maid of Perth," the author has signified his belief that the lake was named after the Catterina, or wild robbers, who haunt its shores.

6 Benvenue — Beside the little mountain i.e., as contrasted with Benledi and Benlomond.

7 MS. — "His ruin'd sides and fragments how.

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 windings lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands, that em purpled bright,
Float amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.

High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses throw
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl’d,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feather'd o’er
His ruin’d sides and summit how.

While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an’ heaved 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 bow'er;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray;
How blithely might the bogle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover’s lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!

And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin’s distant hum.

While on the north to middle air."
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.

XVI.
"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now—beshrew you nimble deer,—
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The cope must give my evening fare;
Some messy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting place:—
A summer night, in greenwood spent,
Were but to morrow's merriment:
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—

[MS.]—"To hospitable feast and hall."

XVII.
But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A drowsy guider of its way,
A little skiff-shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddy'ing, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twig to have,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beech of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood con'eed amid the brake,
To view this cleft of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With hand uplifted, and look intent,
And oar and car attune'd bent,
And oar and car attune'd bent,
And looks flung back, and lips apart,

Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,
The guardian Nymph of the strand.

XVIII.
And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Graces,
Of finer form, or lovelier face,
What though the sun, with ardent brow
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive veil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing line so bright,
Served too in hasting 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,
Even the slight harelip raised its head,
Elastic from her niry tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—

[MS.]—"The accents of a stranger tongue."
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name!

XX.
Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused; no answer came,—
Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name
Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarm'd, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gain'd between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing, 3
So turn to prune its 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 went to fly.

XXI.
On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its sanguine hue,
Yet had not quench'd the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glede 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 hasty 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 shov'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.

MS.—"A space she paused, no answer came,—
"Alpine, was thine the blast?" the name
Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"Nor foe nor friend," the stranger said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The startled maid, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore."

XXII.
A while the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland hills were open still
To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come
To you lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew
This morn, a couch was 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, mis-placed,
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 enchanting strand;
I found a lay in fairy land!"—

XXIII.
"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—
"I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore.
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-Bane foretold your plight,—
A gray-hair'd sire, whose eye intent
Was on the vision'd future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birch's way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincon green,
That tassell'd horn so gayly girt,
That falcon's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And you two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a 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,

MS.—"So o'er the lake the swan would spring,
Then turn to prune its ruffled wing."
MS.—"Her father's hall was open still!"
MS.—"Till on this lake's enchanting strand."
MS.—"Is oen on the future bent."—See Appendix
Note F
Announced by prophet seer and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll light on each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Prelace me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The veil unvented saw him try;
For seldom sure, if ever before,
His eagle hand had grasped an ear! 3
Yet with man strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The bounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The dimpling 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-maniden show'd
A chambering 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. 3

XXVI.
It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had rendunt found.
Lopp'd off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their desired 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,
Altof on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine.

MS.—"This gentle hand had grasped an ear:
Yet with main strength the oars he drew.
"  
1 See Appendix, Note G.
2 MS.—"Here grins the wolf as when he died,

The ivy and Isaac vine,
The camanis, the taw'd flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower
And every hardy plant could bear
Lush Katrine's kens and searching air.
An instant in this porch she stood,
And gayly to the stranger said,
"On heaven and earth Holy call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

XXVII.
"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He cross'd the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,
But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,
When on the floor he saw display'd,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung.
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bagle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broad-swords, bows, and arrows store,
With the task'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorn'd,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags de-faced and stain'd,
That blackening streams of blood retain'd,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seals' unite,
In rude and unsewed 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. 4

4 See Appendix, Note H.
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 dye:1
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unask'd his birth and name:2
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That felled foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman'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,
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'd:
The simple grace of silvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Show'd she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange, in ruder rank to find,
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turn'd all inquiry light away:-
"Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from town and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,

1 MS.—"To whom, though more remote her claim,
Young Ellen gave a mother's name."
2 See Appendix, Note I.
3 MS.—"Well show'd the mother's easy mien."4
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.

On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
"Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Fell'd up the symphony between.5

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 dowing.
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 pibroch summon here
Musterling clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill flight 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 lay:7
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.
"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumberous spells assail ye,8
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Begles here shall sound revivè.
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."

5 See Appendix, Note K.
6 MS.—"Noon of hunger, night of waking.
No rude sound shall rouse thine ear."7
7 MS.—"She paused—but waked again the lay."
8 MS.—"Let our slumberous spells beguile ye."

1 MS.—"To whom, though more remote her claim,
Young Ellen gave a mother's name."
2 See Appendix, Note I.
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.
XXXIII.
The hall was deck’d—the stranger’s bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dream’d their forest sports again;
But vainly did the heather flower shed
Its nearland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen’s spell had half’d to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
His steed now founders in the prose,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor lost.
Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again return’d the scene 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?*

XXXIV.
At length, with Ellen in a grove
He would to walk, and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielding hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom’s sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darken’d cheek and threatening eyes.
The grisly visage, stern and heard,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recall’d the vision of the night.
The heart’d decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The unwhat trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fix’d his eye,
Where that huge fabric 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 sunshine pure.

XXXV.
The wild-rose, egantine, and broom,*
Wasted around their rich perfume:
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play’d on the water’s still expanse,—
Wild 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.

* 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.

** MS. — “And dream’d their mountain chase again.”

*** Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From them the demon shed the midnight gloom:
Angels of night and of day he near,
And over the back of sleep, with a bower;
Broke the moral shade of Greece and Rome,
And let them sit with a look grave;
But cheat, alas, O! End us from the tomb.
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we pray,
And I’ll with pious awe and joy mixt adore the heart.

"Or are you sportive I—led the month of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afloat the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estranged, and woodbird’s thorny ways,
What transport, to revare our boyish plays,
Our easy blues, when each thing joy supplied;
CANTO II.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing, "Tis morning prompts the homer's blithest lay, All Nature's children feel the matin spring Of life reviving, with reviving day; And while ye little bark glides down the bay, Wafting the strang r on his way again, Morn's genial influence rouses a minstrel gray, And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain, Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-Bane! 1

II.

Song.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might Flings from their oars the spray, Not faster yonder rippling bright, That tracks the shalllop'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, 2 The honor'd need be thine! True be thy sword, thy friend sincere, Thy lady constant, kind, and dear, And lost in love and friendship's smile, Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

Song continued.

"But if beneath yon southern sky A plaided stranger roam, Whose drooping crest and stilled sigh,

And sunken cheek and heavy eye, Fine for his Highland home; Then, warrior, then be thine to shew The care that soothes a wanderer's woe; Remember then thy hap 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 come where kindred worth shall smile, To greet thee in the lonely isle."

IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide, The shalllop reach'd the mainland side, And ere his onward way he took, The stranger cast a lingering look, Where easily his eye might reach The Harper on the islet beach, Reclined against a blighted tree, As wasted, gray, and worn as he. To minstrel meditation given, His reverend brow was raised to heaven, As from the rising sun to claim A sparkle of inspiring flame. His hand, reclined upon the wire, Seen'd watching the awakening fire; So still he sate, as those who wait Till judgment speak the doom of fate; So still, as if no breeze might dare To lift one lock of heary hair; So still, as life itself were fled, In the last sound his harp had sped.

V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild, Beside him Ellen sate and smiled,— Smiled she to see the stately drake Lead forth his fleet upon the lake, While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach, Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach? Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows, Why deepen'd on her check 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 you rise 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 listen'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, oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair,
Who ever 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 bounds 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 clad—
"Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—
"Not so had Malcolm kindly hung
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;
Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eye,
Another step than thine to spy."
Wake, Allan-Hume," aloud she cried,
To the old Minstrel by her side,—
"Arose 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 Grane!"
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 Grane 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 Nightingale
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 eye thy smitten 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 Douglas's, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven—
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or might but weal to Ellen fair,
Bred in these accents of despair,
No future hard, but Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fragant 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 honored friend, the fears of age;
All melodies to thee are known,
That harp has ring'd, or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey—what marvel then,
At times, unbidden notes should rise,
Confus'dly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along.
The war-march with the funeral song?
Small ground is now for bidding fear;
Obscure, 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 rave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me,"—she spoke, and, looking round,
Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,—
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair;
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreath'd in her dark locks, and smiled.

1 MS.—"The loveliest Lowland fair to spy."
2 See Appendix, Note M.  
3 Ibid., Note N.  
4 See Appendix, Note O.  
5 MS.—"No blither dew-drop cheers the rose!"
X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiped the old harper's mood away,
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrift'd to a tear, then thus replied:
"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 birth-right 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;)3
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;4
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."5

XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress'd:
"Ill hast thou chosen them for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick o’er, and smiled
In Holy-Rood a knight he slow;6
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;7
And since, though outlaw’d, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land,
Who else dared give—ah! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say—
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disown’d by every noble peer,8
Even the rude refuge we have here?
Alas, this wild musing 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."9

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 shronds 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;10
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."11

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;12
And generous—save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:
I grant him true to friendly hand,
As his chaymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
That bound him to thy mother’s name?
Who else dared give," &c.

1 See Appendix, Note Q.
2 See Appendix, Note P.
3 This complct is not in the MS.
4 The well-known cognizance of the Douglas family.
5 MS.—"This mossy rock, my friend, to me
Is worth gay chair and canopy."
6 See Appendix, Note P.
7 MS.—"Courtiers give place with heartless stripe
Of the retiring homicide."8
8 MS.—"Who else dared ywu the kinded claim
9 MS.—"This mossy rock, my friend, to me
Is worth gay chair and canopy."
10 See Appendix, Note Q.
11 See Appendix, Note R.
12 Ellen is meet 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.
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 Rare they find,
Where once a pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes skated with blood.
The hand that for my father fought,
I honor, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red,
From passions slaughter'd in their shed?
Not 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 phaid, and sable plumage;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His laughing mien and lordly air;
But, if then joint a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Rodgerick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if o'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 Tinc-man forged by fairy lore, ¹
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows
Did, self unabated, foreshow
The footprint of a secret foe? ²
If courtly spy hath harbor'd here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deum'd o' old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Rodgerick say?
— Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,
Bethink thee of the discord dread
That kindled, when at Beltane game
Thou left'st the dance with Malcolm Graeme;
Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,
Smoulders in Rodgerick's breast the feud;
Beware — but hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch noattering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspen wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna's heary beard,
Yet, by my ministr'd faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold piobheach from afar."

XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow engraving on the view,
Four muster'd and musted lagers grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steer'd full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brionchol they pass'd,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Rodgerick's banner'd Pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spear, pikes, and axes flash in air,
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plauds and plamour dance and wave:
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tought ear the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gandy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The farrow'd bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake-amin, They pld the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the piobheach proud.
At first the sound, by distance tain,
Mellow'd along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wail'd every harrier note away;
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The chanter's shrill Gathering they could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan Alpine to the fight. ³
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The musterings hundreds shake the glen,
And, hurryng at the signal tread,
The latter'd earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Express'd their merry marching on,
Fyr peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broad-sword upon target jarr'd;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,
Condensed, the battle yell'd amain;

¹ See Appendix, Note T. ² Ibid. Note U.
"The moving picture—the effect of the sounds—and the

³ The pipe of the bagpipe. ⁴ See Appendix, Note V.
CANTO II.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE. 197

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 mourn profound 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 load 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,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine, ho! ieroe!"
And near, and nearer as they row'd,
Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

XIX.

Boat Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy duc,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blossoming 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 rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he rooted him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thril'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannoch's groans to our slogan replied;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.2
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lomax and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlanders!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces your islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow.
Load should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepnest glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"3

XXI.

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name:4
While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame call'd Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:
"Come, loiterer come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreath a victor's brow?"—
Reluctant 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 skill 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 scanned,
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 morgals 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,

1 See Appendix, Note W.  
2 Ibid. Note X.  
3 "However we may dislike the geographical song and chorus, half English and half Erse, which is sung in praise of the warrior, we must allow that, in other respects, the hero of a

poem has seldom, if ever, been introduced with finer effect, or
in a manner better calculated to excite the expectations of the reader, than on the present occasion."—Critical Review.
4 MS.—"The chorus to the chieftain's fame."
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
Tis that which pleased fathers' eye
Upon a daughter's cheek.
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tears forsook,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that wept.
Nor while on Ellen's following tongue
Her first welcome a cruel lie hung.
Mark'd—she, that tear (affection's proof)!
Still hold a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Graeme.

XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride.
Then dashed, with lusty hand, away
From his dimmed 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 lingering eye?"
I'll tell thee—yea, 'tis true;
When in my praise he led the lay
Over the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minister answer'd loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me flown,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as you Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came,
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,
Though the wane I crescent own'd my might.
And in my train troop'd lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maids affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true,
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,
O! it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV.

Delightful praise!—Like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,

The bounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with whine and whimper paid; 
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took her favorite stand.
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though unshackled, sought to fly.
And trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Godless 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 never more graceful limbs disclose;
The flaxen hair of sunny hue,
Curl'd closely round his Hebridean hue.
Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy;
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Montcalth;
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 light'some 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 went 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 confus'd and shy.

1 MS.—"Nor while on Ellen's following tongue
Her first welcome a cruel lie hung.
Mark'd—she, that tear (affection's proof)!
Still hold a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,"

2 MS.—"Like fabled huntress of the wood!"

3 MS.—"The dogs with whimpering note's repaid,"

The rest was in her speaking eye.
"My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimickry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime left
Were all 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 sour'd the ground.
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risk'd life and land to be my guard,
And through the great war, the wood,
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Roderick glen,
Nor peril aught for me aye."

XXVII.
Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Graeme,
Yet, not in action, word, nor eye,
Faint 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:

"Short be my speech;—nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glooming words.
Kinsman and father,—if such name
Douglas vouchedsafe to Roderick's claim;
Mine 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,

They themselves in bloody toils were saund;
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung,
Loud cries their blood from Megpat's mount,
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheepwalk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless and so ruthless known,
Now lieth there; his end the same,
The same pretense 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 straight 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, humble 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 you 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."
The lines to the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my heart speak; grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, befriend with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies thick show;
Like stream of death, illustrious, and grief,
Will kind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes, my bridal bell,
The larks of Morn shall hear the knell,
The pear shall stand in Stirling's porch;
And when I light the rapid torch,
A thousand villages in flames,
Shall rear the standards of King James.
—Nay, Ellen, bled but thus away,
And, brother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heart might say.—
Small need of herald, or of fight,
When the sake Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly hand,
To guard the pass of their land,
Till the fair'd king, from pathless glen,
Shall booth but turn him home again.

XXXI.
There are who have, at midnight hour,
In chamber scaled a dizzy tower;
And, on the verge that mocked o'er
The solemn'd listless column tower,
Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream;
Till waken'd by the morning beam;
When dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such weather cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unerr'd sound,
And thought the battle ended so frail,
It waver'd like a wheel in the gale;
As aid his son's giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst of his fears beforehand?
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound'd,
A sudden rain yaw'd around,
By croosing 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 cre
His tongue could harry forth his fear,
Hail Douglas mark'd the heroic strife,
Where death seem'd combattant with life;
For to her check, in favour blood,
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 weep dear,
Nor palesness that of maiden fear.
It may not beseem forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard might for our relief.
Against his sovereign Douglas he or
Will level a rebellious spear.
"Was 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 lusty 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 dark'd he know, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Secom'd, by the torches gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinion shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest in environd heart,
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 over.
The death-pang's of long-cherish'd hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convuls'd heav'd its goucher'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 ruby 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:

1 MS.—"'Till the fell'd king, from hill and glen,"
2 MS.—"Dream'd calmly out thy 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.¹
“Perish my name, if aught afford
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!”
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand²
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.—³
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 brat!”
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,⁴
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 his wrath in scornful word.
“Rest safe till morning; pity’twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air?”
Then ma’st 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 be of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and passes show.—
Malise, what ho!”—his henchman came;¹
“Give our safe-conduct to the Graeme,”
Young Malcolm answer’d, calm and bold,
“Ach dear 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,

¹ "There is something foppish and out of character in Malcolm’s rising to lead out Ellen from her own parlor; and the sort of wrestling-match that takes place between the rival chieftains on the occasion, is humiliating and indecorous."—JEFFREY.
² MS.— "Thus as they strove, each better hand
Grasped for the dagger or the brand.”
³ The Author has to apologize for the inadvertent appropriation o’ a whole line from the tragedy of Douglas,

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 silvan bower.

XXXVI.
Old Allan follow’d to the strand
(Such was the Douglas’s command),
And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
The Fiery Cross should circle o’er
Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor.
Much were the peril to the Graeme,
From those who to the signal came;
Far up the lake ’twere safest land,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheed’ng, 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 ye pride-swell’n 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.
⁴ MS.— "Sullen and slow the rivals hold
Loosed, at his best, their desperate hold,
But either still on other glared,” &c.
⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 A.
⁶ See Appendix, Note 2 B.
⁷ MS.— "He spoke, and plunged into the tide.”
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

CANTO III.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO THIRD.

The Gathering.

I.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures hap'ly 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 tides returning hark,
To swamp 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 chieftain round him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

II.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Milky and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the Lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;

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 search'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begann'd with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The torrent show'd its glistering pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush.

In answer could the enshrin'd dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
As was the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Ablates he paced the islet strand,
And ey'd the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, as yet abroad.
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood o'erghest
At the impatient glance he cast;
Such glance the mountain eagle throw'd,
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 Hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted in his frock and hood,
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, em'd o'er,

Invisible in fleecy cloud,
The lark set down her matins loud;
The light must lye, &c.

The green bays
Are clothed with early blossom; through the grass
The quick-set lizard scurries, and the hills
Of summer birds soy welcome as ye pass.—Childe Harold.

The mystic rite prepare.
Canto III.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

203

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 hallow’d creed gave only worse²
And deadlier emphasis of curse;
No peasant sought that Hermit’s prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shun’d with care,
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
In mid chase call’d off his hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He pray’d, and sign’d the cross between,
While terror took devotion’s mien.³

V.

Of Brian’s birth strange tales were told.⁴
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 tun’d a warrior’s heart,⁵
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 cope,
That buckler’d heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lovely 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;⁶
Still wrath’d with charplet, flush’d and full,
For heath-bell 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.
⁵ “There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
What’er he be the shape in which death may lower;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honor’s eye on daring deeds!
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O’er the wretched field of the toilsome 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.”—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,³
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sate, shrou’d in her mantle’s shade:
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter’s hand her snood unbound,
Yet ever again to brai’d her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear;⁹
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 locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfess’d.

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth receiv’d⁸
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
The cloister op’d her pitying gate;
In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasp’d the sable-letter’d page;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and 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 wit,
People this lonely tower, this tenement reflit?²

Child’s 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 phrenzy, he believed
The legend of his birth received.”
VII.
The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents tail,
He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Bade the River Demon rise;
The mountain must first form and limb,
Of monteagle, or gobin grim:
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swail'd with the voices of the dead;
Far in the future battle hearth
His eye to hold the ranks of death;
Thus the lone Scot, from mankind hur'd,
Shaped forth a despicable 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?
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds' careering fast
Along Benlawro's slantly side,
Where mortal horseman never might ride.
The thunderbolt had split the pine,—
All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his longs, and came to show
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII.
'Twas all prepared,—and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderrick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim e'd,
The life-blood ebb'd in crimson tide,
Down the chagr'd beard and shaggy limb,
Till the dark eyes glaze'd his eyeballs dim.
The grisly priest, with mummurings prayer,
A slender crosst' form'd with care,
A celat's length in measure due;
The shaft and limbs were roys of yew,
Where parents in dark Caulich wear'd.
Their head was o'er Chan Alpine's grave,
And answering Loutel'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 mathem he spoke.

IX.
Woe to the clansman, who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew.
On Alpine's dwelling low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sides and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's excretion just.
Shall doom him wrath and woe.
He paused,—the word the vessels took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;
And first in murmur low.
Then, like the hillow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his muster'd force,
Burst, with loud rear, their answer hoarse,
"Woe to the traitor, woe!"
Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X.
The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,
The mons resumed his mutter'd spell:
Dictal and low its accents came,
The while he senth the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reach'd the air,
Although the holiest name was there?
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:
"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol scar,
Her home, the refuge of his fear,
A kindred fate shall know;
Far over its roof the volunm'd flame
Chan-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,
CANTO III.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

205

Mingled with childhood’s babbling trill
Of curses stammer’d slow;
Answering, with impeachment dread,
“Sunk be his home in embarks 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-Uriskin, 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 glow’d like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And dauntless on the chieftain’s head,
Who, summon’d to his Chief’s aid,
The signal saw and disobey’d.
The crossett’s points of sparkling wood
He quench’d among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he rear’d,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
“When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine 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 a gen
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 crossett to his henchman brave.
“The muster-place be Lannick mead—
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!”
Like hent-hind, 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 neer’d 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.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer’s hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend ‘gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roe-buck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scar is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap;
Parch’d are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou trackst at now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,
With rivals in the mountain race;
But, danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arnes the huts and hamlets rise;
From wending glen, from upland brown,
They pour’d each hardly 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 chime 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 herbs without a keeper stray’d,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falconer 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 trackst not now the stricken doe,
Nor maiden oay through greenwood bough,”

1 MS.—“The slowly mutter’d deep Amen.”
2 MS.—“Murigan is it—spot decreed.”
3 See Appendix, Note 2 E.
4 MS.—“Dread messenger of fate and fear,
Herald of danger, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!”
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, then lovely lake! that e’er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the hasty thickets, sleep
So softly on thy bosom deep,
The lark’s bright carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gayly loud.\(^1\)

XV.
Speed, Maltse, speed! the lake is past,
Dunera’s bats appear at last,
And poep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen.
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There musst then 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 loud the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail?\(^2\)
A gallant hunter’s sport is o’er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick’s side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torches’ ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o’er him streams his widow’s tear.
His stripping son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why.
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.\(^3\)

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 foot, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

1. MS.—"Seems all too lively and too loud."
2. MS.—"Tis woman’s scream, ‘us childhood’s wail."
3. See Appendix, Note E & M
4. Or corri. The hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.
5. Mr. Scott is such a master of versification, that the most complicated metre does not, for an instant, arrest the progress of his imagination; its difficulties usually operate as a salutary excitement to his attention, and not unfrequently suggest to him new and unexpected strains of expression. If a careless rhyme, or an ill-constructed phrase occasionally escape him amidst the irregular torrent of his stanza, the blench is often imperceptible by the hurried eye of the reader; but when the short lines are yoked in pairs, any dissimilarity in the jingle, or interruption of the construction, cannot fail to give offence. We learn from Horace, that in the course of a long work, a poet may legitimately indulge in a momentary slumber; but we do not wish to hear him snore."—Quarterly Review.
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 kinsman’s bier,
Fell Maltse’s suspended tear.
In haste the stripling to his side
His father’s flag and falchion tied."

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are scarcest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the corrie;
Sage counsel inumber,
Red hand in the foray,
Now sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
That art gone, and forever?\(^4\)

XVII.
See Stunah,\(^5\) who, the bier beside,
His master’s corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stunah! whom his heart bemoaned
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 heedless haste, or deadly fear,
Urgs 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 Laurick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!”

XVIII.
Angus, the heir of Duncan’s line,\(^7\)
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 opened 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,
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,
First he essay'd 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 huntsman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
"Riseman," 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 best your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wait the dead."
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the wards the attendant band
Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand;
And short and fitting 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 Dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gather'd in his eye
He left the mountain breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll?
That grace'd the sable strath with green,
The chapel of St. Bride was seen.
Sworn was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzyly,
Though reel'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 roarer 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 truth Tombon's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave.
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonnorted sire and coif-clad dame;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snoo ded 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 flies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Painting and travel-soil'd he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
"The muster-place is Lannrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"1
And must he change so soon the hand,2
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 chieftain'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.3

1 See Appendix, Note 3 N.
2 MS. — "And where a steep and wooded knoll
3 MS. — " And must he then exchange the hand"
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath
Where Laburn's lake supplies the Teith.
—What in the race's heat is stirred?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience came
The many-thirsted heart's wild flame;
The stern joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And still 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 that he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII.

Song.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The brack'd curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warbler'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 wall, sweet maid!

It will not wake 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 mildly will the evening close,
How sweet the limits sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, 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 heaths the voice of war,

The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarn'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course;

Tis northward 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 gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw lass, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.

Each valley, each sequester'd glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In highland dales their streams unite,

Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood;

Each train'd to arms since life began,
Owing no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his chief's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath
To view the frontiers of Menteith.

All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Graeme and Bruce,
In Rednoth courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Dundray'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 be repair
This western frontier scan'd with care?

In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,

"Twill cheer him in the hour of death,
The boasted right to thee, Mary."

1 MS.—"And memory fraught the torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain;
But mingled with impatience came
The many love of martial fame."

2 Bracken.—Ferm.

3 MS.—"I may not, dare not, image now."

4 MS.—"A time will come for love and faith,
For should thy bridegroom yield his breath,

5 See Appendix, Note 2 O.

6 "The eager fidelity with which this fatal signal is heeded on and obeyed, is represented with great spirit and felicity."—Jeffrey.

7 See Appendix, Note 2 F.
THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO III.

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 rain piled,
They frownd'd incumbent o'er the spot,
And form'd the rugged silvan grot.

The oak and birch, with minged shade,
At noon tide 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 murmurd 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 dash'd 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
Dobarr'd the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyr's hold their silvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild-pass of Beal-nam-bo;

The prompt retainers speed before.
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Acharn,
And place his clan-men in array.
Yet lags the chief in nursing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind,
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord.

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 men.
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-stand

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned 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,
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?

feet; towards the east, the rock appears at some former period to have tumbled down, strewning the whole course of its fall with immense fragments, which now serve only to give shelter to foxes, wild-cats, and badgers."—DR. GRAHAM.

1 The Urisk, or Highland satyr. See Note on the previous Canto.
2 See Appendix, Note 2 O. 3 See Appendix, Note 2 R. 4 MS.—"To drown his grief in war's wild roar,
Nor think of love and Ellen more."
It is the harp of Allan-Rane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy,
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel sings.

XXIX.

**Hymn to the Virgin.**

_Ave Maria!_ maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden’s prayer!
Then cast not hear through from the wild,
Then cast save amid despair,
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden’s prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

_Ave Maria!

_Ave Maria!_ undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share;
Shall seem with down of elder piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky grotto’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 muttered twice; “the last time ever
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!”
It was a gloating thought—his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain-side
Sullen he flung him in the heat,
And instant ‘cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,

_Ave Maria!

And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Laurick height,
Where must’rd, in the vale below,9
Clan Alpine’s men in martial show.

XXXI.

A various scene the classes made,
Some sat, some stood, some slowly stray’d;
But most with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce 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 in caleg plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain’s steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell;
It died upon Beuchastle’s plain,
And Silence claim’d her evening reign.

The Lady of the Lake.

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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 banquet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!”
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Arundelave,
What time the sun arose on Venachalave’s broad wave.

II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom’s tongue.
All while he stripp’d he wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,

1 MS. — “The flinty couch my sire must share.”
2 MS. — “The murky grotto’s noxious air.”
3 MS. — “Where broad extending far below,
Clan Alpine’s martial view.”
4 MS. — “And rapture dearest when obscured by fear.”
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,  
A wakeful sentinel he stood.  
Hark! on the rock a footstep rung,  
And instant to his arms he sprung.  
"Stand, or thou diest."—What, Malise?—soon  
Art thou return'd from Braes of Doune.  
By thy keen step and glance I know,  
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."  
(For while the Fiery Cross fled on,  
On distant scent had Malise gone.)  
"Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said.—  
"Apart, in yonder misty glade;  
To his lone couch I'll be your guide."—  
Then call'd a slumberer by his side,  
And stirr'd him with his slacken'd bow—  
"Up, up, 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 borne,  
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 hide such bitter bost,  
The warrior's plaid may bear it out;  
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide  
A shelter for thy bonny bride?"  
"What! know ye not that Roderick's care  
To the lone isle hath caused repair  
Each maid and matron of the clan,  
And every child and aged man  
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,  
Nor skiff nor shallop, 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 Taghaimh 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 nameless, and so fleet,  
Sore did heumber 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 sethless 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 bosse  
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 drizzled by the ceaseless spray,  
Mildst 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 yeon 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 augury;  
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:—

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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 stone trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,—
'Tis hard for such to view, unforl'd,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,
My soul with lowering anguish torn,—
This for my Chieftain have I borne!—
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
An human tongue may never avouch;
No mortal man,—save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fatal answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul:—
Which spells the foremost Poeman's life,3
That party conquers in the strife!"—3

VII.
"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care! Good is this morning, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broadswords-tasted blood.
A surer victim still I knew,
Self-sover'd to the auspicious blow;
A spy has sought my land this morn,—
No eave shall witness his return!
My followers guard each pass'd month,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Red Munroch, bribed to be his guide,6
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on these shall bring him down.4
—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 pale of Mar."—

1 MS.—"Which foremost spills a Poeman's life."
2 See Appendix, Note 2 X.
3 MS.—"The chieftain, vainly deem'd his guide."
4 MS.—"He light on these shall shah him down."
5 MS.—"When move they on? This sun (at noon
'Tis said will see them march from Doune.)
'Tomorrow then I makest meeting stern."
6 For battle house—ready for battle.

"By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on?—"Tomorrow's moon!
Will see them here for battle house."—
"Then shall it see a meeting stern!—
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Naught of the friendly clans of Ern?—
Strengthen'd by them, we well might ride
The battle on Benlidi's side.
Then couldst not t—Well! Clan Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosachs shaggy glen;
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our mail'd and painted 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 fear!
A messenger of doubt or fear?
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benlidi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targé.4
Each to his post!—all know their charge."
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obdient to the Chieftain's glance.
—I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Ursikin 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,
Pleating the live-long yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth"
By the red streamers of the north;
I mark'd at morn how close they ride,

1 MS.—"'Tis stubborn as his Highland targé." 2 MS.—"Thick as the flashes darted forth
By morose-dancers of the north;
And saw at morn their large ride,
And saw at morn their little 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."
CANTO IV. THE LADY OF THE LAKE. 213

Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side,
Like wild-ducks couching in the fen,
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side,
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

X.

ELLEN.

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind?
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glisten'd in his eye
Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,"
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him ridden, when the theme
Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream
Of Malcolm Greme, in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
Think'st thou he trod thine omen aught?
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—
(Let me be just) that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!'
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fame,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to die, and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friend's safety with his own;—
He goes to do—what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Greme,—
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—
My vision's sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?"

MS.—"No, Allan, no! His words so kind
Wore but pretext my fears to blind.
When in such solemn tone, and grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave."

"MS.
'twill disturb'd by slightest shock,
Reflects the adamantine rock."

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 anguiss cheers.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grt.
Of such a wondrous tale I kno—
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."—

ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear."
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII.

BALLAD.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle 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 went 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 held 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 sheer 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."

3 See Appendix, Note 2 Y.
4 Thrush.
5 Blackbird.
6 MS.—"'Twas but a midnight chance;
For blindfold was the battle pled,
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 the 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 Ellin King,  
Who won't within the hill,—  
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,  
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds you stroke on beech and oak,  
Our moonlight circle's screen?  
Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
Beloved of our Ellin Queen?  
Or who may dare on wold to wear  
The faries fatal green?"

"Up, Urgan, up! to you mortal liec,  
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 blessed 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 lo! thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
The blood of Robert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign.—  
"And if thine's blood on Richard's hand,  
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thine errand here?"—

XV.
Ballad continued.
"Tis merry, tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
When fairy birds are singing,  
When the court doth raise by their monarch's side,  
With bit and bridle ringing;  
Like the bile 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 Ellin bower."

"But wist I of a woman sold,  
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.—"Our 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.
Canto IV.

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 steeple 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 marshal’d, over bank and bower,
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 saithe."—
"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
—Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure!—
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick’s clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here."—

XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honor’s weight’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;—
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I’ll place thee in a lovely bower,
I’ll guard thee like a tender flower"—
"O hush, Sir Knight, ’twere female art,
To say I do not read thy heart;

Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait hath lured 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 infinity 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 thy 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,
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.

1 MS.—"By Combansmore my horses wait."
2 MS.—"Was idly fond thy praise to hear."
3 MS.—"This ring of gold the monarch gave."
Ellen, I am no courteous lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His fortress is the embattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither rock of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine,
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the king without delay?
This signal shall secure thy way:
And claim thy right whatever it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me.
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused—kissed her hand—and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He joined 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 Trosach's glen was still,
Neathide was sleeping on the hill;
Sudden his guide whom'd loud and high—
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"—
He stammer'd forth—"I shout to scare
You raven from his dainty face."
He looked—he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed:—"Ah! gallant gray!
For thee—for me, perchance—"twere well
We never had seen the Trosach's dell—
Murdoch, move first—but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and then shift die!"
Jealous and sudden 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,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And shaming round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Soard'd sought to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broid;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling

1 MS.—"Permit the land—the ring is thine." 
2 MS.—"Seek them the King, and on thy knee
Put forth thy sen, whatever it be,
As ransom of the pledge to me:
My name and title shall make thy way,
He put the little sign on!"
3 MS.—"He stammer'd forth confirmed reply:
'Saxon;
Sir Knight,
I shouted but to scare
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the gait.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shriek'd till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the Lowland garb she knew;
And then their hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sang—
She sung!—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strain'd and roughen'd, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

Song.
They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan* 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 with her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."—
"Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdach said,
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid;
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 marv'l'd she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—
Hence, brain-sick fool?"—He rais'd his bow:
"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,

You raven from his dainty face!"
* MS.—"Wrapped in a tatter'd mantle gray!"
4 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 cauld or plain of Stirling.
5 MS.—"A Saxon born, a crazy maid—
"Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdach 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 penmons I prepare,"
To seek my true-love through the air?
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batter on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry!"—

XXIV.

Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"—
"O! then look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln-green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

For O my sweet William was forester true, 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 guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fix'd her apprehensive eye;
Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

"The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;"—
They bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,"
Bearing its branches sturdily;

MS.—"With thee these penmons will I share,
Then seek my true love through the air."

1 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 latten 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 sung the Lowland lay."

4 Having ten branches on his antlers.

5 "No machinery can be conceived more clumsy for effecting
the delirium of a distressed hero, than the introduction of a
man who, without knowing or caring about the warrer, warns 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 variably, waryly;"

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 short 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,
"Discover thy treachery, or die!"

Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his face his bow he drew.
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast.—

Murdock of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and 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 thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;

With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.

Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,

He 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
downdwards; but it is rather a rash extension of this privilege
to make them sing good sense, and to make sensible people
be guided by them."—JEFFREY.

6 MS.—"Forth at full speed the Clansman went;
But in his face his bow he bent,
Halted—and back an arrow sent."

7 MS.—"It may not be—
The fiery Saxon gains on thee,
Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see!
Resistless as the lightning's flame,
The thrust betwixt his shoulder came."

8 MS.—"Then o'er him hung, with falcon eye,
And grimly smiled to see him die."

CANTO IV.  THE LADY OF THE LAKE.  217
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII.
She sat beneath the birch-tree
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fateful shaft,
And leaned on it, and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of beech and feathers gray,
Drenched with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to staunch the life-stream tried,—
"Strange, it is in vain!" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die!
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wilt none avenger be.
Sweet then this tree (—0)! 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 dimmed its shine.
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave
Like plumage on the helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And then wilt bring it me again.—
I waver still.—O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light!—
O! be thy knighthood's honor'd sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a doughty man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine Clan,
With tartan's broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wrench poor Blanche of Devon's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell...
Avoid the path! O God!... farewell."

XXVIII.
A kindly heart had bled brave Fitz-James;
Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims,
And now with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murder'd maid expire.
"God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!"
A look from Blanche's tresses fair
He glanced with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side;

* MS. — "A guiltless injured wretch I die."
* MS. — "But now, my champion,—it shall wave.
* MS. — "God, in my need, to me be true,

"By Him whose word is truth! I swear,
No other favor will I wear,
Till this sad token I indure
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!"
—but bane! what means you faint hallo?
The chase is up,—but they shall know,
The stag at bay is a dangerous foe.
Barr'd from the known but guarded way
Through copse and cliff Fitz-James must pass—
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 conceived him in a thicket clear,
And thought his toils and perils o'er—
"Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic freak must prove the last!"
Who'd see so mad but might have guessed,
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As ever they heard of hands at Donne?
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 coach me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX.
The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wand 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 afloat.
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,
Renumb'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 ember red and clear,
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"

* MS. — "By the decaying flame was laid
A warrior in his Highland plaid."
"A stranger."—"What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's best, my path is lost,
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost."—
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?"—"No."
"Thou durst not call thyself a foe?"—
"I dare! to him and all the band!"
He brings to aid his murderous hand."—
"Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we tend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when.
The prowling fox was trappt'd or slain?"—
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou cam'st 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."

XXXL
He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer; 3
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his farther speech address'd:
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true:"
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more,—upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty anger 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 wore 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 Colintugle'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 wreath;
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; 5
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, reposing 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 6 around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket groen and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Firth and Teith,

1 MS.—"I dare! to him are all the arms."
2 See Appendix, Note 3 F.
3 See Appendix, Note 3 G.
4 MS.—"And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream."
5 MS.—"And lights the fearful way along its side."
6 The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael, or Cau, and terms the Lowlanders, Sassenach, or Saxons.
And all the vales beneath that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, work in cope, their farthest glance
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft as steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, hastening through,
Each bawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear.

III.
At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sides down upon the deep,
Here Vennacher in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benediti rose;
Ever the hollow path turned on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the cope in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and wall were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heaped 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 dream'd not now to claim its aid."
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still,
As the sweet slumbering 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 hazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
The merry glance of mountain maid:
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."—

V.
"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
—"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I might, but, when they hear
This master of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doung had peaceful hung."—

"Free be they flung!—for we were both
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in binner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold beast by which you show
Vieh-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?—
"Warrior, but yester-worn, 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 danger stabb'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."—

VI.
Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable sowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade!
Heard'st thou that shamful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?"
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Flood?—
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 water-wide."
2 MS.—"The rugged mountain's stunted scene
Was dwarfish, with cliffs between."
3 MS.—"I dream'd not now to draw my blade!"
4 MS.—"My wanton footsteps far and wide."
5 MS.—"A knight's wild wondering far and wide."
6 MS.—"Thy secret keep, I ask it not."
"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held bow'r'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,
Wrack 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 fury borne."

VII.
The Gaecl 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 soft'en'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers rent the land.
Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'

Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on you plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along you river's maze,—
The Gaecl, of plain and river heir,
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 wayfai'd?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"—
"As of a need to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
I seek my bound, or falcon stray'd,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go:
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."—
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow;
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-born swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er pantled for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"—³

IX.
"Have, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.⁴
Instant, through cope 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,⁵
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life⁶
to plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.⁷

That whistle wa'n't the lovely glen
With full five hundred armed men.⁸

1 See Appendix, Note 3 H.
2 Ibid, Note 3 L.
3 MS.—"This dark Sir Roderick
This savage Chieftain§ and his band.
4 MS.—"From cope to cope the signal flew.
Instant, through cope and crags arose."
5 MS.—"The bracken bush shoots forth the dart."
6 MS.—"And each lone tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
7 The Monthly reviewer says—'We now come to the chef-
d'œuvre 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, Prophecy unto the
Watching their leader's back and will;  
All silent there they stood, and still,  
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge  
Their bended passage down the verge,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountainside they hung;  
Thev Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Benedic's living side,  
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
And, Saxons,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

X.
Fitz-James was brave—Though to his heart  
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,  
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,  
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before:—  
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."  
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes  
Respect was mingled with surprise,  
And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.  

Short space he stood—then waved his hand;  
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 tost'd in air,  
Pennon, and plaid, and plumeless fair,—  
The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
Where heath and fern were waving wide:  
The sun's last glance was glint'd back,  
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—

wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thine 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  
lied, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."  
—Chap. xxvii. v. 9, 19.

MS.—"All silent, too, they stood, and still,  
Watching their leader's back and will.  
While forward step and wave, and show  
They long to rush upon the foe,  
Like the loose crags, whose tottering mass  
Hang threatening o'er the hollow pass."

2 David de Straubogie Earl of Athole, when about to en- 
geage Sir Andrew Murray at the battle of Killiecrankie, in 1687, in  
which he was slain, made an apostrophe of the same kind:—  
"At a little path was there  
All men that assembled were  
Even in the path was Earl Davy  
The next, all unreflect'd, shone  
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

XI.
Fitz-James seek'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 mad'nt—say, that I need not say—  
But—doubt not aught from mine array.  
Thou art my guest—! pledged my word  
As far as Cahuntcle ford:—  
Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
For aid against one valiant hand."

Though on our strife lay every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
So move we on,—I only meant  
To show the reed on which ye leant,  
Deceming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."

They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave,  
As ever knight that belted glaive;  
Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,  
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonour'd and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
The vani'ed glories of the ground;  
And still, from cope and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plow'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 two  
The flight on which shall shun "ta."

3 MS.—"For aid against one brave man's hand."

4 "This scene is excellently described. The frankness and  
high-souled courage of the two warriers—the reliance which  
the lowland placed on the word of the Highlanders to guide  
him safely on his way the next morning, although he has  
spoken threatening and violent words against Roderick, whose  
kindman the mountaineer professes himself to be,—these cir- 
cumstances are all admirably imagined and related."—Monthly  
Review.

6 See Appendix, Note 3 K.

5 "And still, from cope and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep."

3 At the same time my brother.  
Note in the Author's MS. not added 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 Yennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the moulderling lines; 1
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfur'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 thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand: 3
For this is Colmantle forge,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foe man's life,
His party conquers 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
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?" 5
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate; 5
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 cope, 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 throw'd,
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. 6

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he throw'd,
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,

1 MS.—"On Bochastle the martial lines."
2 Ibid. Note 3 M.
3 MS.—"In lightning flash'd the Chief's dark eye."
4 MS.—"He stopps not, he, to James nor Fate."
5 "The two principal figures are contrasted with uncommon felicity. Fitz-James, who more nearly resembles the French Henry the Fourth than the Scottish James V., is gay, amorous, fickle, intrepid, impetuous, affectionate, courteous, graceful, and dignified. Roderick is gloomy, vindictive, arrogant, unanswer'd, 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 equalled."—Quarterly Review, 1810.
6 See Appendix, Note 3 N.
To thrust, to strike, to rent to guard;
While clear and expert, as far and stronger far,
The Gaul maintained imperial war.1
The vestal fan in closing strife they stood,
And drank the Sacha-blood, their blood.
No wind, from rain, nor uninvulnerable still,
The gauntlet need the fairest dyes.

Redrock felt the fatal drain,
And wou'd have them blow like wintry rain;
And as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The far, invulnerable still.

I'd hold his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage taken, his brand
Forced Redrock's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the sea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.
"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dies my blade!"—
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let present yield, who fears to die."2
—Like sadder darting from his coil,
Like wave 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 look'd his arms his feeman round.—
New, 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 steel triple stee! 3
They tug, they strain! down, down they go.
The Gaul above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripes his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His dotted locks he backward threw
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and rapt to clear his sight,
Then glanc'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 wheel of deadly game;
For, while the dagger glanc'd on high,
Reck'd soul and sense, reck'd brain and eye.
Down came the blade! 5 last in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath,
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The lightning Chief's relaxing grasp,

XVII.
He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,
Redemption, unhoped, from deadly strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every glance appear'd his last;
In Redrock's gore he dipt the brand,—
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid:
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valor give."
With that he blew a bugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unsaddled, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to have.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln-green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By lessor'd rain, a subdued team;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James reign'd up his horse,—
With wonder view'd the bloody spot—
"Exclaim not, gallants! question not.
You, Herbert and Laffiness, alight,
And bind the wounds of sonder knight;
Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and lifting weed.
The sun rides high;—I must be borne,
To see the archer-game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII.
"Stand, Bayard, stand!"—the steed obey'd,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to bear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But breathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turn'd on the horse his armed heel,
And stirr'd his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,

MS.—"Paning and breathless on the sand,
But all unwounded, now he stands;

RS. — "Redeemed, unhoped, from deadly strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every glance appear'd his last.

RS. — "Faint and afar are heard the feet."

1 MS.—"Not Redrock's man, though stronger far,
More tall, and more unequal to war."

2 This couple is not in the MS.

3 See Appendix, Note 346.

4 MS.—"Yield thy name who fears to die;"
Ebaarman, health who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung."
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launch'd, along the plain they go,
They dash'd that rapid torrent through,
And up Carbonic'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;
Terry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune, 1
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoops strike fire, 2
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their courser's sweating sides,
Dark Firth! 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 4
Sudden his steed the leader rein'd;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung:
"Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodman 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,
Tread's not such step on Scottish green.
"Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!"—
The uncle of the banish'd Earl.

1 The ruins 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 Kaimies; Kier, that of the principal family of the name of Stirling; Ochtertyre, that of John Ramsay, the well-known antiquary, and correspondent of Burns; and Craigforth, that of the Calenders of Craigforth, almost under

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 portmanteau 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 Grame,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengence 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—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 head-man'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 morris-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burglers hold their sports to-day."
James will be there; he loves such show,
Where the good yeomen bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler fells his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize;—King James shall mark
If age has tamed these sinews stark,

1 The reading of the MS. is—
"Tis James of Douglas, by my word,
The uncle of the banish'd Lord."
2 See Appendix, Note 3 P.  
3 Ibid. Note 7 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 cel'd the unity street  
Beneath the coursers' 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,  
Doubling his cap to city daim,  
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame,  
And well the slimperer 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 steels 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 morn'd their pride retrain'd,  
And the mean burgler'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 chequer'd bands the joyous rout.  
There morricors, with bell at heel,  
And blade in hand, their masses wheel;  
But chief, beside the butts, there stand  
Bold Robin Hood! and all his band,—

Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,  
Old Southdieke with his surly scowl,  
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,  
Scarlet, and Black, and Little John;  
Their flags challenge all that will,  
In archery to prove their skill.  
The Douglas bent a bow of might,—  
His first shaft cent'rd 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 rise,  
And proud demand'd mightier foes,  
Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came.  
—For life is Hugh of Barrie's kinsman;  
Scarce better than of Alba's rare,  
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 bravny 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.

* MS.—" King James and all his nobles went . . .  
Fer the King was bending low  
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,  
Doubling his cap to burgler dame,  
Who smiling blush'd for pride and shame."  

* MS.—" Nobles who morn'd their power restrain'd,  
And the poor burgler's joys disdain'd;  
Dark chief, who, hostage for his clan,  
Wax from his home a banish'd man,  
Who thought upon his own gray tower,  
The waving woods, his faithful bower,  
And deem'd himself a shameful part  
Of pageant that he cursed in heart."
CANTO V.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CXXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladie's 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 * his peris 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 seats upon the English throne,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
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 kinsman'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!

CXXV.

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 fine, and Bordeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side
Nor bire nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North,—
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And dashing on the antler'd prey,
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,
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 bimming 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 grooms lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntletled in glove of steel.

CXXVI.

Then clamor'd loud the royal train,6
And brandish'd swords and staves amain.
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 stoke 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?7
Injurious blow, and haughty look?—
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward.—
Break off the sports!"—for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
"Break off the sports!" he said, and frowned;
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

CXXVII.

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.—"A purse weigh'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 sworn by many a winter storm."
5 MS.—"Or call'd his stately form to mind."
6 MS.—"Clamor'd his comrades of the train."
7 MS.—"But stern the warrior's warning—' Back!!'
8 MS.—"But in my court, injurious blow,
And bearded thus, and thus outlazed;
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, the women shriek;
With that, 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 Hynjford! ’twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men.

XXVIII.
“Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honor, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland’s laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country and my kind!
Oh, no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes so dread,
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow’s mate expires;
For me, that orphans weep their sires;
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!”

XXIX.
The crowd’s wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray’d
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Bless’d him who staid the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
Even the rough soldier’s heart was moved;
As if behind some bar beloved,
With trampling 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 Stirring streets to lead his train.
“O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fond
Hearst thou,” he said, “the loud acclain,
With which they shout the Douglas’ name?
With like acclain, the vulgar throat.
Strain’d for King James their morning note;
With like acclain they hail’d the day
When first I broke the Douglas’ sway;
And like acclain 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 outlawd Chieftain, Redderick Dhu,
Has summon’d his rebellious crew;
’Tis said, in James of Bothwell’s ait.
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 favor, swims with fins of lead,
And bews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Tract 39
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him na’er, that was now your hate,
Hon vile that was your gait’s.”

Caradonna, Act I. Scene 1.
CANTO VI.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Your grace will bear 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 spilling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy need.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war;
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight;
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom’s laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief’s crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco: fly!”
He turn’d his steed,—“My liege, I bie,—
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn.”
The turf the flying coursers spurn’d,
And to his towers the King return’d.

XXXIII.

Ill with King James’s mood that day
Slept gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismiss’d the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the sullen’d town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil war,
Of rumour’d feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhin,
All up in arms,—the Douglas too,
They mourn’d him paitent 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 pensons brown.

1 MS.—“On distant chase you will not ride.”
2 Stabbed by James H. in Stirling Castle.

The Lady of the Lake.

CANTO SIXTH.

The Guard-Room.

I.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rumbling each cartful to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Searing the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warden’s lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe,
Are witness’d by that red and struggling beam!
The fever’d patient, from his 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-born 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 bar’d,3
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deaden’d the torches’ yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone4
The lights through arch of blacken’d stone,
And shone’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 beakers drain’d, and cups o’erthrown,
Show’d in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labor’d still their thirst to quench;
Some, chill’d with watching, spread their hands
O’er the huge chimney’s dying brands.

3 MS.—“Through blacken’d arch and casement bar’d.”
4 MS.—“The lights in strange alliance shone
Beneath the arch of blacken’d stone.”
While rend them, or beside them fling,
At every step their harness ring.

III.
These drew not for theirields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
Of Christ in their leader’s name;
Adventurers, they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved. 1
There the Italians elbowed face,
The swarthy Spaniard’s there you trace;
The mountain loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain air:
The Fleming there despaired the soil
That paid so ill the laborer’s toil;
Their rolls should 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 pilgrimage fierce and uncontroll’d;
And now, by holy tide 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, neighborling to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish walls were heard;
Sad burden to the raffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke! — 2
At length up started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In lust a hardy mateineer,
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 drier’s brawling sport,
And shouted loud, “Renew the bowl,
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the bowman chorus hear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear.”

V.
Soldier’s Song.
Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Paul,
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 rudely daw of a woman’s dear lip,
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly
And Apollon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!
Our vicar thus preaches—and why should be not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And ’tis right of his office poor laymen to hurh,
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 g below-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. (See 140.)—Life, vol. ii. p. 342.
CANTO VI.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and in plaid,
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrank to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.

"What news?" they roar'd.—"I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable
As the rude mountains where they dwell;
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast."—

"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil."
Old host 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."—

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 nigged 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;—
And, burning in his veneful mood,
Old Allan, though miff'd for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepped between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen:

So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.

The savage soldierly, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed;

Even hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

Boldly she spoke,—"Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend;

Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.

Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."—

Answer'd De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill,—

"I shame me of the part I play'd:
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.

Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,"—

He wiped his iron eye and brow,

"Must bear such age, I think, as thou,—
Hear ye, my mates;—I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halberd on the floor;
And he that steps my halberd o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!—

Beware loose speech, or jesting rough,
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young—
(Of 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 aik,
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."
X.
The signet-ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and alter'd look;
And said.—"This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veil'd,
Lady, in aught my folly fail'd.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suffer waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till the waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your bent, for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way."
But ere she followed, with the grace
And open beauty of her race,
She bore her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guardian took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proverb'd gold;—
"Forgive a hasty English heart,
And O forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,¹
Which in my baret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks—it was 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 candle 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 weed 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—over his hearse,
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right—deny it not!"—
"Little we reck," said John of Brent,

"We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name—a word—
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—
God bless the house of Beaufort! 
And, but I loved to drive the deer,
More than to guide the laboring steer,
I had not dwelt an east-end 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 moan, and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults,² where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and head-man's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim,
For wenching joint, and crushing paint,
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 unhap 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;³
Such as the rugged days of old
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.
"Here," said De Brent, "thou mayst remain!
Till the Looch visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warder's toll,
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then, the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmur grew I knew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel look'd, and knew—
Not his dear lord, but Roderrick Dhu!
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

XIII.
As the tall ship, whose lofty proue
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
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!
Or his free step on hill and plain!—
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
"What of thy lady?—of my clan?—
My mother?—Douglas?—tell me all!
Have they been ruin'd in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear."—
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was 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 unbebent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent."

XIV.
The Chief'tain rear'd his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghestly, 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 Der'mild'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!
Those grates, those walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soar'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 shallap launch'd on river's side,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

XV.
Battle of Bra'! an Duine.^4
"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Donvene,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Acharn—
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 e'er nodds the crane,
The deer has caught 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 thickets streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?—
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes windling far!
To hero bound for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay;
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

XVl.
"Their light-arm'd archers far and near
Survey'd the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear
A twilight forest drown'd,
Their borbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalion 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,

Of combat fought so fierce and well."
^4 See Appendix, Note 3 W. ^4 The Ms. has not this line
^4 See Appendix, Note 3 X.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flaggs abroad;
Searce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vanward scouts, no tidings bring,
Can raise no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing.
Save when they stirr'd the ree;
The best 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 pass'd,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

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Or wave their flaggs abroad;
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A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pass'd,
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 floods, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear;
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And phaids and bonnets waving high,
And broad-swords 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 spearman'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 side.—
'Well quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel? 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 targhe 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 whel'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 bungle-born
Were worth a thousand men!
And radiant through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was pour'd;—
Vanish'd the Saxoan's struggling spear,
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
As Brecklin's clavm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring huan,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpools in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass:
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who never shall fight again.

XIX.
"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and doubting 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 sowl of heaven
An inkly view of vivid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain-glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk azen;
I heeded not the eddying surge.

1 The MS. has not this complet.
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 Tinchel.
3 M.S.—"'And radiant down the darksome pass
The battle's tide was pour'd;—
There till'd the spearman's struggling spear
There raged the mountain sword.'"
4 M.S.—"'Away! away! the work of fate!""
Mine eye but saw the Troasch'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,  
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll  
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes—the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged again,
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 darken'd cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shatter'd hand,
Eyeing their foesmen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

XX.
"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,  
The Saxon stood in sullen trance,  
Till Moray pointed with his lance,  
And cried—'Behold 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 sallop from the shore.  
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,  
Lords of his mate, and broad, and deep.  
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprang,  
On earth his casque and corset rung,  
He plunged him in the wave;—  
All saw the deed—the purpose knew,  
And their clonors Benvenue  
A mingled echo gave;  
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,  
The helpless females scream for fear,  
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
"I was then, as by the outcry riven,
Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven;  
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows rear'd their awny crest.

Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;  
For round him—show'd he, amid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gaed.—
In rain—he nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shuttle's brow.
—Just then a flash of lightning came
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;—
I mark'd Duncraggan's widow's 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 waltering corse beside the beat,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.
"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
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 clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fix'd on vacancy;
Thus, motionless, and mournless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu!—

The eight closing lines of the stanza are interpolated on a slip of paper.

1 "the loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath."
2 "the loveliness in death
That parts not quite with parting breath."
3 MS. — 'And seem'd, a minstrel ear, to toll
The parting dirge of many a soul.'
4 MS. — 'While by the darken'd lake below,
File out the spearmen of the foe.'
5 The MS. reads—
"It tinged the boats and lake with flame "
6 MS. — 'Glow'd in his look, as swell'd the song.'
7 MS. — 'his fiery eye.'
8 "Rob Roy, while on his deathbed, learned that a person,
with whom he was at enmity, proposed to visit him. 'Raise
me from my bed,' said the invalid; 'throw my plaid around
me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols,—it shall.
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.
Bantam.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
The foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadthgan's heart, 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?
Even in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wait for Alpine's honor'd Pine!

"What griefs 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 done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword unright ere set of sun!
There breathes not chieftain 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'd eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honor'd Pine."—

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remain'd in lordly bower apart,
Where play'd with many-color'd gleams
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy MacGregor defenceless and unarm'd. His foemen, consisting to be one of the MacGregors, before rich after mentioned, entered and paid his commissary, requiring after the death of his formidable neigh-
lor. Rob Roy maintained a cool, dauntless enmity during their short conference; and as soon as he had left the house,
Now," he said, "I'll be over 'till the paper play, I'll 't mi
tulsh" [we return no more, and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished."—Introduction to Rob Roy.

1 M.S. — "And art thou gone," the Minstrel said." 2 M.S. — "The mightiest of a mighty race." 3 M.S. — "To the Printer." I have three pages ready to be copied, you may send for them in about an hour. The rest

A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay, the banquet proud, the chamber gay; 4
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or, if she look'd, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawn'd the day.
In that lone isle, where wave's on high
The dam deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crooning by her side,
His station claim'd with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Greene,
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.

Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle greyhound bathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrill.
I wish I were, as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With hended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me. 6
I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From you dull? steeples 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 took my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.
No more at dawning morn I rise,
And run 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 Beall'an Duine. It is rather too long, but that was unavoidable. I hope you will push on the notes. To save time I shall send the copy when ready to St. John Street.—W. S."

4 M.S. — "The banquet gay, the chamber's pride,
Scarce drew one curious glance aside."
5 M.S. — "Earnest on his game."
6 M.S. — "Was meant for me."
7 M.S. — "From dark'rd steeples."
8 M.S. — "The lively lark my matins rang.
The sable took my vespers sung."
9 M.S. — "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 eye on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!

XXV.
The heart-sick lay was hardly said, 1
The listener 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 hasty, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.—
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
"How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt"—"O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's king thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime.
With beating heart, and bosom wrong,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dries the falling tear,
And gently whisper'd hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half slighted,
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 dams.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who own'd this state, 2
The dreaded prince whose will was fate.
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turn'd bewild'er'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 bent;
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! 3

XXVII.
As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay, 4
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 terrors be dismiss'd:—
"Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask naught for Douglas; yester even,
His prince and he have much forgiven.
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamor loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-bond stern,
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencarn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne
But lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII.
Then forth the noble Douglas sprang,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stopp'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 MS.—"For him who own'd this royal state."
3 See Appendix, Note 3 Y.
4 MS.—"shrinking, quits her stay."
That brought this happy chance to speed.
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way!·
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Spawdane claims;
And Nervinans call me James Fitz James.
Thus watch I over insult'd laws,
That learn to right the injured cause."—
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
"Ah, little trarrtell! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Bonnovence;²
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"—
Ahul he spoke—Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz James's ring—³
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?²

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd
He proved the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Graeme,
And more she deem'd the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadband boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
"Forbear thy suit:—the King of Kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings,
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand:
My fairest carbion would I give
To bid Clan Alpine's Chieftain live!—

1 MS.—"In lowly life's more happy way!"
2 See Appendix, Note 3 Z.
3 MS.—"The sovereign lock to Bonnovence."
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 broadband drew;
And, with a pleading, warm and true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu."
6 "Malcolm Graham 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 pure 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 its 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.

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 wished 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 sue,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wife,
And sought amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,
Daunt-bolding thus thy loyal name.—
Fetter'd 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 clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight came the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard charm! 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 hea,
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.

7 "And now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some saying peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities; he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the 'Lay.' He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of Princes, as they never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and 'the Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your James's as less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both," &c.—Letters from Lord Byron to Sir Walter Scott, July 6, 1812.—Byron's Life and Works, vol. ii. p. 156.
8 MS.—"To the Printer."—I send the grand finale, and so exit the Lady of the Lake from the head she has tormented for six months. In canto vi. stanza 21, — stern and still, read grim and still;—in my text, four lines higher. For a similar reason, stanza 21—dread-dear, read Hec-dear. I will probably call this morning.—Yours truly,
W. S."
Much have I ow'd thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night daw'd wearier day,
And bitter was the grief devour'd alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has wak'd thy string!

"On a comparison of the merits of this Poem with the two former productions of the same unquestioned genius, we are inclined to bestow on it a very decided preference over both. It would perhaps be difficult to select any one passage of such genuine inspiration as one or two that might be pointed out in the Lay of the Last Minstrel—and perhaps, in strength and discrimination of character, it may fall short of Marmion; although we are both to resign either the rude and savage generosity of Roderick, the romantic chivalry of James, or the playful simplicity, the affectionate tenderness, the modest courage of Ellen Douglas, to the claims of any competitors in the last-mentioned poem. But, for interest and artificial management in the story, for general ease and grace of versification, and correctness of language, the Lady of the Lake must be universally allowed, we think, to excel, and very far excel, either of her predecessors."—Critical Review.

"There is nothing in Mr. Scott of the severe and majestic style of Milton—or of the terse and fine composition of Pope—or of the elaborate elegance and melody of Campbell—or even of the flowing and redundant diction of 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 anecdotes—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 artful, and frequently negligent, but always full of spirit and

'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Painter and painter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!"—vivacity—abounding in images that are striking at first sight to minds of every constellation—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 beauties 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 if, 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 versification; 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 judiciously 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 Hammar,
And wound the cavern, where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old.—P. 185.

Hammar, as the name is pronounced, or more properly Heighmar,
a mountain to the southeast of the village of Falumberland in Menteith, driving his pack, which supplies the giant den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, and, 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 extinguished within these forty or fifty years. Strictly speaking, the 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 watch tower, who might get in from the outside, but would find it difficult to return. This opinion prevails among the old sportsmen and deer-stalkers in the neighborhood.

NOTE B.

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed.—P. 186.

"The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all black, yet nevertheless, the race is so mixed at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may consider that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise. To return unto my former purpose, this kind of hounds both bred and disposed through the counties of Hennault, Lorraine, Trèves, and Barayc. They are mighty of body, nor smaller. Their legs are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of scent, hunting classes which are most struggled for; hearing neither water nor cul, and so more empty the places that small as fortes, here, and so much like, other than here, they find themselves neither of swiftness nor courage to hunt but kill the classes that are lighter and swifter. The blood of this hounds very good, especially those that are corn breed, but I make no great account to breed them, as to keep the kind, and yet I found a book which a hunter old known to me of Lorraine, which seemed in line hunting hounds, whereby was a blazon which the same hunter gave to his bloodhound, called ouyland, which was white:

"My name came first from holy Hubert's race,
Soulfully my sire, a hound of singular grace.

Whereupon we may presume that all of the kind prone while sometimes, but they are not of the kind of the Gaffliers or Bowes, which we hunt at those days."—The noble Art of Fencing or Hunting, translated and collected for the Use of all Noblemen and Gentlemen. Lond. 1611. 4to. p. 15.

NOTE C.

For the death-wound and death-balance,
Muster'd his breath, his unstrung bow.—P. 186.

When the stag turned to bay, the ancient hunter had the perilous task of gunning 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 progenious, and more dangerous than one from the tusks of a boar, as the old rhyme testifies:—

"If thou be hurt with hart, it beeth thee to thy beer,
But harrier's hand will bear's hurt heal, therefore thou needst not fear.'"

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and wary, either by getting behind the stag while he was ranging on the bounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop rapidly in upon him, and kill him with the sword. See many directions to this purpose in the Booke of Hunting, chap. 41. Wesen the historian has recorded a providential escape which befell him in the hazardous sport, while a youth and follower of the Earl of Essex.

Sir Peter Lee, of Linc, in Cheshire, invited my lord one summer to hunt the stag. And having a great stag in chase, and many sportsmen in the present, the stag took a sudden and divers, whereof I was one, aught, and stood with swords drawn, to have cut at him, at his course out of the water. The stag then being wonderfully fierce and dangerous, made us youth more eager to be at him. But he escaped us all. And it was my misfortune to be banded of my courting near him, the way being sliper, by a fall; which gave occasion to some, who did not know me, to speak as if I had fallen through fear. Which being told now, I left the stag, and followed the gentleman who first spoke it. But I found him of that cold temper, that it seems his words made an escape from him; as by his denial and avenance it appeared. But this made me more violent in the pursuit of the stag, to recover my reputation. And I happened to be the only horseman in, when the dogs set him up at bay; and approaching near him at horseback, he broke through the dogs, and ran at me, 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 set him up again), 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."—Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, ii. 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 prematurely attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defiles
called the Trotachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

NOTE E.
To meet with Highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—P. 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, and, though on the very verge of the low country, it was almost totally sequestered from the world, and, as it were insulated with respect to society. 'Tis well known that in the Highlands, it was, in former times, accosted not only lawful, but honorable, among hostile tribes, to commit depredation 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 looning faulds, or sweeping of a glen,
Had still been held the deed of gallant men."

NOTE F.
A gray-hair'd sire, whose eye intent,
Was on the vision'd future bent.—P. 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 Gaelic Thaisheilough, from Thais, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those possessed of the faculty are called Thaisheilain, 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, as one's own eye. This makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them."

"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are, by the person's habit of rapid eye movements, accustomed to see visions, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me."

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner part of his eyelids turns so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employ others to draw them down, which he finds to be the much easier way."

"This faculty of the second-sight does not lineally 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 night the vision is seen."

"When a shoal is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made, enjoyed perfect health."

"One instance was lately foretold by a seer, that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least 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 Skie."

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition."

"If two or three women are seen at once near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether 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: whether he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c. that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects."

"If the person so appearing be one of the seer's acquaintance, he will tell his name, as well as other particulars, and he can tell by his countenance whether he comes in a good or bad humour."

"I have been seen thus myself by seen of both sexes, at some hundred miles' distance; some that saw me in this manner had never seen me personally, and it happened according to their vision, without any previous design of mine to go to those places, my coming being purely accidental."

"It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees, in places void of all three: and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry cowhouses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there."

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances."

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after."

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second-sight, sees a vision in the night-time without-doors, and he be near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon."

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions, the seers come in sweatting, and describe the peo-
ple that appeared; if there be any of their acquaintance among
you, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearings,
but they know nothing concerning the corpse.

"All those who have the second-sight do not always see
those visions at once, though they lie together at the time.
But if one who has this faculty, especially touch his forehead
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."—Maxim's description
of the Western just bands, 1716, p. 304, et seq.

To these particular innumerable examples might be added,
attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of
evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to
refute, the Pehach, with all its visionary properties, seems to
be not universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The
exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to
the recollection of every reader.

NOTE G.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.—P. 190.

The Celtic chiefains, 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 cawn, or a rustic
hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these hot
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 Lettermilich, still a part of Benalder,
tall of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood in-
termixed. The habitation called the Cawn, in the face of that
mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There
were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level the
floor for a habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised
the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these
trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth
and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally
on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with
the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch
twigs, up to the top of the Cawn, it being of a round or rather
oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with
feathers. The whole fabrics hang, as it were, by a large tree, which
reigned from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and
which gave it the name of the Cawn; and by chance there
had happened to be two stones at a small distance from one anoth-
er, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a
chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent
out here, all along the fall of the rock, which was so much of
the same color, that one could discover no difference in the
elemental day."—Home's History of the Rebellion, Lond.
1842, 4to. p. 351.

NOTE H.
My sure's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Aseabart.—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
Aschiletze MS., in which Ferragus is thus described:—

"On a day come tiding
Unto Charle the King,
Ali of a doughty knight
Was come to Navers,

Stout he was and fair,
Vergage he hight,
Of Baldwin the sundan
Tinder him sende gan,
With King Charl to fight.
So hard he was to fond
That no skill of brand
Nor greet him, alight.
He held twentye men strengthe
And fortye of length.
Thike paiian blesse,
And four feet in the face,
Yeomen in the place,
And fifteen in bydresse.
His nose was a fot and more;
He brw, as brittis wore;2
He that his senghe it sede,
He laked lotherlike,
And was swark as any piche,
Of him men might adrede.11

Romance of Charlemagne, 1. 461-464
Aschiletze MS., folio 255.

Asea Bart, or Asea Bart, 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 South-
ampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself.
The dimensions of Asea Bart were little inferior to those of
Ferragus, if the following description be correct;—

"They metten with a geanant,
With a latelichessembant.
He was wond-riche strong,
Rome' thritte fete long.
His berd was hot gret and rowe;3
A space of a fot betweene is' broue;
His chob was, to yeene a strok,
A litte bolid of an oak.11

"Benes hadde of him wonder grete,
And askede him what a het,12
And ynt13 men of his contre
Were as meche14 as was he.
'Me name,' a sode,15 is Asea Bard,
Garei me sent hiderward,
For to bring this quene ayen,
And the Beues her of-len.16
Icham Garei is17 champioun,
And was i-drive out of me18 tonn
Ali for that ichich was so late.19
Eneri man me wolde smite,
Ich was so lite and seren,20
Eneri man me elepede dwergwh,21
And now ichani in this londe,
I was mor22 ich unde-tonde,
And stranger than other tene;23
And that schel on us be sere.24"

Sir Bevis of Hampton, 1. 2912.
Aschiletze MS. fol. 189.

NOTE I.

Though all unask'd his birth and name.—P. 191.

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctitious
excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask
a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refresh-
ment.

1 Femal, proved.—2 Husband.—3 Measured.—4 Breath.—5 Were.—6 Black.
-7 Fully.—8 Rough.—9 Hill.—10 Grene.—11 The stem of a little oak tree.
-12 He light, was called.—13 If—14 Great.—15 He said.—16 Say.—
-17 Hill.—18 My.—19 Little.—20 Lean.—21 Dwarf.—22 Greater, fuller —
23 Ten.
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,

Fill'd up the symphony between.—P. 191.

"They" (meaning the Highlanders) "delight much in musick, but chiefly in harps and claireschoes of their own fashion. The strings of the claireschoes are made of brass wire, and the strings of the harps, of sinew; which strings they strike either with their nayles, growing long, or else with an instrument appointed for that use. They take great pleasure to decke their harps and claireschoes with silver and precious stones; the poore ones that cannot attayne bencanto, decke them with chriست. They sing verses prettily composed, containing (for the most part) prays for valiant men. There is not almost any other argument, whereof their rhymes intreat. They speak the ancient French language altered a little."—The harp and claireschoes 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. 1808. 4to. I. 175.

Mr. Gunn, of Edinburgh, has lately published a curious Essay upon the Harp and Harp Music of the Highlands of Scotland. That the instrument was once in common use there, is most certain. Clelland numbers an acquaintance with it among the few accomplishments which his satire allows to the Highlanders:—

"In nothing they're accounted sharp, Except in bagpipe or in harp."

—NOTE I.—

Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey.—P. 193.

That Highland cl fastians, 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 1730, 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 bard, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyrics as an epitome to the chief when indisposed for sleep; but poems 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 hoarse voice, and in a tune of few various notes, began, as I was told, one of his own lyri;cs; and when he had proceeded to the fourth or fifth stanza, I perceived, by the names of several persons, glens, and mountains, which I had known or heard of before, that it was an account of some clan battle. But in his going on, the chief (who piques himself upon his school-learning), at some particular passage, bid him cease, and cried out, 'There's nothing like that in Virgil or Homer.' I bowed, and told him I believed so. This may believe was very edifying and delightful."—Letters, p. 167.

—NOTE N.—

This harp, which erst Saint Modan wass'd.—P. 194.

I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no n Fruit 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 mechanical arts for a devout matron that had sett him on work, his violl, that hang by him on the wall, of its own accord, without anie man's helpe, distinctly sounded this ant-thime:—Audent in eais anime sanctorum qui Christi vestigia sunt secuti; et quin pro eis amove sanguinem sua fuderant, ideo cum Christo audent atternum. Whereat all the company being much astonished, turned their eyes from beholding him working, to looke on that strange accident."* * * "Not long after, man of the court that bithernore had borne a kind of layned friendship towards him began now greatly to envie at his progress and rising in good- nes, using manie crooked, lackklling meanes to disflame his verses with the blacke mases of hypocrisy. And the better to authorize their calamitye, they brought in this that happened in the violl, affirming it to have been done by art maglak. What more! This wicked rumour increased dayly, till the king and others of the nobility taking bond thereof, Dunstan grew odious in their sight. Therefore he resolv'd to leave the court and go to Elpheus, murahed the Baud, then Bishop of Winchester, who was his cozen. Which his enemies understanding, they layd wayt for him in the way, and havin
Note O.

The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Discovered by every noble peer.—P. 193.

The exile state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their ailes were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, dare not continue 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 Ives, otherwise James the Grievous (i. e. Keve or Balliff). "And as he bore the name," says Godcroft, "so did he also execute the office of a griev or overseer of the lands and rents, the corn and castle of Ios 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 emolument by which he reared and established the stately estates of Angus and Morton.—History of the House of Douglas, Edinburgh, 1743, vol. ii. p. 160.

Note R.

—Marouan's ed. —P. 195.

The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to St. Marouan, or Marounan, 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 Kettle, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Ochiltree in Montrose. 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 ledge, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension.

Note T.

For Tincman 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 Tinc- man, because he tried, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought. He was unquenched, as every reader must remember, in the bloody battle of Houndfors-laill, near Wooler, where he himself lost an eye, and was made prisoner by Hot-spar. He was no less unfortunate when allied with Percy, being wounded and taken at the battle of Shrewsbury. He was so unsuccessful in an attempt to besiege Roxburgh Castle that it was called the Foul Raid, or disgraceful expedition. His ill fortune left him indeed at the battle of Beanzé in France; but it was only to return with double emphasis at the subsequent action of Vernali, 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. 1242.

Note U.

'Did, self-unsheathed, force show
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 manufactured by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time. The wonderful sword Skoofung, wielded by the celebrated Holf Kraka, was of this description. It was deposited in the tomb of the monarch at his death, and taken from thence by Skueg- ge, 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 unsheathe it, unless thou art ready for battle. But when thou comest to the place of fight, go aside from the rest, grasp and extend the sword, and bestrate 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 incestuously, for he could not pluck it out of the sheath. His mother, Dilla, explained, 'Do not despise the cossed given to thee, my son.' Kornak, however, repeating his effort, pressed down the handle with his feet, and tore off the hilt, when Skoofung emitted a hollow groan: but still he could not unsheathe the sword. Kornak then went out with Bessus, whom he had challenged to fight with him, and drew apart at the place of combat. He sat down upon the ground, and unshearing 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 bared from it. But Kornak did not rightly handle the weapon, in consequence whereof good fortune deserted it. As he unsheathed Skoofung, it emitted a hollow murmur.*—Bartholomaei de Casuis Contempta a Denii abhui Gentilibus Morisii, Libri Tres. Hafniae, 1669, 4to, p. 574.

* To the history of this sentient and present 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 German province. He had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder-shower determined him to ask a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall man, of a grizzly and ferocious aspect, and sorcil dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard, as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation, crossed the threshold. His host immediately stared at him with such a marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. "I am," answered the man, "the public executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously unsheathed itself." The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but, engaging in some of the plots 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 hang 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 concomitants in pipe-music affect to discover in a well composed pibroch, the initiative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight." To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage, in the following elegant passage:—"A pibroch is a species of tune, peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and bitted together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."—Essay on Language and Luridcous Co-osition, chap. iii. Noo.

Note W.

Rodcridh Vich Alpinc dh£, hot irreoc.—P. 197.

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland'
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 mountains 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-frum is a celebrated instance. This was a clan-battle, in which the Macgregors, headed by Allan Macgregor, chief of the clan, encountered the sept of Colquhoun, commanded by Sir Humphry Colquhoun of Luss. It is on all hands admitted 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, seized to the edge of Benvane, or Bannoch, and was next day dragged out and murdered by the victorious Macgregors in cold blood.

The lamentation of a man, however, speaks of his slaughter as a subsequent event, and as perpetrated by the Macfarlames. Again, it is reported that the Macgregors murdered a number of youths, whose report of the sound battle had brought it to their ears, had shut up in a barn to be out of danger. The account of the Macgregors does not concur entirely: another ascribes it to the savage and blood-thirsty disposition of a single individual, the bastard brother of the Laird of Macgregor, whom a手术 burned with this second name of the Macgregors, in express disapprobation to their chief, by whom he was left as his guardian during the pursuit of the Colquhouns. It is added, that Macgregor husbanded this amorous notion, and proceeded in the ruts which it must bring upon the ancient clan. The following account of the case, which is said to have been drawn up by a friend of the Clan-Gregor, is another account on the murder of the youths. "In the spring of the year 1702, there happened great misfortunes and trouble between the head of the clan of Luss, chief of the Colquhouns, and Alexander, Laird of Macgregor. The origin of these quarrels proceeded from murmur and provocations, mutually given and received, not long before. Macgregor, however, wanting to have them ended in friendly conference, met at the head of a number of his clansmen to Lewis, which bears on Luss country, with a view of laying matters by the method of council, but Lewis had no intention of it, and presented his names to a finished view; for he proposed to Lewis together a body of 300 horse and 500 foot, composed partly of his own clans and their followers, and partly of the Buchans, his neighbours, and resolved to cut off Macgregor and his party, to which issue the consequence did not answer his expectation. But matter led otherwise than he expected; and though Macgregor had previous information of his imminent danger, yet, thinking he must retire, he kept the appointment, and parted good friends in appearance.

"No sooner was he gone, than Lewis, thinking to surprise him and his party in full security, and without any dread or apprehension of his treacherous, followed with all speed, and came up with him at a place called Glenfroin. 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 order, led the larger body, and attacked the Colquhouns in flank. Here it was fought with great bravery on both sides for a considerable time; and, notwithstanding the vast disproportion of numbers, Macgregor, in the end, obtained an absolute victory. So great was the rout, that 200 of the Colquhouns were left dead upon the spot, most of the leading men were killed, and a multitude of prisoners taken. But what seemed most surprising and incredible in this defeat, was, that some of the Macgregors were missing, except John, the laird's brother, and one common fellow, though indeed many of them were wounded."—Professor Ross's History of the family of Sutherland, 1831.

The consequences of the battle of Glen-fruin were very calamitous to the family of Macgregor, who had already been considered as an unhappy clan. The widows of the clan Colquhouns, sixty, it is said, in number, appeared in droves, and in a body, to King at Stirling, each bringing upon a white gaiter, and bearing in her hand the bloody skirt of her husband displayed upon a pike. James VI. was so moved by the complaints of this "choir of mourning damsels," that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, without either bounds or moderation. The very name of the clan was prescribed, and those by whom it had been borne were given up to sword and fire, and absolutely hunted down by bloodhounds like wild beasts. Argyle and the Campbells, on the one hand, Munro, with the Grahame 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 History, 21 Oct. 1603. The Clan-Gregor being thus driven to utter despair, seem to have renounced the laws from the benefit of which they were excluded, and their depredations produced new acts of council, confirming the severity of their prohibition, which had only the effect of rending them still more united and desperate. It is a most extraordinary proof of the inviolable and invincible spirit of clanship, that, notwithstanding: the repeated proscriptions providently ordained by the legislature, the terrors preventing them from fall out under the name and clan of Macgregors, and their followers," they were in 1715 and 1717 a potent clan, and continue to subsist as a distinct and numerous race.
LOCHIEL, when upwards of seventy, that he was surprised by night on a hunting or military expedition. He wrapped him in his plaid, and lay contentedly down upon the snow, with which the ground happened to be covered. Among his attendants, who were preparing to take their rest in the same manner, he observed that one of his grandsons, for his better accommodation, had rolled a large snow-ball, and placed it below his head. The wrath of the ancient chief was awakened by a symptom of what he conceived to be degenerate luxury. — "Out upon thee," said he, kicking the frozen bolster from the head which it supported; "art thou so effeminate as to need a pillow?" The officer of engineers whose curious letters from the Highlands have been more than once quoted, tells a similar story of Macdonald of Keppoch, and subjoins the following remarks:—"This and many other stories are romantic; but there is one thing, that at first thought might seem very romantic, of which I have been credibly assured, that when the Highlanders are constrained to lie among the hills, in cold dry windy weather, they sometimes soak the plaid in some river or burn (i.e. brook), and then, holding up a corner of it a little above their heads, they turn themselves round and round, till they are enveloped by the whole mantle. They then lay themselves down on the heath, upon the leeward side of some hill, where the wet and the warmth of their bodies make a steam like that of a boiling kettle. The wet, they say, keeps them warm by thickening the stuff, and keeping the wind from penetrating. I must confess I should have been apt to question this fact, had I not frequently seen them wet from morning to night, and even at the beginning of the rain, not so much as stir a few yards to shelter, but continue in it without necessity, till they were, as we say, wet through and through. And that is soon effected by the looseness and sponginess of the plaid; but the bonnet is frequently taken off and wrung like a dish-cloth, and then put on again. They have been accustomed from their infancy to be often wet, and to take the water like西班牙, and this is become a second nature, and can scarcely be called a hardship to them, insomuch that he used to say, they seemed to be of the duck kind, and to love water as well. Though I never saw this preparation for sleep in windy weather, yet, setting out early in a morning from one of the huts, I have seen the marks of their lodging, where the ground has been free from rime or snow, which remained all round the spot where they had lain."—LETTERS FROM SCOTLAND, LOND. 1754, SVO. ii. p. 106.

**Note 2 B.**

This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his 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 Killilchaven, 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 suffocated death from the hand of that little villain. 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 time, while he will be the subject of conversation."—LETTERS FROM SCOTLAND, ii. 150.
Note 2 C.

And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.—P. 282.

When a chaplain desired to sum up his plan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he should and make a cross of two or three woods, over its extremity in the fire, and thus he deemed the semblance of the symbol. This was called the Fiery Cross, or Cross True, or the Cross of St. Dunstan, being as true as to what the symbol really intended. It may be compared to a poetical and treaty summons, a prelude or incitement to the next battle, where he addressed to the great person, with a nudge, in praying to the place of victorious. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the rendezvous; and it passed with incredible celerity through the army, which owed allegiance to the chief, and also to the distressed and helpless, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was ordered in to repair to the last arms and accommodations, to the number of a regiment. He who failed to appear suffered the loss of his horse and sword, which were unpleasantly distant from the dear heart by the bloody and horrid marks on his case books. Huing the civil war of 1656-65, the Fiery Cross often made its appearance, and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breckland, a tract of country, in three hours. The late Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Laverstock, described to me his having sent round the Fiery Cross among the district of Appine, during the same occasion. The field was threatened by a descent from two parts of forces, and the flower of the young men were with the army of Prince Charles Edward, then in Flanders; yet the summons was so efficient, that even old age and childlihood obeyed; and a horse was collected in so few hours, as numerous and so well suited, that an attempt at the intended diversion upon the country of the absent warriors was in prevarice absorbed, and defeated.

The prince, like some others, is common to the Highländers with the ancient Scandinavians, as will appear by the following extract from Claus Magnus:

"When the enemy is upon the seventeenth, or within the bounds of the kingdom, then presently, by the command of the principal governors, with the counsel and consent of two or more soldiers, who are notably skilled in such like business, a man of the same length, in the common sight of them all, is drawn, by the speedy running of some nine or ten men, unto that village or city, with this command,—that on the third, fourth, or fifth day, one, two, or three, or even every man in particular, from fifteen years of age, shall come with his gun, and sword, for ten or twenty days, upon that part of your land, shall be burnt (which is imminent by the killing of one, or two, or three, or else by every man or each of them); to appear speedily on such day, and with sword, or with horse, to hear the cause he is called, and to be on guard from all potential governors what he may do.

"Wherefore that some messenger, sufferer than any post or waggon, having done the commission, comes slowly back, brings, with him that he hath done, a report, and every man one or another runs to every village, and the three parts are what they met do." 1

The messengers, their finds of the business, that are to give warning to the people to meet for the battle, are from nine to twenty; for no snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor cold, nor night hold them; but they will come run the more they undertake. The first messenger speaks to the next villager, and that to the next; and so the hubbub runs all over till they all know it

1. The Mission against the Romans, 1667, in which I was favor'd by my friend, Mr. Smith, M.D.
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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 hate, The friar, of his counsels vile, to rebelles doth imparte, Confirming that it is an almost desire to God, To make the English subjectes taste the Irish rebels' rode. To spoile, to kill, to burne this frier's counsell is; And for the doing of the same, he warrants heavenlie blisse. He tells a hoie tale; the white he tournes to black; And through the puisons in his male, he works a knaviske knavish.'

The wrecful 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 soldiery from the next Garrison, is then commemorated, and in like manner adorned with an engraving, in which the frier is exhibited mornynge over the slain chiettain; or, as the rubric expresses it,

"The frier then, that treacherous knave; with ough oghshone lament, To see his cousin Devill's-son to have so foul event.'

The matter is handled at great length in the text, of which the following verses are more than sufficient sample:

'The frier sayng this, laments that lackless parte, And carseth to the pitte of hell the death man's starlike heart; Yet for to quight them with the frier taketh paine, For all the synnes that ere he did remissioun to obtaine, And therefore servis his bookes, the candell and the bell; But thinke you that such apishke tois bring damned souls from hell? It 'longs not to my partes infernal things to knoe; But I beleve till later date, thel rise not from belowe, Yet hope that friers give to this rebellious rout, If that their souls should chance in hell, to bring them quicklie out, Docth make them lead suchle lives, as neither God nor man, Without revenge for their desartes, permitte or suffer can. Thundr treers are cause, the fountain, and the spring, Of hurleburles in this lande, of eche unhappie thing. Thei cause them to rebell against their sovranige quene, And through rebellion often tymes, their lives do vanish cleane. So as by friers means, in whom all folie swimme, The Iriish kame dooe often lose the life, with bedle and linda.'

As the Irish tribes, and those of the Scottish Highlands, are much more intimately allied, by language, manners, dress, and customs, than the antiquitires 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 antic religiosities, 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 1710. His work is a strange mixture of learning, observation, and gross credulity.

"I remember," says this author, "I have seen an old hystory capablen here (in the island of Benbecula), called in their language Brothir-baich, 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 garde 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 poor 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 proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and patched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the 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 Gills-Doir-Magrevolich.

inserted, from the only impressions known to exist, belonging to the copy in the Advocates Library. See Somery's Tracts, vol. i. pp. 591, 564.
Note 2 F.

Let ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin moord did After wear.—P. 203.

The snood, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical-signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the eurch, toy, or coiff, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the eurch. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortune; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the maun among the heather:"

"Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The laeie lost her silken snood,
That gaird her greet till she was weairie."

Note 2 G.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.—P. 204.

In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the Founder of the Church of Kilmallie, the author has endeavored to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately. In truth, most 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 eagerly to have believed. It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The River Denem, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, in the Kylpe of the Lowlands, an evil and menacing spirit, according to farbeads and to worthless calumni. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Venachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our author: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession with all its attendants. The "monudle bag," called in Gaelic Gladdish, a tall, enigmatic, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Kinloch. A goblin, dressed in antipode armor, and having one hand covered with blood, called from that circumstance, Ilhamearg, or Red-hand, is tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Ruthvenness. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful 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 II.

The fatal Ben-Schie's bounding scream.—P. 204.

Most great families in the Highlanders 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 Mey Moutlach, and appeared in the form of a girl, who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Ruthvenness had an attendant called Braidhechanduen, or the Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Ban-Schie implies a female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chief or 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 this same kind, 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 Drving, or death of the Druid. The direction which it takes, marks the place of the funeral. [See the Essay on Fairy Superstitions in the Border Mustreety.]

Note 2 I.

Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, covering fast
Along Hcbnarrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horses ne'er might ride.—P. 204.

A passage of the kind alluded to in the text, is still believed to announce death to the ancient Highland family of M'Lean of Lochalsh. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard galloping near the house at midnight, to ride threes around the family residence, ring 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 apperition is said to have been witnessed upon the side of Southfell mountain, between Prinith and Keswick, upon the 23d June, 1744, by two persons, William Langan of Blackhills, and Daniel Strcket, 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 its rank, and pass at a gallop, to the front, when he resumed the same steady pace. This curious appearance, making the necessary allowance for imagination, may be perhaps sufficiently accounted for by optical deception.—Survey of the Lakes, p. 25.

Supernatural intimations of approaching fate are not, I believe, confined to Highland families. Howel mentions having seen at a lady's, in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed while the patient was in the last agony.—Familiar Letters, edit. 1736, 217. Glenavon 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 Bampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking. But the most remarkable instance of the kind occurs in the MS. Memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chased, 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 bed, beheld, by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form, hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale; and the hair, which was reddish, was loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw's terror did not prevent her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks, similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. "A near relation of my family," said he, "expired last night in this castle. We disregarded 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 spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonor done his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat." 

Note 2 L.

The dusky deer's hide
On foot was never tied.—P. 235.

The present brogues of the Highlanders are made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of the question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of unhunted deer's hide, with the hair outwards; a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of Red-shanks. The process is very accurately described by one Elder (himself a Highlander) in the project for a union between England and Scotland, addressed to Henry VIII. "We go unhunting, and after that we have slain red-deer, we flay off the skin, by-and-by, and setting of our bare-foot on the inside thereof, for want of cunning shoemakers, you your grace's pardon, we play the cobbler, compassing and measuring so much thereof as shall reach up to our ankles, pricking the upper part thereof with holes, that the water may repass where it enters, and stretching it up with a strong thong of the same above our said ankles. 86, and please your noble grace, we make our shoes. Therefore, we using such manner of shoes, the rough hairy side outwards, in your grace's dominions of England, we be called Roughfooted Scots."—Pinkerton's History, vol. ii. p. 397.

Note 2 M.

The dismal coronach.—P. 206.

The Coronach of the Highlanders, like the Ulatus of the Romans, and the Ulaloo of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death. The following is a lamentation of this kind, literally translated from the Gaelic, to some of the ideas of which the text stands indebted. The tune is so popular, that it has since become the war-march, or Gathering of the clan.

Coronach on Sir Louchlan, Chief of Maclean.

"Which of all the Seraphs
Can trace thy line from the root up to Paradise,
But Macvuirih, the son of Fergus?
No sooner had thine ancient stately tree
Taken firm root in Albyn,
Than one of thy forefathers fell at Harlaw—
'Twas then we lost a chief of deathless name.

'Tis no bare weed—no planted tree,
Nor a sculling of last Autumn;
Nor a sapling planted at Belthin?
Wide, wide around were spread its lofty branches—
But the topmost bough is lowly laid!
Thou hast forsaken us before Sawaine.2

"Thy dwelling is the winter house—
Load, sad, sad, and mighty is thy death-song!"

1 Bell's fire, or Whitunday.
2 Halloween.
Scott's Poetical Works.

"May the sun workshops of Montrose!"  Or the. warrior of the Celt's shade.  Thus shall the battle thy hammer on no—more!"

The sun of the men who have surpassed at names to the age of the language— and that also, like many other Highland peculiarities, living into usage, unless remote doubt.

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**Note 2 N.**

_Brave is the Cross of Fire._

"Brave is the Cross of Fire._"—P. 207.

An account of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the aged through the vast district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my Himalayan chieftain, and which, at the period of my summer, was easily occupied by a stag who claimed a descent from Aequus; an ancient track of ours, and most perspicuous, but rather the most distinguished, least powerful, or least brave, of the tribes of the Gaed.

"Stead ran ring-righ airbailach
Richard of Dun-staolainbheach
A' mo' choiach air a' hala' ods
'Sg'ag a chail d'al's fais ro.'"

The first stage of the Eary Cross is to Duncraggan, a place near the ruins of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Ailric from Loch Airdochair. From thence, it passes towards Callander, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Law, is connected with Narnie at the church of St. Bride, which stands on a rock and mountain top in the middle of the waters, called Stalbridge, Toncon and Arrochar, are names of places in the vicinity. The arm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lomond, and through the various glens in the district of Balquiddier, including the neighboring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathgartney.

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**Note 2 O.**

_Nar fader o'er thy heathery brae,
Balquiddier, speeds the midnight breeze._—P. 208.

It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the hunts on the Scottish mountains is often set fire to, that the smoke may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in place of the tough old heather plants. This custom is common in the Highlands, and is familiar to almost all the races of the country. The smoke is new to poetry. The charge of a warlock, as the fire-holding of Hurlykite, is said to be "like fire to heather.""

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**Note 2 P.**

_No oath, but by his chieftain's hand._

_No oath, but Rodrick Don's command._—P. 208.

The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chieftain, renders this a contract and solemn oath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, expressing in their oilc an reverence the involuntary power of oaths. One column mode of securing was by having the oath, imposed upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have little respect. As for the reverence due to the chief, it may be guessed from the following odd example of a Highland point of honor—

"The chief who to the eleventh-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 part 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 reply of the other was—'You are a fool.' They went out next morning, but having early notice of it, I sent a small party of watchers, who, in all probability, prevented some barbarians misfortune that might have ensued; for the chiefless Highlanders, who in himself a petty chieftain, was going to the place appointed with a small sword and pistol, whereas the Cameron (an old man) took with him only his broadsword, according to the agreement.

"When all was over, and I had, at least seemingly, reconciled the parties, and opened their minds, I seemed to think but slightly, were, to one of the clan, the greatness of all provocations."—_Letters from Scotland_, vol. ii. p. 224.

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**Note 2 Q.**

_a low and lonely cell._

_By many a hard, in Celtic tongue._

_His Corris-crauch lain been sung._—P. 209.

This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overlooking the southern extremity of Loch Katrine. It is surrounded with stunted rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, with spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bounded on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate desites. The name literally implies the Corri, or Ben, of the Wild or Shaggy man. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell, 1 may have originally implied its being the haunt of a fabled banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the _Ureik_, 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 _Ureik_ seems not to have inherited, with the form, the petulance of the silvan deity of the classics; his occupation, on the contrary, resembled those of Milton's Lucubal Fiend, or of the Scottish Brownie, though he differed from both in name and appearance. The _Ureiks_, as says Dr. Graham, "were a set of lighthbeeld 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, 1829. It must be owned that the _Cair_, or _Den_, does not, in its present state, meet our idea 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 convulsions of nature, which a Lowlander cannot estimate, and which may have choked up what was originally a cavern. At least the name and tradition warrant the author of a fictitious tale to assert its having been such at the remote period in which this scene is laid.

APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

NOTE 2 R.

The wild pass of Beal-nam-to.—P. 299.

Beal-nach-nam-to, 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-Urisk, treated of in a former note. The whole comprises the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

NOTE 2 S.

A single page, to bear his sword.

None attended on his lord.—P. 299.

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 Luitkitch, 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 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 filament?" 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 officers who, independent of Luitkitch, or gardevs de corps, belonged to the establishment of a Highland Chief. These are, 1. The Hockman. See these Notes, p. 297. 2. The Bard. See p. 293. 3. Bladder, or spokesman. 4. Gillie-maore, or sword-bearer, alluded to in the text. 5. Gillie-confise, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords. 6. Gillie-constrone, who leads the chief's horse. 7. Gillie-Trunkuarent, 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 Taghartim coll'd; by which, &c.

Our sires foresaw the events of war.—P. 211.

The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitions modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the Taghartim, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-shorn bullock, and deposited beside a water-fall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his excited imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt the desolate recesses. In some of these Hebrides, they attributed the same occult 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 uncontrolled dictate of the tutelary deity of the stone, and, as such, to be, if possible, punctually compiled with. Martin has recorded the following curious modes of Highland augury, in which the Taghartirn, 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 detained by lot, was afterwards carried to a river, which was the boundary between two villages; four of the company held him 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 birchwood. 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 fools were abused, for their answer was still ambiguous. This was always practised in the night, and may literally be called the works of darkness.

"I had an account from the most intelligent and judicious men in the Isle of Skie, that about sixty-two years ago, the oracle was thus consulted only once, and that was in the parish of Kilmartin, on the east side, by a wicked and mischievous race of people, who are now extinguished, both root and branch.

"The second way of consulting the oracle was by a party of men, who first retired to solitary places, remote from any house, and there they singled out one of their number, and wrapt him in a big cow's hide, which they folded about him; his whole body was thus covered with it, except his head, and 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 often proved fatal to those concerned in such unwarrantable inquiries.

"There was a third way of consulting, which was a confirmation of the second above mentioned. The same company who put the man into the hide, took a live cat, and put him on a spit; one of the number was employed to turn the spit, and one of his consorts inquired of him, What are you doing? he answered, I roast this cat, until his friends answer the question; which must be the same that was proposed by the man shut up in the hide. And afterwards, a very big cat 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 ease, was believed infallible.

"Mr. Alexander Cooper, present minister of North-Vist, told me, that one John Erch, 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-
Note 2 U.

The chariot of the pery we had,
When swept our merry-men Geltingand.—P. 211.

I know not if it be worth observing, that the passage is taken almost literally from the mouth of an old Highland kern or Kettrar, 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 Longed district, and summoned all the heritors and farmers to meet at the Kirk of Drymen, to pay him black-mail, i.e., tribute for forswearance 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. Grahanse of Garmont, ventured to decline compliance. Rob Roy immediately swept his band of all he could drive away, and among the spoils was a bull of the old Scottish wild breed, whose ferocity occasioned great plague to the Kettrars. "But ere we had reached the Row of Dunman," said the old man, "a child might have scratched his ears." The circumstance is a minute one, but it points the times when the poor beast was compelled

"To hoof it o'er as many weary miles,
With gashing pikemen following at his heels,
As o'er the bravest andler of the woods."

Ethwald.

Note 2 V.

That huge cliff, whose ample verge Tradition calls the Hero's Torge.—P. 211.

There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary 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 most un claims with sudden crook.—P. 211.

Broke—Quartered.—Every thing belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, breaking, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. "There is a little gristle," says Tarberville, "which is upon the spine of the brisket, which we call the Raven's bone, and I have seen in some places a Raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to crook and cry for it, as the time you were in breaking up the deer, and would not depart till she had it." In the very ancient

metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that peerless knight, who is said to have been the very deliver of all rules of chase, did not omit the ceremony:

"The raven be yane his yiffes
Sat on the fournched twe,"

Sir Tristrem.

The raven might also challenge his rights by the Book of St. Alban; for thus says Dame Juliana Berners:

"Sittith ane
The hely to the side, from the curlyn bone;
That is curlyn's fee, at the death be will be."

Jonson, in "The Sad Shepherd," gives a more poetical account of the same ceremony:

"Marian.—He that unless him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon
Of which a little gristle grows—you call it—
Robin Hood.—The raven's bone.
Marian.—Now o'er head sat a raven
On a morsel, a goodly, great bird, and honest,
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So croak'd and cried after, as all the hunters,
Especially old Seathock, thought it ominous."

Note 2 X.

Which spells the foremost forman's life.
That party conquers in the strife.—P. 212.

Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghazun, or Oracle of the Hale, it was of itself an angry frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that, on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsmen, whom they found in the fields, merely to secure an advantage of so much consequent to their party.

Note 2 Y.

Alice Brand.—P. 213.

This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the Kempe Vitær, a collection of heroic songs, first published in 1591, and reprinted in 1609, inscribed by Anders Skaarnef, 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 reader of the smaller Minstrelsy of the tale of Young Tom颥ane. 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 Vitær. 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 Hof, mentioned in the first stanzas of the ballad, means the West Sea, in opposition to the Baltic, or East Sea, Mr. Jamieson

Rob Roy, bay, as I have been named, not addicted to his predatory excursions.—Note to Third Edition.
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inclines to be of opinion, that the scene of the disenchantment is laid in one of the Orkney, or Hebride Islands. To each verse in the original is added a burden, having a kind of meaning of its own, but not applicable, at least not uniformly applicable, to the sense of the stanza to which it is subjuncted: this is very common both in Danish and Scottish song.

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THE ELFIN GRAY.
TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KEMPE VISER, p. 143,
AND FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1591.

Der ligger en vold i Vester Haf,
Der aeger en bøndé at byggé;
Hand furer did bænde høg og hund,
Og aegter der om vinteren at ligge.
(DE VLIDE DIER OG DÆRENKE UM SKØVÆN.)

1. There ligg a vold in Wester Haf,
There a husbande means a bigg,
And thither he carries baith hawk and hound,
There meaning the winter to ligge.
(The wild deer and doe i the shaw out.)

2. He taks wi' him baith hound and cock,
The laager 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 aik,
Sae has he the poplar gray;
And grimm in mood was the growsome elf,
That be sae laird be may.

4. He hew'd him kipples, he hew'd him hawks,
Wi' mickle meil and haste,
Syne speer'd the Elf i the knock that bade,
"Wha's backing here sae fast I"

5. Syne up and spak the welest Elf,
Creant'd as an immort sma:"
"It's here is come a Christian man;—
I'll fly him or he ga."

6. It's up syne started the firsten Elf,
And glower'd about sae grim:
"It's well awa' to the husbande's house,
And hald a court on him.

7. "Here hews he down baith shagg and shaw,
And works us skailth and scorn:
His huswife he sail gle to me;
They's rue the day they were born!"

8. The Elfen a' I the knock that were,
Gaol dancing in a string;

1 This singular quatrains stands thus in the original:—
   "Hunden hund gåer i græden;
   Hunden tøm læt herre;
   Gæren skriger, og hænen guler,
   Som bonden høftid givet al korn."

They nighed near the husband's house;
Sae hang their tails did hing.

9. The hound he yowls i the yard,
The herd toots in his horn;
The curm serrigs, and the cock crows,
As the husbande has gien him his corn.¹

10. The Elfen were five score and seven,
Sae haddly and sae grim;
And they the husbande's guests man be,
To eat and drink wi' him.

11. The husbande, out o' Villenshaw,
At his wincnock the Elves can see:
"Help me, now, Jesus, Mary's son;
Thir Elves they mint at me!"

12. In every nook a cross he coast,
In his chaoler maist ava;
The Elfen a' were thay'd thereat,
And flew to the wild-wood shaw.

13. And some flew east, and some flew west,
And some to the norwart flew;
And some they flew to the deep dale down,
There still they are, I trow.²

14. It was then the welest Elf,
In all the door braids he;
Agast was the husbande, for that Elf
For cross nor sign wad flee.

15. The huswife she was a canny wife,
She set the Elf at the bord;
She set before him baith ale and meat,
Wi' mony a weel-waled 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 man
To me for a lemmen gie."

18. Up spak the luckless husbande then,
As God the grace him gae;
"Eline she is to me sae dear,
Her thou may nage-gate hae."

19. Till the Elf he answer'd as he couthe:
"Let but my huswife be,

² In the Danish:—
   "Somme skøye oær, og somme skøye veester
   Nøgle skøye når par;
   Nøgle skøye ned i dybene dalb,
   Jeg troer de erb der norden."
And tak whatsoever, o' good or gear,
Is mine, a'wa' wi' thon.'

Then fill thy dram tak and ane,
As true as my heart to God;
And bring thy own and what maist
Ameath my wassie stood.

The bonny and the heavy hold a' in my coobs a' day.
Here's the man that he saw forlorn,
Nor that we a' should fare.

Up, well o' rale, the husband stood,
With bent fa' and hair.
And he gie his own wife Eline
Wi' the young Elsie to fare.

The thistle grew by, and sprang about:
He took her in his arm:
The red o' her comedy cheek,
Her heart was clean' wi' harm.

A waifu' wiman then she was a'ne,
And the moody tears bent fa' :
God save on me, uneasy wife,
How had a weird I fa'?

My blyth I plight to the fairest wight
That man on earth maist see:
May I now sell wi' a bally El,
His light leman to be?

He minted a'ne—he minted twice,
Was wa'ed her heart that sly:
Set the baleless sound he grew that e'er
To mortal ee did kyth.

When he the thrid time can mint
To Mary's son she pray'd,
And the bally El was clean a'ne,
And a fair knight in his stoud.

This fell under a Linden green,
That against his shape he found,
O' was and o'ne was the word eae mair,
A' were the glad that sound.

'O dearer Eline, hear thou this,
And thon my wife sell be,
And a' the good in merry England
She fa's ay I'll gie thee!

"When I was but a lill wee bairn,
My mother died me tra;
My stepmother sent me awa' fra her,
I turn'd till an Elfin Gray.

"To thy husband I a gift will gie,
Wi' mickle state and gear,
As mends for Eline his huswife;—
Thou's be my heartis dear.'

"Thou noble knight, we thank now God
That has tried us free sauchit;
Sae wad thou thee a maiden free,
And joy attend ye bain!

"Sit' I to thee a'naes mak can be
My dochter may be thine;
And thy gud will right to fulfill,
Lett this be our promise.'

"I thank thee, Eline, thou wise woman;
My praise thay worth all hae's;
And thay love gin I fail to win,
Thou here at hame saal staw.'

The husband biggit now on his 60,
And me ane brought him wrang;
His dochter wore crown in Engeland,
And happy lived and lang.

Now Eline, the husband's huswife, has
Coun'd a' her grief and harnes;
She's rather to a noble queen
That sleeps in a kings arms.

Glossary,
St. 1. Wald, a wood; woody fastness.
Husband, from the Dan. hæs, with, and boende, a vajgin, or boudeman, who was a cultivator of the ground, and could not quit the estate to which he was attainted, without the permission of his lord.
This is the sense of the word, in the old Scottish records. In the Scottish "Burghie Laws," translated from the dreg. Majesty. (Auchinleck MS. in the Adv. Lib.), it is used indiscriminately with the Dan. and Swed. boende.
Bigg, build.
Ligg, lie.
Dace, doon.
Shee, wood.
Sairly, sorely.
Aik, oak.
Greasome, terrible.
Hold, hold.
Kipples (couples), beams joined at the top, for supporting a roof, in building.
Banks, balks; crossbeams.
Mal, laborious industry.
Sper, asked.
Knock, hullock.
Weist, smallest.
Cream'd, shrunk, diminished; from the Gaelic, crian, very small.
Immeret, emmet; ant.
Christian, used in the Danish ballads, &c. in contradistinction to demonist, as it is in England in contradistinction to brute; in which sense, a person of the lower class in England, would call a Jew or a Turk a Christian.
Frey, frethlen.
Glouter'd, stared.
Hold, hold.
Skugg, shade.
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Skith, harm.
9. Yowl, howls.
   Toots. — In the Dan. tude is applied both to the
   howling of a dog, and the sound of a horn.

Scruffres, screams.
10. Laidly, loathly; disgustedly ugly.

Grim, fierce.

11. Wizack, window.

Mist, aim at.


Chalmer, chamber

Maist, most.

Avo, all.


True, believe.


Wad, world.

15. Casny, adroit.

Mony, many.

Wel-wahted, well chosen.

17. An, if.

Bide, abide.

Lemman, mistress.


19. Couth, could, knew how to.

Let be, let alone.

Gude, goods; property.

20. Anceath, beneath.

Dwelling-stead, dwelling-place.


Reds, counsel; consultation.

Forfalen, forlorn; lost; gone.

Tyn, (verb, next.) be lost; perish.

22. Will of rede, bewildered in thought; in the Danish
   original "cildreadsage;", Lat. "inops consili;" —

Gr. ἀδοκον. This expression is left among the de-

siderates in the Glossary to Ritson's Romances,

and has never been explained. It is obsolete in the

Danish as well as in English.

Fore, go.

23. Red, red of the cheek.

Clem'd, in the Danish, klemt; (which in the north

of England is still in use, as the word starved is

with us;) brought to a dying state. It is used by

our old comedians.

Horns, grief; as in the original, and in the old Ten-

tants, English, and Scottish poetry.

24. Wofes', woeful.

Moody, strongly and wilfully passionate.

Rees, take ruth; pity.

Unseely, unhappy; unbest.

Witred, fate.

Fa, (Isl. Dan. and Swed.) take; get; acquire; pro-

cure; have for my lot. —This Gothic verb answers,

in its direct and secondary significations, exactly to

the Latin capio; and Allan Ramsay was right in

his definition of it. It is quite a different word from

sa', an abbreviation of 'sall, or safall; and is the

principal root in fang'en, to farg, take, or lay hold

of.

25. Fay, faith.

Maid, month; earth.

Mat, more; might.

Mewn, must.

Mell, mix.

Ei, an elf. This term, in the Welsh, signifies what

has in itself the power of motion; a moving prin-

cipal; an intelligence; a spirit; an angel. — In the

Hebrew it bears the same import.

26. Minted, attempted; meant; showed a mind, or in-
tention to. The original is —

"Hand mintede hende forset—og anden gang;—

Han glosid i lioret at se ve.

End bief hand den ledste deif-vel

Mand kunde med aen see.

Der hand vilde minde den tredie gang." 

Syth, tide; time.

Kyth, appear.

28. Stound, hour; time; moment.

29. Merry (old Teut. mere), famous; renowned; an-
swering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the

Latin maxima. 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. mera, and the Welsh mawr, great;

and in the oldest Teut. Romances, mer, mer, and

mere, have sometimes the same signification.

Mends, amends; recompense.

33. Makt, match; pear; equal.

Propin, pledge, gift.

35. We, an island of the second magnitude; an island of

the first magnitude being called a land, and one of

the third magnitude a halm.

39. Cour'd, recover'd.

THE GAISTA'S WARNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH KEMPE VIHER, p. 72.

By the permission of Mr. Jamieson, this ballad is added from

the same curious Collection. It contains some passages of great

paths.

SECOND DYRING HAND RIDER SIT UP UNDER OÉ,

(Vær' jeg sejer wig)

Der feste hand sig saa ven en måde.

(Atig letter nii tionden at ride); &c.

CHILD DYING HAS RIDDEN HIM UP UNDER OÉ,

(And O gia I were young)

There wedded he him sae fair a may.

(I' the greenwood it lists me to ride.)

They either lived for seven long year,

(And O, &c.)

And they seven bairns hee gotten in forc

(I' the greenwood, &c.)

Sae Death's come there intill that steel,

And that winosme lily flower is dead.

That swain he has ridden him up under oé,

And syne he has married another may.

He's married a may, and he's fessen her name;

But she was a grim and a laddly dame.

When into the castell court dave she,

The seven bairns stood wi' the tear in their œ

The bairns they stood wi' dule and doibt;

She up wi' her foot, and she kick'd them out.
Nor a nor meed to the barmies she gave:
"But hunger and hate sare me yo’s have.”

She took her the bow ties blue,
And said, "Ye have lost the bare straw.”

She took her the groff wax light:
"Now yo can see it the morn a’ night!"

"Was I lang i’ the night, and the barmies grav;
Their mother sare under the morn heard that.

That heard the wife under the yard that lay:
"For such man I go my barmies gae!"

That wife can stand up on our Lord’s knee,
And May I gang and my barmies see!

She prigg and she sair, and she prigg and she lang,
That be at the last gae her leave to gang.

"And thou and come back when the cock does croak,
For thou nae longer shall hide awa.”

Wi’ her banes sae stark a bowt she gae;
She’s riven baith wa’ and marble gray.

When near to the dwelling she cam gang,
The dogs they would’ the lift it rang.

When she cam till the castell yet,
Her eldest dochter stood thorein.

"Why stand ye here, dear dochter mine?"
How are sae’ brothers and sisters thine?”—

"For saith ye’re a woman baith fair and fine;
But ye are sae dear mither of mine.”—

"Och! how should I be fine or fair?
My cheek it is pale, and the ground’s my lair.”—

"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 chamer in,
Down the bairs’ cheeks the tears did rin.

She bonkit the tane, and she brush’d it there;
She keem’d and plaited the tipher’s hair.

The third she douk’d upon her knee,
And the fourth she dichted sae camile.

She’s in the fifith upon her lip,
And sweetly sulked it at her pap.

Till her eldest dochter sayd she,
"Ye have lost Gold Dying come here to me.”

When he cam till the chamer in,
Wi’ angry mood she said to him:

"I left yo ronth o’ ale and bread;
My bairness quall for hunger and need.

Glossary

Ar. 1. May, maid.
2. List, please.
3. Stane, place.
4. Fain, children.
5. In ferre, together.
6. Win, song.
7. Dye, drove.
8. Drown, sorrow.
11. Ither, blue.
12. Hope, hope.
13. Hoister, lobster, cushion; bed.
14. Gang, go.
15. Friggled, entreated earnestly and perseveringly.
16. Banes, bones.
17. Wane’d, hawled.
18. Laffi, sky, firmament; air.
21. Lirre, complexion.
22. Cold, cold.
23. Till, to.
24. Run, ran.
25. Ruskit, dressed.
26. Rint, covered.

The original of this and the following stanza is very fine.
"Hun skell spyn to slumb bairn.
Dierens is mert og grau marmorstein.

Der han gikk ingenem den by.
De hundel de ried en hoff i sky.”
28. Recht, plenty.
29. Quaill, are quelled; des.
30. Niced, want.
34. Sinned, behind.
31. Bred, brave; fia. 
32. Dowd, sorrowful.
33. Nerr, snarl.
Bell, bark.

Note 2 Z.

the moody Elf King.—P. 214.

In a long dissertation upon the Fairy Superstitions, published in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, the most valuable part of which was supplied by my learned and indefatigable friend, Dr. John Leyden, most of the circumstances are collected which can throw light upon the popular belief which even yet prevails respecting them in Scotland. Dr. Graham, author of an entertaining work upon the Scenery of the Perthshire Highlands, already frequently quoted, has recollected, 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 Divine Shiel," or Men of Peace of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peculiar, repining race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envious mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy in their subterraneous recesses a sort of shadowy happiness,—a 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 Caileckilie, 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 (sinisterum) 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 soft music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys, or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence, he forfeits forever the society of men, and is bound down irreversibly to the condition of Shielieh, or Man of Peace.

"A woman, as is reported in the Highland tradition, was conveyed, in days of yore, into the secret recesses of the Men of Peace. There she was recognised by one who had formerly been an ordinary mortal, but who had, by some fatality, become associated with the Shielieh. 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, on the enchantment was removed, to consist only of the refuse of the earth."—P. 107-111.

Note 3 A.

Why sounds you stroke on beach 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 root and recreation, as appear from the cause of offence taken, in the original Danish ballad. This jealousy was also an attribute of the northern Duergar, 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 Elf, 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 Coot of Keeldar, and has not forgot his characteristic detestation of the chase.

"The third blast that young Keeldar blow,
Still stood the limber fern,
And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
Upstart by a coira."

"His rassen weeds were brown as heath
That clothes the upland fell;
And the hair of his head was grizzly red
As the purple heather-bell."

"An archin clad in prickles red,
Clung cow'ring to his arm;
The hounds they howl'd, and backward fled
As struck by fairy charm."

"Why rises high the stag-hound's cry,
Where stag-hound 'o'er should he 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 I—
The Brown man of the Moors, who stays
Beneath the heather-bell."

"'Tis sweet beneath the heather-bell,
To live in autumn brown;
And sweet to hear the law'rock's swell,
Far, far from tower and town."

"But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The chase's sylly cheer!
And ever that hunter is forlorn,
Whom first at morn I hear!"

The poetical picture here given of the Duergar corresponds exactly with the following Northumbrian legend, with which I was lately favored by my learned and kind friend Mr. Sar
tees of Mainsforth, who has bestowed indefatigable labor upon the antiquities of the English Border counties. The subject is
in its so curious, that the length of the note was, I hope, be
parodied.

I have once recited of the appearance of our
Northward B.E.J. My curiosity in ElizabethChurch, an
and visited of the in the same wight of a
of a book with the I but I am impelled to, what I said,
that done; by her to me to be unusually
that, he himself, if he at that time endowed with a
funk by many voices, and special apparitions, which shun
the common kind.

At the year before the great rebellion, two young men from
Newcastle were missing a high moor above Eden, and
after passing three or four hours, set down to dine in a
green gill, near one of the mountain streams. After their
rest, the young men ran to the brook for water, and after stopp-
ing to drink, was out in the field. He had not yet seen the
appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood in a crag covered
with bracken, across the burn. This extraordinary personage did
not appear to be above half the stature of a common man, but
was uncommonly short in height, having the appearance of
very strength. He was once a crowned king, the color of
the brown, and his head covered with frizzled red hair. His
countenance was every of the most savage ferocity, and
his eye glared like a bolt. It seems he addressed the young
man first, treating him with contempt, for having tramp-
ed on his domain, and asking him strange questions, after
which replied, that he now suppose
him to be the lord of the brooks; that he offended through ignor-
amance, and offered to bring him the game he had killed.
The dwarf was a little more than half the colossian, but
remarked, that young men were of no account to him; and
such as he was without the wild animals of his subjects, and
never failed to avenge his usurpation. He commanded further
to inform him, that if he was, like himself, mortal, though
of years for exacting the last of human beauty; and what
I should not have had, I will help for a gratification.
However, I must, after any thing that had life, but lived
in the summer on whortles, he and in winter on moun-
aples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he
visited his new acquaintance to accompany him home, and
peruse his hospitality; an offer which the youth was on the
point of accepting and was just going to spring across the
brook (which, if he had done, says Elizabeth, the dwarf would
certainly have torn him in pieces), when his foot was arrested
by the voice of his companion, who thought he had tarryed long;
and on looking round again, 'the ween brown was fled.'
The story able, that he was repentant enough to slight the ad-
momation, and to sport over the moors on his way homeward;
but soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and
died within the year.'

Note 3 B.
— Who may dare on wold to wear
The feared fatal green?— P. 214.

As the Doine Shri, one Man of Peace, wore green habits,
they were supposed to take off 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
counties. The Connemara men, who hold this belief, allege as
a reason, that their lands were that never when they were cut
off at the battle of Pinkie, and for the same reason they
avoid keeping the Oid on a Monday, being the day of the week
on which their clansmen array fight. Green is also dis-
liked by those of the name of Cly, but mere severity is
bodily fatal to the whole clan of Graham. It is remembered of
an aged gentleman of that game, that when his horse fell in a
fox-cove, he accounted for it at once by observing, that the
whippoor attached to his laws was of the antelope color

Note 3 D.

And gaudy shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glittering show.—P. 214.

No fact respecting Fairy-land seems to be better ascertained
than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure
and splendor. It has been already noticed in the former quo-
tations from Dr. Graham'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 Shielies busily employed in
mixing various ingredients in a boiling caldron; and, as soon
as the composition was prepared, she remarked that they all
carefully anointed their eyes with it, laying the remainder aside
for future use. In a moment when they were all absent, she
also attempted to anoint her eyes with the previous drug, but
had time to apply it to one eye only, when the Oinirse Shri
rested. 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 colors and form. The
gaudy ornaments of the spurrments were reduced to the walls

For thin were supposed greatly to envy the privileges ac-
quired by Christian notables, and they gave to those mortals
who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded
up on this advantageous circumstance.

Tambine, in the old bas-
lad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:

"For I recline in a rich whitesteed,
And are nearest the town;
Because I was a christened knight,
They gave me that renown."

I presume that, in the Danish ballad of the Ellen Grey (see Appendix, Note 3 A), the obstinacy of the "Weister Elf," who would not be for crosses or sign, is to be derived from the circumstance of his having been a "christened man."

How eager the Elves were to obtain for their offspring the prerogatives of Christianity will be proved by the following story.—"In the district called Haga, in Iceland, dwell a noble
clan called Sigward Fortet, who had an intrigue with one of the undernurts folk. The elf became pregnant, and
expected from her lover a firm promise that he would procure
the baptism of the infant. At the appointed time, the mother
came to the churchyard, on the wall of which she placed a
golden cup, and a stake, for the priest, acceptable to the custom
of making an offering at baptism. She then used a little part.
When the priest left the church, he repaired the meaning of
what he saw, and demanded of Sigward if he avowed himself
the father of the child. But Sigward, a demand of the connec-
tion, denied the paternity. He was then interrogated if he
desired that the child should be baptized; but this also he
avowed; and a day was fixed for the ceremony, on which day
the child was left untouched and unchristened. Whereupon the mother, in extreme wrath, stashed up the infant and the cup, and, leaving the priest, cut in 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 to this day." Thus wrote Conor Dubhnael, pastor of the parish of Garphail, in Iceland, a man profoundly versed in learning, from whose manuscript it was extracted by the learned Turfau.—Hisoria Heifa Krla-
bit, Hafnii, 1715, prefato.
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 unmedicated eye, every thing that was done, anywhere in her presence, by the deceptive art of the order. One day, amidst a throng of people, she chanced to observe the Shii‘ah, 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."—Grahame’s Sketches, p. 116-118.

It is very remarkable, that this story, translated by Dr. Grahame from popular Gaelic tradition, is to be found in the Otha 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 uninformal acquaintance with this subject might enable him to do it justice; I mean my friend, Mr. Francis Douce, of the British Museum, whose usual kindness will, I hope, pardon my mentioning his name, while on a subject so closely connected with his extensive and curious researches.

Note 3 E.

I sunk down in a sinful groyn, And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch’d away To the joyless Elf’s bower. —P. 214.

The subjects of Fairy-land were recruited from the regions of humanity by a sort of cramping system, which extended to adults as well as to infants. Many of those who were in this world supposed to have discharged the debt of nature, had only become denizens of the "Londo of Fairy." In the beautiful Fairy Romance of Orfeus and Heuridusa (Orpheus and Eurydice) in the Archibeleck MS. is the following striking enumeration of persons thus abstracted from middle earth. Mr. Ritson unfortunately published this romance from a copy

in which the following, and many other highly poetical passages, do not occur:—

"Then he gan bidie about an, And selgie ful liggeand with in the wal Of folk that were thidder y-brought, And thought dede and mewe nought: Some stode withouten haddle; And sum non armes made; And thought through the hoistable wondres; And some laye wode y-bonde; And sum armed on hors sete; And sum astrenged as thai ẹt; And sum war in water adreyn; And sum with fire al forschreynt; Wives ther lay on childe bedde; Sum dede, and sum sweede; And wonder fele ther lay besides; Right as thai slepe her undertides; Eche was thus in the warl y-nome, With fairi thider y-come."

Note 3 F.

Who ever reck’d, where, how, or when, The prowling fox was trappr’d or slain? —P. 219.

St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confounding the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Orkney, by the words: "It was true, we gave laws to hare and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either sordid or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been ventured in such an authority."—Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1792, fol. vol. p. 163.

Note 3 G.

—his Highland cheer, The harden’d flesh of mountain-deer.—P. 219

The Scottish Highlanders, in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Chartres, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlants (en fin fonds des Sauvages). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these Scottish Senegres devour a part of their venison raw, without any further preparation than compressing it between two bantons of wood, so as

tured to pronounce the same name, and called for his horse. The quest immediately appeared; he mounted, and was soon joined to the falconer. He remained with them for a year, going about with them to fairs and weddings, and feasting, though unseen by mortal eyes, on the victuals that were exhibited on those occasions. They had one day gone to a wedding where the cheer was abundant. During the feast the bridegroom sneezed. The young man, according to the usual custom, said, "God bless you!" The falcons were offended at the pronunciation of the sacred name, and assume him, that if he dared to repeat it, they would punish him. The bridegroom sneezed a second time. He repeated his blessing; they threatened more tremendous vengeance. He sneezed a third time; he blessed him as before. The falcons were enraged; they tumbled him from a precipice; but he found himself unhurt, and was restored to the society of mortals."—Dr. Grahame’s Sketches, second edit. p. 295-7. —See Note, "Fairy Superstitions," Rob Roy, second edit.]
to face out the Morl'd, and rule as a sovereign. To
the south was a great forest, and west the Valleys par-
ted by the broad rivers and the forest poor.

The country of the Clan Donald is a remarkable
region. The hills are high, the valleys deep, the
forests thick, and the streams swift. The people are
scantly clad, and the ground is barren. The soil is
bare and the people are few. The manor is held by
warriors, and the chief is called the Laird.

After the force gave place, there was a pause
in the battle, and the chiefs conferred. The
Laird of Drummond drew the Lord Elcho to the back-
ning and likewise there was slargtmg among many of the
heir.

K- to rule through all Scotland, "under the presence and
close of the lost, to reach the first and the last, was a
power that was ever in their company. And thence at that
time down to the Northmen, nor yet a Daugher's man,
was the best in the world. There fore, out of the
kilt, as it were, the last thing, or as the daughter.
Thus it was told by the Highlanders, or by their sons, to
first come they were. And as the poet, in the court in
guiding;"—Orp. p. 133.

NOTE 3 I.

The Gael, of plain and river here,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.—P. 231.

The ancient Highlanders verified in their practice the lines of
Gray—

"An iron near the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentle genius of the plain;
For where unwept shadows must be found,
With self-sought plough to gird the fruitful ground;
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood,
To tame the savage raving from the wood;
What wonder if, to ancient valour train'd,
They gain'd with such by strength they gain'd:
And while their rocky ramparts rend they see
The rough abode of want and liberty.
(As lawless force from conscience will grow),
Insult the plenty of the vale below?"

V PLANT on the Shores of Education
and Government.

So far, indeed, was a Cragh, or a fray, 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
men on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a
neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished
an apology, or against the Sassenach, Saxons, or Lowlanders,
for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional
historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote
time, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which
furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that
could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within
their reach. Sir James Grant of Grant is in possession of a
letter of apology from Cameron of Lochiel, whose men had
committed some depredation upon a farm called Moines,
occupied by one of the Grants. Lochiel assures Grant, that,
however the mistake had happened, his instructions were 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 II.

Not then claim'd sovereignty his due
White Albions, with feeble hand,
Held burrest travechem of command.—P. 221.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish
history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and
occupied the reign of James V. Feuds of ancient standing
broke out like old women, and every corner among the
independent old law, which was observed only by the most
lounging, gave rise to fresh discord. "There arose," says
Pittcathie, "great trouble and deadly fruits among many parts of
Scotland, both in the north and west parts. The Mar of Forbes,
the north, slew the Laird of Maxell, under trust." (i.e. at
an agreed and secure meeting.) Likewise the Laird of
Drumclrier slew the Lord Elcho at the backing, and
likewise there was slaughter among many other great
bears.—P. 121. Nor was the matter much mended under the
government of the Earl of Angus; for though he casued the
APPENDIX TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Highland robber, infected Inverness-shire, and leaved black-mail up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About night-fall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and the very professioning 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 disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn.—The Highlander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. "Would you like to see him?" said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. "Stranger," roamed 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 no power, I can only dismiss you unshamed and unjured." He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party as suddenly as they had presented themselves.

NOTE 3 M.

See, here, all wanting least I stand,
Awa'd, like thyself, with single brand.—P. 223.

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those pretexts 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 Quelas, a minion of Henry III. of France, and Antraguet, with two seconds on each side, from which only two persons escaped alive, Quelus complained that his antagonist had over him the advantage of a poniard, which he used in parrying, while his left hand, which he was forced to employ for the same purpose, was cruelly mangled. When he charged Antraguet with this, "Thou hast done wrong," answered he, "to forget thy dagger at home. We are here to fight, and not to settle puncillo's of arms." In a similar duel, however, a younger brother of the house of Anhange, in Angoumois, 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 horrible than 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 Ruffins, did not scruple to take every advantage of strength, numbers, surprise, and arms, to accomplish their revenge. The Sieur de Brantome, to whose discourse on duels I am obliged for these particulars, gives the following account of the death and principles of his friend the Baron de Vintaux:—

"Jay ons conter a un Tireur d'armes, qui apprit a Millad a en tirer, lequel s'appelloit Seigneur le Jacques Ferron, de la ville d'Ast, qui avoit a moy, il fut depuis jet en Sainte-Basille en Gascoigne, lors que Monsieur du Mayne l'assigea lui servant d'Ingenieur; et de malheur, je l'avois adressee audit Baron quelques trois mois auparavant, pour l'exercer a tirer, bien qu'en aquest pour; mais il ne en fit compt; et le laissant, Millad s'en servit, et le remit fort aroit. Seigneur Jacques done me reconta, qu'il s'estoit monte sur un noyer, assez long, pour en voir le combat, et qu'en ve n'est jamais homme y aller plus bravement, y plus resolument, ay de grace plus assuré ny determiné. Il commenga de marcher de cinquante pas vers son ennemy, relevant souvent ses moustaches en haut d'une main; et estant a vingt de son ennemy (non plutot), il mit la main a l'espée qu'il tenant en la main, ne qu'il l'etouffe encore; mais en marchant, il fit voller le fourreau en l'air, en le secouant, ce qui est le beau de cela, et qui monstroit bien un grace de combat bien assuré et froide, et nullement temerite, comme il y en a qui tirent leurs espées de cinq cents pas de l'ennemy, voire de mille, comme j'en ay vu aucun. Ainsi mourut ce brave Baron, le paragon de France, qu'on nommoit tel, a bien venger ses querelles, par grandes et determinées resolutions. Il n'estoit pas seulement estimé en France, mais en Italie, Espaigne, Allemaigne, en Boulogne et Angletère; et destoirot fort les Etrangers, venant en France, le voir; car je l'y veu, tant sa renomme 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. Certo, je tiens de grandes capitaines, et mesme d'Italiens, qu'ont estez d'autres fois les premiers venogeurs du monde, en armi modi, ou bien arme, mais non exactement en le centre. Il y en a qui en supercherie ne se devoit payer que par semblable monnoye, et n'y alloit point là de déshonneur."—Oeuvres de Brantome, Paris, 1767-8. 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 "4s hired banditti; from which it may be conceived how lithe the point of honor of the period deserved its name. I have chosen to give my hero's

NOTE 3 L.

On Bochastle the moulderling lines
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle-wings unfurled.—P. 223.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Troachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the Down of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairford, entitled the Roman Camp.

"One of the most entire and beautiful remains of a Roman encampment now to be found in Scotland, is to be seen at Arloch, near Greenloch, about six miles to the eastward of Dunblane. This encampment is supposed, on good grounds, to have been constructed during the fourth campaign of Agricola in Britain; it is 1000 feet in length, and 900 in breadth; it could contain 26,000 men, according to the ordinary distribute of the Roman soldiers in their encampments. There appears to have been three or four ditches, strongly fortified, surrounding the camp. The four entries crossing the lines are still to be seen distinctly. The general's quarter rises above the level of the camp, but is not exactly in the centre. It is a regular square of twenty yards, enclosed with a stone wall, and containing the foundations of a house, 30 feet by 20. There is a subterraneous communication with a smaller encampment at a little distance, in which several Roman helmets, spears, &c., have been found. From this camp at Arloch, the great Roman highway runs east to Bertha, about 14 miles distant, where the Roman army is believed to have passed over the Tay into Strathmore."—Grahame.
who see, indeed, of an earlier period, a stronger touchstone of the spirit of chivalry.

Note 3 N.

It fired it then with Redbrick fliu, Thud as the foot you taste his grand, For you and swais your arms to wield, Scotland's bane was rapier and shield. — P. 233.

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 target of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted itnable, 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 Grove informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 55th regiment, then in Flanders, were, for the most part, permitted to carry targets.—Merry Antiquaries, vol. i. p. 104. A person thus armed had a considerable advantage in private fray. Among verses between Scott and Sheridan, lately published by Mr. Barrow, 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 weapon, a rapier, a backsword, and target; Rens Museum advanced as fast as he could, But his fine points were caught in the wood, And sawtay, with backsword, did slash him and nick him, While Patter, enraged that he could not once prick him, Cried: 'Sarah, you raised, you son of a whore, Me will fight you, be gat if you'll come from your door.' "

The use of defensive armor, and particularly of the buckler, or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier. Rowland Yorke, however, who betrayed the fort of Zutphen to the Spaniards, for which good service he was afterward 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 bullies, of Queen Elizabeth's time, says,—"West Smithfield was formerly called Ruffians' Hall, where such men used to meet, casually or otherwise, to try masteries with sword and buckler. More were frighted than hurt, more hurt than killed therewith, it being accounted unlucky to strike beneath the knee. But since that desperate traitor Rowland Yorke first introduced thrusting with rapier, sword and buckler are disused." In "The Two Angry Women of Astoning," a comedy, printed in 1599, we have a pathetic complaint: "Swore I and buckler fight began to grow out of use. I am sorry for it; I shall never see good mankind again. If he be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up; then a tall man, and a good sword and back-sazer, man, will be spoiled 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 defense were chiefly Italians. They made great mystery of the art and code of instruction, never suffered any person to be professed but the scholar who was to be taught, and even examined cloister, lane, and other places of possible concealment. The moderns often gave the most transcendental advantages: for the conqueror, having the right to choose his weapons, frequently when it came to choice, unusual, and inconceivable kind of arms, the use of which he practised under those instructors, and that held at this case his antagonist, to whom it was presented for the first time on the field of battle. See Brantome's Discourse on Duels, and the work on the same subject, "si gentemen clerit," by the venerable Dr Paris de Pueto. 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 reverent yield, who fears to die.—P. 234.

I have not ventured to render this duel so savagely desperate as that of the celebrated Sir Euan of Lochiel, chief of the clan Cameron, called, from his sable complexion, Ewan Blu. 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 Inverlochy, now Fort-William. The governor of the fort detached a party of three hundred men to lay waste Lochiel's possessions, and cut down his trees; but, in a sudden and desperate attack made upon them by the chiefman with very inferior numbers, they were almost all cut to pieces. The skirmish is detailed in a curious memoir of Sir Euan's life, printed in the Appendix of Pymnott'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 unaccompained with any, he kept out, and thought him his prey. They met one another with equal fury. The combat was long and doubtful: the English gentleman had by far the advantage in strength and size; but Lochiel, exceeding him in nimbleness and activity, 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 hit 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 towers I within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And then, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft has heard the death-dear sound.—P. 235.

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:—

"Disclosin tristes
Hen quotus procedunt sanguine lustu humam!
Hoe uno inefa, et felix estra; nequum
Lactor aut evii frumentis stella.
"

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. Murdoch Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, by father's-marriage, and his two sons, Walter and Alexander Stuart, were executed at Stirling, in 1423. 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 Dunne, and their extensive possessions. This "beheading hill," as it was sometimes termed, bears commonly the less terrible name of Hurly-bucket, from its having been the scene of a costly movement alluded to by Sir David
Lindsay, who says of the pastimes in which the young King was engaged,

"Some harled 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.

Note 3 Q.

The burghers hold their sports to-day.—P. 235.

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 Plebiorum, as Lesley has intimated it. The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow. Such a one is preserved at Selkirk and at Peebles. At Dunbris, a silver gun was substituted, and the contention transferred to firearms. The ceremony, as there performed, is the subject of an excellent Scottish poem, by Mr. John Mayne, entitled the Siller Gun, 1589, which surpasses the efforts of Ferguson, and comes near to those of Burns.

Of James's attachment to archery, Pitcaithly, 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 waked [picked] men for all kinds of games and pastimes, shooting, looping, running, wrestling, and casting of the stone, but they were well 'sayed [replied or tried] ere they passed out of Scotland, and that by their own provocation; but ever they tain: till at last, the Queen of Scotland, the King's mother, favoured the Englishmen, because she was the King of England's sister; and therefore she took an enterprise of archery upon the Englishmen'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 buds, as the Scots please."

"The king, hearing this of his mother, was content, and gart her a pawn a hundred crowns, and a tun of wine, upon the Englishmen's hands; and he incontinent hild him down as much for the Scottish-horn. 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 Balfie; they shot very near, and warped [wasted] the English-men of the enterprise, and won the hundred crowns and the tun of wine, which made the king very merry that his men won the victory."—P. 147.

Note 3 R.

Robin Hood.—P. 236.

The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favorite frolic at such festivals as we are describing. This sporting, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th Parliament of Queen Mary, c. 61, A. D. 1555, which or dered, under heavy penalties, that "no manner of person be chosen Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbot of Unescow, Queen of May, nor otherwise." But in 1601, the "ravell multitude," says John Knox, "were stirred up to make a Robin Hude, whilk enormity was of many years left and damned by statute and act of Parliament; yet would they not be forbidden." Accordingly, they raised a very serious tumult, and at length made prisoners the magistrates who endeavored to suppress it, and would not release them till they exerted a formal promise that no one should be punished for his share of the disturbance. It would seem, from the complaints of the General Assembly of the Kirk, that these profane festivities were continued down to 1592.1 Bold Robin was, to say the least, equally successful in maintaining his ground against the reformed clergy of England: for the simple and evangelical Latimer complains of coming to a country church, where the people refused to hear him, because it was Robin Hood's day; and his mitre and cætol were fain to give way to the village pastime. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the Preliminary Dissertation to the late Mr. Ritson's edition of the songs respecting this memorable outlaw. The game of Robin Hood was usually acted in May; and he was associated with the morrice-dancers, on whom so much illustration has been bestowed by the commentators on Shakspeare. A very lively picture of these festivities, containing a great deal of curious information on the subject of the private life and amusements of our ancestors, was thrown, by the late ingenious Mr. Strutt, into his romance entitled Queen-hoo Hall, published after his death, in 1806.

Note 3 S.

Indifferency as to archer might.

The monarch gave the arrow's right.—P. 230.

The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus. But the King's behavior during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspinde, one of the banished Douglasses, under circumstances similar to those in the text, is hinted at in a story told by Hume of Goderic. I would have availed myself more fully of the simple and affecting circumstances of the old history, had they not been already woven into a pathetic ballad by my friend Mr. Fiskay.1

"His (the king's) implacability (towards the family of Douglas) did also appear in his carriage towards Archibald of Kilspinde, whom he, when he was a child, loved singularly well for his ability of body, and was wont to call him his Gray-Steill.2 Archibald, being banished into England, could not well comport with the honor of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a concept of themselves, joined with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied 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 a great shooting in the park at Stirling, he castes himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him, he came near, he guessed it was he, and said to one of his couriers, yonder is my Gray-Steill, Archibald of Kilspinde, if be he alive. The other answered, that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the king's presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees and craved pardon, and promised from thenceforward to abstain from meddling in public affairs, and to lead a quiet and private life. The king

1 A champion of popular romances. See Ellis's Romances, vol. iii.

Note 3 T.

PRIZE OF THE WRESTLING MATCH, THE KING.

To be given a golden ring.—P. 236.

The angry part of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have altered my story. Thus, in the Cokes' Tale of Gamelyn, ascribed to Chaucer:

"There happened to be there beside
Two of a wrestling,
And therefore there was yesternight
A ram and a ring."}[1]

Again the Litil Geste of Robin Hood:

"By a bridge was a wrestling,
And there tarried he:
And there was all the best men
Of all the west country;
A full dasy game there was set up,
A whole day long yeight,
A great couse in a gallant and bayle;
With gold bonedall full bayly;
A payre of gloves, a red golde range,
A pipe of wyne, good day;
What man bares him best, I wis,
The prize shall bear away."[2]

RITSON'S ROBIN HOOD, VOL. I.

Note 3 U.

THOSE DORE NOT FOR THEIR FIELDS THE SWORD,
LIKE THEM OF A FELTISH LORD,
NOW OP'NED THE IRRITABLE CLAIM
OF CHRISTIAN IN THEIR LANDSMAN'S NAME:

ADVENTURES OF...—P. 239.

The Scottish army consisted partly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who had held land under them, for

Many twain by themselves and their tenants. The pitiable influence exerted 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 Patera Bastitas, exercised by the Baron as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal seigneur. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the main furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band. The natural poet, Sir David Lindsay (or the person who wrote the prologue to his play of the "Three Estates"), has introduced Friday of the Foot-Band, who, after much warring upon the stage, is at length put to flight by the Fool, who terrifies him by means of a sheep's skin upon a pole. He is made to take the four emblems of the moneyed orders of the period, than of the Scots. Three. These paroxysm of the chronicler of the Adventurous Companions of Fingal or the Condottieri of Italy

One of the best and liveliest traits of such manners is the last way of a badger, called Goffrey Tete Noir, who having been yearly engaged in a skirmish, his intrepidity brought on a mortal wound. When he himself died, he summoned to his bedside the adventurers whom he commanded, and thus addressed them:

"Friends, quod Goffrey, I know well ye have always served and honoured me as men ought to serve their sovereign and capitan, and I shall the better if ye will agree to have your capitaine one that is diseased of my blode, Bodeable are Alane Ronx, my envoy, and Peter his brother, who are man of arms and of my blood. I require you to make Alane your capitaine, and to swear to hym faith, obesiance, love, and loyable, here in my presence, and also to his brother: bowe be it, I wyl that Alane have the soverayn charge. Sir quod they, we are well content, for ye have right well chosen. There all the company made them brake no paynt of that ye have ordeyned and commannded."—LORD BERNERS' PROOSSAERT.

Note 4 V.

THOU NAUT HAST THE-MAIDEN AND HARP!

Get thee an ape, and trudge the land.

The leader of a juggler—P. 241.

The jingles, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr. Scrutt, 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 gladiator, or a harlequin, a necessary character in the duty of the tumbling and dancing; and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of Saxon Mark's Gospel states Herodas to have vaunted or tumbled before King Herod. In Scotland, these poor creatures were, even at a late period, to have been bondsmen to their masters, as appears from a case reported by Fountainhall:—"Reid the mountebank pursues Scott of Harden and his lady, for stealing away from him a little girl, called the tumbling-girl, with whom he danced upon his stag, and she chanced upon his master's crutch. Thus he chanced to damage, and produced a contract, whereby he bought her from her mother for £30 Scots. But we have no slaves in Scotland, and mothers cannot sell their 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 'prestige, and so could not runaway from her master: yet some cited Moses's law, that if a servant shelter himself with deeds against his master's cruelties, thou shalt surely not deliver him up. The Lords, remissiter cancellor, assized Harden, on the 27th of January (1657),"—FOUNTAINHALL'S DECISIONS, VOL. I, P. 439.}

[1] These are the words of Mr. Home, as sung by Sir John Home, father of the poet and poet laureate of Great Britain.

[2] The Scots and their Ways, and as told by Fountainhall, with the North way. — January 17th, 1657,—Read the mountebank
The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleurs. Ben Jonson, in his epilogue to the comedy of " Bartholomew Fair," is at pains to inform the audience that he had essayed a sword-and-tucker man in his Fair, or a juggler, with a well-earned ape, to come over the chains for the King of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit still on his launch for the Pope and the King of Spain."

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**Note 3 W.**

*That stirring air that pants on high, O'er Derrnal's 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. Ruddell of Gleenidhel, in his collection of Border tunes, respecting an air called the "Dandling of the Bains," for which a certain Gallovian lass is said to have evinced this strong mark of partiality. It is popularly told of a famous freebooter, that he composed the tune known by the name of Macpherson's Rant, while under sentence of death, and played it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited words have been adapted to it by Burns. A similar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who composed and played on his deathbed the air called *Daghyd Gorreg Wen.* But the most curious example is given by Brantome, of a maiden of honor at the court of France, entitled, Madameoisse de Limeuil. "During her malady, dont elle trespass, jamais elle ne cessa, ains causant toujours, car elle estoit fort grande parleuse, beaute dense, et tres-bien et fort a propos, et tres-belle avec celle. Quand l'heure de sa fin fut venue, elle fit venir a soy son valet (ainsi que le filles de la cour en ont chacune un,) qui s'appelait Julien, et sevait tres-bien jouer du violon. 'Julien,' luy dit elle, 'prenez votre violon, et sonnez moy tonison jusques a ce que vous me voyez morte (car je m'y en vais) la defaite des Suis, et le mieux que vous pourrez, et quand vous vous serez sur le mort, 'Tous est perdue,' vous la mettre par quatre on cin fois le plus piteusement que vous pourrez, ce qui dit l'autre, et elle-same luy aidoit de la voix, et quand ce vint 'tout est perdu,' elle le ritera par deux fois; et se tortour de l'autre cotre du chevet, elle dit a ses compagnes: 'Tous est perdu a ce coup, et a bon escient! et ainsi decida. Fula une morte joyeuse et plaisante. Je teins ce conte de deux de ses compagons, dignes de foi, qui virent jour ce mysteri."—*Ouvres de Brantome,* t. 367. The tune to which this fair lady chose to make her final exit, was composed on the defeat of the Swiss at Martignano. The burden is quoted by Passarge, in Rabbais, and consists of these words, imitating the jargon of the Swiss, which is a mixture of French and German:

"Tout est perdu, La Tintelere, Tout est perdu, bi Got!"

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**Note 3 X.**

*Battle of Beat! on Duine.*—P. 233.

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trossachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

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"In this roughly-wooded island, the country people secreted their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of Cromwell's soldiers, during their ingress into this country, in the time of the republic. These invaders, not venturing to ascend by the Inlets, along the side of the lake, took a more circumvoluted road, through the heart of the Trossachs, the most frequented path at that time, which penetrates the wilderness about half way between Dinean and the heart of the lake, by a tract called Yea-chillieoch, 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 asylums, and lay moored in one of the coves. 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 matching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from his body. His party seeing this disaster, and relinquishing all further hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. This amazons great-grandson lives at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote.—Sketch of the Scenery near Callendar, Stirling, 1866, p. 29. I have only to add to this account, that the heroine's name was Helen Stuart."

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**Note 3 Y.**

*And Sawadiean's Knight in Scotland's King.*—P. 237.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian theme of a woman's help in times of need. It may be supposed that the idea is not unconnected with the theme of a woman's help in times of need. It may be supposed that the idea is not unconnected with the theme of Sawadiean's Knight in Scotland's King. Yet the theme is entirely independent of that story, and I see no reason to believe that it was borrowed from that story.

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"That at the extremity of Loch Katrine, so often mentioned in the text."

2 Bealach an dune.
to the end, to leave his land; telling him, if King James was King of Scotland, he was King of Kippen, so that it was reasonable he should share with his neighbour King in some of these lands, so frequently carried that road. The carrier representing this usage, and telling the story, as Armpryor spoke it, to none of the king's servants, it came at length to his majesty's ear, who, shortly thereafter, with a few attendants, came to visit his neighbour 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 batteleeon, 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 shoot, otherwise he would find cause to repeat his request. His majesty finding this method would not do, desired the porter to tell his master that the Goodman of Ballybegh desired to speak with the King of Kippen. The porter telling Armpryor so much, he, in all humble manner, came and received the king, and having entertained him with much commonsenseness and joyfully, became 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 Armpryor in a few days to return him a second to Stirling, which he performed, and continued in very much favour with the king, always thereafter being termed King of Kippen while he lived."—Buchanan's Essay upon the Family of Buchanan. Edin. 1775, p. 74.

The reader of Ariosto must give credit for the amiable figures with which he is represented, since he is generally considered as the prototype of Zoroâne, the most interesting hero of the Orlando Furioso.

Note 3 Z.

Stirling's tower.

Of the name of Snowdoun claims.—P. 238.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay boasts the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papists.

"Adeio, far Snowdoun, with thy towers high,
Thy chapel-royal, park, and table round;
May God and July, wonder and praise thee,
Were I a man, to hear the birds sound,
Whilk doth against thy royal rock reound."}

Mr. Cholmeley, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has related the chimerical derivation of Snowdoun from swaddling, 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 which justs 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 epistles seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

It appears (See Note 3 Y) that the real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions, was the Goodman of Ballegich; derived from a steep pass leading up to the Castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once, and permanently, have announced the spot to many of my countrymen, among whom the traditional stories above mentioned are still current.

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The Vision of Don Roderick.

Quid dignum memorare tuuis, Hispania, terris,  
Vox humana valet! ——-Cludian.

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 curiosuty was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens who, in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down to the present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed change of scene, into Three Periods. The First of these represents the Invasion of the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the peaceful occupation of the country by the Victors. The Second Period embraces the state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese in the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of their arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the inhumanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The Last Part of the Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treachery of Bonaparte; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspicous and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succors. It may be further proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to commemorate or detail particular incidents than to exhibit a general and impressive picture of the several periods brought upon the stage. I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one who has already experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for the inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commemorate. Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a work, written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was most cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of Lord President Blair, and Lord Viscount Melville. In those distinguished characters I had not only to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also whose notice and patronage honored my entrance upon active life; and, I may add, with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no common share in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, which my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, have, I am myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in other circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, June 24, 1811.

1811, Scott says—"I have this moment got your kind letter, just as I was packing up Don Roderick for you. This patriotic puppet-show has been finished under wretched auspices; poor Lord Melville's death so quickly succeeding that of President Blair, one of the best and wisest judges that ever distributed justice, broke my spirit sadly. My official situation placed me in daily contact with the President, and his ability and candor were the source of my daily admiration. As for poor dear Lord Melville, 'tis vain to name him whom we mourn in vain." Almost the last time I saw him, he was talking of you in the highest terms of regard, and expressing great hopes of again seeing you at Dunira this summer, where I proposed to attend you. Hei mihi! quid hei mihi? humana perplexa sumus. His loss will be long and severely felt here, and envy is already paying her cold tribute of applause to the work 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 yon Master of the Lyre,
Who sung bellesanger'd Ilion's evil star? 2
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 clang to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge. 3

1 The letters of Scott to all his friends have sufficiently shown the unflagging interest with which, among all his personal labors and anxieties, he watched the progress of the great contest in the Peninsula. It was so earnest, that he never on any journey, not even in his very frequent passages between Edinburgh and Airth Castle, 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 coming encampments of the French and English by means of black and white pens: and not seldom did Mrs. Scott complain of the 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 Massenta's late 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 history of the patriotic struggle. His offer was of course accepted; and The Vision of Don Roderick was begun as soon as the Spring vacated enabled him to return to Airth Castle.

2 "Who sung the changes of the Phrygian jar?"

3 MS.—"Who sung the changes of the Phrygian jar?"

4 MS.—"Claiming thine ear 'twixt each loud trumpet change."

"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 brain, and apply the produce so beneficially and so exalted a purpose."—Life of Scott, vol. iii. pp. 312, 313.

"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 page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?
Thev givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band?

IV.
Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquished foes;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of Bard's or Druids sung;
What time their hymn of victory arose, [rung,
And Cattradh's glens with voice of triumph
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and gray-hair'd Llywarch sung!]

V.
O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and 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 pions 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 soo'er the task
Of tunant verse hath lightly'd graver care,
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;
Careless he gave his numbers to the air,
They came unsought for, if applause came;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's name.

VII.
Hark, from you misty cairn their answer test;
"Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious-swellings 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's duc;
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 lays renew their
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn bow,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring?
Save where their legends gray-hair'd shepherds
That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of Feud's 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 chants some favor
Whether Ollin's charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet;
Or whether, knelling at the deeds of Greene, [He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet!

X.
"Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Albam'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 flame,
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.—"Uniform'd for rapture, how shall we repay."  
2 MS.—"Thou givest our verse a theme that might engage
Lyres that could nobly yield thee back its duc;
A theme, might kindle Homer's mighty rage;
A theme more grand than Maro ever knew—
How much unmeet 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 test."
5 See Appendix, Note B.  
6 Ibid. Note C.  
7 Ibid. Note D.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Bray not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,
Bearing off thy crestless peasantry,
Have seen the plumed Helms—quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—against fortune
Fought and died.

XII.

With their Ah, says the native viewer,
I hear, Mr. Scott's
Describing "Their 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 outstretched below,
And naught disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen slumber, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Tejo's ceaseless flow.

II.

All save the rushing swell of Tejo's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp;
Their charging rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,

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 guard,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers tol'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
The post beneath the proud Cathedral hold:
A hand unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his long-latent orisons in sport—
"What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull pensance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?"—
Then to the cast 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 wringing,
And Gult his secret burden cannot bear,
And Conscience seek'd in speech a respite from Despair.

which he dwells; and it is on such occasions, especially suited as they seem to the habits of his mind, that his style itself creates a character of harmony, which is far from being universally its own. How vivid, yet how soft, is this picture!"

3 MS.: "And drooping still 'mid that unchanging race.'"

4 MS.: "For, stretch'd beside the river's margin damp,
Their proud pavilions hide the meadow green."

5 MS.: "Bore jayvins 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 manors and costume, these stanzas will be thought no mean addition."
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 Alairic’s descendant could notbrook, 2
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience
shook,

Fear tame a monarch’s brow, Remorse a warrior’s

VII.
The old man’s faded cheek wax’d yet more pale,
As many a secret said the King bewray’d;
As sign and glance check out the unfinish’d tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.
“Thus royal Witiza was slain,”—he said;
“Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I.”
Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to shade.—
“Ah! rather deem ’twas stern necessity!
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.
“And if Florinda’s shrieks alarm’d the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain!
All is not as it seems—the female 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—

stood.

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.”

X.
Then kindled the dark Tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow return’d its dauntless gloom;
“And welcome then,” he cried, “be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for diabolous doom!
Yet will I know whence come they, or 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.”

XI.

“Ill-fated Prince! recall the desolate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!—
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former Monarch entrance-way;
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a King, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine.”

His nature to the effort, he exclaim’d,
Spreading his hands, and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in politeness 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 pained,—the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin!”—Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms strain’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 quoting
the stanzas (v. and vi.); if the contrast had been intentional, it
could not have been more complete.”

The predecessor of Roderick upon the Spanish throne, and
shrine by his succession, as is affirmed by Rodrigo 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 E.
8 MS.—“ Or pause the omen of thy fate to weigh.”

Bethink, that brazen portal would afford.”
XII.
"Prelate! a Munarch's fate breaks 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.
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 polished marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
A poly light, as of the dawning, shone [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 descry
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV. Glim concluded against the upper wall, [place
Of broken 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 liv'd and siun'd before the avenging flood;
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,
Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of

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,
Whereon volume-head'd 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—
"La, 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' up-way,
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.

\[ \text{Fall on the upper wall the mace's sweep}
\text{At once descend with the force of thunder}
\text{And hurrying down at once, in crumpled heap.}
\text{The marble boundary was rent asunder,}
\text{And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and wonder.}

XVII. For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach
Redeems us of Spain in visual prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skilful artist's hand portrayed:
Here, crossed by many a wild Sierra's shade,
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye;
There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade,
Or deep-enbrownd by forests huge and high,
Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly murmur'd by.

XVIII. And here, as erst upon the antique stage,
Passed forth the band of masquers tramly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed;
So, to end Roderick's eye in order spread.
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,
Showing the fate of battles ere they bloed,
And issue of events that had not been;
And, ever and anon, strange sounds were heard between.

XIX. First shrill'd an unrepeated female shriek!—
It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—
The answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelie's yell,a
Ring wildly dissonant all the hall.
Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
[Toesin bell]
"The Moor!" he cried, "the Moor!—ring out the

XX. "They come! they come! I see the groaning lanes
White with the turbans of each Arab lord;
Swart Zaaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The choice they yield, the Koran or the Sword—
See how the Christians rush to arms again!—
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roard;3
The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—
Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause of Spain!

\[ ^1 \text{MS.} — "Arm—mace—club."
\[ ^2 \text{See Appendix, Note G.}
\[ ^3 \text{Oh, who could tell what deeds were wrought that day;}
\text{Or who endure to hear the tale of rage.} \]
XXI.

"By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!

Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sected craven mounts to quit the field—
Is not you steed Orella?—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 ungulp 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 cimetiers mete out the land,
And for the bondsmen base the freeborn natives grand.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
Then, mentalis, 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
Echo'd, for holy hymn and organ-tone, 
imman.
The Santan'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 hear's 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 prayers, which mingled in the din of arms,
In one wild uproar of terrific sounds."

And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,
His folly or his crime have caused his grief;
And while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
[lie! 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 rebbeck or timbar 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 dings,
And on the land as evening seem'd to set,
The Imam'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 sulphurous 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,
[alone! And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gon-
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder 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.
Sivian'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.

"The manner in which the pageant disappears is very beautiful."—Quarterly Review.

"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.
This clad in sackcloth, that in armor bright,
And that was Valor named, this Bravery was bright.1

XXVIII.
Valor was harnessed like a chief of old, [crest?
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly
his sword was temper'd in the Ethro cold,
Meroe's eagle plumage adorn'd his crest,
The spoils of Afri's lion bound his breast. [gaze;
Fiercely he stepp'd forward and flung down his
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
Him follow'd his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Archimago.

XXIX.
Haighty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vanquishing his lordship, lineage, rights, and fame:
Yet was that barefoot monk more proud than
And as the icy clumbs the tallest tree, [he:
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdu'd the fierce and free,
Till retained Age and Youth in arms renown'd,
Honoring his scourage and hair-cloth, weekly kiss'd the
ground.

XXX.
And thus it chanc'd that Valor, peerless knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaiser yield'd his crest,
Victorious still in bull-fact or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stood ever to that Anchorets behest;
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest, [palong,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world
For he was fierce as brave, and piritless as strong.

XXXI.
Oft his proud galleys sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spurs he hur'd,—
Ingets of ore from rich Potosi borne.

Crown'd by Cæcilius, sigarettes by Omar's worn,
Wrench'd of rare gems, but broken, rent, and
sold;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Redbilled all with blood,—With grisly scowl
The Harlot mark'd the stones, and smiled beneath
his cowl.

XXXII.
Then did he bless the officer, and bade make
Tractate to Heaven en 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 cursers raise,
Mix streams from corpses scouldering in the
fire;

The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire;
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd
scenes expire.

XXXIII.
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 balero ready stand
The mozo blithe, with gay muleccha mel,
He conscious of his brother's cap and band,
She of her netted looks and light corsette,
Each tip toe perched to spring, and shake the cast-
tanet.

XXXIV.
And well such strains the opening scene became;
For Valor had relax'd his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame, [brook;
Lay stretch'd, full list the weight of arms to
And soften'd his heart, upon his book,
Patter'd a task of little good or ill;
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning hook,
Whistled the muleteer 'ver vale and hill,
And rang from village-green the merry segui-
dille.2

1 "These allegorical personages, which are thus described, are sketched in the true spirit of Spenser; but we are not sure that we altogether approve of the association of such imagi-
nary beings with the real events that pass over the stage: and these, as well as the form of uniform which proceeds the path of Bucolic description, have somewhat the air of the immortals of the Luxembourg gallery, whose naked limbs and trachnes, thunder-
belts and cowlings, are so suggestively contrasted with the ruffs and whiskers, the queens, archdukes, and cardinals of France and Navarre."—Quarterly Review.
2 "Armed at all points, exactly cap-apee."—Hem. 3 See Appendix, Note I.
4 "The third scene, a peaceful state of innocence and ob-
scenity, where, though the court was degenerate, the people was merry and contented, is introduced with exquisite light-
ness and gayety."—Quarterly Review.

"The three grand and comprehensive pictures in which Mr. Scott has delineated the state of Spain, during the three pe-
riods to which we have alluded, are conceived with much gen-
ious, and executed with very considerable, though unequal felicity. That of the Moorish dominion, is drawn, we think,
with the greatest spirit. The reign of Chivalry and Super-
stitious we do not think so happily represented, by a long and
laborious description of two legendary personages called Histrio
and Valor. Nor is it easy to conceive how Don Rodrigo
was to learn the fortunes of his country, merely by inspecting
the physiognomy and furnishing of these two Titans. The
truth seems to be, that Mr. Scott has been tempted on this oc-
casion to exceed a mere metaphor into an allegory; and to
forcing a figure which might have given great grace and spirit
to a single stanza, into the heavy subject of seven or eight. His
representation of the moral state of Spain, we think, displays
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, [fur;
From court intrigue, from bickering faction
Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's tale was told,
   And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stoon'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 over-shadowing Israel's land,²
   A while, perchance, badeck'd with colors sheen,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Lining with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
   And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud,
Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds
   howl'd aloud:—

XXXVII.
Even so, upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,
   Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
And He, their leader, wore in sheath his sword,
   And offer'd peaceful front and open hand,
Veiling the perjured treachery he planned,
   By friendship's zeal and honor's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land;
   Then burst were honor's oath, and friendship's ties!
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 kingly tone.

XXXIX.
From a rude isle his ruder lineage came,
   The spark, that, from a suburb-hovel's hearth
Ancient warfare, 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 death,
   And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and im-
   pure.³

XL.
Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form;
   Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor shone,
   [storm,
With which she beckon'd him through fight and
   And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he
   Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not
   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 spurn'd at mean revenge,
   Or staid her hand for conquer'd foes' misdoings;
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 un-
   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."¹⁴—Monthly Review.
² See I. Kings, chap. xviii. v. 41-45.
³ "We are as ready as any of our countrymen can be, to designate Bonaparte's invasion of Spain by its proper epithets; but we must decline to join in the author's declamation against the low birth of the invader; and we cannot help reminding Mr. Scott that such a topic of censure is unworthy of him, both as a poet and as a Briton."—Monthly Review.
⁴ "The picture of Bonaparte, considering the difficulty of all contemporary delineations, is not ill executed."—Edinburgh Review.
On eagle standards and on arms he stood;  
"And hearest thou then," he said, "thy power shall stand?"  
O, thou hast builded on the shifting sand, [血]ed;  
And thou hast tempered it with daughter's And know, fell source in the Almighty's hand,  
Gore-reinforced trees shall perish in the bad,  
And by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood!"  

XLIII.  
The ruthless Lender backed'd from his train  
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,  
And piled his temples with the crown of Spain,  
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried,  "Castile!"  
Not that he loved him—No!—In woman's weal,  
Scarcely in his own, e'er joy'd that suffer'd 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 mis-used,  
Not long the silence of accomplish'd 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 sprang,  
And Valor wak'd, 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 Minic Monarch now cast anxious eye  
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,  
Now duff'd his royal robes in act to fly,  
And from his brow the diadem unbound,  
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,  
From Tarick's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown,  
These martial satellites hard labor found,  
To guard a while his subsidized throne—  
High recking of his cause, but battering for their own.  

XLVI.  
From Alphon's peak that bugle rung,  
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;  
Stately Seville responsive war-shot flung,  

Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;  
Galána bade her children fight or fall,  
Wild Basques shook his mountain crossing,  
Valencia raised her at the battle-cry,  
And, foremost still where Valor's sons are now  
First started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.  

XLVII.  
But unappall'd, and burning for the fight,  
The Invaders march, of victory secure;  
Skilful their force to sever or 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 nought 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 step an ancient reign!  
For other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain;  
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,  
New Patriot armies started from the skin,  
High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide,  
And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.  

XLIX.  
Nor matroned, 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 lepp'd the murderous hand;  
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw, [know.  
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,  

pageant that passes before the eyes of the King and Prelate. The Archbishop's observation on his appearance is free, however, from every objection of this kind.  

"See Appendix, Note K."  
"See Book of Judges, Chap. xv. 9-16."  
"See Appendix, Note L."
THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,
Still honor'd in defeat as victory!
For that sad pageant of events to be,
Show'd every form of fight by field and flood;
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glees,
Beheld, while riding on the tempest's scud,
The waters choked with slain, the earth bedrench'd
with blood!

II.
Then Zaragoza—blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honor due!
For never hath the harp of Minstrel rung,
Of faith so fully proved, so firmly true!
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins knew,
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern fate decreed thy doom,
[To tomb.] They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody

II.
Yet raise thy head, sad city! Though in chains,
Embrac'd thou canst not be! Arise, and claim
Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns,
[dame]
For what thou worshipp'st!—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!

III.
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 flare,

1 See Appendix, Note M.
2 MS.—"Don Roderick turn'd him at the sudden cry."  
3 MS.—"Right for the shore unnumber'd barges row'd."  
4 Compare 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:—

"Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red trees deep'nig in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcht all it glances upon:
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destructionowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this mound the 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 glare,
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

LV.
While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky,
And wide Destruction stern'd the listening ear,
Appall'd the heart, and stupefied the eye,—
Afar was heard that thrice repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
Whence'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high,
Whether it 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 stern'd the billows broad.
From mast and stern St. George's symbol flow'd,
Bent 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,
[cheer.] 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 brightening all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud life, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
[come] 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-bounds rose them from their lair
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share.
The grave shall bear the choicest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

"Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards lout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
A'd fertilize the field that each pretends to gain."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

LVII.
A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight.
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksmen's light; Far glance the light of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrions shake the echoing mead;¹
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night.
Nor the fleet ordnance whirled by rapid steel,
That rivals lightning's flash in rain and in speed.²

LVIII.
A various host—from kindred realms they came,³
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For you fair lands shall marry England claim,
And with their deeds of valor deck her crown.
Here their bold port, and here their martial frown,
And here 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 freethoughts, which league the Soldier
with the Laws.

LIX.
And, O! love I warriors of the Minstrel's land!
Yonder on hallowed field, your tartane wave!
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And bar-her features, and a mien more grave;
But never in battle-field throb'd heart so brave,
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
And when the pipers bids the battle rive,
And level for the charge your armes are laid,
Where lives the desperate for 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 echoing mead." ² MS.—"the bumping mead." ³ The manner of the English is admirably described; nor is there any thing finer in the whole poem than the following stanza of verse, &c. 'E. Ly. with the exception of the three concluding lines, which appear to us to be very nearly as good as possible."—JEFFREY. ⁴ The three concluding stanzas (third last) are elaborate; but we think on the whole, successful. They will probably be oftener quoted than any other passage in the poem."—JEFFREY. ⁵ MS.—"His jest each careless comrade round him flouts." ⁶ MS.—"'twas jest each careless comrade round him flouts." ⁷ For details of the battle of Vimeiro, fought 21st Aug. 1808—of Corunna, 16th Jan. 1809—of Trafalgar, 20th July, 1805—and of Buena, 22d Sept. 1810—See Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon," volume vi. under these dates.

His jest while each blithe comrade round him
tongues,
And moves to death with military glee: [free,
Beast, Erin, boast them! timeless, frank, and
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough nature's children, humorous as she; And He, you Chieftain—strike the proudest tone [own.
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thine

LXI.
Now on the scene Vimeiro should be shown,
On Talavera's fight should Rodney gaze,
And hear Curna wail her battle won,
And see Buena's crest with lightning blaze:⁵
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 [bom!
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's

LXII.
Or may I give adventuous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond its scene of glory hail,
And painting Europe rising at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hur'd,
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion blast and wings un-

⁵ "The nation will arise regenerate;
Strong in her second youth and beautiful,
And like a spirit that hath shaken off
The check of shall mortality, shall Spain
Arose in glory."—SOUTHERN's Rodney.

⁶ See Appendix, Note X.
⁷ "For a more 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 hitherto and gradually engage them upon a new and independent scene 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 lie! Who, when Gascoigne's vex'd gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his hushaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

II.

"Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our 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 recking wilder-

III.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm and Wellington command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force; [hand,
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 devous course.

which it is not easy to see how Lord Wellington and Bone-
parte can have any concern. But, on the other hand, no sooner is this new interest excited,—no sooner have we surren-
dered our imaginations into the hands of this dark enchantor, and heated our fancies to the proper pitch for sympathizing in
the fortunes of Gothic kings and Moorish invaders, with their imposing accompaniments of harnessed knights, ravished da-
msels, 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 apparitions, to the comparatively sober and cold narration of Bonaparte's villas-
ties, and to draw battles between more mortal combattants in

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confidence, yen Chief shall bank
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
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 harce 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 your fires where meets the manly fight;
Beacons of infancy, they light the way
Where cowardice and cruelty unite [flight!
To damn with double shame their ignominious

VI.

O triumph for the Fiends of Last and Wrath!
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot, [path! What wanton horrors mark'd their wretched
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 infancy,—no crime forgot,
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's great

VII.

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch for-
born; [gun.
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exalt the debt of sympathy to pay;

English and French uniforms. The vast and elaborate vesti-
bute, in short, in which we had been so long detained,

'Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,' has no corresponding palace attached to it; and the long no
vitiate we are made to serve to the mysterious powers of
romance is not repaid, after all, by an introduction to their awful
presence.'—Jeffrey.

[MIS.]—"Who shall command the torrent's headlong tide.'

2 See Appendix, Note O.
3 Ibid. Note P.
Hush o'er poverty the tax shall sha,  
Ner proune her poor, the wealthy nor the gay,  
Nor the past present's might, nor bard's more worthless lay.  

VIII.

But then—unfair been whilf you yield to fate,  
William of Fortune how measset'd I'm vain!  
Can vantage ground no confidence create,  
Morela's pass nor Guardia's mountain chain!  
Vain hopes! as captive yet turn again!  
In field, where named by some prophetic Scoar,  
Place Hont's renown, as a red—on the moun;  
From thy disdained name and arms to clear—  
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favor here!

IX.

Yet ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;  
Those chief that never heard the lion roar!  
Within whose souls lives not a trace portray'd,  
Of Tavares, or Mondego’s shore!  
Marshal each band thon last, and summon more;  
Of war's fell stratagems exulting the whole.  
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron poor,  
In can on higher thy hemis roll,  
And weary out his arm—then canst not quell his

X.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,  
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assunava's plain,  
And front the flying thunders as they roar,  
With frantic charge and tenfold odds in vain.  
And what avails thee that, for Campan's shin,  
Wild from his plighted 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,  
Say, then last 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 claim, be his own fortune tried—  
God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.

XII.

But you ye heroes of that well fought day,  
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,  
His need to each victorious leader pay;  
Or bind on every brow the laurels won?  
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,  
Over the wide sea to hail Càdiz brave;  
And he, perchance, the minstrel-song might own,  
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave  
Mid you far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.

Yes! hard the task; when Britons wield the sword,  
To give each Chief and every field its fame;  
Hark! Albueras thunders Beresford,  
And Red Varas shouts for dauntless Gramel  
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,  
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,  
To bid the world re-echo to their fame!  
For never, upon gory battle-ground,  
With conquest's well-bought wrath were braver  
Victors crown'd?

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albueras's bay?  
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,  
Roused them to emulate their fathers' prais,  
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 his sons forgotten arms to wield—  
Peddlers of his profession—but playing the general 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 an army. We have been hitherto polishing hinges, when we should have studied the mechanical union of a huge machine. Now, our army begins to see that the grand secret, as the French call it, consists only in union, joint exertion, and concerted movement. This will enable us to meet the dogs on fair terms as to numbers, and for the rest, 'My soul and body on the action both.' "—I.J.e., vol. iii. p. 313.

1 See Appendix, Note Q.  
2 The literary translation of Escrivitos d'Honor.  
3 See Appendix, Note R.  
4 See Appendix, Editor's Note T.  
5 See Appendix, Note U.  
6 MS.—"O who shall grudge you chief the victor's bays,"
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord, 
If it forget thy worth, victorious Beresford!

He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill, 
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XV.
Not on that bloody field of battle won, 
Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away, 
Was half his self-devoted valor shown,— 
He gaged but life on that illustrious day; 
But when he told those squadrons to array, 
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game, 
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay, 
He brav'd 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 vast affection's wound, 
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied,?

Danger and fate he sought, but glory found. 
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound, 
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia still?
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;

1 MS.—"Not greater on that mount of strife and blood, 
While Gan's proud legions roll'd like mist away, 
And tides of gore stain'd Albuera's flood, 
And Poland's shutter'd lines before him lay, 
And glorious hail'd him victor of the day. 
Not greater when he told'd yon legions to array, 
'Twas life he perl'd in that stubborn game, 
And life against honor when did soldier weigh? 
But, self-devoted to his generous aim, 
For dearer than life, the hero pledged his fame."

2 MS.—"Nor be his meed o'erpast who sadly tried 
With valor's breath to hide affection's wound, 
To whom his wish Heaven for our weal denied."

3 MS.—"From war to war the wanderer went his round, 
Yet was his soul in Caledonia still; 
Here was his thought," &c.

4 MS.—"Fairy rill."

5 These lines excel the nobler and more general panegyrics of the commanders in Portugal, as much as the sweet and thrilling tones of the harp surpass an ordinary flourish of drums and trumpets."—Quarterly Review.

6 "Perhaps it is our nationality which makes us like better the tribute to General Grahame—though there is something, we believe, in the sweetness of the sentiment that will be felt, even by English readers, as a relief from the exceeding elanor and loud boastings of all the surrounding stanzas."—Edinburgh Review.

7 See Appendix, Note V.

8 "Now, strike your sails, ye lolly mariners, 
For we be come unto a quiet road, 
Where we must land some of our passengers, 
And light this weary vessel of her lode, 
Here she a while may make her safe abode, 
Till she required have her tackles spent 
And wants supplies; and then again abroad

XVII.
O hero of a race renown'd of old, 
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell 
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold, 
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell! 
By Wallae's side it rung the Southron's knell, 
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, own'd its fame, 
Tunnell's rude pass can of its terrors tell, 
But ne'er from proud field arose the name, 
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of GREME.

XVIII.
But all too long, through seas unknown and dark (With Spenser's parable I close my tale,) By shell and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark, 
And landward now I drive before the gale. 
And now the blue and distant shore I hail, 
And nearer now I see the port expand, 
And now I gladly furl 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 speeche, and fairly finish her intent!"—Fairie Queen, book i, canto 12

9 "No comparison can be fairly instituted between compositions so wholly different in style and designation as the present poem and Mr. Scott's former productions. The present poem neither has, nor, from its nature, could have the interest which arises from an eventful plot, or a detailed delineation of character; and we shall arrive at a far more accurate estimation of its merits by comparing it with 'The Bard' of Gray, or that particular scene of Ariosto, where Bradamante beholds the wonders of Medin'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.

10 "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 imagery, is altogether as spirited, and bears the stamp of more care and polish than even the most celebrated of the author's former productions. If it please as 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 interpolation of the magic glass of fiction and poetry."—Quarterly Review, October, 1811.

11 "The Vision of Don Roderick has been received with less interest by the public than any of the author's other mor-
The Vision of Don Rodrigo 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 fable 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 WIng critics had all along regarded the intercourse of Britain in behalf of the nations of the Peninsula; and the whole 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 obvious 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 Spanish 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 WIng oracles themselves acknowledged that the difficulties of the metre had been on the whole successfully overcome; and even the harshest critics were compelled to express unqualified admiration of various detached pictures and passages, which, in truth, as no one now doubts, 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 noble sculptor of such stanzas as those in which the three equally gallant elements of a British army are contrasted."—Lockhart Life, vol. iii. p. 319.
APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

And Cattreach's glee with voice of triumph rang,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and greyhairy Llywarch sung!—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 Cattreach, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin, is supposed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have been fought on the shores of Berwick 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 afflict;

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 Daria, or Norumbeland, about the latter part of the sixth century. —Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, edition 1799, vol. i. p. 222. Llywarch, the celebrated bard and monarch, was Prince of Argoed, in Cumberland; and his youthful exploits were performed upon the Border, although in his age he was driven into Pows 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 Scotia-chronicon, to a narration of the death of this celebrated bard and prophet near Drumelizer, a village upon Tweed, which is supposed to have derived its name (gaelic Tawd Merlina) from the event. The particular spot in which he is buried is still shown, and appears, from the following quotation, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:—"There is one thing remarkable here, which is, that the burn called Pausayl runs by the east side of this churchyard into the Tweed; at the side of which burn, a little below the churchyard, the famous prophet Merlin is said to be buried. The particular place of his grave, at the root of a thorn-tree, was shown me, many years ago, by the old and reverend minister of the place, Mr. Richard Brown; and here was the old prophecy fulfilled, delivered in Scots rhyme, to this purpose:—"

1. When Tweed and Pausayl meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.'

2. For, the same day that our King James the Sixth was crowned King of England, the river Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks, that it met and joined with the Pausayl at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out."—Pennywick'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 is customary to propitiate them by throwing 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 facer'd name.—P. 271.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveness 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 dews of Greece.—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 sleep and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's slander'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, called 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 Saracens 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 bestow 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 prominence on the coast of Barbary, called "the Cape of the Caba Rumin, which, in our tongue, is the Cape..."
of the Wall of Christian Women; and it is a tradition among the Musulmans, that the daughter of Comte Joaquin, who was then the governor of the city, opened the gate, and that they struck it with an iron bar, and that they never go to otherwise than by necessity."

**Note F.**

And now, ye Priest, to that mysterious room.

Where, as 'twas true in old tradition be.

Her monarch's future fate a Spanish King shall see. — P. 273.

The tradition of an incident from history to tradition, and from tradition to fable and romance, becoming more marvelous as it escapes from its original simplicity, is not ill exemplified to the present of the "Fated Chamber" of Don Rodrigue as given by him in his romance, the history of Toledo, contrasted with subsequent and more romantic accounts of the same subterranean discovery. I give the Archdeacon of Toledo's text (the words of Novius, who seems to intimate (though very modestly) that the *fatale palatium*, of which so much had been said, was only the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre.

"Extra muros, sepulchro rebus, vestigia maclon omni theatris subvenant. Author est Rodenius, Tolteanus Archigraphus ante Arabum in Hispanicis irruptions, hoc est *palatium fuisse* quod in eorum versibus anteriorum fuisse clausum, ne reseraret Hispaniae exitum adhuc; quod in fato sum victus unum, sed et praeter unum quique ecelebriet. Sed in Rodenius ut et aliorum Regum minimum intentum curam ac salutem, signis et plus visum essem, sed et praelia, quae castrum visum adhoc omnium facies haec habitatique apparuerit, cum illis et lapibus, *Hispania exitium ab illa gente immineat*; Vultus habetisque Mauretanorum erant. Quam id possidem ex Africa tantum cladem istare regi ceterisque persuasum; ne faba ut Hispanias annalibus etiamque quamrantur."—*Hispania Ludorici, Novii, cap. ix.*

But, about the term of the expansion of the Moors from Granada, we find, in the "Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo," a (corroded) translation from the Arabic of the *Sag de la Abadie de Abenatance*, a legend which puts to shame the modesty of the historian Rodenius, with his chest and prophetic picture. The custom of ascribing a pretended Moorish original to these legendary histories, is ridiculed by Cervantes, who affects to translate the History of the Knight of the Woful Figure, from the Arabic of the sage Cid Hamet Bensoukh. And we have been indulged in the *Historia Verdadera* for some of the imagery employed in the text, the following literal translation from the work itself may gratify the inquisitive reader.

"The mile on the east side of the city of Toledo, among some rocks, was situated an ancient tower, of a magnificent structure, though much despised by time, which contains all four windows (i.e. four times a man's height) below it, there was a door with a very narrow entrance, and a gate cut fastened from the exit of the rock, held with a strong bar, and fastened with many locks; above the gate some Greek letters are engraved, which, although abbreviated, and of doubtful meaning, were thus interpreted, according to the exposition of learned men:—The King who opens this cave, and can discover the wonders, will discover both good and evil things."—Many Kings desired to know the mystery of the tower, and sought to find out the manner with much care; but when they opened the gate, such a tremendous noise arose in the cave, that it appeared as if the earth was bursting; many of those present sickened with fear, and others lost their lives. In order to prevent such great peril (as they supposed a dangerous enchantment was contained within), they secured the gate with new locks, cunningly set, that, though a King was destined to open it, the fatal time was not yet arrived. At last King Don Rodrigo, held by his evil fortune and unlucky destiny, opened the tower; and some bad attendants, whom he had brought with him, entered, although agitated with fear. Having procured a good way, they fled back to the entrance terminated with a frightful view which they had beheld. The King was greatly moved, and ordered many torches so contrived that the temple to the cave could not extinguish them, to be lighted. Then the King entered, not without fear, before all the others. They discovered, by digging, a special hall, apparently built in a very magnificent manner, in the middle stood a Bronze Statue of very magnificent appearance, which held a battleaxe in its hand. With this he struck the floor violently, giving it such heavy blows, that the noise in the cave was occasioned by the shouting of the air. The King, greatly afflicted, and astonished, began to conjure this terrible vision, promising that he would set them without doing any injury in the cave, after he had obtained a vision of what was contained in it. The stag seized to strike the floor, and the King, with his followers, somewhat assured, and recovering their courage, proceeded into the hall; and on the left of the statue they found this inscription on the wall, "Unfortunate King, thou hast entered here in evil hour." On the right side of the wall these words were inscribed, "By strange nations thou shalt be despised, and thy subjects fiercely degraded." On the shoulders of the statue other words were written, which said, "I call upon the Arabs," and another, as follows: "I do not offend. At the entrance of the hall there was placed a round boulder, 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 cave, 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 eviscerating prophecy. The ensuing midnight they heard great cries and clamors from the cave, resembling 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 afflicted, the vision which they had beheld appearing to them as a dream.

"The King having left the tower, ordered wise men to explain what the inscriptions signified; and having consulted upon and studied their meaning, they declared that the statue of bronze, with the motion which it made with its battleaxe, signified Time; and that its office, alluded to in the inscription on its breast, was, that he never rests a single moment. The words on the shoulders, 'I call upon the Arabs,' they expounded, that, in time, Spain would be conquered by the Arabs. The words upon the left wall signified the destruction of King Rodrigo; those on the right, the dreadful calamities which were to fall upon the Spaniards and Goths, and that the unfortunate King would be despised of all his states. Finally, the letters on the portal indicated, that good would betide to the conquerors, and evil to the conquered, of which experience proved the truth."—*Historia Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo, Quinta impresion, Madrid, 1634, iv. p. 23.*

Note G.

The Tebic warpery and the Letle's yell. — P. 274.

The Tebic (derived from the words *Alta achor, God is most mighty*) was the original warcery of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:—

"We heard the Tebic; so these Arabs call Their shout of onset, when, with loud appeal They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest,"

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SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.
"The Lette, well known to the Christians during the crusades, in the shaft of Alto Alfa, the Mahommedan 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 II.**

By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!—Their coward leader gives the signal; The sceptred crown mounts to quit the field.

Is not your Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!—P. 273.

Count Julian, the father of the injured Florinda, with the consanguine 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 (Gibet al Tarik, or the mountain of Tarik) to the place of his landing. He was joined by Count Julian, ravaged Andalucia, and took Seville. In 714, they returned with a still greater force, and Roderick marched into Andalucia 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 was a great number of Goths, and both together fell upon the flank of our army. Our men, terrified with that unparalleled treachery, and tired with fighting, could no longer sustain that charge, but were easily put to flight. The King performed the part not only of a wise general, but of a resolute soldier, relieving the weakest, bringing on fresh men in place of those that were tired, and stopping those that turned their backs. At length, seeing no hopes left, he alighted out of his chariot for fear of being taken, and mounting on a horse called Orelia, he withdrew out of the battle. The Goths, who still rioted, 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 buckskin, covered with pearls and precious stones, were found on the bank of the river Guadalete, and there being no news of him afterwards, it was supposed he was drowned passing the river."—Marlana's History of Spain, book vi. chap. 9.

Orelia, the courser of Don Roderick, mentioned in the text, and in the above quotation, was celebrated for her speed and form. She is mentioned repeatedly in Spanish romance, and also by Cervantes.

**Note I.**

When for the light bolero ready stand
The mozo blithe, with gay muchocha met.—P. 276.

The bolero is a very light and active dance, much practised by the Spaniards, in which castanets are always used. Mocas and muchachas are equivalent to our phrase of bair and lass.

**Note K.**

While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castilla!"—P. 278.

The herald, at the coronation of a Spanish monarch, proclaims 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. 278.

Those who were disposed to believe that more 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 generation, 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 unsubdued resistance of three years to a power before whom their former well-repaired, well-lined, 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 hail 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 discomfiture, internal treason, and the mismanagement incident to a temporary and hastily adopted government, should have wavered, by its stubborn, uniform, and protracted resistance, myriads after myriads of those soldiers who had overrun the world—that some of its provinces should, like Galicia, after being abandoned by their allies, and overrun by their enemies, have recovered their freedom by their own unassisted exertions; that others, like Catalonia, undismayed by the treason which betrayed some fortresses, and the force which subsisted elsewhere, should not only have continued their resistance, but have attainted over their victorious enemy a superiority, which is even now enabling them to besiege and retake the places of strength which had been wrested from them, is a tale hitherto untold in the revolutionary war. To say that such a people cannot be subdued, would be presumption similar to that of those who protested that Spain could not defend herself for a year, or Portugal for a month, but that a resistance which has been continued for so long a space, when the usurper, 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-
Norw. M.

They were not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody toil.—P. 250.

The interesting account of Mr. Vaughan had made most readers acquainted with the first siege of Zaragoza. The first and final siege of that gabled and devoted city, is detailed with great exactness and precision in the "MS. Vaughan," a work which the affairs of Spain have ever been fraught with attention corresponding to their deep interest and to the proudest sources of information open to the historian. The following are a few brief extracts from this splendid labor of narrative:

"A breach was made in the mud walls, and then, as in the Tower war, the war was carried on in the streets and houses; but the French had been taught by experience, that the means of capturing Zaragoza derived a superiority from two grand principles which inspired them, and the enemy in which they fought. The one means of conquering Zaragoza was to 'burn the houses down, and to burn them every one, day and night; in all the houses;' and so the French proceeded. Three companies of men, eight companies of sappers, carried on the assault near the church of San Francisco, to gain an entrance before the French army could arrive; and to clear the breach, they were under a great disadvantage, which they made use of to advantage, and, according to the French state of war, they were every day doubled and suffocated. Meanwhile, the bombardment was leisurely kept up. Within the last 48 hours, Father Palacios, in a letter to his friend General Doyle, had to say: 'We have thrown in Twenty-three of the town to pass, but we do not think much of the town, the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had to make as fast as they could manufacture it.'
tremble, the sunne and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining.""

In verse 28th also, which announces the retreat of the northern army, described in such dreadful colors, into a "land barren and desolate," and the dismover which God afflicted them for having "magmified 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.

APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK. 289

manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and, if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country, let him wear it in his bosom for his crucifix to rest upon."—Wordsworth on the Consecration of Cities.

NOTE N.

The Vault of Destiny.—P. 289.

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 Sagrador. The scene opens with the noise of the chase, and Reciando, a predecessor of Roderick upon the Gothic throne, enters pursuing a stag. The animal assumes the form of a man, and defies the king to enter the cave, which forms the bottom of the scene, and engage with him in single combat. The king accepts the challenge, and they engage accordingly, but without advantage on either side, which induces the Genie to inform Reciando, 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. Reciando, 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 vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer drees; —
Behind their wasteful march, a rocking 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 intrigue and deceit, were distinctly pointed out in the following verses of Scripture:

"2. A day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong, there hath not been even the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations. 3. A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness, yea, and nothing shall escape them. 4. The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses and as horsemen, so shall they run. 5. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains, shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battal array. 6. Before their face shall the people be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness. 7. They shall run like mighty men, they shall climb the wall like men of warre, and they shall march every one in his ways, and they shall not break their ranks. 8. Neither shall one thrust another, they shall walk every one in his path; and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded. 9. They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall, they shall clime up upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief. 10. The earth shall quake before them, the heavens shall

NOTE P.

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crew 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 soldiery; 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 prising 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 marauding meets immediate punishment. Independently of all moral obligation, the army which is most orderly in a friendly country, has always proved most formidable to an armed enemy.

NOTE Q.

Vain-glorious fugitive! —P. 282.

The French conducted this memorable retreat with much of the Junrarweads proper to their country, by which they attempted 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 Pega by the British cavalry. Being well posted, and conceiving themselves safe from infantry (who were indeed many miles in the rear), and from artillery, they indulged themselves in parading their bands of music, and actually performed "God save the King." Their misfortune was, however, deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Note R.

"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

We cannot and his fellow-soldiers well deserve the laurel

Note S.

And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,

William from his plighted ranks the yell was given. — P. 262.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes de Onoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 73rd and 78th, 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 courtesy and symmetry, was killed on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take him at Colonel Cameron was a boy of seventeen, pierced with a thorn and wounded, and almost torn to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Calegan, bore the enemy out of the cannabinoids 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 ye heroes of that well-fought day, &c. — P. 262.

[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
APPENDIX TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

nis harp would otherwise have rung over a field of glory such as Britain never reaped before; and on Lord Byron’s account, —because it is melancholy to see a man of genius duped by the mere cant of words and phrases, even when facts are most broadly confronted with them. If the poet has mixed with the original, wild, and magnificent creations of his imagination, prejudices which he could only have caught by the contagion which he most professes to despise, it is he himself that must be the loser. If his lofty muse has soared in all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington, his merit can dispense even with the praise of Lord Byron. And as when the images of Bratus 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. Ed.

Note U.

O who shall grudge him Albucar’s boys,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers’ praise,
Temper’d their her dう urge, their courage steel’d,
And raised fair Lusitania’s fallen shield.—I. 282.

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 obstancy 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 imprudence from the most scrupulous, and all manner of unutterable calamities from the most relentless and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge of a military man 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 wavy ojy has waist the battle-swell.

—the conquering shout of Grame.—I. 283.

This stanza alludes to the various achievements of the warlike family of Grame, or Graham. They are said, by tradition, to have descended from the Scottish chief, under whose command his countrymen stormed the wall built by the Emperor Severus between the Friths of Forth and Clyde, the fragments of which are still popularly called Grame’s Dyke. Sir John the Grame, “the hardy wight, and wise,” is well known as the friend of Sir William Wallace. Alderme, Kilcrely, and Tibbersman, were scenes of the victories of the heroic Marquis of Montrose. The pass of Killycanker is famous for the action between King William’s forces and the Highlanders in 1689,

“Where glad Dundee in saint huzzas expired.”

It is seldom that one line can number so many heroes, and yet more rare when it can appeal to the glory of a living descendant in support of its ancient renown.

The allusions to the private history and character of General Graham, may be illustrated by referring to the eloquent and affecting speech of Mr. Sheridan, upon the vote of thanks to the Victor of Barossa.
Rokeby:

A POEM, IN SIX CANTOS.

NOTICE TO EDITION 1830.

Sir Walter Scott commenced the composition of Rokeby at Abbotsford, on the 15th of September, 1812, and finished it on the last day of the following December.

The reader may be interested with the following extracts from his letters to his friend and printer, Mr. Ballantyne.

"Abbotsford, 29th 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 send three cantos complete before I quit that place—on the 4th of November. Surely, if you do your part, the poem may be out by Christmas; but you must not demand 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 mean 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 intruding 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 dyse 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 purpose. As for what is popular, and what people like, and so forth, it is all a joke. To interest ing: 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 better for the novelty of their feelings towards it. Dullness and tameness are the only irreparable faults."

"December 21st.—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 vague la galère.

W. S."

INTRODUCTION TO EDITION 1830.

Between the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," which was so eminently successful, and that of "Rokeby," in 1812, 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 overreaching 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 less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least was then, indispensable to the comfort of a family residing in a solitary country-house; but although this was the 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
Besides all this, to have kept his ground at the crisis when "Rokeby" appeared, its author ought to have put forth his utmost strength, and to have possessed at least all his original advantages, for a mighty and unexpected rival was advancing on the stage—a rival not in poetical powers only, but in that art of attracting popularity, in which the present writer had hitherto proceeded better men than himself. The reader will easily see that Byron is here meant, who, after a little vetitation of no great promise, now appeared as a serious candidate, in the "First two Cantos of Childe Harold." I was astonished at the power evinced by that work, which neither the "Hours of Illness," nor the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," had prepared me to expect from its author. There was a depth in his thought, an eager abundance in his diction, which argued full confidence in the inexhaustible resources of which he felt himself possessed; and there was some appearance of that labor of the file, which indicates that the author is conscious of the necessity of doing every justice to his work, that it may pass warrant. Lord Byron was also a traveller, a man whose ideas were fired by having seen, in distant scenes of difficulty and danger, the places whose very names are recorded in our bosoms as the rhimes of ancient poetry. For his own misfortune, perhaps, but certainly to the high increase of his poetical character, nature had mixed in Lord Byron's system these passions which agitate the human heart with most violence, and which may be said to have hurried his bright career to an early close. There would have been little wisdom in measuring my force with so formidable an antagonist; and I was as likely to tire of playing the second fiddle in the concert, as my audience of hearing me. Age also was advancing. I was growing insensible to these subjects of excitation by which youth is agitated. I had around me the most pleasant but least exciting of all society, that of kind friends and an affectionate family. My circle of employments was a narrow one; it occupied me constantly, and it became daily more difficult for me to interest myself in poetical composition:

"How happily the days of Thalaba went by!"

Yet, though conscious that I must be, in the opinion of good judges, inferior to the place I had 1812, and immediately placed their author on a level with the very highest names of his age. The impression they created was more uniform, decisive, and triumphant than any that had been witnessed in this country for at least two generations. "Awoke one morning," he says, "and found myself famous." In truth, he had fixed himself at a single bound on a summit, such as no English poet had ever before attained, but after a long succession of painful and comparatively neglected efforts."—Advertisement to Byron's Life and Works, vol. viii.


[2] These two Cantos were published in London in March.
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. Maestheus, neque vincere certo;
Quanquam O!—sed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedit;
Extremos pudet redisse: boe vincite, cives,
Et prohibete nefas."—Ex. lib. v. 191.

I had, indeed, some private reasons for my "Quanquam O!" which were not worse than those of Maestheus. 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 decisively lost. The sale of "Rokeby," excepting as compared with that of "The Lady of the Lake," was in the highest degree respectable; and as it included fifteen hundred quarto, 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 Entusiasm. All such stuff can only vex him, and do me no good."—BYRON'S Diary, Nov., 1812—Works, vol. ii. p. 239.

2 The 4th Edition was published by John Ballantyne and Co. £2 2s. in January, 1812.
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.

ADVERTISEMENT.
The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent
parish of Conisbrough, and to other places in that Vicinity.
The Tale occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of which are supposed to elapse
between the 4th and 5th and beginning of the Sixth Canto.
The tale 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
Facts with the Military or Political Events of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of proba-
ibility to the Fictitious Narrative now presented to the Public.

Rokeby.

CANTO FIRST.

I.
The Moon in her summer glow,
Reflects high and bright the breezes blow;
And, ris'ng o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the texture of her shroud;
On Rokeby's towers, and Tees's stream,
She dances as a guilty dream.

When conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goals sleeping Fancy's wild career.
Her light seems now the blush of shame,
Seems now fierce anger's darker flame,
Shifting that shade to come and go,
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's hasty dims the air,
And dies in darkness, like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees,
Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,

1 Dec. 31, 1822.

2 To this sentence has from the press of that indefatigable
manuscript writer, who has provided the measure, and extorted
from himself the best portions of his power; and who, regardless of both, and
forsooth, a number of hours on the subject, has yet raised
beauties of style, an harmony with a spirit, to the pinnacle
of public favor.

Admit all that may be granted, that the whole spirit of our readers, and we be-
lieve the whole spirit of the Age, have been degenerating
Rokeby in general, and our period in particular, instead of
further, Mr. Scott, the last of the Lakes, would have
continued to be the author of a paper in the establish-
ment of Mr. Scott's high reputation. Whose cause, as it
now is, it be likely to satisfy the just expectations when that
reputation has existed, 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 ourreserved opinion;
and that when we concluded our first perusal of Rokeby, our
gratification was not quite unmixed with disappointment.
The objections 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 consistence of the narrative.\textsuperscript{a}-Quarterly
Review, No. xvi.

\textsuperscript{a} See Appendix, Note A.
ROKEBY.

Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,
By fits the plashing 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 scoundrel and hissing snake;
While her poor victim's outward thrones
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 complet is not in the original MS.
² MS.—"shifting gleam." 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 between the visions of Oswald's sleep and the waking-dream of the Gleaner:

"He stood.—Some dread was on his face.
Soon Hated 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 owlet'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 muttered dread,
Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead.

That pang the painful slumber broke,⁴
And Oswald with a start awoke.⁵

IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to close
His eyelids in such dire repose;
He woke,—to watch the lamp, and tell
From hour to hour the castle-bell,
Or listen to the owlet's cry,
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,
Or catch, by fits, the time's rhyme
With which the warder cheats the time.

And envying think, how, when the sun
Rises the poor soldier's watch be done,
Could he on his straws, 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.⁶

Now nigh and plain the sound appears,
The warder's challenge now he hears;⁷
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 spur hath lanced his conqueror's sides;
Away, away, for life he rides.
"Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by death procured,
But in that instant o'er his soul,
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time,
A life of pain, an age of crime." ⁸


⁶ MS.—"Till underneath the castle bank.
Nigh and more nigh the sound appears,
The warder's challenge next he hears." ⁷ See Appendix, Note B.

"The natural superiority of the instrument over the em-
ployer, of bold, unhesitating, practised vice, over timid, sel-
fish, crafty iniquity, is very finely painted throughout the whole
of this scene, and the dialogue that ensues. That the mind of
Wycliffe, wrought to the utmost agony of suspense, has given
such acuteness to his bodily organs, as to enable him to distin-
guish the approach of his hired bravo, while at a distance be-
yond the reach of common hearing, is gradually imagined, and
admirably true to nature."—Critical Review.
As he advance his aim was to the stranger's way,
Straight for the room where Oswald lay;
The very words — "The door from the last,"
Of a deep, as if to another post,
Stirred up the vault of his breast.
He, however, owl'd thus express—
"There stood and watch and trim the fire;"
Admit the stranger, and retire."  

VI.
The stranger came with heavy stride,
The brows, as plants his visage hide,
And the black coat, an ample fold,
Mark'd his form's gigantic mould.
But dumber answer seemed to he,
To Oswald's anxious courtesy,
But mark'd — by a disdainful smile,
His own, and scorn'd the petty wife.
When Oswald charged to the torch's place,
Assuming to the soldier's face,
His partial breast might be thrown,
To shew his bosom, yet hide his own.
His guest, the white, laid low side
The professor's cloak of torch bull's hide,
And in the torch glanced broad and clear
The order of an emissary:
Then from his brows the casque he drew,
And from the dark plane dash'd the dew,
From gloves of mail relieved his hands,
And spread them to the kindling brands,
And, turning to the gentil board,
Without a health, or pledge, or word
Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank, and freely fed,
As from ceremony's sway,
As famish'd wolf that bears his prey.

VII.
With deep impatience, tinged with fear,
His heart beheld him gorge his cheer,
And quaff the full carouse, that lent
His brow a fiercer hardment.
Now Oswald stood a space aside,
Now paced the room with hasty stride,
In feverish anxiety to learn
Tidings of deep and dread concern,
Cursing each moment that his guest
Protracted o'er his ratting feast,"
Yet, viewing with alarm, at last,
The end of that unceasing repast,
Almost he shrunk'd, as if to rue
As, at his sign, his train withdrew,
And left him with the stranger, free
To question of his mystery.
Then did his silence long proclaim
A struggle between fear and shame.

VIII.
Much in the stranger's mien appears,
To justify suspicious fears.
On his dark face a searching gleam,
And toil, had done the work of time,
Rough'd the brow, the temples bared,
And sable hairs with silver shone,
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 scorner the world.
That lip, had terror never blend'd;
Never in that eye had tear drop quench'd
The flash severe of swarthy glow,
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe.
Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornado and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by tortures slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes, and seem'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—" Herington comes post,
With tidings of a battle lost.
As one that reason'd himself from rest,
His answer, "It is so." &c.
2 MS. — "with heavy pace, The plunder'd mansion, and his face."  
3 See Appendix, Note G.
4 MS. — "That fell upon the stranger's face."
5 MS. — "he speed his hands."
6 MS. — "Then turned to the replenish'd board."

"The description of Bertram which follows, is highly picturesque; and the rude air of unconscious superiority which he treat's his employer, prepares the reader to enter into the full spirit of his character. These, and many other little circumsances, which none but a poetical mind could have conceived, give great relief to the stranger touches with which this excellent sketch is completed." — Critical Review.
8 MS. — "Protracted o'er his savage feast.
Yet with alarm he saw at last."  
10 "As Roderick rises above Marmon, so Bertram ascends above Roderick. Dull in swiftness of nature 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." — British Critic.
10 See Appendix, Note D.
ROKEBY.

And yet the soil in which they grew,
Had it been tamed when life was new,
Had depth and vigor to bring forth\footnote{MS.—"Show’d depth and vigor to bring forth the noblest fruits of virtuous worth. Then had the last of gold accost

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."}

The hardier fruits of virtuous worth.
Not that, e’en then, his heart had known
The gentler feelings’ kindly tone;
But lavish waste had been refined
To bounty in his chasten’d mind,
And lust of gold, that waste to feed,
Been lost in love of glory’s need,
And, frantic then no more, his pride
Had ta’en fair virtue for its guide.

X.

Even now, by conscience 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 meager guilt, or heart less hard,
Quail’d beneath Bertram’s bold regard.\footnote{MS.—"stern regard."}
And this felt Oswald, while in vain
He strove, by many a winding train,
To lure his sullen guest to show,
Unask’d, the news he long’d to know,
While on far other subject hung
His heart, than falter’d from his tongue.\footnote{"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 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 usurper 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 interrogatories."—Critical Review.}

Yet taught 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 bay,
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?"

\footnote{MS.—"Safe sit you, Oswald, and at ease,"}
\footnote{MS.—"Award the meed of civil bragg,"}
\footnote{MS.—"Thy horsemen on the outposts lay."}
\footnote{See Appendix, Note E.}
\footnote{MS.—"Led I but half of such bold hearts
As counter’d there," &c.}
While troubled joy was in his eye,
The well-aim'd arrow to the heart of Thistle—
"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 reputation and name Bought by their death a deathless fame? If such my direst foe's doom, My tears shall dew his honored tomb.— No answer!—Friend, of all our host, Thou knowest whom I should hate the most, Whom thou too, once, wert wont to hate, Yet hearest me doubtful of his fate."—

With look unmoved,—"Of friend or foe, Aught?" answer'd Bertram, "wouldst thou know, Demand in simple terms and plain, A soldier's answer shalt thou gain;—
For question dark, or riddle high, I have nor judgment nor reply."

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd, Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast; And brave, from man so meanly born, Rosed his hereditary scorn.

"Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt? Unlaw of Mortman lives he yet! False to thy patron or thine oath, Treacherous or perjured, one or both. Slave! hast thou kept thy promise, To slay thy leader in the fight?"—

Then from his seat the soldier sprang, 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, spakes thy heart! Now play'st thou well thy genuine part! Worthy, but for thy craven fear, Like me to roam a beaumar."
What reck'st thou of the Cause divine,
If Mortham's wealth and hands be thine?
What carest thou for Belisaur'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,
Leaning 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'd 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 besrides the evening gale,
How o'er my friend my cloak I threw,
And fencelose faced the deadly dew;
I thought on Quadrain's cliff,
Where, rescued from our foundering skill,
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 piratical wandering o'er,
With him I sought our native shore.
But Mortham's lord grew far estranged
From the bold heart with whom he ranged;
Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears,
Sudden'd and dimm'd descending years;
The wily preists their victim sought,
And damned each free-born' deed and thought.
Then must I seek another home;
My lice license shook his sober dome;
If gold he gave, in one wild day
I revell'd thirce 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 shook,
The merchant saw my glance of flame,
And lock'd his hoards when Bertram came;
Each child of coward peace kept far
From the neglected son of war.

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 gueridon waitted on my care?
I could not cant of creed or prayer;
Sour fanatic 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 pat,
Glance quick as lightning through the heart.
As my spur press'd my courser's side,
1 MS.—"And heart's-blood best to aid the dye!
Sit, then! and as to comrades boon
Carousing for achievement won.

2 MS.—"That boys and cowards, &c.

3 MS.—"Frank, as from mate to mate, I tell
What way the deed of death befell.

4 MS.—"Name when an insult I forgave,
And, Oswald Wylliffe, call me slave.

5 MS.—"Whom earnest his revenge attends,
If number'd once among his friends.

6 MS.—"These thoughts rush'd on, like torrent's way
To sweep my stern resolve away.

7 MS.—"Each liberal deed.

8 MS.—"But of my labor what the need?
I could not cant of church or creed."
The shepherd sees his spectre glide,  
And near the spot that gave me name,  
The moated mound of Risingham,"  
Where Red I 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 tamless 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 Northam we should share;  
Then list, while I the portion name,  
Our differing laws give each to claim.  
Then, 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 reverse  
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'd spoil;  
When dies in fight a daring foe,  
He claims his wealth who struck the blow;  
And either rule to me assigns  
Those spoils of Indian seas and mines,  
Hoarded in Northam's caverns dark;  
Ingot of gold and diamond spark,  
Chalice and plate from churches borne,  
And gems from shrinking beauty torn,  
Each string of pearl, each silver bar,  
And all the wealth of western war.  
I go to search, where, dark and deep,  
These Trans-atlantic treasures sleep.  
Then must alang—for, lacking thee,  
The hair will scarce find entrance free;  
And then farewell. Thrice to try  
To trust to no associate's truth."

6 MS.—"Taught by the legends of my youth  
To trust to no associate's truth."  
7 See Appendix, Note I.  
8 MS.—"Still by the spot that gave me name,  
The moated ccmp of Risingham,  
A grant form the stranger seas,  
Half hid by rifted rocks and trees."  
9 See Appendix, Note F.  
10 MS.—"With bow in hand," &c  
11 See Appendix, Note G.
Each varied pleasure wealth can buy;
When clow'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 wreathed 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 wile!
If injury from you you fear,
What, Oswald Wycliff, 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 Wycliff'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;
Awa 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 Cutcastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.
Such was his wont; and there his dream
Swar'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, untainted;
He loved—his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame;
Vainly he loved—for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is loved again;
Silent he loved—in every gaze
Was passion; friendship in his phrase.
So mused his life away—till died
His brethren all, their father's pride.
Wilfrid is now the only heir
Of all his stratagems and care,
And destined, darkling, to pursue
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

1 MS.——— "while yet around him stood
A numerous race of hardier mood."--
2 "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."
3 Beattie's Minstrel.
4 MS.—"Was love, but friendship in his phrase."
5 The prototype of Wilfrid may perhaps be found in
Beattie's Edwin; but in some essential respects it is made
more true to nature than that which probably served for its
original. The possibility may perhaps be questioned (its great
improbability is unquestionable), of such excessive refinement,
such 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 have and was the bright
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's Knight,
To love her was an easy task
The sweetest nectar of her breast;
To save her was a harder task
To rise that durst not hope or ask.
Yet all Matilda's, 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 sang the lay he framed or loved;
Yet, look to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,
In kind embrace she oft withdrew
The favoring glance to friendship due.
Then grieving her to see 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, dashing o'er the Tees,
The well-balancing peasant sons;
In concert oft they bravely led
The bolder ring Scots' inconstant lord;
Frowning defiance in their pride,
Their vessels 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 war,
In peaceful grave the lady lay,—
Philip of Mortham raised his hand,
And Marchall at Fairfax's command
While Weylith, bound by many a train
Of kindred art with wily Vane,
Last prompt to brave the bloody field,
Made Barnard's battlements his shield,
Secured them with his lenient powers,
And for the Commons held the towers.

In the cause of duty. In both these particulars, the character of Wilfrid is drawn from the objections to which we think that of the Minstrel Knight. At the period of the Civil War, the lower orders of Society, influenced by refinement and feeling, were inclined to draw the sword as well as to give proof of its existence. The manners of our ancestors will be best explained by the beautiful verse of the past. (XXVIII. and xxix.) —Critical Review.

6 MS. — "And was the last of the house." &c.
7 MS. — "The last, said he, of his house." &c.
8 MS. — "Now looking for her favor. Their veils and their holked veils." &c.
9 MS. — "Dame Alice and Matilda bright." &c.
10 MS. — "When Wilfrid, when the strife arose,
And Rokeby and his son were foes,
Was doom'd each privilege to lose,
Of kindred friendship and the muse." &c.
11 MS. — "Aeping, with fond hypocrisy,
The careless step," &c.
12 The MS. has not this couplet.
13 MS. — "Say Wilfrid haunted the thicket's green," &c.
14 MS. — "Wilfrid haunted Scargill's thicket." &c.
15 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 opates 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 stibby 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,
When'er we shoot by Fancy's aim;  
And, ere he strip him for her race,
Show the conditions of the case.
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret;
One enchants the winner's eyes,
And strips of all its worth the prize.

1 MS.—"Wild car."
2 MS.—"Or in some fair but lone retreat,
Flung her wild spells around his seat,
For him her opates gave to flow,
o''er him dainties bade him grow,
Which he who tastes can ne'er forego,
Taught him to turn impatient ear
From truth's inanimate voice severe."
3 In the MS., after this couplet, the following lines conclude the stanza:

"That all who on her visions press,
Find disappointment dog success;
But, mine'd their wish, lamenting hold
Her gilding false for sterling gold."  
4 "Soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery waves,
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 tempest blaze
While one augments its gaudy show,
More to enhance the loser's woé."

The victor sees his fairy gold
Transform'd, when won, to dusty mold,
But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

XXXII

More wouldest thou know—you tower survey,
You couch unpress'd since parting day,
You untrimmed lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moonbeam,
And you thin form!—the hectic red
On his pale cheek 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'wan 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.

To the Moon,
Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream

That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if he'er had shined I

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart;
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary friends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might.
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain."  

Beattie.

6 MS.—"On his pale cheek in crimson glow;
The short and painful sighs that show
The shrivell'd lip, the teeth's white row,
The head reclined, "&c.

6 MS.—"The sleeper's pain.
Drinks his dear life-blood from the vein."
7 "The little poem that follows is, in our judgment, one of
Rokeby.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Far in the chambers of the west,
The gale had sighted itself to rest;
The moon was cloudless now and clear,
But pale, and soon to disappear.
The thin gray clouds waxed dimly light
On Brusleton and Houghton height;
And the rich dale, that eastward lay,
Waited the waking torch of day,
To give its woods and cultured plain,
And towers and spires to light again.
But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,
And Lanedale wild, and Kelton-fell,
And rock begirdled Gimnannear,
And Arkingarth, lay dark afar;
While, as a livelier twilight falls,
Emerges proud Barnard's banner'd walls.
High crown'd he sits, inrowning pale,
The sovereign of the lovely vale.

II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower high,
Gloom gradual on the wander'd eye—
Far sweeping to the east, he sees
Down his deep woods the course of Toes,
And tracks his wanderings by the steam
Of summer vapors by the stream;
And ere he paced his destined hour
By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower,
These silver mists shall melt away,
And dew the woods with glittering spray.
Then in broad lustre shall be shown
That mighty trench of living stone,
And each huge trunk that, from the side,
Reclines him o'er the darksome tide,

"I don't know whether to give Matilda a mother or not. Deceivableness requires she should have one; but she is as likely to be in my way as the gudewife's mother, according to the proverb, is always in that of the gudewife. Yours truly, W. S."

—Monthly Review.

"We cannot close the first Canto without bestowing the highest praise on it. The whole design of the picture is excellent; and the contrast presented to the gloomy and 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 Wilfred. Oswald completes 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.

MS.—"Betwixt the gate and Baldi's tower."

MS.—"Those deep-browed banks of living stone."

6 See Appendix, Note L."
ROKEBY.

CANTO II.

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 channel'd way,
O'er solid sheets of marble gray.

III.
Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright,
Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam:
Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers,
Salutes proud Raby's battled towers;
The rural brook of Egliston,
And Baldor, named from Odiun's son;
And Greta, to whose banks are long
We lead the lovers of the song;
And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,
And fairy Thorngill's murmuring child;
And last and least, but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill.

Who in that dim-wood glean hath stray'd,
Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade?
Who, wandering there, hath sought to change
Even for that vale so stern and strange;
Where Cartland's Craggs, fantastic rent,
Through her green copese like spires are sent?
Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes and story to combine!
Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin strays,
List to the deeds of other days;
Mid Cartland's Craggs thou show'rst the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave;
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 lend each scene the interest high
Which genius beams from Beauty's eye.

IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight
Which sunrise shows from Barnard's height,
But from the towers, preventing day,
With Wilfrid took his early way,
While misty dawn, and moonbeam pale,
Still mingled in the silent 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;
Each on his own deep visions bent,
Silent and sad they onward went.
Well may you think that Bertram's mood,
To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude;
Well may you think bold RISINGHAM
Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame;
And small the intercourse, I ween,
Such uncongenial souls between.

V.

Stern Bertram shun'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 Mortham's deeper den.
There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound,
Ravish'd 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 beast 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
Awakes, when Rokeby's turrets high
Were northward in the dawning seen
To rear them o'er the thickest 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 changoring 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,

\[\text{Their winding path then eastward cast,}
\text{And Egliston's gray ruins pass'd;}\]
\[\text{Each on his own deep visions bent,}
\text{Silent and sad they onward went.}\]
\[\text{Well may you think that Bertram's mood,}
\text{To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude};\]
\[\text{Well may you think bold RISINGHAM}
\text{Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame};\]
\[\text{And small the intercourse, I ween,}
\text{Such uncongenial souls between.}\]

\[\text{Stern Bertram shun'd the nearer way,}
\text{Through Rokeby's park and chase that lay,}\]
\[\text{And, skirting high the valley's ridge,}\]
\[\text{They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridge,}\]
\[\text{Descending where her waters wind}\]
\[\text{Free for a space and unconfined,}\]
\[\text{As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen,}\]
\[\text{She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.}\]
\[\text{There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound,}\]
\[\text{Ravish'd by that Legion's long renown'd,}\]
\[\text{Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,}\]
\[\text{Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,}\]
\[\text{"Stern sons of war!" said Wilfrid sigh'd,}\]
\[\text{"Behold the beast of Roman pride!}\]
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\[\text{As captive set at liberty,}\]
\[\text{Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,}\]
\[\text{And changoring joyful on her road;}\]
\[\text{Pointing where, up the sunny banks,}\]
\[\text{The trees retire in scatter'd ranks,}\]
\[\text{Save where, advanced before the rest,}\]
\[\text{On knoll or hillock rears his crest,}\]
\[\text{Lonely and huge, the giant Oak,}\]
\[\text{As champions, when their band is broke,}\]
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
That last rock of the scatter'd host—
As life, and love, might Spencer say,
Yet could a van his race lay,
While Wycherley saw the distant tower,
When little Light Matilda's lower.

VII.
The open vale is soon pass'd o'er,
Nobly, though rough, is seen no more;
And thine estate, as thickets deep,
A wild and darker course they keep,
A storm and heat, yet lovely road,
As o'er the foot of Menstruel rode. 1

I saw shadows o'er their passage fell,
Darker and narrower grew the dell;
It seemed a mountain, rent and riven,
A desert for the stream had given,
Such the cliffs of lime-stone gray
Hung haggard o'er the torrent's way.

Yielding, along their rugged base, 3
A lofty fo'ists path's niggard space,
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the howling torrent rave,
And like a steel in frantic fit,
That thaws the froth from curb and bit, 4
May view her chase her waves to spray,
Over every rock that bars her way,
Till sun-globes on her coils rise, thine
As o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splinter'd and miened,
The shivered rocks ascend to heaven;

Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast, 6
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bare loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As peneus went to wave of old
Or the high feast of Paron hold,
When revel'd fond 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, 5
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

IX.
Now from the stream the rocks recede,
But leave between no sunn'y mead,
No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,
Oft found by such a mountain strand?
Forming such warm and dry retreat,
As fancy deceis the lonely seat,
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,
His rosy might love to tell.
But here, 'twixt rock and river, grew
A dismal grove of sable yew,
With whose sad tints were mingled seen
The blighte'd fir's sepulchral green.
'Seem'd that the trees their shadows cast,
The earth that nourish'd them to blast;
For never knew that swarthy grove
The verdant hue that fairies love;
Nor withling 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

1 MS.—And Roseby's tower is seen no more; see Mrs. Green's 'three green leaves.'
2 See Appendix, Note P.
3 MS.—"Yielding their rugged base before
A lofty path's niggard space, o'er the Greta's side."
4 MS.—"The frequent heave and shudder, &c.
And waves as from curb and but, (frothy)
Their angry waves to whom their wrath, (woody)
O'er every rock that bars their way.
The dawn her beauty to o'er, &c." 5
5 MS.—"And so the ivied banners gleam, (glim)
Waved widely trembling o'er the scene," 6
Waved wild above the calmorous stream."
6 MS.—"A torrent's strand;
Where in the warm and dry retreat,
May fancy form some hermit's seat."
7 MS.—"A darksome grove of funeral yew,
Where barleful shadow east,
The ground that nourish'd them to blast,
Mingled with whose sad tints were seen
The blighte'd fir's sepulchral green." 8
8 MS.—"In this dark grove 'twas twilight still,
Save that upon the rocks opposed
Some struggling beams of morn repose;
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 sham'd the doll;
For Superstition wont to tell
Of many a grisly sound and sight,
Scaring its path at dead of night.
When Christmas logs blaze high and wide,
Such wonders speed the festival tide;
While Curiosity and Fear,
Pleasure and Pain, sit crouching near,
Till childhood's cheek no longer glows,
And village maidens lose the rose.
The thrilling interest rises higher, 1
The circle closes high and higher,
And shuddering glance is cast behind,
As louder means the wintry wind.
Believe, that fitting scene was laid
For such wild tales in Northam glade!
For who had seen, on Greta's side,
By that dim light fierce Bertram stride,
In such a spot, at such an hour,—
If touch'd by Superstition's power,
Might well have deem'd that Hell had given
A murderer's ghost to upper Heaven,
While Wilfrid's form had seem'd to glide
Like his pale victim by his side.

XI.
Nor think to village swains alone
Are these unearthly terrors known;
For not to rank nor sex confined
Is this vain age of the mind:
Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
'Gainst faith and love, and pity hard'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 enchanting them by or them, or others, that they may exceed or fail short of their natural order; premising this, that the extremest land of North Finland and Lapland was so taught witchcraft formerly in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroaster the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-costs 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 gentilesse, to sell winds to merchants that were stop't on their coasts by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knyt three magical knots, not like to the laws of Cassius, nor less his wild adventurous youth
Believed in every legend's truth;
Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gale,
Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail,
And the broad Indian moon her light
Pour'd on the watch of middle night,
When seamen love to hear and tell
Of portent, prodigy, and spell: 4
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore, 4
How whistle rash bids tempests roar, 5
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light: 6
Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm;
When the dark soul comes driving hard,
And lower'd is every topsail-yard,
And canvas, wove in earthly looms,
No more to brave the storm presumes!
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,
Top and top-gallant hoisted high,
Full spread and crowded every sail,
The Demon Frigate braves the gale: 6
And well the doomed spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe.

XII.
Then, too, were told, in stilled tone,
Marvels and omens all their own;
How, by some desert isle or key, 7
Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty,
Or where the savage pirate's mood
Repaid it home in deeds of blood,
Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear
Appall'd the listening Bucanier,
Whose light-arm'd shallop anchor'd lay
In ambush by the lonely bay.
The grome of grief, the shriek of pain,
Ring from the moonlight groves of cane;
The fierce adventurer's heart they scare,
Who wearies memory for a prayer,
Curses the road-stead, and with gale
Of early morning lifts the sail,
To give, in thirst of blood and prey,
A legend for another bay.

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 denied that there was any such power in these knots;"—OLAF MAGNUS'S History of the Goths, Swedes, and Vandals. Lond. 1658, Vol. p. 47.—[See Note to The Pirate, "Sale of Winds," Waterley's Novels, vol. xxv., p. 136.]

4 See Appendix, Note G.
5 Ibid. Note R.
6 Ibid. Note S.
7 Ibid. Note T.
XIII.

There was a man, a youth, a child,
Trained in the mystics and the wild,
With talk on Bertram's soul at times
Roused a part of long of his crimes;
Song to his troubled and their form,
As the pale Death slip to the storm,
And round their noon den and dread,
As storks and vixens of the dead.—
That pen, whose transitory force
Hovers twixt terror and remorse;
That pen, perchance, his bosom press'd,
As Wilfrid and Ien he addressed:—
* Wilfrid, this gem is never trode
Until the sun rides high abroad;
Yet twice have I beheld today
A Fern, that seemed to dig our way;
Twice from my glance it seemed to flee,
And shed itself by cliff or tree.
How think'st thou?—Is our path waylaid? If hath thy sire my trust betray'd?
If so—Lie, starting from his dream,
That turn'd upon a gentler theme,
Wilfrid had paused him to reply,
Bertram sprang forward, shouting high,
"What'er thou art, thou now shalt stand!"—
And forth he darted, sword in hand.

XIV.

As bursts the Levin's wrath,^1
He shot him down the sounding path;
Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out,
To his lead step and savage shout.†

Seems that the object of his race
Hath sealed 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 dazed 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 great, must he dare
An insupportable leap in air; 3
Hid in the shrubby rain-course now,

You mark him by the crushing bough,
And by his corselet's sullen clank,
And by the stones spurn'd from the bank,
And by the hawk scared from her nest,
And ravens croaking over their guest,
Who deemed his forfeit lindes shall pay
The tribute of his bold essay.—

XV.

See, he emerges!—desperate now
All further course—You beetling brow,
In craggy nakedness sublime,
What heart or foot shall dare to climb?
It bears no tendril for his chasp,
Preseuts no angle to his grasp;
Solo lay his foot may rest upon,
Is you earth-boldded jetting stone,
Balanced on such precarious prop. 6
He strains his grasp to reach the top.
Just as the dangerous stretch he makes,
By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes!
Beneath his tottering bulk it bends,
It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descends!
And downward holds its head long way,
Crashing over 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 unarm'd he stands!.—

XVI.

Wilfrid a safer path pursued;
At intervals where, roughly hew'd,
Rude steps ascending from the dell
Reader'd the cliff's 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 batteld tower and portal gray:
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Greta flow to meet the Tees;
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,

His progress—heart and foot must fail
You utmost crag's bare peak to scale."

6 MS.—"Pench'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."

7 Opposite to this line, the MS. has this note, meant to amuse Mr. Balantine:—"If any readers will not allow that I have climbed Parnassus, they must grant that I have turned the Knute Nine Steps."—See note to Redgauntlet.—Waverley Novels, vol. xxxiv. p. 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 limnet, lark, and blackbird gay,
Sang forth her nuptial roundelay.

XVII.
’Twas sweetly sung that roundelay;
That summer morn shone bright and gay;
But morning beam, and wild-bird’s call,
Awaked not Mortham’s silent hall?
No porter, by the low-brow’d gate,
Took in the wonted nico his seat;
To the paved court no peasant drew;
Waked to their toil no menial crew;
The maiden’s carol was not heard,
As to her morning task she fared:
In the void offices around,
Rung not a hoof, nor bay’d a hound;
Nor eager steed, with shrilling neigh,
Accused the lagging groom’s delay;
Untrimmed, undress’d, neglected now,
Was alley’d walk and orchard bough;
All spoke the master’s absent care,2
All spoke neglect and disrepair.
South of the gate, an arrow flight,
Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
As if a canopy to spread
O’er the lone dwelling of the dead;
For their huge boughs in arches bent
Above a massive monument,
Carved o’er in ancient Gothic wise,
With many a scutcheon and device;
There, spent with toil and sunk in gloom,
Bertram stood pondering by the tomb.

XVIII.
"It vanished, 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 heard.
’Tis true, the aged servants said
Here his lamented wife is laid:3
But weightier reasons may be guessed
For their lord’s strict and stern behest,

That none should on his steps intrude,
Whene’er he sought this solitude.—
An ancient mariner I knew,
What time I sail’d with Morgan’s crew,
Who oft, ’mid our carousals, spake
Of Raleigh, Forbisher, and Drake;
Adventurous hearts! who barter’d, bold,
Their English steel for Spanish gold.
Trust not, would his experience say,
Captain or comrade with your prey;
But seek some charnel, when, at full.
The moon gilds’ skeleton and skull:
There dig, and tomb your precious heap;
And bid the dead your treasure keep:4
Sure stewards they, if fitting spell
Their service to the task compel.
Lacks there such charnel?—kill a slave,5
Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave;
And bid his discontented ghost
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.—
Such was the tale. Its truth, I ween,
Is in my morning vision seen."
Dee! I hear, or speak, a word, a lay.
I know thee, | I for thy love's sake;
'Twas by this hand that Mortham died!'

**XX.**

Wilted, of seeds kindled with the heart,
Arose to every ripe part,
And round was loosed the martial sword,
In a din of steel, and toil from toil;
Yet the steady arm of the lyre
Yielded one spark of noble fire.

A sword bands, sand, or wrong.

But, when that spirit blazed forth to flame,
It was superior to his frame.

And rare it seems, that generous mood;
And the full current of his blood, on branch he laid deepest hand,
Placed from his foot, and drew his brand.

"Should every grain, to whom thou'rt cold.
Lies in the aid, I keep my hold.
Arise these, and take spear and sword!
"Attach the murderer of your Lord!"

**XXI.**

A rescued, fixed as by a spell.
Steel Bertram—it seemed miracle,
That out a freckle, soft, and tanie,
Set gray upon the warrior's brow.
But when he fell a feoble stroke,
The hand within the ruffian woke!

To wreak, the sword from Wilfrid's hand,
The husbald held it on the sand;
Was but one moment's work—one more
Had drenched the blade in Wilfrid's gore:
But, in the instant it arose,
To find his "No, his love, his woes,
A warlike form that mark'd the scene,
Present his mother sheath'd between,
Parry the fact, the closing blow,
And stop't the Wilfrid and his foe;
Nor then did murder his brand,
But, sternly painting with his hand,
With an angel's voice forbade the fight,
And mad Wilfrid Bertram's sight.

MR.- But, when a word took root in flame.

- Critical Review— "This is a worthy companion to the remnader of The Lady of the Lake, and Rosamond Dhu, in the Lady of the Lyre."—*Scott's Poetical Works.*

MS.—"And thus, a stroke, a stroke,
That razed the skin, his rage awoke."

"Go, and repent,"—he said, "while time
Is given thee; add not crime to crime."

**XXII.**

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed,
As on a vision Bertram gazed!
'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high,
His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,
His look and accent of command,
The martial gesture of his hand;
His stately form, spare-built and tall,
His war-blest'd locks—twas Mortham all.
Through Bertram's dizzy brain career:
A thousand thoughts, and all of fear;
His wavering faith received not quite
The form he saw as Mortham's sprite,
But more he fear'd it, if it stood
His lord, in living flesh and blood.

What spectre can the charnel send
So dreadful as an injured friend?
Then, too, the habit of command,
Used by the leader of the band,
When Risingham, for many a day,
Had rank'd and fought beneath his sway,
Tamed him—and, with reverted face,
Backwards he bore his sullen pace:
Oft stopp'd, and oft on Mortham stared,
And dark as rated musillage;
But when the tramp of steeds was heard,
Plunged in the glen, and disappear'd;—
Nor longer there the Warrior stood,
Retiring eastward through the wood;—
But first to Wilfrid warning gives,
"Tell thou to none that Mortham lives"

**XXIII.**

Still rung these words in Wilfrid's ear,
Hiding he knew not what of fear;
When nearer came the courses' tread,
And, with his father at their head,
Of horsemen arm'd a gallant power
Reid'd up their steeds before the tower.
"Whence these pale looks, my son?" he said:
Where's Bertram?—Why that naked blade?—
Wilfrid ambiguously replied
(For Mortham's charge his honor tied),
"Bertram is gone—the villain's word
Avouch'd him murderer of his lord!"

MS.—"Twas Mortham's spare and sinewy frame,
His falcon eye, his glance of flame.

MS.—"A thousand thoughts, and all of fear,
Dizzied his brain in wild career;
Doubling, and not receiving quite,
The form he saw as Mortham's sprite,
Still more he fear'd it, if it stood
His living lord, in flesh and blood.

MS.—"Stow he retreats with sullen pace.

MS.—"Reid'd up their steeds by Mortham tower.
CANTO II
ROKEBY.

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 saints,
(His the old faith)—then burst restraint.

XXV.
"Yes! I behold 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!
Arouse the peasants with the knell!
Meantime disperse—ride, gallants, ride!
Beset the wood on every side.
But if among you one there be,
That honors Mortham's memory,
Let him dismount and follow me!

XXVI.
Instant to earth young Redmond sprang;
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,
Shout'd like huntsman to his bounds,
"To cover, hark!"—and in he bounds.
Scarcely 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!4
Five hundred nobles for his head!"5

XXVII.
The horsemen gallop'd, to make good
Each path that issued from the wood.
Loud from the thicket ran the shout
Of Redmond and his eager rout;
With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire,
And envying Redmond's martial fire,6
And emulate 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 chin tree,
With drooping hand 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 clears the air,
May ring discovery and despair.6

XXVIII.
What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd
The morning sun on Mortham's glade?
All seems in giddy round to ride,

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!"

—Critical Review.
Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid,
While conscious passion plainly speaks
In downcast look and blushing cheeks.
Where'er he sings, will she glide high,
And all her soul is in her eye;
Yet doubts she still to tender free
The wanted 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.

"Scarce wert thou gone, when peep of light
Brought genuine news of Marston's light.
Brave Cromwell turn'd the doubtful tide,
And conquest bless'd the rightful side;
Three thousand cavaliers lie dead,
Rupert and that bold Marquis fled;
Nobles and knights, so proud of hate,
Must fly for freedom and estate.
Of these, committed to my charge,
Is Rokeby, prisoner at large;
Redmond, his page, arrived to say
He reaches Barnard's towers to-day.
Light heavy shall his ransom be,
Unless that mad compound with thee?"
Go to her now—be bold of cheer,
While her soul fluts 'twixt hope and fear;
It is the very change of tide,
When best the female heart is tried—
Pride, prejudice, and modesty,
Are in the current swept to sea?
And the bold swain, who plies his oar,
May lightly row his bark to shore."

Rokeby.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assign'd.
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Now turns more ambitious career."

MS.—"This Redmond brought, at peep of light,
The news of Marston's happy fight."

See Appendix, Note Y.

MS.—"In the warm ebb are swept to sea."

MS.—"The lower tribes of earth and air,
In the wild chase their kindred spare."

The second couplet in epigraph.
CANTO III.  
ROKEBY.  

Watches the wild-duck by the spring;  
The slow-bound wakes the fox's hair;  
The greyhound presses on the hare;  
The eagle pounces on the lamb;  
The wolf devours the fleecey 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, Cus-b'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 crowning 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 Ris-ing-ham, 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-bound's cry,  
Announcing Jedwood-axe and spear,  
And Lid'sdale 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, irured to bear  
Each dire inclemency of air.  
Nor less confirm'd to undergo  
Fatigue's faint chill, and famine's throe.

These arts he proved, his life to save,  
In peril oft by land and wave,  
On Aruawa'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 Grota's side.

IV.  
'Twas then, in hour of utmost need,  
He proved his courage, art, and speed.  
Now slow he stalk'd with stealthy pace,  
Now started forth in rapid race,  
Oft doubling back in mazy train,  
To blind the trace the dews retain;  
Now clomb the rocks projecting high,  
To baffle the pursuer's eye;  
Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound  
The echo of his footsteps drown'd.  
But if the forest verge he nears,  
There trample steeds, and glimmer spears  
If deeper down the copse he drew,  
He heard the rangers' loud halloo,  
Beating each cover while they came,  
As it 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 foesmen spy  
The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

V.  
Then Bertram might the bearing trace  
Of the bold youth who led the chase;  
Who paused to list for every sound,  
Climb every height to look around,  
Then rushing on with naked sword,  
Each dingle's bosky depths 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 foe and net," &c.

7 In the MS. the stanza concludes thus:  
"Suspending yet his purpose stern,  
He couch'd him in the brake and fern;  
Hiding his face, lest foesmen spy  
The sparkle of his swarthy eye."

8 See Appendix, Note 8 B.
SCOTT'S CANTO III

Disorder'd from his glowing cheek;
Morn, face, and form, young Redmond spank.
A form more active, light, and strong,
Never shot the ranks of war among;
The modest, yet the manly soul,
Might grace the court of sultan's queen;
A face more fair you well might find,¹
For Redmond, knew the sun and wind.
Nor bent, from their spring when free,
The claim of regularity;
But every feature had the power
To aid the expression of the hour:
Whither gay with, and cunning sly,
Danced his glance in his light blue eye;
Or lend'd brow, and glance of fire.
And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire;
Or soft and sad heart's chances show
Her ready sympathy with woe;
Or in that wayward mood of mind,
When various feelings are combined,
When joy and sorrow mingle near,
And hope's bright wings are check'd by fear;
And rising doubts keep transport down,
And anger loads a short lived frown;
In that strange mood which minds approve
Even when they dare not call it love;
With every change his features play'd,
As as pens show the light and shade.²

VI.
Well Risingham young Redmond knew;
And much he marv'li'd that the crew,
Roused to revenge bold Mortland dead,
Were by that Mortland's foeman led;
For never felt his soul the woe,
That walks a generous foeman low,
Far less that sense of justice strong,
That wrench a generous foeman's wrong.
But small his leisure now to pause;
Redmond is first, whate'er the cause?
And twice that Redmond came so near
Where Bertram couched like hunted deer,
The very boughs his steps displace
Rushed against the ruffian's face,
Who, desperate, twice prepared to start,
And plunge his danger in his heart!
But Redmond turned a different way,
And the bent branches resumed their sway,
And Bertram held it wise, unseen,
Deeper to plunge in coppice green.

Then, cir'd in his coil, the snake,
When roving hunters beat the brake,
Watches with red and glistening eye;
Prepared, if needless step draw nigh,
With fork'd tongue and venem'd fang
Instant to dart the deadly pang;
But if the intruders turn aside,
Away his coils unfolded glide.
And through the deep savannah wind,
Some unconsist'd retreat to find.

VII.
But Bertram, as he backward drew,
And heard the loud pursuit renew,
And Redmond's hoarse on the wind,
Oft mutter'd in his savage mind—
"Redmond O'Neill! 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.
Blushed, now behind him dine.
Faint and more faint, each hostile cry;
He stands in Scargill wood alone,
Nor hears he now a har-rader tone
Than the hoarse cussat'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,³
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 threatwort, with its azure bell,⁴
And moss and thyme his cushion swell.
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed
The course of Greta's playful tide;
Beneath, her banks now ed-dying sun,
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-diacadem.

¹ These stanzas were often quoted by the late Lord Kinneccr as giving, in his opinion, an excellent portrait of the author himself.—En.

² In the MS. this image comes after the line "To aid the expression of the hour," and the complete stanza:

"And like a flexible aspen play'd
Alternately in light and shade."

³ MS. "The chose he heads, whate'er the cause."

⁴ MS. "and limbs to start, And, while his stretch'd attention glows, Scarcely felt his weary frame repose."

"The Campanula Latifolia, grand threatwort, or Canter bury bell, grows in profusion upon the beautiful banks of the river Greta, where it divides the manors of Brignall and Scargill, above about three miles above Greta Bridge."
Then, tired to watch the current’s play,
    He tur’d him with 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,
Fragnments, that, from its frontlet torn,
Wore mantled now by verdant thorn.
Such was the scene’s wild majesty,
    That fill’d stern Bertram’s gaz ’ing eye.

IX.

To sullen mood he lay reclined,
Revelling, 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 embrown’d,
No thunderous storm shook the ground;—
The demon knew his vassal’s heart,
And spared temptation’s needless art.

X.

Oft, mingled with the direful theme,
Came Mortham’s form—Was it a dream?
Or had he seen, in vision true,
That very Mortham whom he slew?
Or had in living flesh appear’d
The only man on earth he fear’d?
    To try the mystic cause intent,
His eyes, that on the cliff were bent,
    ‘Counter’d at once a dazzling glance,
Like sunbeam flash’d from sword or lance.
At once he started as for flight,
But not a foe was in sight?
    He heard the cussat’s mutter houres,
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, doubtful still, opposed he stood
To him that issu’d 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 raz’d with shame—
    “A shame I owe that hot O’Nealie,
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 Rishimgham,

of the scene in The Robbers, in which something of a similar contrast is exhibited between the beauties of external nature and the agitation 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 unsightly all delight.”—En.

1 MS.—“show’d.”
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 wake hell’s lowest shade.”
6 “Bertram is now alone: the landscape around is truly grand, partially illuminated by the sun; and we are reminded
7 MS.—“Look’d round—no foe man was in sight.”
8 See Appendix, Note 2 D.
9 MS.—“Unscrupulous, gallant Rishtingham.”
Who was I'd wish me in midnight dark,
To catch a deer from Holby park.
How thank's that then?—"Speak thy purpose out;
I have not mystery or doubt."—

XII.

"Then first—Not far there lurk a crew
Of trusty comrades, break and true,
Guided from both pillars, roundhead'd, freed
From coast of storm and of xeed;
And Chevaliers, whose souls, like mine,
Spare at thy bonds of discipline.
We, we, we stand, by dale and wold,
A warfare of our own to hold,
That breathe our last on battle-down,
For death or suprise, man or crown.
Our schemes are hid, our purpose set,
A chief and leader back we yet.—
Then art a wanderer, it is said;
For Martham's death, thy steps waylaid,1
Thy head at price—so say our spies,
Who range the valley in disguise.
Join then with us, though wild debate
And wrangling rend our infant state,
Each to an equal lot to bow,
Will yield to chief renowned as thou."—

XIII.

* Even now,* thought Bertram, passion-stir'd,
I call'd on hell, and hell has heard.2
What lack I, vengeance to command,
But of stanch comrades such a band?3
This Denzil, vow'd to every evil
Might read a lesson to the devil.
Well, be it so; each knife and bolt
Shall serve as my revenge's tool."—
Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,
Let 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 call'd on hell, and hell has heard."—OTWAY
3 MS.—"What lack I, my revenge to quench,
But such a band of comrades stanch?"
4 MS.—"But when Guy Denzil pulled the spray,
And brandish'd, from its base away,
He saw, forth ranging to the air."—
5 See Appendix, Note 2 E.
6 "We should here have concluded our remarks on the char-

XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within
The flity rock a murmurd din;
But when Guy pull'd the wilding spray,
And brandish'd, from its base away;4
He saw, appearing to the air,
A little entrance, low and square,
Lake opening cell of hermit lone,
Dark, win bug through the living stone.
Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram here;
And loud and louder on their ear,
As from the bowels of the earth
Resounded shouts of bolsterous mirth.
Of old, the cavern strait and rude,
In sly rock the peasant hew'd;5
And Brignall's woods, and Scargill's wave,
Then now, 'tis many a sister cave,6
Where, far within the darksome rift,
The wedge and lever ply their thrift.
But war had silenced rural trade,
And the deserted mine was made
The banquet-hall and fortress too.
Of Denzil and his desperate crew,7
There Guilt his anxious revel kept;
There, on his sordid pallet, slept
Guilt born Excess, the goblet drain'd
Still in his slumbering grasp retain'd;
Regret was there, his eye still cast
With vain repining on the past;
Among the feasters waitd near
Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear,
And Blasphemy, to phrensy driven,
With his own crimes reproaching heaven;
While Bertram show'd, amid the crew,
The Master-Fiend that Milton drew.

XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again,
To greet the leader of the train.
Behold the group by the pale lamp,
That struggles with the earthly damp.
By what strange features Vice hath known,
To single out and mark her own!
Yet some there are, whose brows retain
Less deeply stamp'd her brand and stain.
See you pale stripling? when a boy,
A mother's pride, a father's joy!
Now, against the vault's rude walls reclined,
An early image fills his mind:
The cottage, once his sire's, he sees,
Embower'd upon the banks of Toes;
He views sweet Winston's woodland scene,
And shares the dance on Gainford-green.
A tear is springing—but the rest
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,
Hath to loud laughter staid the rest.
On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry feet:
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 merriest wassail, he,
The life of all their revelry,
Peals his loud song!—The muse has found
Her blossoms on the wildest ground,
'Mid noxious weeds at random 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.**

_Sung._

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?"

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1 MS.—"And soon the lowlest wasailer he,
And life of all their revelry!"
2 Scott revisited Rokeby in 1812, for the purpose of refreshing his memory: and Mr. Morritt says.—"I had, of course, had many previous opportunities of testing the almost conscientious fidelity of his local descriptions; but I could not help being singularly struck with the lights which this visit threw on that characteristic of his compositions. The morning after he arrived he said, 'You have often given me materials for romance—now I want a good robber's cave and an old church of the right sort.' We rode out, and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignall and the ruined Abbey of Eglington. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild-flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and could not help saying, that as he was not to be on 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 fair e 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.

"Yet blooming fields are fresh and fair,
And woods, with thriving boughs are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Wheels grace a summer queen."

When Eden heard a simple song
Was sung on the solemn string,
'Twas hard to move a ruder mate their glee
With note of earnest minstrelsy.

But, as apart, in dark devotion,
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 feared his daring tongue,
When it should give his wishes birth?
Might raise a spectre from the earth!

XIX.

At length his wonderous tale he told:
When, scornful, smiled his comrade bold;
For, trained in a license of a court,
Religion's self was Denzil's sport;
Then judge in what contempt he held
The visionary tales of elf!
His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd
The un-believer'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 treasures hoard,
As hand's keep's his master's roof,
Believing the plunderer stand afloat;
This should remain:-thy goblin gaunt
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt;
For why his guard on Mortham hold,
When Ro keby castle hath the gold.
Thy patron won on Indian soil,
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil?"

XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame
Lower'd on the brow of Rishington.

MS.—"And were I with my true love set
Under the greenwood bough,
What once I was she must forget,
Nor think what I am now."

MS. — "'Twas hard, my friend," he said, "to spell
The morning vision that you tell;
Nor am I seer, for art renown'd,

He blush'd to think, that he should seem
Aporter of an airy dream,
And gave its wrath another theme.
"Denzil," he says, "though lowly laid,
Wrong not the memory of the dead;
For, while he lived, at Mortham's look
Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shone!
And when he tax'd thy branch of word
To you fair Rose of Allenford,
I saw thee crouch like chaste'd bound,
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath bound.
Nor dare to call his foreign wealth
The spoil of piracy or stealth;
He won it bravely with his brand,
When Spain waged war 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 heard
Thou deem'st at Ro keby 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 Rishington.
Subanis he answer'd,—"Mortham's mind,
Thou know'st, to joy was ill inclined.
In youth, 'twas 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 Ro keby's hospitable hall,
And our stout knight, at dawn of morn
Who loved to hear the bugle-horn,
Nor less, when eve his oak's umbrown'd,
To see the ruddy cup go round,
Took umbrage that a friend so near
Refused to share his chase and cheer;
Thus did the kindred barons jar,
Ere they divided in the war.
Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair
Of Mortham's wealth is destined heir."—

"dark dreams and omens to expound.
Yet, if my faith I must afford," &c.

"MS.—"'Would he bestow his gold,
The gold he won on Indian soil?"

"MS.—"'Twas hard, my friend," he said, "to spell
The morning vision that you tell;
Nor am I seer, for art renown'd,

MS.—"'Tis hard to say,
Like fate's bound,

See Appendix, Note 2 F.

MS. — "Denzil's mood of mirth,
He would have rather seen the earth," &c.
XXII.

"Destined to her! to you slight maid!
The prize of my life had wellnigh paid, 
When 'gainst Laroché, by Cayo’s wave, 
I fought my patron’s wealth to save! —

Denzil, I knew him long, yet never 
Knew him that jovious 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.

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,

Redeem’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.—

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 complet.
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 flied—and Mercy sigh’d farewell.”

3 MS.—"And when 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,”

And give me, if thou darest, the lie!”
He paused—then, calm and passion-free, 
Bade Denzil with his tale proceed.

XXIV.

"Bertram, to thee I need not tell, 
What thou hast cause to wot so well.

How Superstition’s nets were twined 
Around the Lord of Mortham’s mind: —

But since he droveth e from his tower, 
A maid he found in Greta’s bower, 
Whose speech, like David’s harp, had sway, 
To charm his evil fiend away.

I know not if her features moved 
Remembrance of the wife he loved; 
But he would gaze upon her eye, 
Till his mood softened to a sigh.

He, whom no living mortal sought 
To question of his secret thought, 
Now every thought and care confess’d 
To his fair niece’s faithful breast; 
Nor was thereught of rich and rare, 
In earth, in ocean, or in air, 
But it must deck Matilda’s hair. 
Her love still bound him unto life; —

But then awaketh the civil strife, 
And menials bore, by his commands, 
Three coffers, with their iron bands, 
From Mortham’s vault, at midnight deep, 
To her lone bower in Rokeby—Keep, 
Ponderous with gold and plate of pride, 
His gift, if he in battle did.” —

XXV.

"Then Denzil, as I guess, lays train, 
These iron-banded coffers to gain; 
Else, wherefore should he hover here, 
Where many a peril waits him near, 
For all his feats of war and peace, 
For plunder’d boors, and harts of grease! —
Since through the hamlets as he fared, 
What heart has Guy’s marauding spared, 
Or where the chase that hath not rung? —

With Denzil’s bow, at midnight strong? — 
"I hold my wont—my rangers go, 
Even now, to track a milk-white doe.”

7 MS.—"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 that hast some train, 
These iron-banded coffers 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.
Canto III.

XXXVI.

"Still art thou, Valer, venturous son! Yet ponder first the risk to run:
The masts of the castle, true, And catapult to their charge, though few; Their wall to scale the moat to cross— The warrior's grate—the inner fosse,— "Foul! if we blench for toys like these, On what fair guardian can we seize?" Our hardest venture, to explore Some wretched peasant's fenceless door, And the last prize we bear away, The earnings of his sordid day,— "A while thy hasty taunt forbear; In sight of road more sure and fair, That wouldst not choose, in blindfold wrath, Or wantonness, a desperate path! Lie, thou—for vantage or assault, From gibed lane to dungeon-vault, Each pass of Ravensby-house I know: There is one portal, dark and low, To blench at a secret spot, By need no hidden forest,
Now, could a spade of our train
On fair pretext admittance gain,
That slyly might be undetected:
Then, vane were flattening and went!"

XXXVIII.

"Now speak'st thou well:—to me the same
If force or art shall urge the game;
In different, if like fox I wind;
Or spring like tiger on the hind,—
But, hark! our merry-men say 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, A feather of the blue, A doublet of the Lincoln-green,— No more of me you know, My love! No more of me you know.

"This morn is merry June, I trow, The rose is budding fair; But she shall bloom in winter snow, Ere we two meet again," He turn'd his charger as he spake, Upon the river shore, He gave his bridle-reins a shake, Said, "Adieu for evermore, My love! And adieu for evermore."*

XXXIX.

"What youth is this, your hand 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 Brigmain cave! I watch him well—his wayward course

at a sudden interruption to Britiam's conversation, however naturally it might be introduced among the feasters, who were at some distance."

"Fain, in old English and Scotch, ex. es, 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 fow and Jenny fain.'—W. S."

* MS.—"Upon the Greta shore.

See Appendix, Note 21.
CANTO IV.

ROKEBY. 323

Show'd oft a tincture of remorse,
Some early love-shaft grazed his heart,¹
And oft the sear will ache and smart.
Yet is he useful,—of the rest,
By fits, the daring and the jest,
His harp, his story, and his lay,
Oft aid the idle hours away;²
When unemploy'd, each fiery mate
Is ripe for murmurous debate.
He tuned his strings o'en now—again
He wakes them, with a blith'ring strain.

XXXI.

Song.

THE LADY'S LAMENT.

Allen-a-Dale has no cogat for burning,
Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the spinning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth³ prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkin-dale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Daere than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ever belted a knight, [bright; Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen⁴ will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail, Who at Rere-cross⁵ on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still; "Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent pale, [dale.
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-

The father was steel, and the mother was stone; They liftetl the latch, and they bade him be gone; But loud, on the morrow, their wall and their cry; He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye,

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

XXXI.

"Thou 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 tent and net,
Before their path be homeward set." —
A hurried and a whisper'd speech
Did Bertram's will to Denil 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;⁶
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blacker'd each cataract and spring,
Where Tees in tumul't leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Force;⁷
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fix'd on each vale a Rumie name;⁸
Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their Gods the land they won.
Then, Bolder, one bleak garth was thine,
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,

¹ MS.—"But a score of good fellows," &c.
² See Appendix, Note 2 K.
³ See Appendix, Note 2 M.
⁴ The Tees rises about the skirts of Crossfell, and falls over the cataracts named in the text, before it leaves the mountains which divide the North Riding from Cumbeland. High-Force is seventy-five feet in height.
⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 M.
And Wesley's Craif did title gain
From the urn, Rather of the plain,
But to the Monarch of the Place,
That held in light the foremost place.
To Oda's ma, and Sif's place,
Near Streithch high they paid their vows,
Reminber'd Thor's victorious Fame,
And gave the dial the Thunderer's name.

II.
Yet Sadi or Kemper err I, I ween,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sunny glade.
And the little brook that strolls along
Its potted bed with summer song,
To the grim God of blood and sea,
The grisly King of Northern War.
0, 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.
You tufted knoll, with daisies strown,
Might make proud Oberon a throne,
While hidden in the thicket nigh,
Puck should broid'er over his frolic sly;
And where profuse the wood vetch clings
Round ash and elm, it verdant rings,
Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower
Should canopy Titania's bower.

III.
Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade;
But, skirting every sunny glade,
In fair variety of green
The woodland lends its silvan scene.
Hevy, yet haughty, frowns the oak,
Its boughs by weight of ages broke;
And towers erect, in sable spire,
The pine-tree scathed by lightning fire;
The drooping ash and birch, between,
Hang their fair tresses over the green,
And all beneath, at random grow
Each copice dwarf of varied snow,
Or, round the stems profusely twined,
Eling summer odors on the wind.
Such varied group Urbain's hand
Round Him of Tharsus nobly plan'd,
What time he bade proud Athens own
On Mars's Mount the God Unknown!

Then gray Philosophy stood nigh,
Though bent by age, in spirit high:
There rose the scene sound'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.
Then, 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 overthrown."
Wilfrid, with wondred kindness grac'd,
Beside her on the turf she placed;
Then paused, with downcast look and eye,
Nor ease young Redmond sent him nigh.
Her conscious difidence he saw,
Drew backward, as in modest awe,
And sat a little space removed,
Umark'd to gaze on 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
Rival'd the blush of rising day.
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resign'd;
'Tis that which Roman art has given,
To mark their maiden Queen of Heaven.

1 MS.—"The early primrose decks the mead,
And the short violet grass seems meet
For the light fairies' broid'er feet."

2 MS.—"Or aught of interest was express'd.
That waked a feeling in her breast,
The mantling blood, like morning beam,
In ready play"
**CANTO IV.**

ROKEBY. 325

In hours of sport, that mood gave way
To Fancy's light and frolic play;
And when the dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full oft her doating sire would call
His Maud the merriest of them all.
But days of war and civil crime,
Aw'd but ill such festive 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 Tainistry,
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 chief'tain's breast;
The Tamist he to great O'Neale,
He check'd his followers' bloody zeal,
To quarter took the kinsmen bold,
And bore them to his mountain-hold,
Gave them each silvan joy to know,
Sleive-Donard's cliffs and woods could show,
Shared with them Erin's festal cheer,
Show'd them the chase of wolf and deer,
And, when a fitting time was come,
Safe and unransom'd sent them home,
Loaded with many a gift, to prove
A generous foe's respect and love.

**VII.**

Years speed away. On Rokeby's head
Some touch of early snow was shed;
Calm he enjoy'd, by Grot's wave,
The peace which James the Peaceful gave.
While Mortham, far beyond the main,
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain.—
It chanced upon a wintry night,
That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height,
The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd,
In Rokeby-hall the cups were fill'd,
And by the huge stone chimney sate
The Knight in hospitable state.
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,
When a loud summons shook the gate,
And sore for entrance and for aid
A voice of foreign accent pray'd,
The porter answer'd to the call,
And instant rush'd into the hall
A Man, whose aspect and attire
Startled the circle by the fire.

**VIII.**

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread
Around his bare and matted head;
On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim,
His vesture show'd the sinewy limb;
In saffron dyed, a linen vest
Was frequent fold'd round his breast;
A mantle long and loose he wore,
Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore.
He claspid 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 lout'd low,
Then stood erect his tale to show,¹¹

¹ MS.—"In fitting hours the mood gave way
To Fancy's light and frolic play,
When the blithe dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
When oft her doating sire would call
His Maudlin merriest of them all."²

² MS.—"With a soft vision of her heart,
That stole its seat, ere yet she knew
The guard to early passion gave."³

³ See Appendix, Note 2 O.

⁴ Ibid. Note 2 P.

⁵ MS.—"And, by the deep resounding More,
The English veterans heay'd the shore.
It was in that disastrous fight
That Rokeby proved his youthful might.
Rokeby and Mortham proved their..."
With wild marie's part and tone,
Like a swoon of some forgotten dream?
*Tis a trick of nature, boy!

Come, O'Neale, and write the verse;
Hand in hand, and be the pair.
Young Redmond's own, and fair and fair.
His lips were pressed on thine own,
The Poet's bowl was on thine own.
And now thou art mine, and thine own.

And all the glory of Tyron
It is a weary vision thine.
And this fairy on thy soul,
He holds thee near on Erin's bowl.
If once wrong the varying O'Neale,
He holds thee near on Erin's soul.
To thy claim is the charge was due,
Ran, in his absence, honor you.—
Next is my master's message by.
And Ferraught will contented die."

IX.
His look grew fixed, his cheek grew pale,
He wept when he had told his tale;
For, bid him on the bramble wild,
A breast worm out in his side,
Vain was all aid—in terror wild,
And narrow round the orphan Chil.
Peer Ferraught raised his wistful eyes,
And faintly spoke to soothe his cries;
All reckless of his dying pain,
His breast and bluest him over again!
And kiss'd the little hands outspread,
And kiss'd and crossed the infant head.
And in his native tongue and phrase,
Pray'd to each knot to watch his days;
That all his strength together drew,
The charge to Rokeby to renew.
When half was alter'd from his breast,
Half by dying signs express'd,
"Bless the O'Neale," he faintly said,
And then the faithful spirit fled.

X.
Terror and nothing might prevail
Upon the Child to end the tale;
And then he call'd, still from his home
His great lord, I have a soul to save,
Which had not been if Redmond's hand
Had but had strength to draw the brand,
With daring and with care,
He hasten'd by the bramble to peace,
His heart from the latter air,
To Rokeby, then, with solemn air,
He turn'd his strand to declare."

The brand of Lennagh More the Red,
Twas the last in the grave welsh head.—
Twas from his brach a prince descended,
His foster father was his guide.
Who in his charge, from flint born bore
Letter and gifts a goodly store;
But redman shot him in the wood,
Ferraught in battle boldly stood.
Till wounded and of power but length,
And stapp'd of all his falling strength,
Just here he lay here—and then the child
Renew'd again his meaning wild.

XI.
The tear down childhood's check that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bough, the flower is dry.
Won by their care, the orphan Child.
Soon on his new protector smile.
With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
Through his thick veil of flaxen hair,
But sith a bore that cheek and eye
When Rokeby's little Maid was nigh:
"Twas his, with other brother's pride,
Matilda's tottering steps to guide;
His native lays in Irish tongue,
To soothe the infant ear he sung.
And primrose twined with daisy fair,
To form a chaplet for her hair.
By haw, by grave, by brook'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 felen hear.
In his dark haunts on Greta's shore,
And loves, against the deer so dun,
To draw the shant, or lift the gun:
Yet more he loves, in autum prime,
The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,
And down its cluster'd stores of bough,
Where young Matilda holds her veil.

3 MS.—"To bind the charge upon thy soul,
Remember Erin's social bowl." 1

6 See Appendix, Note 2 T.

Here follows in the MS. a stanza of sixteen lines, when the author subsequently dispersed through stanzas XV. and XVI. post.

6 MS.—"Three years more old, 'twas Redmond's pride Matilda's tottering steps to guide."
And she, whose veil receives the shower,¹
Is alter'd too, and knows her power;
Assumes a manitress's pride,
Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide;
Yet listens still to hear him tell
How the grim wild-bear² fought and fell,
How at his fall the bugle rung,
Till rock and Greenwood answer flung;
Then blesses her, that man can find
A pastime of such savage kind.³

XIII.

But Redmond knew to weave his tale
So well with praise of wood and dale,
And knew so well each point to trace,
Gives living interest to the chase,
And knew so well o'er all to throw
His spirit's wild romantic glow;
That, while she blamed, and while she fear'd,
She loved each venturous tale she heard.

Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain
To bover and hall their steps restrain,
Together they explored the page
Of glowing bard or gifted sage;
Oft, placed the evening fire beside,
The minstrel art alternate tried,
While gladsome harp and lively lay
Bade winter-night flit fast away;
Thus, from their childhood, blending still
Their sport, their study, and their skill,
An union of the soul they prove,
But must not think that it was love.
But though they dared not, envious Fame
Soon dared to give that union name;
And when so often, side by side,
From year to year the pair she eyed,
She sometimes blamed the good old Knight,
As dull of ear and dim of sight,
Sometimes his purpose would declare,
That young O'Neale should wed his heir.

XIV.

The suit of Wilfrid rent disguise
And bandage from the lovers' eyes;⁴
'Twas plain that Oswald, for his son,
Had Rokey's favor wellnigh won.
Now must they meet with change of cheer,
With mutual looks of shame and fear;
Now must Matilda stray apart,
To school her disobedient heart;
And Redmond now alone must rue
The love he never can subdue.
But factions rose, and Rokey swore,⁵
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,⁷
Shane-Dynna, wild, and Geraldine,⁸
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.

XV.

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 Rokey's Lord bestowed his life,
And well did Rokey's generous Knight
Young Redmond for the deed requite.
Nor was his liberal care and cost
Upon the gallant stripling lost:
Seek the North-Riding broad and wide,
Like Redmond none could stand astride;
From Tyne-mouth search to Cumberland,
Like Redmond none could wield a brand;
And then, of humor kind and free,
And bearing him to each degree
With frank and fearless courtesy,
There never youth was form'd to steal
Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his son;
And when the days of peace were done,
Great Nial of the Pledges Nine,
Shane-Dynna, wild, and Connan-Muir,
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.⁹

¹ MS.—"And she on whom these treasures shower." ² MS.—"Grim sanglier." ³ MS.—"Then bless'd himself that man can find
A pastime of such cruel kind." ⁴ MS.—"From their hearts and eyes." ⁵ MS.—"And Redmond, too, apart must rue,
The love he never can subdue;
Then came the war, and Rokey said,
No rebel's son should wed his maid." ⁶ MS.—"Thought on the heroes of his line,
⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 U.
⁸ Ibid. Note 2 v
⁹ Ibid. Note 2 W.
And to the toils of war he gave
The taper of his sire to wave,
In which, and which he held 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.
In the plain fields he well maintain’d
His honor’d place, his worth obtained,
And high was Redmond’s youthful name
Blessed in the roll of martial fame.
But fate was with him that day,
And, on the cloud of Marston field,
The hour that made him a knight;
Twas that hour when Ballyfermot met.
Of Ballyfermot’s Lord he saved the life,
But in his blood-freighted grave;
His blood and his love he shed in vain.
And yielded him an easy prey.
To those who led the Knight away;
Resolved Matilda’s sire should prove
In prison, as in fight, his love.

XVII.
When lovers meet in adverse hour,
’Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower.
A sun-glimpse, an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between.
As Redmond on the turf reclined,
The past and present fill’d his mind; 4
“I saw thee then,” 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 angles blew,
Their blades three hundred warriors drew.
And while the standard unroll’d,
Their bright arms, with clashing bold,
Where is that banner now?—its pride
Like violets in Ouse’s sullen tide!
Where now those warriors?—in their gore,
They clamber Marston’s dismal moor!
What avails a useless brand,
Held by a captive’s shackled hand,
That only would his life retain,
To aid thy sire to bear his chain! 5
Thus Redmond to himself apart;
Neath lighter was his rival’s heart;
For Wilfrid, while his generous soul
Disdaining profit by control,
By many a sign could mark too plain,
Save with such aid, his hopes were vain.—
But now Matilda’s accusers side.

1 Appendix, Note 2 X.
2 Ibid., Note 2 Y.
3 MS.—“His eye saw Redmond’s life, But when he saw him pass on made, He kindled with the fire of his blade.”
4 After this line the MS. has:

“His heart’s hope, inspiring war—
Tell in his eye the tear-drop rose.”

On the dark visions of their soul,
And bade their mournful humming fly
Like mist before the zephyr’s sigh.

XVIII.
"I need not to my friends recall,

How Mortian shun’d my father’s hall,
A man of silence and of woe,
Yet ever anxious to bestow

On my poor self what’er could prove

A kinsman’s confidence and love,

My feeble aid could sometimes chase

The clouds of sorrow for a space;

But oftener, fix’d beyond my power, 4
I mark’d his deep despondence lower.

One dismal cause, by all unguess’d,

His fearful confidence confess’d;

And twice it was my hap to see

Examples of that agony,

Which for a season can o’erstrain

And wrack the structure of the brain.

He had the awful power to know

The approaching mental overthrow,

And while his mind had courage yet

To struggle with the dreadful fit,

The victim writhed against its throes; 4

Like wreath beneath a murderer’s blows.

This malady, I well could mark,

Sprung from some direful cause and dark;

But still he kept its source conceal’d,

Till arming for the civil field;

Then in my charge he bade me hold

A treasure huge of gems and gold,

With this disjointed dismal scroll,

That tells the secret of his soul,

In such wild words as oft betray

A mind by anguish forced astray.”—

XIX.

MORTIAN’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, 7
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

8 MS.—“But oftener twas my hap to see
Such storms of bitter agony,
As for the moment would o’erstrain
And wrack the balance of the brain.”

9 MS.—“beneath his throes.”

7 MS.—“My youth was folly’s reign.”
CANTO IV.

ROKEBY.

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Thy kinsman, when his guilt is known,
And must I lift the bloody veil
That hides my dark and fatal tale!
I must—\textit{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 waddled secret—there was need—
Differing in country and in creed;
And, when to Mortham's tower she came,
We mentioned not her race and name,
Until thy sire, who fought 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,\footnote{MS.—"Untill thy father, then ajar."}
And sue in vengeance for the debt
Due by a brother worn to me,
Ungrateful to God's clemency,\footnote{MS.—"Forgetting God's own 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,\footnote{MS.—"A vengeful snare the traitor wore.
Alone we sat—the flash had flew'd,
My blood with heat unwonted glow'd,
When through the alley'd walk we sped
With hurried step my Edith glide,
Cowering beneath the verdict screen,
As one unwilling to be seen.
Words cannot paint the fiendish smile,
That curb'd the traitor's check the while!
Fiercely I question'd of the cause;
He made a cold and artful pause,}
That his heart was now to be found
Where 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, hasting up the path,\footnote{MS.—"I, a poor debtor, should forget."}
In the yew grove my wife I found:
A stranger's arms her neck had bound!
I mark'd his heart—the bow I drew—
I loosed the shaft—'twas more than true!
I found my Edith's dying charms
Lock'd in her murder'd brother's arms!
He came in secret to inquire
Her state, and reconcile her sire.\footnote{MS.—"So kindly, that from harmless glee."}

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 misaim'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 mental tell
That armed men in Mortham dell
Resett the nurse's even way,
And bore her, with her charge, away,
My faithless friend, and none but he,
Could profit by this villany;
Him then, I sought, with purpose dread
Of treble vengeance on his head!
He 'scooped 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,\footnote{MS.—"Twas then that fate my footsteps threw
Among a wild and daring crew '}
With whom full oft my hated life

\textit{The earliest weapon of my wrath,}
\textit{And hastening up the Greta path.}
I ventured in each deep covert on
That sight I cannot now describe,
My frequent visits, and deep and long
So many secrets, and so much can show,
Of unseen mists, and human see.
Yet mark this, even my wandering ken
A gruff, and to our imaginations own—!
It thunders and storms with the big guns—!
Up, up the bold path those huge guns—!
The Milton's maddening bay—
From the round tower they roar and a-dread,
Waste to our, and all in vain drown'd,
My wretched humour forlorn around,
There cast a dreamy and silver tone
Yet was'st Afflanta of their own—
An melancholy sound, against those lone,
Waste yet, and from the bloody tear,
Will express three weep here,
Without a faltering bar, and care?

XXIV.

"Tis fair—but still roll her sword drew;
The fowest of her launch's crew
I found to time of need to aid
My pious, and of grace, long delay'd;
Her beauties by my thanks to Heaven,
That better hopes, and thoughts has given
And by one Englishman, who, for a prayer has sought
Money by every man to be bought—
Yet she in proper pair
I've heard the— have heard his voice—
I shun'd her, but my only child,
As he down'ard he'd see thee, he smiled!
That very calm and careless look,
That, as if in his visage took,
As when she said, in search of mood,
'There is a gallery in the wood—
I did not see her as he stood—
All peace to my Maker given!
Long, happy, is the path to heaven."

XXV.

That far the wild tale was heard,
When nothing in the thicker stirr'd.
Up! to the town walls, the villain in Guy
For he knew that dark'd so nigh,
Drew hark—oh, there cross his steel
A mirror, with the brave O'Nial,
For all the treasure yield that rests
In Mortham's innumerable chased.
Redmond resumed his seat—here said,
Some one was rustling in the shade,
Bertram raged greatly when he saw
His innumerable carabine backward draw;
"A trusty mate art thou, to fear
A single arm, and all 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 hazel 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 safe
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 forebore;
"'Tis me'er, he muttered, 'shall be said,
That thus I scath'd thee, haughty maid!"
Then moved to seek more open plain,
When to his side Guy Denzil came:
"Bertram, forbear! we are unease
Forever, if thou fire the gun.
By all the friends, 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 undecired,
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.
Heedless and unconcern'd they sate,
While on the very verge of fate;
Heedless and unconcern'd remain'd,
When Heaven the murderer's arm restrain'd
As ships drift darkling down the tide,
Nor see the shelves o'er which they glide.
Uninterrupted thus they heard
What Mortham's closing tale declared.
He spoke of wealth as of a bond,
By Fortune on a wretch bestow'd,
In bitter mockery of hate,
His careless woes to aggravate;
But yet he pray'd Matilda's care
Might save that treasure for his heir—
His Edith's son—for still he raved
As confident his life was saved;
In frequent vision, he aver'd;
He saw his face, his voice he heard;
Then argued calm—had murder been,
The blood, the corpses, had been seen;
Some had pretended, too, to mark
On Windermere a stranger bark,
Whose crew, with zealous care, yet mild,
Guarded a female and a child.
While these fain 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 greens have bid me draw
My sword for gospel and for law:—
These righted, I flung 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 land,
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 lusty 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 gallant 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 band,
And well could send some horseman wight
To bear the treasure forth by night,
And so bestow it as you deem
In these ill days may safest seem."—
"Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she said:
"O, be it not one day delay'd!
And, more, thy sister-friend to aid,
Be thou thyself content to hold,
In thine own keeping, Mortham's gold,
Safer 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. [said
"What mean'st thou, friend," young Wyckliffe
"Why thus in arms betest the glade?"
"That would I gladly learn from you;
For up my squadron as I drew,
To exercise our martial game
Upon the moor of Barninghame,³
A stranger told you were waylaid,
Surrounded, and to death betray'd.
He had a leader's voice, I ween,
A falcon glance, a warrior's mien.
He bade me bring you instant aid;
I doubted not, and I obey'd."
XXXI.

Wilfrid changed color, and, amazed, To see that, on the speaker gazed; While rich and every thicket round The trackless vault as a questing ground, And Donald's car drawn he found; Sure evidence, by which they knew The warning was as true as ever! Went on, and, with caution's speed To leave the dell. It was agreed, That Donald, with Matilda fair, And rising guard, should home repair,  At nightfall Wilfrid should attend, With a strong hand, his sister-friend, To bear her from Bockley's bowers To Barnard Castle's lofty towers, Safe and safe the banded chests, In which the wealth of Mortams rests. This basty purpose fixed, 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 Rejoin reflection of his fire. Old Barnard's towers are purple still, Tmowsh 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 greens and golds array'd, Streaks yet a while the closing shade, Till slow reigns to darkness heaven The tints which brighter hours had given. This age is one full both and slow, The vapors of life forego, And count their youthful follies o'er, Till Memory lends her light no more.  

1 MS.—"And they the sun of Brazil found; A nation go to every land, The warning was so true a sound."  

2 MS.—"It was agreed, That Barnard, with Matilda fair, Should repair to Rokeby's tower, And, four so strong them, known to late, A grant should send his in the gate."  

The fifth canto opens with an excursion, of its own nature, when delivered by Mr. Scott. The mountain-faring in the twilight, is nobly imagined."—Monthly Review.

II.

The eve, that slow on upland fades, Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades, Where, sunk within their banks profound, Her guardian streams to meeting wound The stately oaks, whose sombre brow Of moonlight make a twilight brown, Impervious now to fainter light, Of twilight make an early night.  

Horse into middle air arose The vespers of the roasting crows, And with congenial murmurs seem To wake the Genii of the stream; For lower clamor'd Greta's tide, And Tees in deeper voice replied, And fitful waked the evening wind, Fitful in sighs its breath resign'd.  

Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul Felt in the scene a soft control, With lighter footstep press'd the ground, And often paused to look around; And, though his path was to his love, Could not but linger in the grove, To drink the thrilling interest dear, Of awful pleasure check'd by fear. Such inconsistent moods have we, Even when our passions strike the key.

III.

Now, through the wood's dark mazes past, The opening lawn he reach'd at last, Where, silver'd by the moonlight ray, The ancient Hall before him lay.  

These martial terrors long were fled, That found'd of old around its head: The battlements, the turrets gray, Seem'd half abandon'd to decay;  

On barbaric and keep of stone Stern Time the fainnest work had done. Where banners the invader braved, The harcull now and wallflower wove; In the rude guard-room, where of yore Their weary hours the warders wore, Now, while the cheerful fagots blaze, On the paved floor the spindle plays;  

The flanking guns dismounted lie, The moat is ruinous and dry,  

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 9 Z.  

8 MS.—"The weary night the warders wore; Now by the fagots' glamee light The maidens plied the spindle's slight."  

9 MS.—"The beams had long forgot to hear The trembling drawbridge into air; The huge portcullis gone," &c.
CANTO V.

ROKEBY.

The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall.

IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en;
Show'd danger's day revived again;
The court-yard wall show'd marks of care,
The fall'n defences to repair,
Lending such strength as might withstand
The insult of marauding band.
The 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 oriels, shone,
And by the mournful light she gave,
The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.
Pennon and banner waved no more
Our beams of stag and tusk's 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,
Cumbersome of size, meek 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 carried 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, musty 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 deserted 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 glad impending woe,—
High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!
The bickering figot sparkled bright,
And gave the scene of love to sight,
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,
Phy'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 prida.

VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate,
A knock alarm'd the outer gate,
And ere the tardy porter stirr'd,

For Wilfrid oped the { studded } door,
{ jealous }
And, on his entry, bolt and bar
Resumed their place with sullen jar."

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,

2 MS.—" Confused he stood, as both to say
What might his sire's base mood display
Then hinted, lest some curious eye."

The grim portcullis gone—and all
The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall.

IV.

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Show'd danger's day revived again;
The court-yard wall show'd marks of care,
The fall'n defences to repair,
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The insult of marauding band.
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The trembling drawbridge into air,
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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 oriels, shone,
And by the mournful light she gave,
The Gothic vault seem'd funeral cave.
Pennon and banner waved no more
Our beams of stag and tusk's 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,
Cumbersome of size, meek 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 carried 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, musty 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 deserted 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 glad impending woe,—
High privilege of youthful time,
Worth all the pleasures of our prime!
The bickering figot sparkled bright,
And gave the scene of love to sight,
Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow,
Phy'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 prida.

VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate,
A knock alarm'd the outer gate,
And ere the tardy porter stirr'd,
The tidings of a harp was heard.  
A handy song of martial swell,  
Borne broken to the moan well.

**Song.**
Some day in pleasant past,  
Summer dew is falling fast;  
Tis said all day,  
But not in war, nor further stray!  
Thus is heard, of gentle kin,  
Take the wandering harper in!!

But the warrier answer gave,  
With a fierce face, than strolling knife!  
The hark through all,  
For then war, I trow,  
Were master trade for such as thou.”  
All the naked reproof, again  
Answer’d the ready Minstrel’s strain.

**Song resumed.**
“Tell not me, in battle field,  
Buckler hit, or broadsword wield!  
All my strength and all my art  
Is to touch the gentle heart;  
With the wizard notes that ring  
Fare the peaceful minstrel-string.”

The peruser, 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 this task to seek a home  
More distant, since the night is come;  
And for his faith I dare engage—  
Your Harpool’s blood is sour’d by age;  
His gate, once ready display’d,  
To greet the friend, the poor to aid,  
Now even to me, though known of old,  
Did but reluctantly unfold”—  
“O blame not, as poor Harpool’s crime,  
An evil of this evil time,  
He deems dependent on his care  
The safety of his patron’s heir,  
Nor judges meet to ope the tower  
To guest unknown at parting hour,”  
Urging his duty to excess  
Of rough and stubborn faithfulness,  
For this poor harper, I would gain  
He may relax.—Hark to his strain!”

1 MS.—“O, let not me bear sword and shield,  
Or struggle to the bloody field,  
For gentle art this hand was made.”

**IX.**
**Song resumed.**
“I have sung of war for knight,  
Lay of love for holy bright;  
Fairy tale to fill the heir,  
Goblin grim the maids to scare.  
Dark the night, and long till day,  
Do not bid me farther stray!”

“Rokeby’s lords of martial fame,  
I can count them name by name;  
Legends of their line there be,  
Known to few, but known to me;  
If you honor Rokeby’s kin,  
Take the wandering harper in!”

“Rokeby’s lords had fair regard  
For the harp, and for the bard;  
Baron’s mee throve never well,  
Where the curse of minstrel fell.  
If you love that noble kin,  
Take the weary harper in!”

“Hark! Harpool parleys—there is hope,”  
Said Redmond, “that the gate will ope.”—  
“O, for all thy brag and boast, I trow,  
Naught knownst thou of the Fenow Sow,”

Quoth Harpool, “nor how Gretaside  
She roam’d, and Rokeby forest wide;  
Nor how Ralph Rokeby gave the feast  
To Richmond’s friars to make a feast.  
Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale  
Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale,  
That well could strike with sword amain,  
And of the valiant son of Spain,  
Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir Ralph;  
There were a jest to make us laugh!  
If thou canst tell it, in you shed  
Thou’st won thy supper and thy bed.”

**X.**
Matilda smiled; “Cold hope,” said she,  
“From Harpool’s love of minstrelsy!”  
But, for this harper, may we dare,  
Redmond, to mend his couch and fare?”—  
“O, ask me not,—At minstrel-string  
My heart from infancy would spring;  
Nor can I hear its simplest strain,  
But it brings Erin’s dream again,  
When placed by Owen Lysagh’s knee,  
(The Fillea of O’Neale was he)  
A blind and bearded man, whose old  
Was sacred as a prophet’s held.)  
I’ve seen a ring of rugged kerne,  
With aspects shaggy, wild, and stern,

1 MS.—“O, let not me bear sword and shield,  
Or struggle to the bloody field,  
For gentle art this hand was made.”

2 See Appendix, Note 3 A.  
3 See Appendix, Note 3 B.  
4 Ibid. Note 3 C.
Enchanted by the master's lay,
Linger around the livelong day,
Shift from wild rage to wilder gleam,
To love, to grief, to ecstasy:—
And feel each varied change of soul
Obdient to the bard's control.—
Ah, Rokeby! thy friendly shore
Slioe-Donard's oak shall light no more;—
Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,
Tell maiden's love, or hero's praise!
The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,
Centre of hospitable mirth;
All un distinguish'd in the glade,
My sire's glad home is prostrate laid,
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war,
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Rokeby!—
He spoke, and proudly turn'd aside,
The starting tear to dry and hide.

XI.
Matilda's dark and soften'd eye
Was glist'ning ere O'Necle's was dry.
Her hand upon his arm she hid,—
It is the will of heaven," she said.
"And think'st thou, Redmond, I can part
From this loved home with lightsome heart,
Leaving to wild neglect whate'er
Even from my infancy was dear?
For in this calm domestic bound
Were all Matilda's pleasures found.
That heart, my sire was wont to grace,
Full soon may be a stranger's place;—
This hall, in which a child I play'd,
Like thine, dear Redmond, lowly hied,
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 consolasion given,
My Redmond,—'tis the will of heaven."—
Her word, her action, and her phrase,
Were kindly as in early days;
For cold reserve had lost its power,
In sorrow's sympathetic hour.
Young Redmond dared not trust his voice;
But rather had it been his choice
To share that melancholy hour,
Then, arm'd with all a chieftain's power;—
In full possession to enjoy
Slioe-Donard wide, and Rokeby.

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,
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 bountiful;
And poor Matilda, handless 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;—
Then holly green and lily gay
Shall twine in guardon of thy lay.
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.
O, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree!
Too lively grow the lilies bright,
The varnish'd holly's all too bright,
9 "Mr. Scott has imparted a delicacy (we mean in the coloring, for the design we cannot approve), a sweetness and a melancholy smile to this parting picture, that really enchant us. Poor Wilfrid is sadly discomfited by the last instance of encouragement to Redmond; and Matilda endeavours to cheer him by requesting, in the prettiest, and yet in the most touching manner, 'Kind Wycliffe,' to try his minstrelsy. We will here just ask Mr. Scott, whether this would not be actual infernal 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.
The May flower o'er the stately vine
May bow, a love I never spare
But, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let matled Mathild's temples twine
With tendrils of the hanging vine;
The melody, the passive bow,
To prove and to prove to die.
The cypress leaf Lals lovers live;
But Mathild will not give;
Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blazoned rose, bought so dear;
Let Alain bind her bonnet blue
With loath and hardbeg'd dipp'd in dew;
On favor'd Erin's crest be seen
The dewer she loves of emerald green—
But, Lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Mathild, twine not now!
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have look'd and love I may last!
When villagers my shrill bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

XIV.
O noble Eland the stirring tear,
And spoke with kind and blithe some cheer—
"No, noble Wilfrid! ere the day
When meaners the hand thy silent lay,
Shall many a wreath be freely wove
By hand of friendship and of love.
I would not wish that rigid Fate
Hast doomed thee to a captive state,
Whose hands are bound by honor's law,
Whose heart with love is full of joy.
I would not wish the brow of fate
So to be bowed to me;
But, thus I would to thee,
Thy hand in minstrel pride,
If I then went.

The land we'd traverse side by side,
On prancing steeds, like minstrels old,
Who wear 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.
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,
And, silenced on Iernian shore,
Mc Curtin's harp should charm no more;
In lively mood he spoke, to wile
From Wilfrid's wo-fear look a smile.

XV.
"But," said Mathild, "ere thy name,
Good Redmond, gain its destined fame,
Say, wert thou kindly deign to call
Thy brother-minstrel to the hall?
Bid all the household, too, attend,
Each in his rank a humble friend;
I know their faithful hearts will grieve,
When their poor Mistress takes her leave;
So let the horn and beaker flow
To mitigate their parting woe."

The Harper came,—in youth's first prime
Himself; in mode of olden time
His garb was fashion'd, to express
The ancient English minstrel's dress,
A scann'd gown of Kendal green,
With gorget close'd of silver sheen:
His harp in silken scarf was slung,
And by his side an anlance 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 case;
His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye, but not the mind;
Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss
Of brow so young and smooth as this.

 bound for the halls of barons bold,
That sought the f

1 Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his renoun
tion as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649.
2 See Appendix, Note 3 E.
3 Ibid. Note 3 F.
CANTO V.

ROKEBY.

His was the subtle look and sly,
That, spying all, seems naught to spy;
Round all the group his glances stole,
Unmark’d themselves, to mark the whole.
Yet sunk beneath Matilda’s look,
Nor could the eye of Redmond brook.¹
To the suspicious, or the old,
Subtle and dangerous and bold
Has seem a thus self-invited guest;
But young our lovers,—and the rest,
Wrap’t in their sorrow and their fear
At parting of their Mistress dear,
Tear-blind to the Castle-hall,²
Came as to hear her funeral pall.

XVII.
All that expression base was gone,
When waked the guest his minstrel tone;
It fled at inspiration’s call.
As erst the demon fled from Saul,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!
Ahas! too soon that pride was o’er,
Sunk with the lay that bade it soar!
His soul resumed, with habit’s chain,
Its vices wild and follies vain,
And gave the talent, with him born,
To be a common curse and scorn.
Such was the youth whom Rokeby’s Maid,
With condescending kindness, pray’d
Here to renew the strains she loved,
At distance heard and well approved.

XVIII.

SONG.

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.⁴
The Baron’s daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone;—
What could presumptuous hope inspire?
My Harp alone!

At manhood’s touch the bubble burst,
And manhood’s pride the vision curt,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love’s sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that hull’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:—⁵
Can aught alone
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low;
My Harp alone!

Ambition’s dreams I’ve seen depart,
Have rued of penury the smart,
Have felt of love the venom’d dart,
When hope was flown;
Yet rests one solace to my heart,—
My Harp alone!

Then over mountain, moor, and hill,
My faithful Harp, I’ll bear thee still;
And when this life of want and ill
Is wellnigh gone,
Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill,
My Harp alone!

XIX.

“A pleasing lay?” Matilda said;
But Harpood 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;—⁶
“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.”—I Sam
vii, chap. xvi, 14, 17, 22.
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”
XX.

The Cavalier.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray,
My true love has mount'd 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 dipp'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear;
He has plac'd 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 broadword he draws;
Her King is his leader, her Church is his Cause;
His watchword is honor, his pay is renown.
Goe strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all,
The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall;
But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town,
That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown!

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;
There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose.
[and Brown,
Would you match the base Skipporn, and Massey,
With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown?

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!
Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear,
Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may draw
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 many 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,

He that sings the rightful cause,

Even when the crisis of its fate

To human eye seems desperate.

While Rokeby's Heir such power retains,

Let this slight guerdon pay thy pains:

And, lend thy harp; I fain would try,

If my poor skill can aught supply,

Ere yet I leave my fathers' hall,

To mourn the cause in which we fall."

XXII.

The harper, with a downcast look,

And trembling hand, her bounty took,—

As yet, the conscious pride of art

Had steal'd him in his treacherous part;

A powerful spring, of force unguess'd,

That hath each gentle 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 pencil'd chart

Some stem invader's destined way,

Through blood and rain, 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 forsook

for the Crown!

But now it sinks upon the ear,

Like dirge beside a hero's bier.

Marking, with sportive cruelty,

The failing wing, the blood-shot eye.

"The veteran chief, whose broken age,

No more can lead the battle's rage."
What against pity arms his heart?—
It is the conscious pride of art.¹

XXIII.
But principles in Edmund’s mind
Were baseless, vague, and undefined.
His soul, like bark with fuller 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 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 Gretta’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 shalt they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.

The lady paused, and then again
Resumed the lay in loftier strain.²

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 banniers 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,³
Well their loyalty repaid.
Perish wealth, and power, and pride!
Mortal boon 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 bower’s 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,⁴
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.—“Knighthly 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 Wind's troop are on their way—
Alarm gave warning of the crime!
My heart must wear away the time.—
And then in accents faint, and low,
He fain'd forth a tale of woe!

XXVII.

Ballad.

"And whither would you lead me, then?"
Quoth the Friar of orders gray;
And the Ruthless twain replied again,
"By a dying woman to pray."—

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight,
A sight bodes little harm,
A lady as a lily bright,
With an infant on her arm."—

Then do thine office, Friar gray,
And see thou shrive her free?
Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night,
Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentrals read,
When thou'rt to convert gone,
And bid the bell of St. Benedict
Tell out its deepest tone."

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone,
Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning, all in Littlecote Hall
Were weeping for their dame.

Wild Darrell is an altered man,
The village crones can tell;
He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray,
If he hears the convent bell.

If prince or peer cross Darrell's way,
He'll hear him in his pride—
If he meet a Friar of orders gray,
He droops and turns aside."

XXVIII.

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays,"
Matilda said, "can goblins raise!
Wellnigh my fancy can discern,
Near the dark porch, a visage stern;

E'en now, in yonder shadowy nook,
I see it! Redmond, Wilfrid, look!—
A human form distinct and clear—
God, for thy mercy!—It draws near!"
She saw too true. Stride after stride,
The centre of that chamber wide
Fierce Bertram gaited; then made a stand,
And, proudly waving with his hand,
Thunder'd—" Be still, upon your lives!—
He bleed who speaks, he dies who strives
Behind their chief, the robber crew.
Forth from the darkened portal drew
In silence—save that echo drear
Return'd their heavy measured tread.
The lamp's uncertain lustre gave
Their arms to gleam, their plumes to wave,
File after file in order pass,
Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass.
Then, halting at their leader's sign,
At once they form'd and curved their line,
Hemming within its crescent drear.
Their victims, like a herd of deer,
Another sign, and to the aim
Levell'd; at once their muskets came,
As waiting but their chieflain's word,
To make their fatal volley heard.

XXIX.

Back in a heap the menials drew;
Yet, even in mortal terror, true,
Their pale and startled group oppose
Between Matilda and the foes.

"O, haste thee, Wilfrid!" Redmond cried;
"Undo that wicket by thy side!
Bear hence Matilda!—gain the wood—
The pass may be a while made good—
Thy band, ere this, must sure be nigh—
O speak not—he dies!—but fly!"
While yet the crowd their motions hide,
Through the low wicket door they glide.
Through vaulted passages they wind,
In Gothic intricacy twined;
Wilfred half led, and half he bore,
Matilda to the postern-door,
And safe beneath the forest tree,
The Lady stands at liberty.
The moonbeams, the fresh gale's caress,
Renew'd suspended consciousness—
"Where's Redmond?" eagerly she cries:
"Thou answer'st not—he dies! he dies!—
And thou hast left him, all bereft
Of mortal aid—with murderers left!"
I know it well—he would not yield  
His sword to man—his doom is sealed!  
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 agency that e'er  
Was gender'd 'twixt suspense and fear,  
She watch'd the line of windows tall,  
Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall,  
Distinguish'd by the pale red  
The lamps in dim reflection shed;  
While all beside in wan moonlight  
Each grated casement glimmer'd white.  
No sight of harm, no sound of ill,  
It is a deep and midnight still.  
Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd  
All in the Castle were at rest:  
When sudden on the windows shone  
A lightning flash, just seen and gone!  
A shot is heard—Again the flame  
Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came  
Then echo'd wildly, from within,  
Of shout and scream the mingled din,  
And weapon-clash and maddening cry,  
Of those who kill, and those who die!—  
As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke,  
More red, more dark, the death-flash broke;  
And forms were on the lattice cast,  
That struck, or struggled, as they past.

XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind  
Approach so rapidly behind?

1 MS.—"Matilda, shrouded by the trees,  
The line of lofty windows seen."  
2 MS.—"The dying lamps reflection shed,  
While all around the moon's wan light,  
On tower and casement glimmer'd white;  
No sighs bode harm, no sounds bode ill,  
It is as calm as midnight still."  
3 MS.—"A brief short flash," &c.

It is, it is, the tramp of steeds,  
Matilda hears the sound: she speedy,  
Seizes upon the leader's rein—  
"O haste to aid, ere aid be vain!  
Fly to the postern—gain the Hall!"  
From saddle spring the troopers all;  
Their gallant steeds, at liberty,  
Run wild along the moonlight 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, seam'd with scars  
Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars,  
Their momentary panic o'er,  
Stood to the arms which then they bore;  
(For they were weapon'd, and prepared)  
Their Mistress on her way to guard.)  
Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale,  
Then peal'd the shot, and clanch'd the steel;  
The war-smoke soon with sable breath  
Darken'd the scene of blood and death,  
While on the few defenders close  
The Bandits, with redoubled blows,  
And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell  
Renew the charge with frantic yell.

XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood  
Young Redmond, soill'd with smoke and blood,  
Cheering his mates with heart and hand  
Still to make good their desperate stand.  
"Up, comrades, up! In Rokeby halls  
Ne'er be it said our courage fails.  
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-even.  
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 falchion's sheer descent!  
Backward they scatter'd as he came,  
Like wolves before the levin flame;"
Quoth, "Heal their hourly woe, have driven,
Bath stripped the thunderbolt or heaven,
Bertram reeled on—flame the noon adopted!
His brows, although in shadow shrouded,
His tears, as pass, in his heart, thing,
And round the tumult of his soul,
Yet, do the soldiers fill the dome,
And, through the chime of heaven home to hurry, till in answer, dead.

What! want they tell its beams unain
Crash on the slayers and the slain
The alarm is caught—the drawbridge falls,
The warriors hurry from the walls,
But, by the conflagration's light,
Upon the lawn the fight.
Each struggling felsen down was hewed,
Not one could gain the sheltering wood;
But forth the affrighted harper sprang,
And to Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopp'd the pursuer's flight! hand?
Denzil and he alive were taken;
The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

And where is Bertram?—scaring high
The general flame ascends the sky;
In gather'd group the soldiers gaze
Upon the broad and roaring blaze,
When, like infernal demon, sent,
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air,—
His face all gory, 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 lancèd thrusts.
Nor these his headlong course withstand'd.
Like reeds he snapp'd the tough ash-wood.
In vain his foes around him clung;
With matchless force a-side he flung
Their boldest,—as the bull, at bay,
Tosses the lan-dogs from his way,
Through forty fies his path he made,
And safely gain'd the forest glade.

Startling, with closer cause of dread,
The females who the conflict fled,
And now rushed forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clamors vain.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the clamorous din,
Till bursting lattices give proof;
The flames have caught the rafter'd roof,
What! wait they till its beams unain
Crash on the slayers and the slain.
The alarm is caught—the drawbridge falls,
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But, by the conflagration's light,
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And safely gain'd the forest glade.

1 MS.—Bertam had con- faid: while he-gray'd
In death, he knelt on Harpooch chaped,
He dying cries before his fall;

2 MS.—So far as crunooed to -- yet they fled,
Beholded, snapp'd, truss'd, or fall'd.

3 MS.—To rally them against their fate,
And sought to stem the danger.

4 MS.—Clas's— Led to the drawbridge,
The western tower is all on fire,
Matilda saw! &c.
XXXVII.

Scarse 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 rusky brown,
And then his mantle's clasp unclad;
Matilda held his drooping head,
Till, given to breathe the freer air,
Returning life repaid their care.

He gazed on them with heavy sigh,—
"I could have wish'd even thus to die!"
No more he said—for now with speed
Each trooper had regain'd his steed;
The ready palfreys stood array'd,
For Redmond and for Rokey's Maid;
Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,
One leads his charger by the rein.

But oft Matilda look'd behind,
As up the Vale of Tees they wind,
Where far the mansion of her sires
Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires.
In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red;
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood
Appear'd to roll in waves of blood.
Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the dungeon-keep, the hall.
Each rushing down with thunder sound,
A space the configuration 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 Rokey was no more!²

Rokeby.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE SUMMER SUN, WHOSE EARLY POWER

1. The summer sun, whose early power

Was wont to glid Matilda's bower,
And roose her with his matin ray³

Her duetous orisons to pay,—

That morning sun has three times seen

The flowers unfold on Rokey green,

But sepia more the slumberers fly

From fair Matilda's hazel eye;

That morning sun has three times broke

On Rokey's glades of elm and oak,

But, rising from their silvian screen,

Marks no gray turrets glance between.

A shapeless mass he 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'd space,

Each well-remember'd spot to trace.

That length of frail and fire-scorched'd wall

Once screen'd the hospitable hall;

When yonder broken arch was whole,

Twas there was dealt the weekly dote;

And where you tottering columns nod,

The chapel sent the hymn to God.—

So flits 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 Rokey's flame,

On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake

The owlet's homilies awake,

The bitter 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 cold,

Watches the stream or swims the pool;—

Perch'd on his wonted eyrie high,

Sleep seals the tercelet's weary eye,

That all the day had watch'd so well

³ MS.—"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 castle on fire is much more magnificent. It is, in truth, incomparably grand."—British Critic.

⁴ MS.—"And bids our hopes ascend sublime

Beyond the bounds of Fate and Time."—

"Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,

As burst the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,

Lured his dim eye to deathless hope sublime,

Beyond the realms of nature and of time."—Campbell

The MS. has not this couplet.
The cauld-dart across the dell,
In dudgeon been reflected shine
That lofty peak of pale gray stone,
Beneath whose face the secret clave
To repose his refuge gave.

The crew's wild crest of cypress and yew
On fresh's breast dark shadows threw;
Shadows that cast or shunned the sight,
With every change of fatal light;
As hope and fear alternate chase
Our courage through life's uncertain race.

III.
Gliding by crag and copsewood green,
A solitary form was seen
To trace with stealthy pace the wold,
Like fox that seeks the midnight fold,
And pauses oft, and covers dimmy'd,
At every breath that stirs the shade.
He presses now the ivy bush,—
The owl has seen him, and is hush;
He presses now the dodder'd oak,—
He heard the startled raven creak;
Lower and lower he descends,
Reaches the leaves, the bushwood bends;
The e'er barest man tread the shore,
And dives, and is held no more:
And by the cliff of pale gray stone
The midnight wanderer stands alone.
Metaph's, that by the moon we trace
A well-remember'd form and face!
That stripling shape, that check so pale,
Combine to tell a touching tale,
Of powers unused, of passion's force,
Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse!
Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound
That things that guilty glance around;
Tis Edmund's trembling haste divides
The bushwood that the cavern hides;
And, when its narrow porch lies bare,
Tis Edmund's form that enters there.

IV.
His flint and steel have sparkled bright,
A lamp hath lent the cavern light.
Fearful and quick his eye surveys
Each angle of the gloomy maze.
Since last he left that stern abode,
It seemed as though its door had trode;
Untouched it appeared the various spoil,
The purchase of his comrades' toil;
Wits and disguises grim'd with mud,
Arms broken, and defiled with blood,
And all the nameless tools that aid
Night-fellow in their lawless trade,

Upon the gloomy walls were hung,
Or lay in nooks obscurely hung;
Still on the sandal board appear
The relics of the midnight cheer:
Flagons and emptied flask were there;
And bench o'erthrown, and shattered chair;
And all around the semblance shone,
As when the final revel glowed,
When the red sun was setting fast,
And parting pledge Guy Denzil past.
"To Rokey's treasure-vault!" 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 Rokey's 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 misrule.
"O, be the fatal art accurst!
He cried, "that mov'd 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 tread 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 rais'd my pulse and steel'd my heart,
As I rehearsed the 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 shouted came,
And henn'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,
CANTO VI.

ROKEBY.

With low and confidential tone—
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,—
Close nestled in my couch of straw.—
‘List to me, Guy. ’Thou know’st the great
Have frequent need of what they hate;
Hence, in their favor oft we see
Unscrupled, useful men like thee.
Were I disposed to bid thee live,
What pledge of faith hast thou to give?’

VIII.

“The ready Fiend, who never yet
Hath fail’d to 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 unloosed,
And we were led to hear apart
A dreadful lesson of his art.
Willril, 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 Rokey, his parole forgot,
Had dealt with us to aid the plot.
Such was the charge, which Denzil’s zeal
Of hate to Rokey and O’Neale
Proffer’d, as witness, to make good,
Even though the forfeit were their blood,
I scrupled, 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

"Denzil and I two nights pass’d o’er
In fetters on the dungeon door;
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-chase;
That lost—I need not tell thee why—
Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply,
Thenought for Rokeby—Have I guess’d
My prisoner right?’—’At thy best.’—
He paused a while, and then went on

MS.———’“carapace of gold.”’

8 The MS. adds:

‘No sure shelter from the foe
Then what this cavern can bestow.’

9 MS.—“perched in sun and shower.”

4 MS.—“With the third morrow that barred old,
Dark Oswald Wycliffe, sought the hold.”

5 MS.—“And last didst ride in Rokey’s band.
Art thou the man?’—’At thy command,’”

4 MS.—“He school’d us then to tell a tale
Of plot the Castle walls to scale,
To which had sworn each Cavalier.”
The sun is set that day;
Advise, my love, you know to ill,
See with me where their remedy! —

"Deep yea," said Boanerges, "waving still,
Undulate like the foam of bill!"

But what hath made them be at large?
Waves were afraid of being out of reach,
They meer'd from the shore in chase.

We may have a part in your case
A Chance avert the wave? With such alarm
He ii the genii to save,
From that to the tower, from post to post,
He bade his men be there were:
Counsel'd to detain and to chain
The soldiery! Knaves and all his train;
Would it be expected Cavaller,
Weigh his first steps to appear
To-morrow, as the hour of man,
In the high church of Edinbore." —

X.

"Of Edinbore — Even now I pass'd,"
Said Bertram, "is the night close fast;
Towers and crossways ghoul'd around,
I heard the saw and hammer sound,
And I could mark they beth'd to raise
A scaffold, hung with cables large,
Which the grim behemoth's scene display'd,
Death's axe, and sawdust ready laid.
Some evil deed will there be done,
Unless Matilda well his son:
She loves him not; 'tis shamefully guess'd
That Reuclaus rules the damask's breast.
This is a turn of Oswald's skill;
But I may meet, and fall him still! —

How canst thou to thy freedom?" —" There
Lies a mystery more dark and rare,
In midst of Wycliffe's well-forged rage,
A scroll was fill'd by a page,
Who told, a mutil'd hero-man late
Had left it at the Castle gate.
He broke the seal — his check show'd change,
Sable, portarce, wild, and strange;
The mimic passion of his eye
Was turn'd to actual agony;

Ms. — "And then, we heard —"
Waves! I am a good and kind.

Ms. — "O, when at large
Waves were afraid of being out of reach,
You were too far to save,
Believe me, I was rage.''

After this the Ms. ceased.

"A rough my sword cannot away,
When in the grey nig you —
Edmund, how canst thou free?" — "O there
Lies mystery, my lord.

Ms. — "We are well in the way now,
Mortham — whose rest is heaven decreed
Caught in his own fealty to blood."

His head like summer sapling shook,
Terror and guilt were in his look,
Dreadly he judged, in tune of need,
Lit embers for evil deed;
And thus apart his counsel broke,
While with a ghastly smile he spoke: —

XII.

"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,
Sain by a brave, whom, o'er sea,
He train'd to aid in murdering me —
Mortham has escaped! The coward shot
This 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 mutter'd, "may be sure mark!"
Then sat, and sigh'd to Edmund, pale
With terror, to resume his tale.
"Wycliffe went on: — "Mark with what flights
Of wilder'd ravie he wrote: —

The Letter.

"Ruler of Mortham's destiny!
Though dead, thy victim lives to thee."
Once had he all that lands 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 been promised — Restore his child!
And, from his native land exiled,
Mortham no more returns to claim
His lands, his honors, or his name;
Refuse him this, and from the slain
Thou shalt see Mortham rise again."

"This billlet while the baron read,
His faltering accents show'd his dread;
He press'd his forehead with his palm,

"Mortham escaped — the coward shot
The horse, but harm'd the rider not;"

is truly laughable. How like the d. movement of the Covent Garden Tragedy! in which the hero is supposed to have been killed, but thus accounts for his escape.

"I through the coast was, not the body, run!" —

Monthly Review.

Ms. — "Though dead to all, he lives to thee;"
Ms. — "Wealth, fame, and happiness, his own —
Thou gavest the word, and all is flown."

The Ms. adds —

"Nay more, ere one day's course had run,
He ceased twice from death thy son.
Mark his demand: — Restore his child!"
Then took a searne full 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,—
Ungirden’d, I would give with joy
The father’s arms to fold his boy,
And Mortham’s hands and towers resign
To the just heirs of Mortham’s line!—
Thou knowest that scarcely e’en his fear
Suppresses Denzil’s cynic sneer;—
‘Then happy is thy vassal’s part,’
He said, ‘to ease his patron’s heart!
In thine own jailer’s watchful care
Lies Mortham’s just and rightful heir;
Thy generous wish is fully won,—
Redmond O’Neale is Mortham’s son!’—

XIII.
“Up starting with a phrenesied look,
His clenched hand the Baron shook;
‘Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave,
Or darest thou palter with me, slave?
Perchance thou wost not, Barnard’s towers
Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers;
Denzil, who well his safety knew,
Firmly rejoin’d, ‘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 prize I hold!
It was not given, nor lent, nor sold.—
Gilt tablets to the chain were hung,
With letters in the Irish tongue.
I hid my spoil, for there was need
That I should leave the land with speed;
Nor then I deem’d it safe to bear
On mine own person gems so rare.
Small heed I of the tablets took,
But since have spell’d them by the book,
When some sojourn in Erin’s land
Of their wild speech had given command.
But darkling was the sense; the phrase
And language those of other days,
Involved of purpose, as to fail

MS.—“It chanced, three days since, I was laid
Conceal’d in Thorngill’s busky shade.”

An intruder’s prying toil.
The words, but not the sense, I knew,
Till fortune gave the guiding clue.

XIV.
“A three days since, was that drear reveal’d,
In Thorngill as I lay conceal’d,—
And heard at full when Rokeby’s Maid
Her uncle’s history display’d;—
And now I can interpret well
Each syllable the 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 over,
Despatch’d his son to Greta’s shore,
Enjoining he should make him known
(Until his farther will were shown)
To Edith, but to her alone.
What of their ill-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 Connell’s child.
Soon died the nurse; the Clan believed
What from their Chieftain they received.
His purpose was, that never again
The boy should cross the Irish main;
But, like his mountains-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 Gould’s gifts and letters stored,
With many a deep conjuring word,
To Northam and to Rokeby’s Lord,
Naught knew the clod of Irish earth,
Who was the guide, of Redmond’s birth;
But deem’d his Chieftain’s commands were loud
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?”

2 MS. ---“ne’er more

3 The boy should visit Albion’s shore
XVII.

"Mestil'd in the net himself had twined,
What subterfuge could Denzil find?
He told me, with reluctant sigh,
That hidden here the tokens lie."

"Canert my swift return and aid,
By all he swore I disbelieved."

And hast'n as if the noise were died,
And I the priest who left his side.
The spell for Morham Wydcliffe gave,
When I most sought by Graia's wave;
Or in the fast where chief he hides,
Where Thor with fiercer resided.
(Thus chanted it, wending in the glade,
That had been once a glenside.)
I was dipt in every fell,
And render'd but now this rocky cell."

"Give Oswald's heifer."—Bertram read,
And tore it fiercely shred by shred:
"All lines and visibility, to科rdd."

MS.—"Would I my kinsman's love a reign
To Morham, &c. and Morham's bent:
But Wydcliffe sworn, and the O'Neal
His groans." &c.

XVIII.

"It needs not. I remember," he said,
"My tutor in this deadly trade.
Fix'd was my purpose to declare
To Morham, 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 it'st it rests—if I survive
This night, and leave this cave alive."—

"And Denzil?"—"Let them ply the rack,
Even till his joints and sinews crack!
If Oswald tear him limb from limb,
What ruth can Denzil claim from him,
Whose thoughtless youth he led astray,
And damn'd to this unhallow'd way?
He should'd me faith and vows were vain,
Now let me my master reap his gain."—

"True," answer'd Bertram, "tis his need;
There's retribution in the deed.
But thou—thou art not for our course,
Hast fear, hast pity, hast remorse;
And he, with us the gale who braves,
Must heave such cargo to the waves,
Or lag with overladen prove,
While barks unburden'd reach the shore."
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 warp'd my patron's mind:
"I would wake the fountains of the eye  
In other men, but mine are dry.
Mortham must never see the fool,  
That sold himself base Wydiffe'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 Quarram's beach and rock,  
On Cayo's bursting battle shock,  
On Darien's sands and deadly dew,  
And on the dart Thatecca threw; —
Perchance my patron yet may hear  
More that may grace his comrade's bier.  
My soul hath felt a secret weight,  
A warning of approaching fate:  
A priest had said. 'Return, repent!'  
As well to bid that rock be rent.
Firm as that flint I face mine end;  
My heart may burst, but cannot bend."

XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe  
And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw;  
For over Redesdale it came,  
As bodeful as their beacon-flame.
Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine,  
When, challenging the Clan of Tyne,  
To bring their best my brand to prove,  
O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove;  
But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town,  
Held champion meet to take it down.
My heartside, India may declare;  
Like bar fierce sun, I fired the air!  
Like him, to wood and cave bade fly  
Her natives, from mine angry eye.  
Panama's maids shall long look pale  
When Risingham inspires the tale;  
Chili'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 d'ick 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 laid,  
And lead his force to Redonbold's aid.
Say, till he reaches Egliston,  
A friend will watch to guard his son.  
Now, fare-thee-well; for night draws on,  
And I would rest me here alone."  
Despite his ill-dissembled fear,  
There swam in Edmund's eye a tear;  
A tribute to the courage high,  
Which stoop'd not in extremity,  
But strove, irregularly great,  
To triumph o'er approaching fate!
Bertram beheld the dewdrop start,  
It almost touch'd his iron heart:—  
"I did not think there lived," he said,  "One, who would tear for Bertram shed."  
He loos'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,  
Impatient question'd now his train,  
"Was Denizl's son return'd again?"  
It chanced there answer'd of the crew  
A menial, who young Edmund knew;  
"No son of Denizl this," he said;  
"A peasant boy from Winston glade,  
For song and minstrelsy renown'd,  
And knavish pranks, the hamlets round."—  
"Not Denizl's son,—From Winston vale!—  
Then it was false, that spacious tale;  
Or, worse—he hath despatched the youth  
To show to Mortham's Lord its truth.  
Fool that I was!—but 'tis too late;—  
This is the very turn of fate!—"

1 MS.—"Perchance, that Mortham yet may hear  
Something to grace his comrade's bier."

2 MS.—"ne'er shall bend."

3 See Appendix, Note 3 I.

4 MS.—"With him and Fairfax for his friend,  
No risk that Wydiffe dare contest.  
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 fortune's evansions—He who's
Hid from me Marked instantly
Let Denzil to the scaffold rise!
Allow him not a parting word;
Speak, he is dead, and are the word!
Then let the king's herald appeal
Memorial from the Castle wall.
Let 'tis his guard, that duty done,
Who brought despatch to Eliston.—
And, tell Wilfrid he must straight
Attend me at the Castle gate?—

XXIV.
"Alack!" the old demurely said,
And shook his venerable head,
"Alas, my lord! full ill today
May my young master break the way!
The voice has spoken with grave alarm,
Of uncan hurt, of secret harm,
Of arrow lurking at the heart,
That mars and less his healing art—
"Tush, tell not me,—Romantic boys
Pipe themselves sick for airy toys,
I will bid care for Wilfrid soon;
Bid him for Edleston be bome,
And quick,—I hear the dull death-drum
Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come."
He passed with scornful smile, and then
Resumed his train of thought agen.
"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 head-sman graced,
And when she deems, that to deny
Doens 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 Mortam come, he comes too late,
While, I, allied thus and prepared,
Bend him defiance to his heard.—
—If she prove stubborn, shall I dare
To drop the axe?—Soft! pause we there.
Mortam still lives—yet youth may tell
His tale—and Fairfax loves him well;—

XXV.
'Twas battle in the court below,—
"Mount, and march forward!"—Forth they go
Steed shapes ail neigh and trample all around,
Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound.—
Just then was sung his parting hymn;
And Denzil turn'd his eyeballs dim,
And, scarcely conscious what he sees,
Follows the horsemen down the Tees;—
And, scarcely conscious what he hears,
The trumpets tingle in his ears.
Over the long bridge they're sweeping now,
The van is hid by Greenwood bough;
But ere the rearward had pass'd o'er,
Guy Denzil heard and saw no more?—
One stroke, upon the Castle bell,
To Oswald rung his dying knell.

XXVI.
O, for that pencil, erst profuse
Of chivalry's embazon'd hues,
That traced of old, in Woodstock bower,
The pageant of the Leaf and Flower,
And boded forth this tumour 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 deceased Cavalier,
Doughtful, dism'md, and sad of cheer;
And his proud foe, whose formal eye
Claim'd conquest now 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,

---
1 MS. — "Marks the dark cloud swept down the Tees."
2 This subjoined volume thus meets the reward which he deserves. He is amongst 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 peculiarity in this respect is observable throughout the story. No character, and, comparatively speaking, but of its description, is introduced that is unessential to the narrative; it proceeds clearly, if not rapidly, throughout; and although the plot becomes additionally involved to appearance as it advances, all is satisfactorily explained at the last, or

Else, wherefore should I now delay
To sweep this Redmond from my way?—
But she to poet perfuse
Must yield.—Without there! Sound to horse!"
| 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 latticis no more |
| In soft'en 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; i |
| For dark Fanaticism rent |
| Altar, and screen, and ornament, |
| And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew |
| Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh,9 |
| And now was seen, unwonted sight, |
| In holy walls a scaffold huge! |
| 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 bore; |
| 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, |
| Doommg, 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 Wydclife's name.3 |

| to remain; that many of the poetical ornaments, though jest- |
| ly conceived, are faintly and indistinctly drawn; and that those |
| finishing touches, which Mr. Scott has the talent of placing |
| with peculiar taste and propriety, are too sparingly scattered; |
| we readily admit that he has told his ' onward tale' with great |
| vigor and animation; and that he has generally redeemed his |
| faults by the richness and variety of his fancy, or by the inter-
| est of his narrative.' |

| 1 The MS. has not this nor the preceding couplet. |

| XXVIII. |
| But Oswald, guarded by his hand, |
| Powerful in evil, waved his hand, |
| And bade Sedition's voice be dead, |
| On peril of the murmurer's head. |
| Then first his glance sought Rokeby's Knight; q |
| Who gazed on the tremendous sight, |
| As calm as if he came a guest |
| To kindred Baron's feudal feast,8 |
| As calm as if that trumpet-call |
| Were summons to the banish'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!—9 |
| And said, with low and muttering 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!" |
| Wydclife 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—then 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 face the widower's eye. |
| Now on the scaffold glance, and now |
| On Wydclife's unrelenting brow. |
| She veil'd her face, and, with a voice |
| Scarce audible,—I make my choice! |
| Spare out their lives!—for aught beside, |

| 3 MS.—"Muttering of threats, and Wydclife's name,' |
| 4 MS.—"Then from his victim sought to know |
| The working of his tragic show, |
| And first his glance," &c. |
| 5 MS.—"To some high Baron's feudal feast, |
| And that loud pealing trumpet-call |
| Was summons," &c. |
| 6 MS.—"He durst not meet his scornful eye," |
| 7 MS.—"the blood of one |
| Might this malignant plot atone." |
And sought in better world the meed,  
To blamless life by Heaven decreed.  

XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, agast,  
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 muid  
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 Rokey’s heiress Richmond’s hand.  
And shall their triumph stare o’er all  
The schemes deep-laid to work their fall?  
No!—deeds which prudence might not dare,  
Appal not vengeance and despair.  
The murtheress 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 Provest could divine  
His feelings, and forebore the sign.  
"Shave! to the block!—or I, or they,  
Shall face the judgment-seat this day!"

XXXII.

The outmost crowd have heard a sound,  
Like horses’ 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  
cessel than on any former occasion. Wilfrid, a person of the first importance in the whole management of the plot, exhibits an assemblage of qualities not unfrequently combined in real life, but, so far as we can recollect, never before represented in poetry. It is, indeed, a character which required to be touched with great art and delicacy. The reader generally expects to find beauty of form, strength, grace, and agility, united with powerful passions, in the prominent figures of romance; because these valuable qualities are the most frequent themes of panegyric, and usually the best passport to admiration. The absence of them is supposed to throw an air of ridicule on the pretensions of a candidate for love or glory. An ordinary poet, therefore, would have dispensed with awakening our sympathy in favor of that lofty and generous spirit, and keen sensibility, which at once animate and consume the frail and sickly frame of Wilfrid; yet Wilfrid is, in fact, extremely interesting; and his death, though obviously necessary to the chordal punishment of Oswald, to the future scope of Matilda, and consequently to the consummation of the poem, leaves strong emotions of pity and regret in the mind of the reader."

—Quarterly Review.
A horseman arm'd,— at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed,—
Fire from the flinty floor was spurn'd,
The vaults unwonted clang return'd!—
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddlebow his pistol drew.
Grilly determined was his look!
His charger with 't he spur's he strook—
All scatter'd backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!
Three bounds that noble charger gave;—
The first has reach'd the central nave,
The second clear'd the chancel wide,
The third he was at Wycliffe's side.
Full level'd to 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 thunder'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 told him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
Sword, halberd, musket-but, their blows
Half'd upon Bertram as he rose;
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and plump'd him to the ground;—
But still his struggling force he rears,
'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears;
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 K.
2 MS.—'Three bounds he made, that noble steed; The first the jades' tomb has freed.'
3 MS.—"Oppose'd and plump'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,
Lost the grim king should raise 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 hearing the hawks and the ravens from their nests; or,
while the Castle is on fire, breaking from the central mass of
smoke; or, amidst the terrific circumstances of his death, when
his
'parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan,'
And blessing on the lovely pair.
'Twss then the Maid of Rokeby gave
Her plighted troth to Redmond brave;
And Teasdale can remember yet
How Fate to Virtue paid her debt,
And, for their troubles, haloed them prove
A lengthened life of peace and love.

Time and Tide had thus their sway,
Yielding, like an April day,
Smiling moon for sullen morrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow.

The ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye,
The fair and lady-like countenance,
The purple robe, the glistening hair,
The golden locks, the waving veil,
The fragrant breath, the tender voice,
The smiling lips, the sparkling eyes,
The graceful form, the sweet and mild
The thought of Rokeby for her"—

And nearly the same proportion as it contains more of dramatic incident and character. Yet some of the pictures which it presents are highly wrought and vividly colored; for example, the terribly animated narrative, in the fifth canto, of the battle within the hall, and the conflagration or the mansion of Rokeby.

Several defects, of more or less importance, we noticed, or imagined that we noticed, as we read. It appears like presumption to assume Mr. Scott of any fault in respect to consistency of the manner and construction of the pieces which he describes; yet the impression produced on our minds by the poem, has certainly been, that we have been left in imagination to a period considerably antecedent to that which he intends to enshrine.

The other frame, we remarked, consists principally in the too frequent recurrence of which we have so often noticed in former occasions, and which are so interpolated with the poetic style, that it now becomes as well as it is painful, to repeat the examples which they have assumed.

We have been informed that 'Rokeby' 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, are more profusely scattered, and, upon the whole, of a higher order."—Critical Review.

"Such is Rokeby; 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 anything 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 edifice, which does not break on us in all its proportion and in all its beauty, until we suddenly arrive in front of it. 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 preludes 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 Eunand offers a fearful warning to misused aspirations—and although Redmond is indeed a man, compared to the Ossianism of The Lay, to the Wilton of Marmon, or to the Malcolm of the Lady of the Lakes; yet it is Redmond himself, but a sketch compared to Bertram. Here is Mr. Scott's true and favorite hero. He has no 'sneaking kindness' for these barbarians;—he boldly adopts and patronizes them. Deboriana

"The ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, The fair and lady-like countenance, The purple robe, the glistening hair, The golden locks, the waving veil, The fragrant breath, the tender voice, The smiling lips, the sparkling eyes, The graceful form, the sweet and mild The thought of Rokeby for her.—"——Quarterly Review.

"The production of Mr. Scott altogether abounds in imagery and description less than either of its precursors, in purity of language, and less than either of its precursors, in merit. But it abounds in poetry and in sentiment, and it abounds in the true sentiment and true poetry of the author. It is poetic and it is beautiful; and it is poetic and beautiful because it is true.

"Dear James,

"I have seen a part of the poem so strongly expressed, that I myself should have written another.

"W. S."

"Mr. Scott's poem is founded upon a subject which, in many respects, is more powerful than it has been treated, and upon a genius which he has been the justest and most successful of all the authors. He has exhibited his style to a new and remarkable effect. The subject of the poem is often difficult and the style of the character which he describes is novel and familiar. The present is of the kind of the"—

"XXXV.

'Twas the chivalry upon a summer morn,
When a yellow sheeted the lowly corn;
When a long August over the land
Fell with the poppies' lazy hand.
A gleam in the slanting read
From Rokeby to Mortain showed.
A while the hardy rafter leaves
To the black and pike the sheaves,
And link their thin flag aside.
To gate a lively room, and on hire,
And children's new letting ground draws near,
And from the gleaner's hands the ear
Drops, while she folds them for a prayer.
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 us, the wonder is, that a period so late as that of Charles the First, could have been managed so decorously, 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 in no one respect to the narrations of the story; and the moral reflections interposed are of a deeper cast. Of the verification, also, we can justly pronounce, that it is more polished than in 'Marmion,' or 'The Lay'; and though we have marked some careless lines, yet even in the instance of 'bold disorder,' Rokeby can furnish little room for animadversion. In fine, if we must compare him with himself, we judge Mr. Scott has given as a poem in Rokeby, superior to 'Marmion,' or 'The Lay,' but not equal, perhaps, to 'The Lady of the Lake.'--British Critic.

"It will surprise no one to hear that Mr. Muriott assured his friend he considered Rokeby as the best of all his poems. The reason of this universal felicity of the local descriptions, might alone have swayed, for I will not say it perverted the judgment of the lord of that beautiful and theneforth 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, in this memorable word: ‘I hope the world 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 22, 1812), ‘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 its principal characters have been explained in letters already cited; and I believe no one who compares the poem with his novels will doubt that, had he undertaken their portraiture in prose, they would have come forth with effect hardly inferior to any of the groups he ever created. As it is, I question whether, even in his prose, there is 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, 1812), 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 have done—Look on’t again I dare not.’"

"This much of ‘Muriott 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 by your distinguishing it from the others, which are in general mere shadows. I can have no doubt that the lady he here 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 chivalrous competitor, we have before us something more than a mere shadow.

"In spite of these graceful characters, the inimitable scenery on which they are presented, and the splendid vivacity and thrilling interest of several chapters in the story—such as the opening interview of Bertram and Wycliffe—the flight up the cliff on the Greta—the first entrance of the cave at Brigandale—the firing of Rokeby Castle—and the catastrophe in Eglington Abbey—in spite certainly of exquisitely happy lines profusely scattered throughout the whole composition, and of some detached images—that of the setting of the tropical sun, for example—which were never surpassed by any poet; in spite of all these merits, the immediate success of Rokeby was greatly inferior to that of the Lady of the Lake; nor has it ever since been so much a favorite with the public at large as any other of his poetical romances. He ascribes this failure, in his introduction of 1839, partly to the rapidity of the publication, and partly to the fact that his character has its poetical side also, had his prejudices allowed him to enter upon its study with impartial sympathy; and I doubt not Mr. Muriott suggested the difficulty on this score, when the outline of the story was as yet unknown, from the consideration rather of the poet's peculiar feelings, and powers as hitherto exhibited, than of the subject absolutely. Partly he blames the vanity 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 fair to add, that, among the London circles at least, some sarcastic things in Mr. Moore's 'Two poems of a 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 his morbid voluptuousness, and the melancholy majesty of the numbers in which he 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. 50-52.
APPENDIX.

Note A.
On Barnard's towers, and Tuck's stream, &c.—P. 326.

"BARNARD CASTLE," with old barn and, "scandoth stately
upon Ene," it looked up upon a very high bank, and its
roofs swept over the river winding within the area a cur-
cuit of its eternal unswails. The once magnificent fortres
was raised here from its bottom, Barnard Castle, the ancestor
of the vans and afterwards property of that name, which sus-
cended to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I
and Edward III. Barnard's Tower, afterwards mentioned in
the poem, as a round tower of great size, situated at the west-
erly extremity of the buildings. It bears marks of great anti-
quity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its
vaulted roof, which has been lately greatly injured by the opera-
tions of some persons, to whom the tower was been leased for
the purpose of making pistols from it. The prospect from
the top of the Tower communiies a rich and magnificent
view of the wooded valley of the Tees.

Barnard Castle was placed in ruins during the middle
ages. Upon the best stage of the present John Baliol, the first
knight of Sandal of that family, Edward I. seized this
fortress among the other English castles of his predatory cap-
chaunchs. It was afterwards vested in the baronage of War-
wick, and in the stewardship of Barach, and was also
sometimes in the possession of the barons of Dunstan, and
sometimes in that of the crown. Barnard II. wished to have
rebuilt and strengthened its fortifications, and to have made it
for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of
braving and suppressing the Lancashire faction in the northern
countries. From the Stafford, Barnard Castle passed,
perpetually by marriage, into the possession of the powerful
Nortons, Lords of Westmoreland, and belonged to the last
ancestors of that family, whom it engaged with the Earl of
Northumberland in the 16th century interruption of the
twelfth of Queen Elizabeth. Upon this occasion, however,
Sir George Bowes of Shangilts, who held great possessions in
the neighborhood, anticipated the two insurgent earls, by
selling upon and baronage; Barnard Castle, which he held
out for two days against all the forces, and then surrendered
it with honorable terms. See Sadler's State Papers, vol. ii.
p. 320. In a ballad, contained in Grey's Reliques of Ancient
Poetry, vol. i., the siege is thus commemorated:

"Then Sir George Bowes his straight way rose
After them some spurs to make;" These
clouded edges turned look again,
And see they viewed that knight to take.

"That banquet he to his朝着 flung,
To Barnard Castle then he; The
attentive waifs were cast off to win,
The cries have won them many a time.

"The attentive waifs were lime and brick; But though
they wore them soon alone,
Long ere they were the best in the waifs,
For they were cut in real waifs."

By the suppression of this rebellion, and the consequent ter-
ror of the Earl of Westmoreland Barnard Castle reverted
to the crown, and was sold or leased out to Sir. Earl of Som-
erset, the guilty and unhappy favorite of James I. It was
awarded, granted to Sir Henry Vane the elder, and was there-
fore, in all probability, occupied for the Parliament, whose
interest during the Civil War was so keenly supported by the
Vane. It is now, with the other estates of that family, the
property of the Right Honorable Earl of Burlington.

Note B.
— no human ear.
Unsharpen'd by revenge and fear,
Could ever distinguish horse's clank.—P. 327.

I have had occasion to remark, in real life, the effect
of head and fervent anxiety in giving sweetness to the organs
of sense. My gifted friend, Miss Joanna Barlow, whose dramatic
works display such intense emotion with the operations
of human passion, has not omitted this remarkable
 circumstance.—

"De Montfort. (off his guard.) 'Tis Reservecht: I heard
his unknown foot,
From the first step on mounting step by step.
费rb. How quack an ear thou hast for distant sound! I
heard him not.

(De Montfort looks embarrassed, and is silent.)"

Note C.
The morion's plumes his visage hide.
And the buffcoats, in ample fold,
Mantles his form's gigantic would.—P. 328.

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 buffcoat,
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. Buffcoats 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 leath-
er."—Grose's Military Antiquities. Lond. 1801, 4to.
vol. ii. p. 525.

Of the buffcoats, which were worn over the cuirass, several
are yet preserved; and Captain Grove has given an engraving
of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir
Francis Rhesoe, Bart, of Bailleulgate-Hall, Derbyshire. They
were usually lined with silk or linen, secured before by but-
tons, or by a lace, and often richly decorated with gold or
silver embroidery. From the following curious account 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. Pecelles; 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 olive 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 soldiery at their pleasure. They came to us at Colley-Hall, about sunsetting; and I caused a candle to be lighted, and conveyed Pecelles 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 £20. Then Mr. Pecelles 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 presently, and had me out of doors. Yet he let me alone unto the next morning, that I must wait upon Sir John, at Hulilax; 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 threats, 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, verbatis thus:—'

'Mr. Hooken, I desire you will humour the child as well as you have done, in writing such an unreasonable letter. Let me have the buff-coat sent forthwith, otherwise you shall hear from me as will not very well please you.' I was not at home when this messenger came; but I had ordered my wife not to deliver it, but, if they would take it, let them look to it: and he took it away; and one of Sir John's brethren wore it many years after. They sent Captain 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 best 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 £14; but, wanting my receipt for the money, he kept both sides, and I had never been satisfied."—Memoir of Captain Hodgson. Edin. 1856, p. 173.

NOTE D.

On his dark face a searching clime, And tall, had done the work of time.

* * * *

Death had he 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 engravings 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 dispatched in 1630, with a powerful fleet, against the Dutch, had orders from the Court of Madrid to destroy these colonies, whose vicinity 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 Buccaneers, to commence a retaliation so horribly 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, and the same brutal insobriety to their captives. The large treasures which they required in their adventures, they dissipated by the most unbounded licence thirsting 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 further particulars concerning these extraordinary banditti, the reader may consult Raynal, or the common and popular book called the History of the Buccaneers.

NOTE E.

On Marston heath
Aft, from front, the ranks of death.—P. 299.

The well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so unfortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had 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 had now united to his army the garrison of York, probably not less than ten thousand men strong, under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Newcastle. Whitlocke 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 Scotch 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
Monmouth and Milton told the news,
How troops of Roundheads chocked the space,
And many a hungry quart, ah, quaff,
Sunning his palfrey northward, past,
Seeking the day when sad or need
First tured their Leader over the Trench.—P. 302.

Monmouth and Milton are villages near the river Ouse, and not very distant from the field of battle. The particulars of the action were violently disputed at the time; but the following extract from the "Manuscript History of the Warrington Horse" of Somerville, is decisive as to the flight of the Scottish general, the Earl of Leven. The particularities are given by the author of the History of the ancestry of his father, the representative of the family. The various manuscript has been preserved by consent of my noble relative, the present Lord Somerville.

"The order of this great battle, wherein both armies was near of an equal number, concerning the last calculation, near two thousand men; many of both sides, I shall not take upon me to give; suffice it, from the ideas which taken upon the place, and information I received from this gentleman who being then a collection, I have no compunction, had opportunities and were which from the usual king of the army to the other, to view all the several regiment of horse, and the wheel of foot, how formed, and at what manner drawn up, with every other circumstance relative to the field, and both as to the King's army and that of the Parliament; amongst whom, until the attack, I went them strange to styne to observe their order and move; but that the descriptions of this battle, with the various incidents on both sides at the beginning, with the loss of the royal army, and the chief efforts that followed it, are full of notice to the Majestick's author, has been so often done already by English authors, that to

our commendation, how justly I shall not dispute, using the truth as our principal generally fled that night nearنتهاء miles from the place of the fight, that part of the army where he composed had been totally routed; but it was true, that much of the victory was ascribed to the good conduct of David Leslie, being the general of our horse. Cromwell himself, that number of fortune, but the skill of God's wrath, to punish evervard these rebellious nations, disabled not to take orders from him, albeit then in the same quality of command for the Parliament, as being locomotive-general to the Earl of Manchester's horse, and with the assurance of the Scots horse, having routed the Prince's right wing, as he had done that of the Parliament's. These two commanders of the horse upon that wing wisely restrained the great bodies of their horse from pursuing these broken troops, but, wheeling to the left and right, fell in upon the naked ranks of the Prince's man battalion of foot, carrying them down with great violence; neither met they with any great resistance until they came to the Mares of Newcastle, his battalion of foot, who, first pressing them soundly with the head, when they came to charge, stoutly bore them up with their jacks that they could not enter to break them. Here the Parliament's horse of that wing received their greatest loss, and a stop for some time put to their hope; for victory; and only by the stout resistance of this gallant battalion, which consisted near of four thousand foot, night at length a S's regiment of dragoons, commanded by Colonel Prinze, with another, was brought to open them upon some hand, which at length they did, when all the men of the Parliament's horse were routed. This most chief cavalry, very many fell in the same order and rank whereon he had fought them.

"Be this execution was done, the Prince returned from the pursuit of the right wing of the Parliament's horse, which he had beaten and followed too far, to the loss of the battle, which certainly, in all men's opinions, he might have carried if he had not been too violent upon the premises; which gave his enemies upon the field an opportunity to disperse and cut down his infantry, who, having cleared the field of all the standing bodies of foot, were now, with many of their own, standing ready to receive the charge of his almost spent horses, if he should attempt it; which the Prince observing, and seeing all lost, he retired to York with two thousand horse. Notwithstanding this, the Earl was that night such a consternation in the Parliament's army, that it was believed by most of those that were there present, that if the Prince, being so near the field of horse, should ride, as it is said, over that night, or the ensuing morning betime, he had carried the victory out of their hands; for it's certain, by the morning's light, he had rallied a body of ten thousand men, whereon ther was near three thousand gallant horse. These, with the assistance of the tunne and garrison of York, might have done much to have recovered the victory, for the loss of this battell in effect lost the King and his interest in the three kingdoms; his Majesty never being able either to make head in the north true last but another which every day.

"As for General Leslie, in the beginning of this flight having that part of the army quite broken, where he had placed himself, by the value of the Prince, he imagined, and was confirmed by the opinion of others then upon the place with him, that the battell was irrecoverably lost, seeing they were fleeing upon all hands; therefore they had not the leisure to return and take the better fortune, which, without further adoing, he might have done in the sight of the Scots, among them the Earl of Leicesters, having ridden all that night with a cloak of drop de herrie about him, belonging to this gentleman of whom I write, then in his retinue, with many other officers of good quality. It was near twelve the next day before they had the certainty who was master of the field, when at length there arrived the express, sent by David Leslie, to acquaint the General they had obtained a most glorious victory, and that the Prince, with his broken troops, was retired from York. This intelligence was soon what amounting to these and men that had been eye-witnesses to the disorder of
the army before they retreating, and had then accompanied the General in his flight; who, being much wearied that evening of the battle with ordering of his people, and now quite spent, with his long journey in the night, had cast himself down upon a bed to rest, when this gentleman coming quietly into his chamber, he awoke, and hastily cries out, "Lieutenant-colonel, what news?"—"All is safe, may it please your Excellency," 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 an account of the victory, and in the close pressed his speedy return to the armie, which he did the next day, being accompanied some myles back by this gentleman, who then takes his leave of him, and received at parting many expressions of kindeness, with promises that he would never be unmindful of his care and respect towards him; and in the end he intersets him to present his service to all his friends and acquaintances in Scotland. Therefor the General sets forward in his journey for the armie, as this gentleman did for, in order to his transportation for Scotland, where he arrived six days after the fight of Mestonne Muir, and gave the first true and account and description of that great battle, wherein the Covenanters then gloried so much, that they impiously 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 trystled them with some cross dispensations, and then you might have heard this language from them, "That it pleases the Lord to give us the greatest and worst of the spy and tree to bear, that the saints and the people of God must still be sufferers while they are here away, that the malignant party was God's rod to punish them for their unthankfulness, which in the end he will cast into the fire; with a thousand other expressions and scripture citations, prophane and blasphemously uttered by them, to palliate their villainy and rebellion."—Memories of the Somer-villes. Edin. 1815.

Note G.

With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings say,
Stout Cromwell has redeem'd the day,—P. 302.

Cromwell, with his regiment of courser's, had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Meston Moor; which was equally manifest to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scotch. 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 Elyton kept ground, to his great loss; his lieutenant-crownner, 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 Leslie, who before was much suspected of evil designs; he, with the Scots and Cromwell's horse, having the advantage of the ground, did disperse all before them."—Baillie's Letters and Journals. Edin. 1755, 8vo. ii. 30.
of Europe, and partly to have been weighted by them, and partly to be wrought on to others." — Miscellanies. Oxford, 1768. 8vo, p. 88.

**Note M.**

**Egerton's gray ruins.** — P. 307.

The ruins of the abbey, or priory (for Tanner calls it the former, and, indeed the latter, are, however, equidistant upon the whole, formed by a little wall of stone, or, at its present state, the Temes. A good part of the remaining house is still in occupation, but the church is in ruins. Egerton was granted to St. Mary and St. John the Baptist, and it appears to have been founded by Ralph de Mortain about the end of Henry the Second's reign. There were formerly the town of the Barons of Rokeby, Bowes, and Fitz-Hugh.

**Note N.**

the moated.

Rest by that legio now removed.

When rocks drove assert their claims.

upon, faithful, encouraging foes. — P. 307.

Cross behind the C datum at Great Bredon, there is a well known Roman mound, surrounded with a ditch, about the river drifts and a breach called the Tamma. The former are so close to the earth. Very numerous Roman mounds and remains have been found in this county, some of which have been so well revealed at Rokeby by Rev. Mr. Morison. Among other men and voices war, thus compartmented, etc. viii. vi. r. s., which has been rendered, Legis.

**Note O.**

Rokeby's turricus high. — P. 307.

The various minor long given upon a tower by which it is stood to have been the rampart of Camp and town, and so called by the name of the same. Here was the legio of the Earl of Northumberland, in temp. H. ii. r., of which Horace said, "the following passage: — "The king, adorning himself, entered a great man of the Earl, and came forward with the same towards his coming; but for the king came to Nottingham, Sr. Thomas, or (as other copies have Sir Rokeby's, Sheriff of Yorkshire, summoned the forces of the country to the Earl and his power; coming to Grimthorpe, beside War, showed them to stop them on the passage; but they returning ashore, went to Wetherby, and so to Tadcaster, and finally came forward unto Bramley, near to Holmwood, where they chose their ground next to fight upon. TheTurricus was ready to give itself as the Earl to receive it, and so with a standard of St. George spread, set on fire upon the Earl, who, with much standard of his own arms, confronted the king with great manhood. There was a scene in more and more constant between the parts, but in the end the victory fell to the Sheriff. The Lord Hurdholt was taken, but it was wounded, so that he shortly after died of the honors. As for the Earl of Northumberland, he was all in one night; so that now the prophecy was fulfilled, which gave an image of this his heavy hap long before, namely,  

'Strips Persatis pericul confusa ruina.'

For this Earl the stockade and maine route of all that were little, called by the name of Persas; and of maine more by diagram he made dispatched. For whose misfortune the peo-
ple were not a little sorrie, making report of the gentleman's valiantnesse, retournce, and honour, and applying vnto him certaine lamentable verses out of Lucaine, saing,

'Sed nos nee sanguis, nee tantum vulnera nostris
Affluere sensis: quantum gustata per ursum
Ora ductis, quae transfusa deformis pilo
Vidimus.'

For his head, full of silver horie hairs, being put upon a stake, was openlie carried through London, and set upon the bridge of the same citie: in like manner was the Lord Bancroffe.'—

Hollinshed's Chronicles. Lond. 1584, 4to, iii. 445. The Rokby, or Rokshy family, continued to be distinguished unli-
til 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 low, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of Minstrel trod.—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 left bank of the Greta, the latter on the right bank, about half a mile nearer to its junction with the Teens. 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 stony, which has been derived from the Gritstone, Grifinum, to clamber. 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 clev-
es, 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 drooping shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blockukla, from the place where the Swedtish witches were supposed to hold their Sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female spirit, called the Dobie of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a la-
dy's having been whilom 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 rock 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 sea-
men. The most formidable wheather that I remember to have met with was the apparition of a certain Mrs. Leaker, who, about 1636, residing, we are told, at Myndehead, 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 was pity such an excellent good-natured old lady should die; to which she was wont to reply, that whatever pleasure they might find in her company just now, they would not greatly like to see or converse with her after death, which never-
theless she was apt to think might happen. Accordingly, after her death and funeral, she began to appear to various persons by night and by moonday, in her own house, in the town and fields, at sea and upon shore. So far had she de-
parted 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 salve. 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 instantaneously there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown ship and goods. When she had thus pro-
ceeded until her son had neither credit to freight a vessel, nor could procure men to sail in it, she began to attack the persons of her family, and actually strangled their only child in the cradle. The rest of her story, showing how the spectre looked over the shoulder of her daughter-in-law while dressing her hair at a looking-glass, and how Mrs. Leaker the younger took courage to address her, and how the bedlam 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 bis-bop 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 Danson's publications, called Athenianism, London, 1710, where the tale is engrossed under the title of The Apparition Evidence.

NOTE R.

Of Eric's cap and Elmo's light.—P. 399.

"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 Regenus, 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 fenced cities by his cunning, and at last was his condutor; 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, at 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 ac-
count 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
The castle of Morham, which Leland terms "Mr. Rokesby's in Lothian," is a remnant of a mile beneath the Tormie, 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 regularly elegant, the arches having broken them at regular intervals into different bays; while through the corners of the tower project into octagonal towers, and from tower to tower there is a avenue, which according to the stones which were found when the castle was pulled down, as in modern emasculation, the whole forming an ornamented and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of the happy form, being painted into high and steep roofs. A wall, with embrasures, encloses the southern front, whereas a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the gateway. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stones of two magnificent elms, the monument alluded to in the text. It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Edington Priory, and, from the armony with which it is really carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughes.

The situation of Morham is most attractive, 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 Twee about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Morham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morriss'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 keyes which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of masked are often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have had recourse to a buried ritual, in order to secure an unseizable 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 unbounded and lurking terror
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 insurrection, either by making unnecessary confinements 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 Euphane Arm A skeleton being found near Kersnowich, was supposed by the persons who gathered round the spot, to be that of one Clarke, who had disappeared some years before, under circumstances leading to a suspicion of his having been murdered. One Housesman, who had mingled in the crowd, suddenly said, while looking at the skeleton, and hearing the opinion which was hazed around, "That is no more Jean Clarke's bone than it is rain!"—a sentiment expressed so positively, and with such peculiarity of manner, as to lead all who heard him to infer that he was necessarily know where the real body had been interred. Accordingly, being approa
heeded, he confessed having assisted Eugene Aram to murder Clarke, and to hide his body in Saint Robert's Cave. It happened to the author 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 guiltless, suddenly and, as it were, involuntarily, in the course of his communications, make 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,
Mast fine for freedom and estate.

Right heavy shall his ransom be,
Unless that mad 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 Commonwealth. 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, proclaiming 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. Adair, whose absurd hypothesis and turgid style do not affect the general authenticity of his anecdotes, has recorded an instance which seems incredible.

"When the Chickasaw nation was engaged in a former war with the Mus-koh-ge, one of their young warriors set off against them to revenge the blood of a near relation. He went through the most unaccustomed 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, Koosah, which stands high on the eastern side of a bold river, about 250 yards broad, that runs by the late dangerous Albechama-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 puker canoes. All his war-store of provisions consisted of three stands of barbarous 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, tomahawking the other two, and scalped each of them in a tree, in full view of the town. By way of bravado, he shook the scalp before them, sounding the awful death-whoop, and set off along the trading-path, trusting to his heels, while a great many of the enemy ran to their arms and gave chase. Seven miles from thence he entered the great blue ridge of the Apalache Mountains. About an hour before day he had run over seventy miles of that mountainous tract; then, after sleeping two hours in a sitting posture, leaving his back against a tree, he set off again 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 spriightly warrior's place in the Chickasaw country, the distance of 300 computed miles; yet he ran it, and got home safe and well at about eleven o'clock of the third day, which was only one day and a half and two nights."—Adair's History of the American Indians. Lond. 1775, 4to. p. 393.

NOTE 2 A.

In Redeunde his youth had heard
Each art her sily dowsamen dared,
When Roake-ridge, and Redesair high,
To bauge rauw and blood-hound's cry.”—P. 315.

"What manner of cottage-tealers they are that inhabit these valleys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotch man himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the night, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate 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 booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipices, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head. And they are so very cunning, that they seldom have their booty taken from them, unless sometimes when, by the help of 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."—Camden's Britannia.

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so insatiably 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 so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such hewle and wicked proges

APPENDIX TO RODEBEY. 363
in the act. Thus, in process of time, they have all displaced her, and the bath which I seek fall back upon them; all which causes and imperfections made or formed. Bathhouses (at least, by some of her companions being sick, or some of those by her visit with diseases that vex them strangely, as apoplexy, epilepsy, convulsions, hot fevers, worms, &c., which by ignorant parents, are supposed to be the vengeance of witchcraft . . .

"The work, on the other side, expecting her neighbours' misfortunes, and making things sometimes come to pass according to her wishes, curses, and incantations (the Robin himself confesses, that not above two in a hundred of their witchings or willings take effect, being called before a justice, by due examination of the circumstances, is driven to see her impressions and desires, and her neighbours' harms and losses, to answer, and, if it were, to take effect; and so confesseth that she was a goodly bath brought such things as pass. Wherein not only she, but the answerer, and also the justice, are found 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. 1833, fol. p. 4. 5.

Note 2 D.

Of my mourning on the commons
Of cavalry and Bradford donkeys. — 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 better, 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 Flood, the Tiger-Master-Groom, Captain Pintpot, and Quarter-Master Bar-low. The officers of the Troop are in league with these workmen, and conspire 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 rebate 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 fanciful humor.

Note 2 E.

— Bring your words, and Virginia worse,
Even now, o'er many a sister race.— P. 318.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherford Bridge, abound in scenes of grayish state, which are wrought in some places to a very great depth under ground, thus forming artificial caverns, which, when the work is exhausted, are gradually hidden by the underwood which grows in profusion upon the romantic banks of the river. In times of public confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

Note 2 F.

When Spain waged warfare with our land.— P. 330

There was a short war with Spain in 1625-6, which will be found to agree pretty well with the chronology of the poem.

—Lucan, when planning to be considered an excellent master, than in all his reputation as a devourer.—Eo.
every thing to judge by, then let him draw till he come to the covert where he is gone to; and let him harhour him if he can, still marking all his tokens, as well by the slot as by the entries, foxes, or snarl-like. That done, let him push or brine down small spurs, some adrift and some below, as the art requireth, and therewithal, whilst his bound is note, let him bent the outsiders, and make his ring-walks, twice or thrice about the wood."—The Noble Art of Venarie, 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 Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to express the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family:

"It was a' for our rightful king
That we left fair Scotland's strand,
It was a' for our rightful king
That we'er saw Irish land.

My dear,
That we'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 a'c; All on the Irish shore,
He gave his bridle-ree a shake With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear! Adieu for evermore!

"The soldier fake the war returns,
And the merchant fake the main,
But I hae part'd 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 bonn' to sleep,
I think on them that's for awa
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep."

NOTE 2 K.

_Rere-cross on Stainmore._—P. 325.

This is a fragment of an old cross, with its pediment, surrounded by an intercolumn, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stainmore, near a small house of entertainment called the Spittal. It is called Rere-cross, or Rere-cross, of which Holinshead 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 do homage to the Kings of England for the same. In the midst of Stainmore there shall be a cross
The Daev removed and extended their incursions, and began to assume establishing a kind of capital at York, from which they spread their conquests and inroads in every direction. Scæfa, which divides the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland, and, was probably the boundary of the Danish kingdom in that direction. The district to the west, known in ancient British history by the name of Reged, had never been conquered by the Saxons, and continued to maintain a precarious independence until it was ceded to Malcolm, King of Scots, by Wulfin, the Conqueror, probably on account of its propinquity in language and manners to the neighboring British kingdom of Strathclyde.

Upon the extent and duration of the Danish sovereignty in Northumbria, the curious may consult the various authorities quoted in the Gesta et Gestia Dnoiiorum extra Damnnom tom. ii. p. 40. The most powerful of their Northumbrian leaders seems to have been Ivar, called, from the extent of his conquests, Hulafam, that is, The Strider.

The heathen Norsemen have left several traces of their religion in the upper part of Teesdale. Balder-garth, which derives its name from the unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract of waste land on the very ridge of Stanmore; and a brook, which falls into the Tees near Barnard Castle, is named after the same deity. A field upon the banks of the Tees is also termed Woden-Croft, from the supreme deity of the Editha. Thor-gill, of which a description is attempted in stanza ii., is a beautiful little brook and dell, running up behind the ruins of Egdon Abbey. Thor was the Hercules of the Scandinavian mythology, a dreadful giant-quereler, and in that capacity the champion of the gods, and the defender of Asgard, the northern Olympus, against the frequent attacks of the inhabitants of Jotunsheim. There is an old poem in the Edda of Sigmund, called the Song of Thrym, which turns upon the loss and recovery of the Mace, or Hammer, which was Thor's principal weapon, and on which much of his power seems to have depended. It may be read to great advantage in a version equally spirited and literal, among the Miscellaneous Translations and Poems of the Honorable William Herbert.

Thy half-fell power—The sisters ever sung,
'shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes.'"—THOMSON AND MALLET'S ALFRED.

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O'Neale; in lieu of which he was created Earl of Tyrone. But this condition he never observed longer than until the presence of superior force was withdrawn. His baffling the gallant Earl of Essex in the field, and overreaching him in a treaty, the refusal upon to that nobleman's tragedy. Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally subjagging 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 weomen in those parts, who had lost husbands and children in the Irish warres, from flinging durt and stones at the earle as he passed, and from railing with bitter words; yet, when the earle had been at court, and there obtaining his majesty's direction for his pardon and performance of all conditions promisd him by the Lord Mountjoy, was about September to returne, he durst not pass by those parts without direction to the shiriff, to convey him with troops of horse from place to place, till he was safely imbar ked and put to sea for Ireland."—Itinerary, p. 296.

Note 2 P.

But chief arose his victor pride,
When that brace Marshal fought and died.—P. 325.

The chief victory which Tyrone obtained over the English was in a battle fought near Blackwater, while he besieged a fort garrisoned by the English, which commanded the passes into his country.

"This captain and his few warders did with no less courage suffer hunger, and, having eaten the few horses they had, lived upon heares growing in the ditches and wails, suffering all extremeties, till the sent-lieutenant, in the month of August, sent Sir Henry Bagnal, marshall 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 thicke 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, assaulted 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. Whereupon 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 arrivall in that kingdom, never had received so great an overthrow as this, commonly called the Defeat of Blackwater; thirteen valiant captains and 1500 common soldiers (whereof many were of the old companies which had served in Britain under General Norwich) were slain in the field. The yielding of the fort of Blackwater followed this disaster, when the assauled 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; but without which danger Captaine Williams professed that no want or miserie should have induced him thereunto."—Fynes Moryson's Itinerary. London, 1617, fol. part ii. p. 24.

Tyrone is said to have entertained a personal animosity against the knight-marshal, Sir Henry Bagnal, whom he accused of detaining the letters which he sent to Queen Elizabeth, or plannatory of his conduct, and offering terms of submission. The river, called by the English, Blackwater, is termed in Irish, Avon-Duff, which has the same signification. Both names are mentioned by Spenser in his "Marriage of the Thames and the Mislay." But I understand that his verses relate not to the Blackwater of Ulster, but to a river of the same name in the south of Ireland:

"Swift Avon-Duff, which of the Englishmen
Is called Blackwater."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Prefaces and notices which they do bear
inspiring love in verse:

Tis in the very verse,

When you go to the skies
With the clouds of the poet,
When you go to the skies
Wings are more strong than words
Aloud or in your bosom.

And he was born in 1771.

Note 2 T.

His foster-father was his guide.—P. 336.

There was no tie more sacred among the Irish than that which connected the foster-father, as well as the name itself, with the child they brought up.

"Foster-fathers spend much more time, money, and affection on their foster-children than on their own; and in return take from them clothes, money for their several professions, and arms, and, even for any vigorous purposes, fortresses and cattle, not so much by a claim of right as by extortion; and they will even cause these things to be authorized. All who have been rescued by the same process preserve a greater mutual affection and confidence in each other than if they were natural brothers, whom they will even list for the sake of the one. When child by their parents, they fly to their foster-fathers, who frequently encourage them to make open war on their parents, train them up to every excess of wickedness, and make them most abandoned miscreants; as, on the other hand, the nurses make the young wench, whom they bring up for every ex cess. If a foster-child is sick, it is incredible how soon the nurse losing of it, however distant, and with what solicitude they attend it by day and night."—Giraldus Cambrensis. quoted by Camden, iv. 363.

This custom, like many other Irish usages, prevailed till of

Note 2 S.

With mild majestic part and tour, Like reary of some baronial throne.—P. 326.

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 some sentences from Tyrone to a neighboring chieftain, which runs in the following terms:—

"O'Neale commended him unto you, M'Orch Fitzgerald; O'Neale reproved you, in God's name, to take part with him, and fight for your country and right; and in so doing, O'Neale was so pleased to see you righted in all your affairs, and will help you. And if you come not at O'Neale but at the first five of the months, he will end his year, and will do to the attorney of his power to over-run you. You come not to him at first by these by Saturday at your own. From Monucle Drooman in Caille, on fourth of February, 1609.

"O'Neale spox with you to come with him, and do good to the word of the right shall be no more neither in coming your country or right, whether you be friend or foes, and bring with you to O'Neale your friends.

Satur'd. O'Neale."

Nor did the reply of O'Neale occasion much delay. St. John Hare, about the third year of his truce with Lord, and acting upon his "free truce," and firm forms, issued under the steady "name of heaven," he makes what constitutes the "reign of mercy in every one," the love, namely, and all Piety of his subjects. "His guards, for the most part, were ingenious boys without cause; who the first was a fine fellow through others as was required. With what charm such a man makes them love him, I know not; but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it."

Note 2 U.

Great nail of the Pledges Nine.—P. 327.

Neal Nugheallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Breteigne, 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 Kelmuescogn, or Race of Tyrome, which afforded monarques 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-Dyasus wild.—327.

This Shane-Dyasus, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neal 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 profane man on earth. He was immensely addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tons of wine at once in his cellar at Dublin, but mopsachagh was his favorite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altriu's illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address; his under-taking was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his guard; 4000 foot, 1000 horse for the field. He claimed supremacy over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof. When commissioners were sent to treat with him, he said, "That, thou the Queen were his sovereign lady, he never made peace with her but at her bnnging; that she had made a wise Earl of Macartymore, but that he kept as good a man as he; that he cared not for so mean a title as Earl; that his blood and power were better than the best; that his ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and that he would give place to none." His kin- man, 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 Gar- loglasses, 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 versatility now prevailed; his title to the sovereignty of Tyrome was plucked from English laws and Irish institutions, and his allegations were so specious, 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 Tyrone it was considered as a treaty of peace between two potentates." —Camden's Brit- tanie, by Gough. Lond. 1695, fol. vol. iv. p. 442.

When reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dyasus fled to Claudeloy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of Mac- Donell. He was at first courteously received; but by de-

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Note 2 W.

Geraldine.—P. 327.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family; for Henry Owen O'Neal married the daughter of Thomas Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-geman, a daughter of Gerald Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, saw sawn, or build houses, so as to in vite the English to settle in their country. O'Neale, whose this northmen to his son Com-Raice. Fiedutha O'Gaive, heir to the O'Neales of Clannnach, complains in the same spirit of the towers and ramparts with which the strangers had dis figured the fair sporting fields of Erin.—See Walker's Irish Bards, p. 140.

Note 2 X.

He chose that homr'd flag to bear.—P. 328.

Lacy informs us, in the old play already quoted, how the cavalry raised by the country gentlemen for Charles's service were usually officered. "You, comert, have a name that's proper for all cornets to be called by, for they are all barne- kids in our army. The most part of our horse were raised thus:-The honest country gentleman raises the troop at his own charge; then he gets a Low-country lieutenant to fight his troop safely; then he sends for his son from school to be his cornet: and then he puts off his child's coat to put on a buff coat: and this is the constitution of our army."

Note 2 Y.

his page, the next degree

In that old time to chivalry.—P. 324.

Originally, the order of chivalry embraced three ranks:—1. The Page; 2. The Squire; 3. The Knight; — a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of freemasonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., the custom of a siring as a squiere had fallen into disuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from injuring any thing degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction. The proper nature, and the decay of the institution, are pointed out by old Ben Jonson, with his own forcible moral coloring. The dialogue occurs between Lovell, "a compleat gentleman, a sol- ider, and a scholar, known to have been page to the old Lord Beaumont, and so to have followed him in the French war, after companies of his studies, and left guardian to his son," and the facetious Goal stock, host of the Light Heart. Lovell had offered to take Goodstock's son for his page, which the latter, in reference to the recent abuse of the establishment declares as "a desperate course of life:"—

"Lovell. Call you that desperate, which by a line
Of institution, from our ancestors
Hath been derived down to us, and received
In a succession, for the noblist way
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,
Note 2 Z.

Scorn’d half abandon’d to decay.—P. 332.

The ancient castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present one, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a portion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands, entered by the junction of the Granta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Arranwagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descendant of the Rokesbys, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

Note 3 A.

Rokeby’s family boasts of martial fame,
I can count their name by name.—P. 334

The following brief pedigree of this very ancient and once

From him is the house of Hotham, and of the second brother that had base.
There is somewhat more to be found in our family in the Scottish history about the affairs of Dun-Brettown, 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-Brettown, 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 before. Thus, leaving our ancestors of record, we must also with them leave the Chronicle of Malmsbury Abbey, called Elogium Historiarum, out of which Mr. Leland reporteth this history, and copy down unwritten story, the which have yet the testimony of later times, and the fresh memory of men yet alive, for their warrant and credit, of whom I have learned it, that in K. Henry the 7th's reign, one Ralph Rokeby, Esq., was owner of Morton, and I guess that this was he that deceived the friers of Richmond with his felon swing, on which a jargon was made.3

The above is a quotation from a manuscript written by Ralph Rokeby; when he lived is uncertain.

To what metrical Scottish tradition Parson Blackwood added, it would be now in vain to inquire. But in Blind Harry's History of Sir William Wallace, we find a legend of one Rukbie, whom he makes keeper of Stirling Castle under the English usurpation, and whom Wallace slays with his own hand:

"In the great press Wallace and Rukkie met, With his good sword a stroke upon him set; Dorfly to death the old Rukbie he drive, 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 confounded 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 Ralf the riche Rugeie," 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 prowess did surmount."4

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.

**Note 3 B.**

--- The Felon Sow.--- P. 334.

The ancient minstrels had a comic as well as a serious strain of romance; and although the examples of the latter are by far the most numerous, they are, perhaps, the less valuable. The comic romance was a sort of parody upon the usual subjects of minstrel poetry. If the latter described deeds of heroic achievement, and the events of the battle, the tourney,

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3 Both the 45th, and Mr. Whittaker's copy read ancestors, evidently a "corruption of errata," as confirms, as corrected by Mr. Evans.---3 Sow, as reading in provincial pronunciation.---3 Sir, Yorkshire dialect.---4 Fole, and the chase, the former, as in the Tournament of Tottenham, introduced a set of clownes 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 sportsmen. The idea, therefore, of Don Quixote's phrenzy, although infinitely 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 Theobald's wardenship, to which the poem refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself. Morton, the Mortam of the text, is mentioned as being this facetious baron's place of residence; accordingly, Leland notices, that "Mr. Rokeby hath a place called Mortam, 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 discomfited 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 Craven, but, from an inaccurate manuscript, not corrected very happily. It was transferred by Mr. Evans to the new edition of his Ballads, with some well-judged conjectural improvements. I have been induced to give a more authentic and full, though still an imperfect, edition of this homuncule 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. Whittaker, and the language seems, where they differ, to have the more ancient and genuine readings.

--- The Felon Sow of Rokeby and the Friars of Richmond. ---

Ye men that will of austerities winne, That late within this land hath beene, Of one I will you tell, And of a sow that was seastrang, Alas! that ever she lived saw lang, For fell folk did she wheel: She was moret than other three, The gristlest beast that ere might see, Her head was great and gray: She was bred in Rokeby wood, There were few that thither good, That came on live away.

Her walk was endlong Greta side; There was no breath that durst her bide, That was frout 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, Full well to gareis them fare Fryar Middleton by his name, He was sent to fetch her hame, That rude him aln't full scare.

many Sax.—5 A corruption of qual, to kill.—6 More, greater.—7 West. 8 Alive.—8 Along the side of Greta.—8 Born, child, man in general.—11 Prom.—12 To.—13 Make.—15 Since.
With his blade to cut the bow two,
Peter Dale was one of four.
That ever was less is known;
And he did write, with sword and knife,
And noble song against his foe.
What was the matter? were
They three went west at God's will,
This soldier two when they came till
I, as I hear it tell.
Rogers' blade was her fellow;
Since nine with a killing force,
To fight against the three.
She was a woman for to make,
So ray she ran up with her feet,
And hard she came for the tree.
When Peter Married saw her laugh,
What it was I could not laugh,
For hardly could I see.
These men of martial that was so wight,
They bound them head-ry for to fight,
And stood at her full seat;
Until a man that girded her bee,
What God sent them the victory,
The lord asked him not more.
The saw was the kite down, down,
As they were on the balk above,
Foot hasting of their feet;
They were so speeded with the saw,
That among them was a walkworth stew,
The kite to break.
Durst now man laugh with his hand,
But put a rant down with his wand,
And hasted her full seat;
They hurled her faith against her will,
Where they came into a hill
A little fra the street.1
And there she made them such a spray,
If they should be to Bauneh-hay,
They throwed it never forget;
She braided upon every side,
And ran them swamp full wide,
For nothing would she let.15
She gave such a braided16 at the band
That Peter Dale lay in his hand,
He sought not hold his feet,
She seized them to and fro.
The weight men was never so woo,
Their measure was got so moote.
She found her lady by abide;
To Peter Dale she came nede,
With many a halting yell;
She gaped so wide and cried so hie,
The Fryar said, "I conjure thee,"
Then art a fiend of hell.
"Then art come hither for some train,"18
I conjure thee to go against
Where thou wast wont to dwell."
He said,35 hie, with cross and creed,
Took forth a book, began to read
In St. John his gospel.
The saw she would not Latin hear,
But rudely rushed at the Fryar,
That blumed all his long.30
And when she would have taken her hold
The Fryar leaped as Jesus wold,
And blessed him3 with a tree.
She was as him33 as any here,
For all their maste to labour there,33
To them it was no boote:
Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,
She ranged as she was wood,31
And rave them up by roote.
He sayd, "Aye, that I was Frear! And I shall ye rugged in sundry here,
Hand is my desme!33
Waste my brethren in this houre,
That I was set in such a stoure,21
They would pray for me."
This wicked beast that wrought this woe,
Took in that rape from the other two,
And there they stood all three;
They fled away by Walling-street,
They had no succour but their feet,
It was the more pity.
The field it was both lost and wonne;30
The saw went home, and that full soone,
To Morton on the Greenes;
Where Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape;32
He wast that there had been dispute,
Whereas the saw had borne.
He bade them stand out of her way,
For she had had a sudden fray,—
"I saw never so keen;
Some new things shall we heare
Of her and Middleton the Fryar,
Some battall hath there borne."
But all that served him for noght,
Had they not better savour sought,
They were served therefor-loke.
Then Mistress Rokeby came anon,
And for her brought shee maste full soone,
The saw came her unto.

1 I feare as a bear. Mr. Whitaker's copy reads, perhaps in consequence of a bear, the Muse. "I finsh'd was Bryan of Bear."—4 Need were. Mr. Whitaker reads rather as Eringe — A Serene Countenance or mirror, a holy waif. — The Rokeby MS. reads

21 Med. — 20 Term, pulle. — 26 Know. — 27 Combat, gaudless fight. — 29 This stanza, with the two following, and the fragment of a fourth, are not in Mr. Whitaker's edition. — 20 The rope about the bow's neck. — 26 Know.

"She was trim as any bear,
And gave a grasy head some roar,
To them it was no boot."

Besides the want of connection between the last line and the two former, the sound has a very modern sound, and the reading of the Rokeby MS. with the slight alteration in the text, is much better.
When Fryar Middleton came home,
His brethren was full fain lokene, 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 within was fain to fly away, For saving of our life; And Pater Dale would never blunn, But as fast as he could run, 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 beene there your brethren all, Wee should have gared the warrell fall, That wrought you all this tyme."

Fryar Middleton said soon, "Nay, In faith you would have died away, When most mister had beene; You will all speake words at home, A man would sing you evy ilk ane, And if it be as I weene." He look't so grisly all that night, The warden said, "You man will fight If you say ought but good; You guest hath grieved him so sore, Hold your tongues and speake no more Ho looks as he were woode." The warden waged on the morn, Two boldest men that ever were borne, I weene, or ever shall be; The one was Gilbert Griffin's son, Full mickle worship was he wonne, Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain, Many a Sarazin hath he slain, His daint hath gart them die. These two men the battle undertooke, Against the saw, as says the booke, And sealed security. That they should boldly ride and fight, And escomit her in maine and might, Or therefore should they die, The warden sealed to them againe, And said, "In feld if ye be shain, This condition make I:"

"We shall for you pray, sing, and read Till doomsday with hearty speede With all our progeny." Then the letters well was made, Bands bound with scales braise, As deeds of armes should be.

These men of armes that were so wight, With armour and with brandes bright, They went this saw to see; She made on them sike a reed, That for her they were sere afer'd, And almost bound to flee.

She came roving them again; That saw the bastard son of Spaine, He braded out his brand; Full spiteously at her he stroke, For all the fence that he could make, She got sword out of hand; And rive in sunder half his shields, And bare him backward in the fielde, He might not her gainstand.

She would have riven his privich gear But Gilbert with his sword of warre, He stroke at her full strong, On her shoulder till she held the swerd: Then was good Gilbert sore afer'd, When the blade brake in thront.

Since in his hands he hath her tane, She took him by the shoulder bane, And held her holdfull fast; She strive 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 rave off both side and haire, The flesh came fro the bone; And with all force he selled her there, And wann her worthily in weree, And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sae hee, Into two paniers well-made of a tre, And to Richmond they did day. When they saw her come, They sang merrily Te Deum, The Fryers on that day.

They thanked God and St. Francis, As they had won the best of pris, And never a man was shaine: There did never a man more manly, Knight Marcus, nor yet Sir Gui, Nor Loth of Louthyanue.

If ye will any more of this, In the Fryers of Richmond 'tis In parchment good and fine; And how Fryar Middleton that was so kind, At Greta Bridge conjured a feind In likenesse of a swine.

It is well known to many a man, That Fryar Theobald was wenden, more both of Losth Ryan.

W21 Well known, or perhaps kind, well disposed.
scott's politcal works.

NOTE 3 C.

The first of O'Neal's speeches. — P. 334.

The leader of O'Neal's speech was the proper bard, or, as the people say, the poet. Each chieftain of clans at the feast of the King, whose wont was a mile or two to meet there at his ettage, to hear the Bard. The Bard of O'Neal had a pair of gilded shoes, which order of men, now of the Irish Church, there were times when he had to wear them, but his rank, as he was held in the highest veneration among the English, who considered them as chief type of the spirit of national song, were much talked about in the province of peace. Edward I. was so glad to have a Bard for Spencer, while he admires the mist of that old song, as 'saying' of sweet will and good mutton, and first with some pretty flowers of his natural diction, to the very contemporaries, who listened to the 'working of wight and wine.'

The present mutilated was a great deal to the feast of the prince whom he revered, and sat at the same table. It was one of the motions of which Sir Richard Savage, to whose charge, Richard II. committed the translation of four Irish verses in the translation of the song, heard it most delighted to break his royal example, though he had also much ado to subject them to other English races, and particularly to recommend them to wear bracelets. "The king, my sovereign lord's servant was, that in manner, custom, and apparel of clothing, they should be according to the custom of England, for they thought to make them all four kayees: they had a large house to lodge in, in Dowlas, and I was charged to supply with them, and not to depart; and so a twelvemonth I supplied them to do as they list, and sayde nothing to them, but believed their owne appetites: they would beate at the table, and make counterans, rather good nor farre. They told me I should cause them to change that manner: they would also cause their mystreles, their servantes, and various, to sit with them, and to ete in their owne dyseche, and out of their room; and they shewed me that the range of their victors was good, for they said in all things except to their food they were well and delye as women. So the kinges and I arranged ourselfe to be cosered in the hall, and the range of Englands, and I made these four knyghtes to sit at the table, and ther my soule at another hard, be my soule and meannes; and various at a rather lycher them, whereof my soule they were despised, and beheld each other and were not ete, and sayde, how I should take fro them their good usage, when they had been merited. Then I answered them all, saying to me, that it was not honest to call the knyghtes to dinner, they dyde before, and that they ought to ete at the same table, and me the company of Englands, and that it was the kyng's place they were to do, and how he was charged to order them. When they heard this, they sufferd it, because they had been to them under the obedience of the Kinges of Englands, and enquired in the same as long as I was with them, yet were not one which I knew was well and in their company, and that was, they dyde no brenches; I caused besides of lynne, cloth to be woven on them. Whyte I was with them I vnderstred them to leaue manie rude thynge, as well in clothing as in other causes. Moreover I had at the feast to cause them to weare gowtes of silke, furreal with mansions and gray; for before these kynges thought to menial well apprised when they had on a mantle. They role aylways without saddles and stympe, and with much paine levitation the rule after mine. 'Mr. Lord Berners' four score.' Loud. 1582, 140, vol. vi. p. 864.

The influence of these bards upon their patrons, and their admitted rule to interfere in matters of the weighty concern, may be also proved from the behavior of one of them at an interview between Thomas Ferguson, son of the Earl of Kil-

dane, then about to renounce the English allegiance, and the Lord Chancellor Cromer, who makes a long and gouty oration to induce him from his purpose. The young lord had come to the council 'armed and weasupped,' and attended by seven score horsemen in their shirts of mail; and we are assured that the chancellour, having set before him oration 'with such a

invariable action, as his bards were all blowbuck with tears, the horsemen, namely, such as understood not English, began to change what the lord-chancellour meant with all the long circumstances; some of them reporting that he was preaching a sermon, others said that he stood making of some benevolent prayer in the phrase of the Lord Thomas. And thus as every blot shut his foolish fathom at the wise chancellor for his discourse, who in effect had wrought noise but drop pretos stones before urine, one Bard de Nola, an Irish melodist, and a rotten shape to infect a whole flock, was chanting of Irish verses, as though his tongue had run on staves, in conversation of the Lord Thomas, according with the line of colen Thomas, because his humor was parks were particularly introduced with vilke:

and in the end he told him that he himself was very long, whereas the Lord Thomas long quakes. " As Holkham expresses it, had done to the chancellor, throw down con temporarily the sword of office, which, in his father's absence he held as deputy, and rushed forth to engage in open mear

NOTE 3 D.

Ah, Claudsbury! thy friendly floor
Sivere-Dondar's oak shall light no more.— P. 335.

Claudsbury is a district of Ulster, formerly possessed by the 4pt of the O'Neales, and Slieve-Dondar, 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 urbliticalized in other respects, did not yield even to their descendants in practising the most free and extended hospitality: and doubtless the birds mourned the decay of the mansion of their chiefs in similar to the verses of the British Lylywarch Hpen on a similar occasion, which are affecting, even through the discouraging medium of a literal translation—

"Silent-breathing gale, long wilt thou be heard !
There is scarcely another deserving praise,
Since Ulens is no more.

Many a dog that scented well the prey, and aereal hawk,
Have been train'd on this floor
Before Erlison became polluted . . .

This heath, ah, will it not be covered with nettles?
Whilk its defender lived,
More congenial to it was the foot of the needy petitioner.

This heath, will it not be covered with green sod?
In the lifetime of Owain and Elphin,
Its ample calibre boiled the prey taken from the foe.
APPENDIX TO ROKEBY.

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This hearth, will it not be covered with toad-stoofds! 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, Accustomed to prepare the gifts of Reged! This hearth, will it not be covered with thorns! More congenial on it would have been the mixed group Of Owain's social friends united in harmony. 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 meal, and the talking of wine-cheer'd warriors. This hearth, will it not be turned up by the swine! More congenial to it would have been the chum of men, And the circling horns of the banquet."

_Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hen, by Owen._ Lond. 1792, 8to. p. 41.

"The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, Without fire, without bed— I must weep a while, and then be silent! The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, Without fire, without candle— Except God doth, who will enlaze me with patience! The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, Without fire, without being lighted— Be thou encircled with spreading silence! The hall of Cynddylan, gloomy seems its roof Since the sweet smile of humanity is no more— Woe to him that saw it, if he neglects to do good! The hall of Cynddylan, art thou not bereft of thy appearance? Thy shield is in the grave; Whiles he lived there was no broken roof! The hall of Cynddylan is without love this night, Since he that owned it is no more— Ah, death: it will be but a short time he will leave me! The hall of Cynddylan is not easy this night, On the top of the rock of Hywynth, Without its lord, without company, without the circling feasts! The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, Without fire, without songs— Tears afflict the cheeks! The hall of Cynddylan is gloomy this night, Without fire, without family— My overloving tears gush out! The hall of Cynddylan pierces me to see it, Without a covering, without fire— My general dead, and I alive myself! The hall of Cynddylan is the seat of chill grief this night, After the respect I experienced; 'Without the men, without the women, who reside there! The hall of Cynddylan is silent this night, After losing its master— The great merciful God, what shall I do!"

_Ibist. p. 77._

**Note 3 E.**

_MacCurtin's harp._—P. 336.

"MacCurtin, hereditary Ollamh of North Munster, ed. Fílea to Donough, Earl of Thomond, and President of Munster. This nobleman was amongst those who were prevailed upon to join Elizabeth's forces. Soon as it was known that he had barely abandoned the interests of his country, MacCurtin presented an adulatory poem to MacCarthy, chief of South Munster, and of the Eugenian line, who, with O'Neil, O'Donnel, Lacey, and others, were deeply engaged in protecting their violated country. In this poem he diverts 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 Brian Boruma 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 hasten over him, and tell his lordship, that the sight of him, by awaking 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 Barads._ Lond. 1786, 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 song 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. 1.

**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 abbreviate, 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 Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a
was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding scene; and the multitude made a deposition of facts, a statement. Two circumstances arrested hopes of recouping this house to which the crime had been committed; so the cedar, as she said, the cedar, had, with a view to the crime, cut out a part of the best curtain. The other way was, that as she had descended the stairs, she hadcon the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Bartol, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote House, and the domain assured it. The house was examined, and several objects were carried by the midwife, who is in the hurry for the murder. By cropping his judge he escaped the use of the law; but broke his neck in a fall from his house in the nature of a suicide, in a few months. She placed the portrait is still known by the name of Barr's style—a seat to be decided by the peasant whom the shadow of eveningkept in her way. The facts occurred in the reign of Elizabeth. All the important circumstances I have given exactly as they are told in the country; some tributes on they are all, either to render the whole connected, or to make the impression:

'The Lord Webbs' in a letter of the singular story, the author can now add the following account, extracted from Aubrey's Character of Elizabeth. It occurs among other particulars respecting Sir John Popham:

'Of the Queen's, of Littlecote, in Corsh. Wives, having kept a pretty woman, with a child, when her travel came, she saved the knight take the child and burn it, and burn it in the fire in the claster. She having done her business, was extraordinarily rewarded for her pains, and sent both away. This formal case in the same story that his desire to change it, and never having knew where twice. She considered with the time she was riding, and how many miles she might have rode at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great man's house, for the name was 12 ft. 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 was. The Knight was brought to his trial; and, to be short, the judge held this noble house, parted and manner, and that it was paid for a horse of to save his life.

Sir John Popham gave sentence according to law, but being a great person and a favourite, he proceeded a nel prospect."

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, when the large castles of the Scottish nobles, and even the secluded houses, like the Castle of Duddingston, which they possessed in Edinburgh, were sometimes the scene of strange and mysterious transactions, a strange and singular event was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. This was no usual surmise; but what followed was alarming. He was put into a saloon and, after he had been transported to a remote part of the town, the bearers insisted upon being hallaheld. The request was enforced by a packed pistol, and two men by the noise and the roar. The thud of the shots was heard, and as the cry went out of the room, there was a great sense of alarm, and a great alarm to the noise. The lady and the child, and three or four others and two horses, were shot dead. The body of the child was found in the road under the gate, and the noise was said to be heard. The body of the lady was found in the road under the gate, and the noise was said to be heard. The body of the lady was found in the road under the gate, and the noise was said to be heard. The body of the lady was found in the road under the gate, and the noise was said to be heard. The body of the lady was found in the road under the gate, and the noise was said to be heard. The body of the lady was found in the road under the gate, and the noise was said to be heard.
safe delivery warranted better hopes. But he was stedfastly 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 musings, fell into a deep sleep. From this he was awakened by his servant, with the dismal news that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of * * * *, near the head of the Causeway, and that it was totally consumed; with the shocking addition, that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady renowned for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. The clergyman laid 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 was away, however, and with it his errors. He became unhappy at being the solitary depositary 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 suspended by an unexpected appearance. A beautiful female, in a nightdress, extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words, which have since been written down: "Ask burned, twice burned; the third time I'll scarce you all!" The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety testified, lest the apparition should make good her denunciation.

NOTE 3 II.

As thick a smoke these hearts have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.—P. 341.

Such an exhortation was, in similar circumstances, actually given by his faithful minister, a Welsh clergymen:—

"Exeunt did continue betweene Howell ap Rys ap Howell Vaughan and the sonsne of John ap Meredith. After the death of Evan ap Rebeit, Griffith ap Grow is (cozen-german to John ap Meredith's sonne of Gwyryfyn, who had long serveld in France, and had charge there) coming home to live in the country, it happened that a servant of his, coming to fish in Strynfyll, his fissh was taken away, and the fellow beaten by Howell ap Rys and his servants, and by his commandment. Griffith ap John ap Grow took the matter in such deudgen that he challenged Howell ap Rys to the field, which he refusing, assembling his cozen John ap Meredith's sonnes and his friends together, assaulted Howell in his own house, after the maner he had scene 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 crewe of the house, through the sight of his beaver into the head, ar islayneg outright, being otherwise armed at all points. Notwithstanding his death, the assault of the house was continued with great vehemence, the doors fired with great burthen of straw; besides this, the smoke of the out-houses and barnes not farre distant annoyed greatly the defendants, for that most of them lay under boordeles 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 known there as great a smoke in that hall upon Christmas-even.' In the end, seeing the house could no longer defend them, being overlaid with a multitude, upon parley betweene them, Howell ap Rys was content to yeald himself prisoner to Morris ap John ap Meredith. John ap Meredith's eldest sonne, soe as he would swear unto him to bring him safe to Castel Carnarvon, to abide the trial of the law for the death of Griffith ap John ap Grow, 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 truest friends and servants, who kept and defended him from the rage of his kinard, and especially of Owen ap John ap Meredith, his brother, who was very eager against him. They passed by leisure: themes like a camp to Cornar von: the whole country being assembled, Howell his friends posted a horseback from one place or other by the way, who brought word that he was come thither safe, for they were in great fear lest he should be 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 ward until the assises, it fell out by law, that the burning of Howells houses, and assaulting him in his owne house, was a more tyousious offence in Morris ap John ap Meredith and the rest, than the death of Griffith ap John ap Grow in Howell, who did it in his own defence; whereupon Morris ap John ap Meredith, with thirty-five more, were indicted of felony, as appeared by the copy of the indictment, which I had from the records,—"Sir John Wynn's History of the Glynder Family Lond. 1770, 8vo, p. 116."

NOTE 3 I.

O'er Hezeham's altar hung my glove.—P. 349.

This custom among the Rodesdale and Tynedale Borderers is mentioned in the interesting Life of Barnard Gilpin, where some account is given of these wild districts, which is the custom of that excellent man regularly to visit.

"This custom (of dace) still prevailed on the Borders, where Saxan barbarism held its latest possession. These wild Northumbrians, and heathenised Borderers, were not content with a dace: each contending party used to matter what adherents he could, and commence a kind of petty war. So that a private grudge would often occasion much bloodshed.

"It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr. Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decency, 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. Infamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they wore all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approached. Awded, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr. Gilpin proceeded: when again the combattants began to brandish their swords and rush towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr. Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders put an end to the quarrel for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that till the sermon was over they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavoring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behavior and discourse affected them so much, that, at his further entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so 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 entered 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 persuasions to mutual love as he thought would most affect them."—Life of Barnard Gilpin. Lond. 1758, 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 Lool's Island, in Derwentwater, but Curwen's Island, in the Lake of Windermere:

"This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmorland. During the Civil Wars, two of them, an elder and a younger brother, served the King. The former, who was the proprietor of it, commanded a regiment; the latter was a major.

"The major, whose name was Robert, was a man of great spirit and enterprise; and for his many feats of personal bravery had obtained, among the Oliverians of those parts, the appellation of Robin the Devil.

"After the war had subsided, and the direful effects of public opposition had ceased, revenge and malice long kept alive the animosity of individuals. Colonel Briggs, a steady friend to usurpation, resided at this time at Kendal, and, under the double character of a leading magistrate (for he was a Justice of Peace) and an active commander, held the country in awe. This person having heard that Major Philipson was at his brother's house on the island in Windermere, resolved, if possible, to seize and punish a man who had made himself so particularly obnoxious. How it was conducted, my authority does not inform me—whether he got together the navigation of the lake, and blockaded the place by sea, or whether he landed and carried on his approaches in form. Neither do we learn the strength of the garrison within, nor of the works without. All we learn is, that Major Philipson endured a siege of eight months with great gallantry, till his brother, the Colonel, raised a party and relieved him.

"It was now the Major's turn to make reprisals. He put himself, therefore, at the head of a little troop of horse, and rode to Kendal. Here, being informed that Colonel Briggs was at prayers (for it was on a Sunday morning), he stationed his men properly in the avenues, and himself armed, rode directly into the church. It probably was not a regular church, but some large place of meeting. It is said he intended to seize the Colonel and carry him off; but as this seems to have been totally impracticable, it is rather probable that his intention was to kill him on the spot, and in the midst of the confusion to escape. Whatever his intention was, it was frustrated, for Briggs happened to be elsewhere.

"The congregation, as might be expected, was thrown into great confusion on seeing an armed man on horseback make his appearance among them; and the Major, taking advantage of their astonishment, turned his horse round, and rode quietly out. But having given an alarm, he was presently assaulted as he left the assembly, and being seized, his horses 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, unguided 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 Westmorland.
The Bridal of Triermain;

or,

The Vale of St. John.

A LOVER'S TALE.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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 proslogies, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful to the authors intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition, by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been induced to complete one of them, and present it as a separate publication.

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquaintance 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 most frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poemes 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.

1 Published in March, 1813, by John Ballantyne and Co. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
2 Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction to the Lord of the Isles, says, "Being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no more, William Esrkhine, I agreed to write the little romantic tale called the Bridal of Triermain; but it was on the condition, that he should make no serious effort to disown the composition if report should lay it at his door.

of society; and, indeed, the difference between poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Sacks, Chronicles, 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 traditional and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius, which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the...
general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question. Δικαίως; ὥσπερ ὁμοίως ἐν ποικιλώτη ἤτοιμῇ τῷ Ὀμήρῳ πάλιν καταφέρθηκε ἡ ἐξὶν ἁμαρτίαις καὶ ἕκαστῷ; 1 But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Εὐποιήθη μὲ τῷ Μέντες, καὶ ὡς ἐπεξετάσα ἀφέντες, πάντα τῷ εἰσ- κόμῳ εὐποίητον, καὶ ἵστοριῶν εὐποίηθη 'εκαί,' ἐν ἑλ ἕν καὶ μπροστά σα σάρκα γοβήκησε. 2 Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should have resorted to the poets of latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the Iliopædie; with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best show. The ultimum supplicium of criticism was indited 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, 3 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:

1 Diogenes Laertius, lib. ii. Anaxag. Sect. 11.
3 A Receipt to Make an Epic Poem.

FOR THE PLOT.

"Take out of any old poem, history book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Dom Belians of Greece), those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures. There let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or marry, it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate."

To Make an Epicode.—"Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away, and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition."

For the Moral and Allegory.—"These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently."

FOR THE MANNERS.

"For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. Be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the minor characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves."

FOR THE MACHINES.

"Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in his armour, and Venus to signify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident, for, since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This..."
of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate of but one or two persons, is more 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 affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to an universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the readier 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. 72.

"In all this we cheerfully acquiesce, without shewing 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 characte-ristics. 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 Parthenon; 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 Epic; the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best; which neither exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the Epic; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him; excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and, before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges, and battles, and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our bard, 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 prevent 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 Robby, he adverted 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 Robby, 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 packet volume, as nearly as possible on the same day with the avowed quarto. He expected great amusement from the comparisons which the critics would no doubt indulge themselves in drawing between himself and this humble candidate; and Erskine good-naturedly 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. 15.
INTRODUCTION.

I.

Come, Lucy! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must pass;
So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanished from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a silvan bridge;
For here, compell'd to disunite,
Round petry idea the rumbels glide,
And chafing off their puny spite,
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 brink?
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 stately arm of mine,
Which could your oak's prone trunk uprear,
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear
Of form so slender, light, and fine.—
So,—now, the danger dared at last,
Look back, and smile at perils past!

III.

And now we reach the favorite glade,
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade,
To break affection's whispering tone,
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.
Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat;
Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green,

1 MS.—"Haughty eye."

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 fair would spread the invidious tale,
How Lucy of the lofty eye,¹
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,²
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 lead-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,

2 "with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love."—Hamlet.
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 fanchion, and a heart!

VI.
My sword—its master must be dumb;
But, when a soldier names my name,
Approach, my Lucy! fearless come,
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart—mid all you courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honor true,
That boast a pulse so warm as mine?
They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare—
Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faulted;
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 unwisely,
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 sainted well,
Nor boasts it aught of Border spell;

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 something in the manner of the Last Minstrel and his Lady, 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.
She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,  
Holy and pure, and humble of mind,  
Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,  
Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood—  
Lovely as the sun’s first ray;  
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;  
Constant and true as the widow’d 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,  
Holy as 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 prickings against the Scot,  
The fray was long; an’ the skirmish hot:  
His dinted helm and his buckler’s plight  
Bore token of a stubborn fight.  
All in the castle must hold them still,  
Harpers must hush him to his rest,  
With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,  
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,  
Like the dew on a summer hill.

III.  
It was the dawn of an autumn day;  
The sun was struggling with frost-fog gray,  
That like a silvery crape was spread  
Round Skiddaw’s dim and distant head;  
And faintly gleam’d each painted pane  
Of the boldly 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.  
“Tearken, my minstrel! 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 o’en now?”

V.  
Answer’d him Richard de Bretville; he  
Was chief of the Baron’s minstrelsy,—  
“Silent, noble cheiftain, we  
Have sat since midnight close,  
When such hailing 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-formed sigh,  
When she thinks her lover near?”—  
Answer’d Philip of Faswaite 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 reddenc’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 Lyulph’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 lyes  
To Arthur’s and Pendragon’s praise,  
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.  
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
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 slumberers bring,  
Framed from the rainbow’s varying dyes,  
Or fading tints of western skies.  
For, by the Blessed Rood I swear,  
If that fair form breathe vital air,  
No other maiden by my side  
Shall ever rest De Vaux’s bride!  

VII.  
The faithful Page he mounts his steed,  
And soon he cross’d green Irthing’s mead,  
Dashed o’er Kirkoswald’s verdant plain,  
And Eden barr’d his course in vain.  
He pass’d red Penrith’s Table Round,  
For feats of chivalry renown’d,  
Left Mayburgh’s mound and stones of power,  
By Druids raised in magic hour,  
And traced the Eamont’s winding way,  
Till Ulfo’s lake beneath him lay.  

VIII.  
Onward he rode, the pathway still  
Winding betwixt the lake and hill;  
Till, on the fragment of a rock,  
Struck from its base by lightning shock,  
He saw the hoary Sage:  
The silver moss and lichen twined,  
With fern and deer-hair, check’d and lined,  
A cushion fit for age;  
And o’er him shook the aspen-tree,  
A restless, rustling canopy.  
Then sprung young Henry from his selle,  
And greeted Lyulph grave,  
And then his master’s tale did tell,  
And then for counsel crave.  
The Man of Years mused long and deep,  
Of times lost treasures taking keep,  
And then, as rousing from a sleep,  
His solemn answer gave.  

IX.  
“That maid is born of middle earth,  
And may of man be won,  
Though there have glided since her birth  
Five hundred years and one,  
But where’s the Knight in all the north,  
That dare the adventure follow forth,  
So perilous to knightly worth,  
In the valley of St. John?  
Listen, youth, to what I tell,  
And 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.  
Lyulph’s Tale.  
“King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle,  
When Pentecost was o’er:  
He journey’d like errant-knight the while,  
And sweetly the summer sun did smile  
On mountain, moss, and moor.  
Above his solitary track  
Rose Glaramara’s ruddy back,  
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun  
Cast umber’d radiance rod and dun,  
Though never sunbeam could discern  
The surface of that sable torn.  
In whose black mirror you may spy  
The stars, while moon tide 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 brawl’d on,  
Recoiling now from crag and stone,  
Now diving deep from human ken,  
And raving down its darksome glen.  
The Monarch judged this desert wild,  
With such romantic ruin piled,  
Was theatre by Nature’s hand  
For feat of high achievement plann’d.  

XI.  
“O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,  
On vent’rous quest to ride,  
In plate and mail, by wood and wold,  
Than, with ermine trapp’d and cloth of gold,  
In princely bower to abide;  
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  
his nightly visitant, of whom at this time he could know nothing, but that she looked and sang like an angel, if of mortal mould, shall be his bride.”—Quarterly Review.  
1 See Appendix, Note C.  
2 Ibid. Note D.  
3 Ulswater.  
4 The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply embosomed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddlesbeck, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so complete-
That the harpers of Reged sung,
He loved better to rest by wood or river,
Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,
For he left that lady, so lovely of cheer,
To follow adventures of danger and fear;
And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did
wot,
[Launcelot.
That she smiled in his absence, on brave

XII.

"He rode, till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell;
And though around the mountain's head
Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, and red,
Dark at the base, unblust by beam,
Frown'd the black rocks, and roard the stream.
With toil the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeild's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliqueely shone
The narrow valley of Saint John,
Down slope-ing 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 gaunlet raised he scorn'd his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And, from beneath his glove of mail,
Seem'd at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armor bright
Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII.

"Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midst of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plant'd,
A ponderous balwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the meated entrance sung,
The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clenched, and barr'd,
And prong'd portcullis, jointed to guard
The gloomy pass below.
But the gray walls no banners crown'd,
Upon the watch-tower's airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,
No guard beside the bridge was found,

And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd,
Glanced neither bill nor bow.

XIV.

"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times, nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound,
Save that, awakening from her dream,
The owlet now began to scream,
In concert with the rushing stream,
That wash'd the battled mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to graze on bank and mead,
And slowly he dimm'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 bline and bold
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal Keep,
Which well he guess'd the hold
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb,
The tyrant of the wold.

XV.

"The ivory bugle's golden tip
Twice touch'd the Monarch's manly lip,
And twice his hand withdrew.
—Think not but Arthur's heart was good;
His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood,
Had a pagan host before him stood,
He had charg'd them through and through
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its larum rung,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone:
The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast;
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With naught to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced, with hand
On Caliburn's\(^1\) resistless brand.

XVI.

"A hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispell'd at once the gloomy night,
That bound along the walls,
And show'd the King's astonish'd sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,

\(^1\) This was the name of King Arthur's well-known sword, sometimes also called Excalibar.
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 damselfs fair.
Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o’er and o’er!
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch’s mail,
And busy labor’d to unloose
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 wreath’d them with a myrtle crown.
A bride upon her wedding-day,
Was tender’d o’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,
Frame 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 Cauliburn in cumbersome length,
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet’s pride;
Then screamed, ’twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth overwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout, and triumph-song,
Thus gayly march’d the giddy throng.

XVIII.
"Through many a gallery and hall
They lod, I ween, their royal thrill;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band
(The lovely maid was scarce eighteen),
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverent silence did command,
On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur’s countenance
Bewilder’d with surprise,
Their smoker’d mirth again ’gan speak,
In archly dimpled chin and check,
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,
No’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 dwelt 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 expired,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whisper’d. ‘Prince, beware!’
From the cuffed tiger rend the prey,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon’s blighted way,
But slan 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 courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness ’gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens’ idle mirth,

1 Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birth-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

3 "Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,
Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey;
Lesser the risk, than arouse the slumbering fire
Of wild Fantasicism.”—

4 "Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.”
Byron’s Corsair, 1814
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

CANTO IL

Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
And dignity their due;
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honor'd guest.
The Monarch meekly thanks express'd;
The 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 shy,
And with indifference seem'd to hear
The toys he whisper'd in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That shew'd an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft check'd the soft 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,²
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin?³

The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

Lynulph's Tale, continued.

"Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd,
He thinks not of the Table Round;
In lawless love dissolved his life,
He thinks not of his beauteous' wife:
Better he loves to snatch a flower
From bosom of his paramour,
Than from a Saxon knight⁴ to wrest
The honors of his heathen crest!
Better to wreath, 'mid tresses brown,
The her ox's plume her hawk struck down,
Than o'er the altar give to flow
The banners of a Paynim foe.⁵
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!⁶

III.

"Much force have mortal charms to stay
Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way;
But Gwendolen'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 sued,
And, born of his resentment heir,
He train'd to guile that lady fair,
To sink in soulful 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's children leave their home,

Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."—POPE.

¹ "On the opinion that may be formed even of these two stanzas (xix. and xx.) we are willing to hazard the justness of the eulogium we have bestowed on the general poetical merit of this little work."—Quarterly Review.
² "One Master Passion in the breast,
³ MS.—"Lovely!"
⁴ MS.—"Paynim knight."
⁵ MS.—"Vanquish'd foe."
⁶ The MS. has this and the sixth couplet of stanza III interpolated.
After the rainbow’s arch to roam,
Her lovers barter’d fair esteem,
Faith, fame, and honor, for a dream.¹

IV.
“Her sire’s soft arts the soul to tame²
She practised thus—till Arthur came;
Then, frail humanity had part,
And all the mother claim’d her heart.
Forgot each rule her father gave,
Sunk from a princess to a slave,
Too late must Guendolen deplore,
He, that has all,³ can hope no more!
Now must she see¹ her lover strain,
At every turn, her feeble chain;
Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
To view each fast-decaying link.
Art she invokes to Nature’s aid,
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
Each varied pleasure heard her call,
The feast, the tourney, and the ball:
Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;
Now more than mortal wise, and then
In female softness sunk again;
Now, raptured, with each wish complying,
With feign’d reluctance now denying;
Each charm she varied, to retain
A varying heart⁶—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 copse, and arbor, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way—
Vain art! vain hope! ’tis fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And, sick of flower and trim’d dress’d tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI.
“Three summer months had scantily flown,
When Arthur, in embarrass’d tone,
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;
Said, all too long had been his stay,
And duties, which a monarch sway,
Duties, unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen.—
She listen’d silently the while,
Her mood express’d in bitter smile;³
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,
And oft resume the unfinished tale,⁹
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 hide⁹
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.¹⁰
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,¹¹
Or stirr’d his wing to brush away
A single dew-drop from the spray;
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glorio impotence of dress.”¹²

GOLDSMITH.

¹ MS.—“So the poor dapes exchanged esteem,
Fame, faith, and honor, for a dream.”
² MS.—“Such arts as best her she became.”
³ MS.—“That who gives all,” &c.
⁴ MS.—“Now must she watch,” &c.
⁵ MS.—“her waiting chain.”
⁶ MS.—“As some fair female, unadorn’d and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight every borrow’d charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms see fail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail.
⁷ MS.—“Wreathed were her lips in bitter smile.”
⁸ MS.—“With downcast eye and flushing cheeks,
As one who gain’d his conscience speaks.”
⁹ MS.—“One hand her temples press’d to hide.”
¹⁰ T. The scene in which Arthur, sat’d with his lawless love
   and awake at last to a sense of his duties, announces his imme-
   diate departure, is managed, we think, with uncommon skill
   and delicacy.”—Quarterly Review.
¹¹ MS.—“A single warbler was awake.”
Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle-battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Dost his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trude,
And joyful neigh'd beneath his load.
The Monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence and pleasures by,
When, lo! to his astonished ken
Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

IX.
"Beyond the utmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood;
Sandal'd her feet, her ankles bare,
And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
'Thou 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 final'd cheek and sparkling eye.

X.
"The courteous Monarch bent him low,
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup, in act to drink—
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;

1 MS.—"To deep remorse.'"
2 MS.—"Her arms and buskin'd feet were bare.'"
3 MS.—"of burning dew.'"
4 The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure, somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur, having beenfallen one of the ancient Kings of Denmark. The story in which the burning liquid was presented to that Monarch, is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.
5 MS.—"Curb, bit, and bridle he disdain'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 gazed——
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky.
But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
The lonely streamlet braw'd around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone?
Musing on this strange hap the while,
The King wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares, that cumber royal sway,
Wore memory of the past away.

XI.
"Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.
Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought.
Rython, the mighty giant, slain
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne;
The Pictish Gillamore in fight
And Roman Lucius, own'd his might;
And wide were through the world renown'd
The glories of his Table Round.
Each knight, who sought adventurous fame,
To the bold court of Britain came,
And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,
From tyrant proud, or faitour strong,
Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
Nor there for aid implored in vain.

XII.
"For this the King, with pomp and pride,
Held solemn court at Whit-almond,
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 gaze'd,
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 sylvan mound,
With rocks in shall'der'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 blazed the world around.'"
10 MS.—"Sought before Arthur to complain,
Nor there for succor sued in vain.'"
CANTO II.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

To come from far and near.
At such high tide, were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame,
For many a stranger champion came
In lists to break a spear;
And not a knight of Arthur’s host,
Save that he trode some foreign coast,
But at this feast of Pentecost
Before him must appear.
At Minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose, with all its warriors crown’d,
There was a theme for harps to sound
In triumph to their string!
Five hundred years are past and gone,
But Time shall draw his dying gream,
Ere he behold the British throne
Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.

“The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caerleon or Camelot,
Or Carlisle fair and free.
At Fourith, now, the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont’s vale were met
The flower of Chivalry,¹
There Galahad sate with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;
There Morot of the iron race,²
And lovesorn Tristrem there;
And Dinadad with lively glance,
And Lanval with the fairy lume,
And Mordred with his look askance,
Brunor and Bevidere.
Why should I tell of numbers more?
Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
Sir Caradoc the koon,
The gentle Gwain’s courtous lore,
Hector de Mares and Pellimore,
And Lancelot,³ that ever more
Look’d stol’n-wise on the Queen.⁴

XIV.

“When wine and mirth did most abound,
And harpers play’d their blitest round,
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,
And marshals clear’d the ring;

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 scowl’d upon the scene.”
⁴ See Appendix, Note G.
⁵ MS.—“The King with strong emotion saw
Her dignity and mingled
Her strange attire, her reverend awe,
Attire
Her dress like huntsress of the wood,
Her slender sinkeins braised with gold,
Her sandell’d feet, her
Her arms and buskin’d ankles bare,
A maiden, on a palely white,
Headed a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle, to alight
And kneel before the King.
Arthur, with strong emotion, saw
Her graceful boldness check’d by awe,
Her dress, like huntsress of the wood,
Her bow and baldrick trapp’d with gold,
Her sandall’d feet, her ankles bare;⁶
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 ‘Guedelon!’
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 foreheard’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 suppliant raised,
And kiss’d her brow, her beauty praised;
His vow, he said, should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dip’d.—”
Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen:
But she, unruffled 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 Gwathel’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.”
Then might you hear each valiant knight,
To page and squire that cried,
"Bring my armor bright, and my coursers wight!
'Tis not each day that a warrior's might
May win a royal bride."
Then cloaks and caps of maintenance
In haste aside they flung;
The helmets glance, and gleams the lance,
And the steel-weaved harnsers ring.
Small care had they of their peaceful array,
They might gather it that wold;
For brake and bramble glitter'd gay,
With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII.
"Within trumpet sound of the Table Round
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize,—
They all arise but three.
 Nor love's fond truth, nor wedlock's oath,
 One gallant could withstand,
 For priests will allow of a broken vow,
 For penance or for gold.
 But sigh and glance from ladies bright
 Among the troop were thrown,
 To plead their right, and true-love plight,
 And plain of honor flown.
 The knights they busied them so fast,
 With buckling spur and belt,
 That sigh and look, by ladies cast,
 Were neither seen nor felt.
 From pleading, or upbraiding glance,
 Each gallant turns aside,
 And only thought, "If speeds my lance,
 A queen becomes my bride!"
 She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
 And Carlside tower and town;
 She is the loveliest maid, beside,
 That ever heird 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 Caradoc,
Who won the cup of gold,²
What time, of all King Arthur's crew
(Thereof came jeer and laugh),
He, as the mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff.
Though envy's tongue would fain surmise
That, but for very shame,
Sir Caradoc, to fight that prize,
Had given both cup and dame;
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,
Brand him who will with base report,—
He shall be free from mine.

XIX.
"Now caracoled the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw, with startled eye,
The flower of chivalry march by,
The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow;
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gwyneth 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 guerdon 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 sooth the sea,
And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace,
And bid the storm of battle cease.
I tell thee this, lest all too far,
These knights urge tourney into war.
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,

1 See Appendix, Note II.
2 See the comic tale of The Boy and the Mantle, in the third volume of Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, from the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his Tale of the Enchanted Cup.
3 "The preparations for the combat, and the descriptions of its pomp and circumstance, are conceived in the best manner of the author's original, seizing the prominent parts of the picture, and detailing them with the united beauty of Mr. Scott's vigor of language, and the march and richness of the late Thomas Warton's 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.outcrams, thy king commands,
Thou drop the warden 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 wader by:—
‘Reserve thy boon, my liege,’ she said,
‘Thus shaffer’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 agen;
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 Gwendolen
Hath taught the faithlessness of men,
That child of hers should pity, when
Their need they undergo.”

XXII.
“He frowned and sigh’d, the Monarch bold:—
‘I give—what I may not withhold;
For, for not for danger, dread, or death,
Must British Arthur break his faith.
Too late I mark, thy mother’s art
Hath taught thee this relentless part.
I blame her not, for she had wrong,
But not to these my faults belong.
Use, then, the wader as thou wilt;
But trust me, that if life be spilt,¹
In Arthur’s love, in Arthur’s grace,
Gyneth shall lose a daughter’s place.”

With that he turn’d his head aside,
Nor brook’d to gaze upon her pride,
As, with the truncheon raised, she sate
The arbitress of mortal fate;
Nor brook’d to mark, in ranks disposed,
How the bold champions stood opposed,
For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell
Upon his ear like passing bell?
Then first from sight of martial fray
Did Britain’s hero turn away.

XXIII.
“But Gyneth heard the clarion high,
As hears the hawk the partridge cry.
Oh, blame her not! the blood was hers,
That at the trumpet’s summons stirs!—
And e’en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave stride 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 seem’d their feather’d crests alone
Should this encounter rue.
And ever, as the combats grew,
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 spear’s 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 grace,
Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced,
And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,
And pennons stream’d with gore.
Gone, too, were fence and fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,
And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell;
And now the trumpet’s clamors seem
Like shrill sea-bird’s wailing scream,
Heard o’er the whirlpool’s gulping stream,
The sinking seaman’s knell!”

XXV.
“Seem’d in this dismal hour, that Fate
Would Caradoc’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. 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 deemed her mother’s shade
Hung o’er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter staid,
And chid the rising fear.
Then Brunor, Tanfas, Mador, fell,
Helias the White, and Lionel,
And many a champion more;
Rochemont and Dinaham are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
Lies gasping in his gore.
Vane, by mighty Morold press’d
Even to the confines of the list,
Young Vaneo of the beardless face
(Fame spoke the youth of Merlin’s race),
O’erpower’d at Gyneth’s footstool stood,
His heart’s blood dyed her sandals red.
But then the sky was overcast,
Then howl’d at once a whirlwind’s blast,
And, rent by sudden throes,
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 stoney 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
Warph’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,
And this weird 2 shall overtake thee;
Sleep, until a knight shall wak 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,
Vaneo’s death must now be broken.
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eyes
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head;
Net of pearl and golden thread,
Bursting, gave her locks to flow
O’er her arm and breast of snow.
And so lovely seem’d she there,
Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
That her angry sire, repenting,
Cradled stern Merlin for relenting,
And the champions, for her sake,
Would again the contest wake;
Till, in necromantic night,
Gyneth vanish’d from their sight.

XXVIII.
“Still she bears her weird alone,
In the Valley of Saint John;
And her semblance oft will seem,
Mingling in a champion’s dream,
Of her weary lot to plain,
And crave his aid to burst her chain.
While her wondrous tale was new,
Warriors to her rescue drew,
East and west, and south and north,
From the Lify, Thames, and Forth.
Most have sought in vain the glen,

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 Furness, and the leading thought in both descriptions is the sudden and tragic change from a scene of pomp, gaiety, and youthful pride, to one of misery, confusion, and death.”—Adelphus, p. 242.

2 “The side of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime, the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenseless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armor of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumeage, 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 awake terror or compassion.”—Ivanhoe—Waterly Novels, vol. xvi, p. 187

* Doom.
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;
Lordlings and withlings not a few,
Incapable of doing aught,
Yet ill at ease with naught to do.
Here is no longer place for me;
For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see
Some phantom, fashionably thin,
With limb of lath and kerchief'd chin,
And lounging gape, or sneering grin,
Steal sudden on our privacy.
And how should I, so humbly born,
Endure the graceful spectre's scorn?
Faith! ill, I fear, while conjuring wand
Of English oak is hard at hand.

II.

Or grant the hour be all too soon
For Hessian boot and pantaloons,
And grant the longer seldom strays
Beyond the smooth and gravel'd maze,
Land we the gods, that Fashion's train
Holds hearts of more adventurous strain.
Artists are hers, who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert
To limit her by pedant art,

I. THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

Damning 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 crown'd,
While the chase-cafe glides around;
And such may liither secret stray,
To labor an extempore:
Or sportsman, with his besterous hollo,
May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose thisbower for tiring-room;
And we alike must shun regard,
From painter, player, sportsman, bard.
Insects that skin 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 of his individual choice,
And which is Lucy's?—Can it be
That puny fop, trimm'd cap-a-piec,
Who loves in the saloon to show
The arms that never knew a foe;
Whose sabre trail along the ground,
Whose legs in shapeless boots are drown'd;
A new Achilles, sure,—the steel
Fled from his breast to fence his heel;
One, for the plain manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,
Who comes in foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdasher,
Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
Horse-milliner's of modern days?

IV.

Or is it he, the wordy youth,
So early train'd for statesman's part,
Who talks of honor, faith, and truth,
As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech; 2

1 "The trammels of the palfraye pleased his sight,
And the horse-milliner his head with roses dight."
Rowley's Ballads of Charioty.

2 See "Parliamentary Logic, &c., by the Right Honorable William Gerard Hamilton" (1808), commonly called "Single-Speech Hamilton."
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls "order," and "divides the house,"
Who "craves permission to reply,"
Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"
Whose loving tender some have reckoned
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 wise
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 sijht was but to tell,
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,
And fain 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 been thy lover's tale and song.
O, why so silent, love, I pray?
Have I not spoke the livelong day?
And will not Lucy deign to say
One word her friend to bless?
I ask but one—a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound,
O, let the word be YES!

The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

Long loved, long woo'd, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own!
Both 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 foot be cross'd,
While round Ben-Ca'na's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chaise.
The keen old carl, with Scottish pride,
He praised his glen and mountains wide:
An eye he bears for nature's face,
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind;
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,
But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish! the Celtic sound,
His bonnet doff'd, and bow, applied
His legend to my bonny bride;
While Lucy blushed 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 sluicer 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 sight'd and sick'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 moon!
Seems that the Highland Naiad grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves,
Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,
So lovely, and so lone.
There's no illusion there; these flowers,
That wailing brook, these lovely bowers,
Are, Lucy, all our own;
And, since thine Arthur call'd thee wife,
Such seems the prospect of his life,
A lovely path, on-winding still,
By gurgling brook and sloping hill.
'Tis true, that mortals cannot tell
What waits them in the distant dell;
But be it hap, or be it harm,
We tread the pathway arm in arm.

IV.

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
I could thy bidding twice deny,
When twice you pray'd I would again
Resume the legendary strain
Of the bold Knight of Triermain?
At length you peevish vow you swore,
That you would sue to me no more, 1
Until the minstrel fit drew near,
And made me prize a listening ear.
But, loveliest, when thou first didst pray
Continuance of the knightly lay,
Was it not on the happy day
That made thy hand mine own?
When, dizzied with mine ecstacy,
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 wake,
Save by dim wood and silent lake;
She is the wild and rustic Maid,
Whose foot unsan'd I'd loves to tread
Where the soft greensward is inlaid
With varied moss and thyme;
And, lest the simple lily-braid,
That crowns her temples, fade,
She hides her still in Greenwood shade,
To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes! The murmur dear
Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,
The glade hath won her eye;
She longs to join with each blithe rill
That dances down the Highland hill,
Her blither melody, 2
And now my Lucy's way to cheer.
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear
How closed the tale, my love whilere
Loved for its chivalry,
List how she tells, in notes of flame,
"Child Roland to the dark tower came!" 3

1 MS.—"Scenes of bliss."
2 MS.—"Until you peevish oath you swore,
That you would sue for it no more."
3 MS.—"Her wild-wood melody."
4 The MS. has not this couplet.
The Bridal of Triermain.

CANTO THIRD.

I.
Beaconstock now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must ride in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold,
Mist only shoot from battling wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Taras and Eves keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.

Of wasted fields and plunder'd flocks
The 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 threw
Her light composed and cool.
Stretched on the brown hill's heathly breast,
Sir Roland eyed the vale;
Chief where, distinguished from the rest,
Those clustering rocks uprear'd their crest,
The dwelling of the fair distress'd,
As told gray Lysylph'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,
Abetted by an anxious eye
That long'd to be deceived.
It was a fond deception all,

Such as, in solitary hall,
Beguil'd 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 morn'tide bright,
Or by the dawn of morn'ing light,
Or evening's western flame,
In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,
The rocks remain'd the same.

IV.
Oft has he traced the charmed mound,
Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it round,
Yet nothing might explore,
Save that the crags so rudely piled,
At distance seen, resemblance wild
To a rough fortress bore.
Yet still his watch the Warrior keeps,
Feeds hard and spare, and seldom sleeps,
And drinks but of the well;
Ever by day he walks the hill,
And when the evening gale is chill,
He seeks a rocky cell,
Like hermit poor to bid his head,
And tell his Ave and his Creed,
Invoking every saint at need,
For aid to burst his spell.

V.
And now the moon her orb has hid,
And dwindled to a silver thread,
Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve careering fast,
Before the fury of the blast
The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swoln 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, hush'd by distant torrent sound,
And the sad winds that whistled round,
Upon his thoughts, in musings drown'd,
A broken slumber stole.

VI.
'Twas then was heard a heavy sound
(Sound, strange and fearful there to hear,

1 MS — "His faculties of soul."
CANTO III.
THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

Came mounted on that car of fire,
To do his errand dread.
Far on the sloping valley's course,
On thicket, rock, and torrent howse,
Shingle and Sene, 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 frowned.
What sees he by that meteor's hour?
A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,
Return the lurid gleam,
With battled walls and buttress fast,
And barbican and ballium vast,
And airy flanking towers, that cast
Their shadows on the stream.
'Tis no deject—distinctly clear
Crenell'd 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,10
Ere sunk that portentous light
Behind the hills, and utter night
Was on the valley spread.11
He paused perforce, and blew his horn,
And, on the mountain echoes borne,12
Was heard an answering sound,
A wild and lonely trumpet-note,—
In middle air it seem'd to float
High o'er the battled mound;

His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Grasmara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone toss'd it from his misty head.13

Wordsworth.

1 Volume of loose stones.
2 Waterfall.
3 MS.—"rocks at random piled,"
4 "That on the torrent brawling wild."
5 The outer defence of the castle gate.
6 Fortified court.
7 Apertures for shooting arrows.
8 MS.—"had not gone."
9 MS.—"the valley lone."
10 MS.—"And far upon the echoes borne."
And sounds were heard, as when a guard
Of some proud castle, holding ward,
Paid 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 lone;
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.

XI.
Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart
Scorn'd from his ventures' quest to part,
He walks the vale once more;
But only sees, by night or day,
That shattered 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 modulations mount,
That tufted mound of mystic note,
As round its base they close.
And higher now the fleecy tide
Ascends its stern and shaggy side,
Until the airy billows hide³
The rock's majestic isle;
It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn,
By some fantastic fairy drawn⁴
Around enchaunted pile.

XII.
The breeze came softly down the brook,⁵
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 mount."
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 slumber'd till morning on the valley; and, though it could not totally disperse the clouds of vapor, yet threw them in confused and changeful 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 rushed to the valley, leaving each behind its course a rent and torn ravine, resembling a deserted watercourse. 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 vapory peeks, which were elsewhere visible, a sort of filmy transparency resembling the lightest veil of silver gauze."—Waivey, Novels—Rob Roy.—vol. viii. p. 267.
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," &c.—Tholophus, p. 163.
⁸ "The scenery of the valley, seen by the light of the summer and autumnal moon, is described with an aerial touch to which we cannot do justice."—Quarterly Review.
Or if the blow dissolved some spell,
But down the headlong ruin came,
With cloud of dust, and flash of flame.
Down bank, o'er bush, its course was borne,
Crush'd lay the cope, the earth was torn,
Till staid at length; the ruin dread
Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed,
And bade the waters' high-sworn tide
Seek other passage for its pride.

XIV.
When ceased that thunder, Triermain
Survey'd the mound's rude front again;
And, lo! the ruin had laid bare,
 Hewn in the stone, a winding stair,
Whose moss'd and fractured steps might lead
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 pendent mossy flanks, lower'd
The portal's gloomy way.
Though for six hundred years and more,
Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar,
The sentinels' 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.
Enscription.
"Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumber'd way,
Warrior, who hast wait'd 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

3 MS.—"And bade its waters, in their pride,
Seek other current for their tide."
His keen dark eye, and close curl'd hair,
When, all unarmed, save that the brand
Of well-proved metal grace'd his hand,
With naught to fence his dauntless breast
But the close gipon's under-vest,
Whose sullen buff the sable stains
Of hauberk and of mail retains,—
Roland De Vaux upon the brim
Of the broad mast stood prompt to swim.

XIX.
Acc'nted 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 midst lists they counter'd here,
While trumpets seem'd 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 intru-ion 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 Libyan tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
As Lucy's golden hair,—

For the leash that bound these monsters dread
Was but of gossamer.
Each Maiden's short barbaric vest
Left all unclosed the knee and breast,
And limbs of shapely jet;
White was their vest and turban's fold,
On arms and ankles rings of gold
In savage pomp were set;
A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hand an assagay.
Such and so silent stood they there,
That Roland well-nigh 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 hick'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 it is the dance to braid;
Zarah's sands in pillars reeling,
Join the measure that we tread,
When the Moon has donn'd her cloak,
And the stars are red to see,
Shrill when pipes the sad Siroe,
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!"—

"Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,
Ours the hydra of the fen,
Ours the tiger of the brake,
All that plagues the sons of men.
Ours the tempest's midnight wrack,
Pestilence that wastes by day—
Dread the race of Zaharak!—
Fear the spell of Dahomay!"

The blackest Afrigne bore."

1 A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armor.
2 MS.—"They counter'd giant foe."
3 MS.—"They counter'd giant foe."—
4 MS.—"Four Maidens stood in sable band.
5 MS.—"Each Maiden's short and savage vest."
6 The MS. has not this complet.
7 Zaharak or Zaharah 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 communed with his soul.
"When first I took this venturous quest,
I swore upon the rood,
Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,
For evil or for good.
My forward path too well I ween,
Lies yonder fearful ranks between!
For man unarmed, 'tis boastless hope
With tigers and with fiends to cope—
Yet, if I turn, what waits me there,
Save famine dire and fell despair?
Other conclusion let me try,
Since, choose how'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 halloo!
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 treant blade hath sheerly gone.
His grisly brethren ramp'd and yell'd,
But the slight leash their rage withhold,
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 then 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,
Palid beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!

MS.—"That flash'd with such a golden flame."

"Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round 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 Afric's glowing sky,
Zwenga wide and Atas 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,¹
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hur'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 o'er 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.²

XXVI.
CHORUS.
"See the treasuries 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;

¹ MS.—"And, suppliant as on earth they kneel'd,
The gifts they proffer'd thus reveal'd."
And their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop, and saints to sin."—

SECOND MAIDEN.
"See, these pearls, that long have slept;
These were tears by Naiads wept.
For the less of Marinel,
Tritons in the silver shell
Treasured them, till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite."—

THIRD MAIDEN.
"Does a livelier hue delight?
Here are rubies blazing bright,
Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between;
Here their varied hues unite,
In the changeful chrysolite."—

FOURTH MAIDEN.
"Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all, and look on mine!
While their glories I expand,
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand,
Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze
Blind the rash beholder's gaze."—

CHORES.
"Warrior, seize the splendid store;
Would 'twere all our mountains bore!
We should ne'er in future story,
Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory!"

XXVII.
Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight
Waved aside the treasures bright:
"Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
Bar not thus my destined way.
Let these boasted brilliant toys
Braid the hair of girls and boys!
Bid your streams of gold expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw never need,
Save to purvey him arms and steed,
And all the ore he deign'd to hoard
Inlays his helm, and bites 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 nears
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.

XXIX.
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 bulls 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,
Some distant down the fair arcade,
These Maids yet link'd in sister-fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid,
Now tripping from the Greenwood shades.
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 Candihar 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 graced
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist;
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hemniah lent each shapely mail,
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,
CANTO III.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

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 bear 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 lead 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?—
Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,—she
Is slave to Love and slave to thee."

XXXII.

O do not hold it for a crime
In the bold hero of my rhyme,
For 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;—
And press'd another's proffered hand,
Spoke to them all in accents bland,
But broke their magic circle through
"Kind Maids," he said, "adieu, adieu! My fate, my fortune, forward lies."
He said, and vanished 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 show'd
That dogg'd him on that dreadful road.
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
They show'd, but show'd not how to shun.
These scenes 8 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!"

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

* MS.—"As round the band of sirens press'd,
One damsel's laughing lip he kiss'd."

2 MS.—"This state," &c.
XXXV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all;
The first a nymph of lively Gaul,
Whose easy step and laughing eye
Her bow'd air of awe belie;
The next a maid of Spain,
Dark-eyed, dark-hai'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 empery;
The fourth a space behind them stood,
And leant upon a harp, in mood
Of minstrel ecstasy.

Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient Briton 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 seignorie,
O'er many a region wide and fair,
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir;
But homage would be 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 Hts, the first who e'er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
Hts, who hath the snares defied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride

"Quake to your foundations deep,
Bastion huge, and Turret steep!
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 light⁴
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 limn'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 rare⁵
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.
Forget was that full tourney-day,
For, as she slept, she smiled:
It seem'd, that the repentant Seer
Her sleep of many a hundred year
With gentle dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII.

That form of maiden loveliness,
'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,
That ivory chair, that silvan dress,
The arms and ankles bare, express
Of Lyulph'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 pennions all abroad."
⁴ MS.—"'tis called keep."
⁵ MS.—"soften'd light."
⁶ MS.—"But what of rich or what of rare."
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 Gytheth'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 warden 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 Druidless had wound,
Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remain'd of all
The wealth of each enchant'd hall,
The Garland and the Dame:
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
Except from Love and Fame!

CONCLUSION.

I.
My Lucy, when the Maid is won,
The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is done;

And to require of bard
That to his drags the tale should run,
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers went 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 when'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 crown,
The greenwood, and the wold;
And love the more, that of their maze
Adventure high of other days
By ancient bauds 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.
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 complex 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 abate something of the insulation 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 last cantos are superior to the third. One event naturally arises out of that which precedes it, and the eye is delighted and dazzled with a series of moving pictures, each of them remarkable for its individual splendor, and all contributing more or less directly to produce the ultimate result. The third canto is less profuse of incident, and somewhat more monotonous in its effect. This, we conceive, will be the impression on the first perusal of the poem. When we have leisure to mark the merits of the composition, and to separate from the progress of the events, we are disposed to think that the extraordinary beauty of the description will nearly compensate for the defect we have already noticed.

"But it is not from the fable that an adequate notion of the merits of this singular work can be formed. We have already spoken of it as an imitation of Mr. Scott's style of composition; and if we are compelled to make the general approbation more precise and specific, we should say, that if it be inferior in vigor to some of his productions, it equals, or surpasses them, in elegance and beauty; that it is more uniformly tender, and far less infected with the unnatural prolixities and coarseness of the earlier romancers. In estimating its merits, however, we should forget that it is offered as an imitation. The dictum 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 prototype. 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 contributed to unite the value 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.

"With regard to this poem, we have often heard, from what we 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 Alisclora,' 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, he borrowed the name of the hero and the scene from the then unpublished poem of Christabel; 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 funds 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 5th 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 hail him to his rest,
With the slow tides 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-plume on her dark-brown hair,
That pass'd from my bower o'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 moon of frost, the wither'd leaves,
That drop when no winds blow.'

'Or if 'twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumber bring,
Framed from the rainbow's varying dye,
Or fading tints of western skies.'

'These, it will be seen, are not exactly Coleridge, but the
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 true author of the poem."—Blackwood's Magazine. April, 1817.

The quarto of Rokeby was followed, within two months, by the small volume which had been designed for a catalogue;
—the Mr. B., had been transcribed by one of the Ballinamore themselves, in order to guard against any indication of the
press-people; and the mystification, aided and abetted by Eskine, in no small degree heightened the interest of its reception. Scott says, in the Introduction to the Lord of the Isles, "As Mr. Eskine was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something that might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend's feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold." Among the passages to which he here alludes, are no doubt those in which the character of the minstrel Arthur is shaded with the colorings of an almost effeminate gentleness. Yet, in the midst of them, the "mighty minstrel" himself, from time to time, escapes; as, for instance, where the lover bids Lucy, in that exquisite picture of crossing a mountain stream, trust to his "stalwart arm,"

"Which could you ask's prone trunk appear."

Nor can I pass the compliment to Scott's own fair patroness, where Lucy's admirer is made to confess, with some momentary lapse of gallantry, that he

"Ne'er won—best need to minstrel true—
One favoring smile from fair Buceleach;"

nor the bust of genuine Borderism,—

"Bewcastle now must keep the hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must ride in stall;
Of Hartley-born the bow-men bold;
Must only shoot from battered wall;
And Liddleshale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Tarras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale forbay Cumberland."—

But, above all, the choice of the scenery, both of the introduction and of the story itself, reveals the early and treasured predilections of the poet.

As a whole, the Bridal of Triermain appears to me as characteristic of Scott as any of his larger poems. His genius pervades and animates it beneath a thin and playful veil, which perhaps adds as much of grace as it takes away of splendor. As Wordsworth says of the eclipse on the lake of Lagoone

"Tis sunlight sheathed and gently charmed;"

and I think there is at once a lightness and a polish on mystification beyond what he has elsewhere attained. If it be a miniature, it is such a one as a Cooper might have hung fainlessly beside the masterpieces of Vandyke.

The Introductions contain some of the most exquisite passages he ever produced; but their general effect has always struck me as unfortunate. No art can reconcile us to contemptuous satire of the merest trifling of modern life—some of them already, in twenty years, grown obsolete—interlaced between such bright visions of the old world of romance, when

"Strength was gigantic, valor high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover's dream."

The fall is grievous, from the hoary minstrel of Newark and his feverish tears on Killdeeranie, to a pathetic swain, who can stoop to denounce as objects of his jealousy—

"The landmalet and the blood-bays—
The Hermit boot and pantaloons."

**LOCKHART—Life of Scott** vol. 7 p. 54
APPENDIX.

Note A.

Like Collins, thread the maze of Fairy-land.—P. 383.

Collins, according to Johnson, "by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with 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 rave through the meanders of enchantment, to gape on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the watersheds of Physian gardens."

Note B.

The Baron of Triermain.—P. 383.

Triermain was a sire of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland: it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Triermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Triermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lancaster, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's lands to his younger son, named Roland, and let the Baronies descent to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and his 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 Westmorland and Cumberland, vol. ii. p. 492.

This branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Braddyll of Conishead Priory, in the county palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that about the time above mentioned, the house of Triermain was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and noble families. The male line failing in John De Vaux, about the year 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 which they alienated about the 15th of Edward the Second, to Andrea de Hare, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigmont (miles curatus), in the reign of King Edward the First, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Knaresbrough, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege, his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gemelles Gules, and a chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmonds removed to their castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh 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

Mariner, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third in descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond, became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermain, Caterlen, and Torcrossock, by his marriage with Mabel de Vaux, the heiress of them. His grandson, Henry Richmond, died without issue, leaving five sisters co-heiresses, four of whom married; but Margaret, who married William Gale, Esq., of Whitehaven, was the only one who had male issue surviving. She had a son, and a daughter married to Henry Curwen of 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 Barzden Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and co-heiress of Thomas Braddyll, Esq., of Braddyll, and Conishead 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 Braddyll, without issue, succeeded to his estates, and took the name of Braddyll, 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 Greaves Townley, Esq., of Fulbourne, in the county of Cumberland, and of Belfast, in the county of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland of Bigland Hall, in the same county. Wilson Braddyll, 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. Bennett, B. 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 fasce azure, between 3 saliers of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions' heads erased, or,—Gale. 2d, Or, 2 bars gemelles gules, and a chief or.—Richmond. 3d, Or, a less chequy, and or and gules between 9 ermines gules,—Vaux of Caterlen. 4th, Gules, a less chequy, and or and gules between 6 ermines or,—Vaux of Torcrossock. 5th, Argent (not vert, as stated by Burn), a bend chequy, and 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 Braddyll of Conishead Priory.

Note C.

He pass'd red Peveril's Table Round.—P. 385.

A circular intrenchment, about half a mile from Peveril, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty pace in circumference, with openings or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defense, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chiv-
sky, and the embarkment 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 unhewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

**Note E.**

*The monarch, breathless and amazed, Back on the fatal castle gazed — Nor tower nor dungeon 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 around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulkwork 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 traveler's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and, by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disdained 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 Galad sathe with manly grace,
Yet maiden meekness in his face;*

*There Moralt of the iron more,
And lovelorn Tristrem there.—P. 391.*

The characters named in the stanza are all of them more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are 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 bold,
They rode with them that daye,
And, foremost of the company,
There rode the steward Kaye.

"See did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
And, eke Sir Garrette keen,
Sir Tristem too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and Greene."

**Note G.**

*Lancelot, that ever more,
Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.—P. 391.*

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur:—"But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honesty, I would spare the imputed honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historic pleasses me by the ear, and willethe not only, but commandeth me to declare what the ancientes have deemed of her. To wrestle or content with so great authoritie were indeede unto mei a controversie, and that grante."—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' tymes, when Papistrie, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, saying certaine books of cheverarie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton canons. As one, for example, *La Morte d'Arthur*; the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two special points, in open manslaughter and bold bawdry; in which booke they be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adueries by suetest shifes; as Sir Lancelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristem, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamrocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good store for wise men to laugh at; or honest men to take pleasure at; yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the Prince's chamber."—Ascham's *Schoolmaster.*
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.

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 selling 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, 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 trifling work, were affected by a circumstance which occasioned so many tears and so much sorrow. 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.

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 5s.
2 Sir Walter Scott's Journal of this voyage, some fragments of which were printed in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1814, is now given entire in his Life by Lockhart, vol. iv.chap. 28-32.
3 Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, died 24th August, 1811.
4 Sir Walter Scott received the mournful intelligence while
which followed, was sufficient to have satisfied a
greater appetite for applause than I have at any
time possessed.¹

I may as well add in this place, that, being
much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily
no more, William Erskine (a Scottish judge, by
the title of Lord Kinnedder), 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 Kinnedder 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 Scal'd, in opposition
to the "Bridal of Triermain," which was de-
signed 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 com-
mitted 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.²
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
Sme 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 Artorwisch, on the coast of Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and upon the coast of Arrickhire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the spring of the year 1507, 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 Rochlin, on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish crown. Many of the persons 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 restorers of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish monarchy; and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Robert Bruce 1 will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Jamieson.

ABBOTSFORD, 10th December, 1814. 2

1 The work alluded to appeared in 1820, under the title of "The Bruce and Wallace." 3 vols. 4to.

2 Here is another genuine lay of the great Minstrel, with all his character-tie 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 sample, 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.

3 Though bearing all these marks of the master's hand, the work before us does not come up, in interest, to The Lady of the Lake, or even to Marmion. There is less connected story; and, what there is, is less skilfully complicated and disentangled, and less diversified with change of scene, or variety of character. In the scantiness of the narrative, and the broken and discontinuous order of the events, as well as the intrinsical 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 Lost 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 four such publications?—in originality.

4 The title of 'The Lord of the Isles' has been adopted, we presume, to match that of 'The Lady of the Lake'; but there is no analogy in the stories—nor does the title, on this occasion, correspond very exactly with the contents. It is no unusual misfortune, indeed, for the author of a modern Epic to have his hero turn out but a secondary personage, in the gradual unfolding of the story, while some nearly underlying runs off with the whole glory and interest of the poem. But here the author, we conceive, must have been aware of the misnomer from the beginning; the true, and indeed the ostensible hero being, from the very first, no less a person than King Robert Bruce. '—Edinburgh Review, No. xlviii. 1815.

5 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.

6 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 have 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.
When wild November hath his bagle 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 Skye the eve beguiles;
’Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known, and in Ion’s piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

I.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels sung.
Thy rugged halls, Artoomish! ring;
And the dark seas, thy towers that have,
Heaved on the beach a softer wave,
As ’mid the tuneful choir to keep
The diapason of the Deep.
Lull’d were the winds on Inimmore,
And green Loch-Alain’s woodland shore,
As if wild woods and waves had pleasure
In listing to the lovely measure.
And n’er to symphony more sweet
Gave mountain echoes’ answer meet,
Since, met from mainland and from isle,
Ross, Arran, Hel, and Argyle,
Each minstrel’s tributary lay
Paid homage to the festal day.
Dull and dishonored were the bard,
Without, the love, the minstrel fame,
Or lady’s smiles, his noblest aim,
Who on that morn’s resistless call
Were silent in Artoomish 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’ 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, illustrations 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."

To summon sleep," &c.
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-Cullinch’s cloud;  
Then let not Maiden’s ear disdain  
The summons of the minstrel train,  
But, while our harps wild music make,  
Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!  

III.  
"O wake, while Dawn, with dewy shine,  
Wakes Nature’s charms to vie with thine!"  
She bids the mottled thrush rejoice  
To make thy melody of voice;  
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 flattering guest,  
By hope, that soon shall fears remove,  
We bid thee break the bonds of rest,  
And wake thee at the call of Love!  

"Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay  
Lies many a galleys gayly manned,  
We hear the merry piérochs play,  
We see the streamers’ silken band.  
What Chieftain’s praise these piérochs swell,  
What crest is on these banners worn,  
The harp, the minstrel, dare not tell—  
The riddle must be read by Love."  

1 See Appendix, Note E.  
2 MS.—"Retired amid her natal train,  
Edith of Lorn received the strain."  

V.  
Retired her maiden train among,  
Edith of Lorn received the song;  
But taunt 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 Ulno, ‘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 Emion, of experience old,  
Had weightiest task—the mantle’s fold  
In many an artful plait she tied,  
To show the form it seem’d to hide,  
Till on the floor descending roll’d  
Its waves of crimson blend with gold.  

VI.  
O! lives there now so cold a maid,  
Who thus in beauty’s pomp array’d,  
In beauty’s proudest pitch of power,  
And conquest won—the bridal hour—  
With every charm that wins the heart,  
By Nature given, enhanced by Art,  
Could yet the fair reflection view,  
In the bright mirror pictured true,  
And not one dimple on her cheek  
A tell-tale consciousness bespeak?—  
Lives still such maid?—Fair damsel, 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,  
(Slight 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;  

MS.—"Then to the floor descending  
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 somber patroness),
Which cloister’d maids combine to dress;
She mark’d—and knew her nurling’s heart
In vain pomp took little part.
Wistful a while she gazed—then press’d
The maiden to her anxious breast
In finish’d loveliness—and led
To where a turret’s airy head,
Slender and steep, and battled round,
O’erlook’d, dark Mull! thy mighty Sound;¹
Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,
Part thy swarth hills from Morven’s shore.

VIII.

"Daughter," she said, "these seas behold,
Round twice a hundred islands roll’d,
From Hirt, that hears their northern roar,
To the green Bay’s fertile shore;²
Or mainland turn, where many a tower
Owns thy bold brother’s feudal power,³
Each on its own dark cape reclined,
And listening to its own wild wind,
From where Minagarry, sternly placed,
O’erawes the woodland and the waste,⁴
To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
Of Conmal with his rocks engaging.
Think’st thou, amid this ample round,
A single bower but thine has frown’d,
To sadden this auspicious morn,
That bids the daughter of high Lorn
Impledge her spousal faith to wed
The heir of mighty Somerled?°
Ronald, from many a hero sprung,
The fair, the valiant, and the young,
Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name¹⁰
A thousand bards have given to fame,
The mate of monarchs, and allied
On equal terms with England’s pride.—
From chiefest’s tower to bondsman’s cot,
Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?
The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his belteane fire,
Joy, joy! each warder’s horn hath sung,
Joy, joy! each matin bell hath rung
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
No mountain den holds outcast boor,
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claim’d this morn for holy-tide;

Yet, empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay."—

IX.

Proud Edith’s soul came to her eye,
Resentment check’d the struggling sigh.
Her hurrying hand indignant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise
To swell ye bairns harpers’ lays;
Make to ye maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of bairns proudly borne,
Of pealing bell and bagle-horn,
Or, them more dear, of robes of price,
Crownelets 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 might 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 broad-word blazed in Scotland’s war
Train’d to believe our fates the same,
My bosom throb’d when Ronald’s name
Came gracing Fame’s heroic tale,
Like perfume on the summer gale.
What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told
Of Ronald’s deeds in battle bold;
Who touch’d the harp to heroes’ praise,
But his achievements swell’d the lays?
Even Morag—not a tale of fame
Was hers but closed with Ronald’s name.
He came! and all that had been told
Of his high worth seem’d poor and cold,
Tane, 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!—

¹ See Appendix, Note C.  ² Ibid. Note D.
³ MS.—"father’s feudal power." ⁴ See Appendix, Note E.  ⁵ Ibid. Note F
⁶ Ibid. Note G  ⁷ MS.—"The news." ⁸ MS.—"When, from that hour, had Edith’s heart
A thought, and Ronald lack’d his part? And what her gerton?"
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,  
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 make the ears,  
Behind them sink Mull's mountain shores,  
Onward their merry course they keep,  
Through whistling breeze and foaming deep,  
And mark the headmost, seaward cast,  
Stoop to the 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 cloth!"—Fair Edith sigh'd,  
Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus replied:—

XIII.

"Sweet thought, but vain!—No, Morag!  
Mark,  
Type of his course, you 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;  
Now, though the darkening wind 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;  
At 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 aft 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 bolt-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,  
Streamers'd with silk, and trick'd with gold,  
Mann'd with the noble and the bold  
Of Island chivalry.  
Around their prouf the ocean roars,  
And chafes beneath their thousand oars,  
Yet bear'st them on their way:  
So chaf'd the war-horse in his might,  
That fieldward bears some valiant knight,  
Champs, till both bit and boss are white,  
But, foaming, must obey.  
On each gay deck they might behold  
Lances of steel and crests of gold,  
And hauberks with their burnish'd fold,  
That shinner'd fair and free;  
And each proud galley, as she pass'd,  
To the wild cadence of the blast  
Gave wilder minstrelsy.  
Full many a shrill triumphant note  
Salute and Scallastle lade float  
Their misty shores around;  
And Morvan's echoes answer'd well,  
And Duart heard the distant swell  
Come down the darksome Sound.

XVI.

So bore they on with mirth and pride,  
And if that laboring 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 goes;—  
Hunts he Bentalla's nimble stag?

See Appendix, Note II.

MS.—"Since dawn of morn, with vacant eyes  
the breakers' verge."

MS.—"So fumes," &c.

MS.—"That bears to fight some gallant knight."
They pass him careless by;3
Let them sweep on with heedless eyes!
But, had they known what mighty prize
In that frail vessel lay,
The famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold,
Had scatheless pass'd the unguard'd fold,
Ere, drifting by these galleys bold,
Unchallenged were her way.3
And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on,
With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone!
But hast 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;4
And of wild mirth each amorous 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 shrew stiff,
And one sad Maiden's wail.

XVIII.
All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,
With eve the ebbing currents boil'd
More fierce from strait and lake;
And midway through the channel met
Conflicting tides that foam and fret,
And high their mingled billows jet,
As spears, that, in the battle set,
Spring upward as they break.
Then, too, the lights of eve were past,4
And louder sang the western blast
On rocks of Innnomore;
Reut 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 daff'd nor terror shook,

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 you dark sky—on every hand,
Despair and death are near.
For her alone I grieve,—on me
Danger sits light, by land and sea,
I follow where thou wilt;
Either to hide the tempest's hour,
Or wend to yon unfriendly tower,
Or rush amid their naval power,4
With war-cry wake their wassail-hour
And die with hand on hilt."—

XX.
That elder Leader's calm reply
In steady voice was given,
"In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven.
Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail,
The helm be mine, and down the gale
Let our free course be driven;
So shall we 'scape the western bay,
The hostile fleet, the unequal fray,
So safely hold our vessel's way
Beneath the Castle wall;
For if a hope of safety rest,
'Tis on the sacred name of guest,
Who seeks for shelter, storm-distress'd,
Within a chieftain's hall.
If not—it best beseems our worth,
Our name, our right, 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 altered 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,

3 MS.—"As the gray nobles give the hoor,
When, toiling in his task obscure,
Their greatness pass'd by."
4 MS.—"Then, too, the clouds were sinking fast."
5 MS.—"The hostile power."
6 See Appendix, Note I.
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
With elvish lustre gave; 1
While, far behind, their vivid light
To the dark billows of the night
A gloomy splendor gave.

It seems as if old Ocean shakes
From his dark brow the lucid 2 flakes
In ev'ry pageantry,
To match the meteor-light that streaks
Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

XXII.
Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep
Their course upon the darken'd deep;—
Artornish, on her frowning steep
'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,
Ghanced with a thousand lights of glee,
And hand afar, and far to sea,
Her festal radiance flung. 3
By that blythe beacon-light they steer'd,
Whose lustre mingled well
With the pale beam that now appear'd,
As the cold moon her head uprear'd
Above the eastern fell.

XXIII.
Thus guided, on their course they bore,
Until they near'd the mainland shore,
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 revelry,
Or like the battle-shout,

By peasants heard from cliffs on high,
When Triumph, Rage, and Agony,
Madden the fight and rout.

Now nearer yet, through mist and storm
Dimly arose the Castle's form,
And deepen'd 3 shadow made,
Far lengthen'd 4 on the main below,
Where, dancing in reflected glow,
A hundred torches play'd,
Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in this vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade. 5

MS.—"And, bursting round the vessel's sides,
A livid lustre gave."

1 MS.—"Livid.

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 Artornish,

'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,'

sending her radiance abroad through the terror 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

XXIV.
Beneath the Castle's sheltering lee,
They staid their course in quiet sea.
Hewn in the rock, a passage there
Sought the dark fortress by a stair,
So straight, so high, so steep,
With peasant's staff one valiant hand
Might well the dizzy pass have man'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,
Fare'st lest, amidst these wildering seas,
The darksome night and freshening breeze
Had driven thy bark astray."—

XXV.
"Warder," the younger stranger said,
"Thine erring guess some mirth had made
In mirthful hour; but nights like these,
When the rough winds drive 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.—"The wind, the wave, the sea-birds' cry,
In melancholy concert vie."

2 MS.—"Darksome."

3 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 met with is the picture of the distresses of the King's little bark, and her darkling run to the shelter of Artornish Castle."—Edinburgh Review, 1815

4 See Appendix, Note K.

5 MS.—"That young leader."
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,
Shunn’d by the pilgrim on the wold,
And wanderer on the lea!"

XXVII.
"Bold stranger, no—gainst claim like thine,
No bolt revolvest by hand of mine;¹
Though urged in tone that more express’d
A monarch than a suppliant guest.
Be what ye will, Artornish Hall
On this glad eye is free to all.
Though ye had drawn a hostile sword
’Gainst our ally, great England’s Lord,
Or mail upon your shoulders borne,
To battle with the Lord of Lorn,
Or, outlaw’d, dwelt by Greenwood tree
With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,²
Or aided even the murderous strife,
When 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’ glare,
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 bound him to such task,
Well could it cleave the strongest casque,
And rend the surest shield.⁴

XXIX.
The raised portcullis’ arch they pass,
The wicket with its bars of brass,
The entrance long and low,⁵
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 jealous 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,
Piled their loud revelry.

XXX.
And "Rest ye here," the Warder bade,
"Till to our Lord your suit is said.—
And, comrades, gaze not on the maid,
And on these men who ask our aid,
As if ye ne’er had seen
A damsel tired of midnight bark,
Or wanderers of a moulding stark,⁶
And bearing martial mien."
But not for Eachin’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;⁷
His checker’d plaid, and in its shroud,
To hide her from the vulgar crowd,
Involved his sister fair.
His brother, as the clan-man bent
His sullen brow in discontent,
Made brief and stern excuse;—
"Vassal, were thine the cloak of pall
That decks thy Lord in bridal hall,
’Twere honor’d by her use."

XXXI.
Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye
Had that compelling dignity,
His mien that bearing haught and high,
Which common spirits fear.⁸

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.—"The entrance vaulted low."
⁶ MS.—"Or warlike men of moulding stark."
⁷ MS.—"Till that hot Edward fiercely caught
From one, the boldest there."
⁸ "Still sways 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 fair and free
That Island Prince in nuptial tide,
With Edith there his lovely bride,
And her bold brother by her side,
And many a chief, the flower and pride
Of Western land and sea.  

Here pause we, gentle, for a space;
And, if our tale hath won your grace,
Grant us brief patience, and again
We will renew the minstrel strain.

The Lord of the Isles.
Canto Second.

I.
Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board!
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
Through the 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 Chief'stained feast'd 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 moulds 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 sea
The many still must labor for the one!
Tis Nature's doom.  

Byron's Corsair.

From deeper source than festal mirth.
By fits he paused, and harper's strain
And jesters tale went round in vain,
Or fell but on his idle ear
Like distant sounds which dreamers hear.
Then would he 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 falsest of the lord,
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.
Nor thus alone misjudged the crowd,
Since lofty Lorn, suspicions, proud,
And jealous of his honor'd line,
And that keen knight, De Argentine
(From England sent on errand high,
The western league more firm to tie),
Both deem'd in Ronald's mood to find
A lover's transport-troubled mind.
But one sad heart, one tearful eye,
Pierced deeper through the mystery,
And watch'd, with agony and fear,
Her wayward 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 writh'd—then sternly mann'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,

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.

"Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."—Proverbs, xiv. 13.

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,
By this fair bridal-link!"—

V.
"Let it pass round!" quoth He of Lorn,
"And in good time—that wined 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 warder 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,
Respited for a day.

VI.
"Brother of Lorn," with hurried voice
He said, "and you, fair lords, rejoice! Here, to augment our gleam,
Come wandering knights from travel far
Well proved, they say, in strife of war,
And tempest on the sea.—
Ho! give them at your board such place
As best their presence may grace, 2
And bid them welcome free!"
With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence semned
Of these strange guests; 2 and well be
How to assign their rank its due; 3
For though the costly furs
That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,
And soild their gilded spurs,
Yet such a high commanding grace
Was in their mien and in their face,
As suited best the princely dais; 4
And royal canopy;
And there he marshall'd them their place,
First of that company.

VII.
Then lords and ladies spake aside,
And angry looks the error chide, 6
That gave to guests un named, 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 lord's trade.
Worship and birth to me are known,
By look, by bearing, and by tone,
Not by force, rob or broker'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 minsted 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 race: 5
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 shone 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 ushers censured the mistake.
6 "The first entry of the illustrious strangers into the castle of the Celtic chief, is in the accustomed and peculiar style of the post of chivalry."—JEFFREY.
7 MS.—"I, too," old Ferrand said, and laugh'd,
'Am qualified by minsted craft.' "
8 MS.—"the festal rout.'
9 MS.—"Nor ride," &c.
Of the rebellious Scotti-h crew,  
Who to Rath-Errin's shelter drew,  
With Currick's outwa'd chief?  
And if, their winter's exile o'er,  
They harbor'd still by Ulster's shore,  
Or launch'd their galleys on the main,  
To vex their native land again?

X.

That younger stranger, fierce and high,  
At once confronts the Chief-tain's eye;  
With look of equal scorn;—  
* Of rebels have we naught to show;  
But if of Royal Bruce thou'dst know,  
I warn thee he has sworn,  
Ere thrice three days shall come and go,  
His banner Scotti-h winds shall blow,  
Despite each mean or mighty foe,  
From England's every bill and bow,  
To Allaster of Lorn.—  
Kindled the mountain Chief-tain'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.—"  
"Content," said Lorn; and spoke apart  
With Ferrand, master of his art,  
Then whisper'd Argentine,—  
"The lay I named will carry smart  
To these bold strangers' haughty heart,  
If right this guess of mine."  
He ceased, and it was silence all,  
Until the minstrel waked the hall.

XI.

The Brooch of Lorn.  
" Whence the brooch of burning gold,  
That clasps the Chief-tain's mantle-fold,  
Wrought and chased with rare device,  
Studded fair with gems of price,  
On the varied tarts beam'd,  
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,  
Fainter now, now seen afar,  
Fitful shines the northern star?  

"Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,  
Or the mermaid of the wave,  
Frame thee in some coral cave?  
Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,  
Dwarf's swart hands thy metal twine?  
Or, metal-moulded, comest thou here,  
From England's love, or France's fear?"

XII.

Song continued.

"No!—thy splendors nothing tell  
Foreign art or fairy spell.  
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 wert thou torn,  
By the victor hand of Lorn!  

"When the gem was won and lost,  
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!  
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,  
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dcll,  
Fled the deer from wild Teyadrurn,  
When the homise, o'ercome,  
Hardly seapd, with scathing and scorn,  
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!"

XIII.

Song concluded.

"Vain was then the Douglas brand,  
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,  
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,  
Making sure of murder's work;  
Barendown fled fast away,  
Fled the fiery De la Haye,  
When this brooch, triumphant borne,  
Bem'd upon the breast of Lorn.  

"Farthest fled its former Lord,  
Left his men to brand and cord,  
Bloody brand of Highland steel,  
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.  
Let him fly from coast to coast,  
Dogg'd by Conyn'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 hear."  
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  
brooch of Lorn, commemorating the pretended victory of his  
chief over Robert Bruce, in one of their encounters. Bruce,  
true to his word, had not been set on by some of that clan, and had extri-  
cated himself from a fearful overmatch by stupendous exertions.  
In the struggle, however, the brooch which fastened his royal  
mantle had been torn off by the assailants; and it is the  
subject of this trophy that the Celtic poet pours forth this wild  
rapid, and spirited strain."—JEFREY.  
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."
CANTO II.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

XIV.

As glares the tiger on his foes,
Herim'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 jocund's song?—
Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy strains,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains!—
Yet something might thy song have told
Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold,
Who rent their lord from Bruce's hold,
As underneath his knee he lay,
And died to save him in the fray.
I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp
Was clench'd within their dying grasp,
What time a hundred foemen more
Rash'd in, and back the victor bore,
Long after Lorn had left the strife;
Full glad to 'scape with limb and life.—
Enough of this—And, Minstrel, hold,
As minstrel-hire, this chain of gold,
For future lays a fair excuse,
To speak more nobly of the Bruce."—

XV.

"Now, by Columba's shrine, I swear,
And every saint that's buried there,
'Tis he himself!" Lorn sternly cries,
"And for my kinsman's death he dies."—
As loudly Ronald calls,—'Forbear!
Not in my sight while brand I wear,
O'ermatched by odds, shall warrior fall,
Or blood of stranger stain my 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 flash'd within his side!
Talk not to me of sheltering hall,
The Church of Corp 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 felon low!"

XVI.

Then up sprang many a mainland Lord,
Obedient to their Chieftain's word.
Burcaline's arm is high in air,
And Kinloch-Aline's blade is bare,
Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath,
And clench'd is Dermaid'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 dark'en'd ere its noon of day,—
But every chief of birth and fame,
That from the Isles of Ocean came,
At Ronald's side that hour withstood
Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

XVII.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high,
Lord of the misty hills of Skye,
Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane,
Duart, of bold Clan-Gilliam's strain,
Fergus, of Canna's castled bay,
Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay,
Soon as they saw the broadswords glance,
With ready weapons rose at once,
More prompt, that many an ancient feud,
Full oft suppress'd, full oft renew'd,
Glow'd 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle,
And many a lord of ocean's isle.
Wild was the scene—each sword was bare,
Back stream'd each chieftain's shaggy hair
In gloomy opposition set,
Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons met;
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 menseed violence, but alike
Reluctant each the first to strike
(For aye accursed in minstrel line
Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine),
And, match'd in numbers and in might
 Doubtful and desperate seem'd the fight.
Thus threat and murmur died away,
Till on the crowded hall there lay

"But stern the Island Lord withstood
The vengeful Chieftain's thirst of blood."

"MS.—"While thus for blood and blows prepared,
Raised was each hand " &c.

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—
Such silence, as the deadly still,  
Ere bursts the thunder on the hill  
With blade advanced, each Chieftain bold  
Show'd like the Sworder's form of old;  
As wanting still the torch of life,  
To wake the marble into strife.  

XIX.

That awful pause the stranger maid,  
And Edith, seized to pray for aid.  
As to De Argentine she clung,  
Away her veil the stranger flung,  
And, lovely 'mid her wild despair,  
Fast stream'd her eyes, wide flow'd her hair.  
"O thou, of knighthood once the flower,  
Sure refuge in distressful hour,  
Thou, who in Judah well hast fought  
For our dear faith, and oft hast sought  
Renown in knightly exercise,  
When this poor hand has dealt the prize,  
Say, can thy soul of honor brook  
On the unequal strife to look,  
When, butcher'd thus in peaceful hall,  
Those once thy friends, my brethren, fall!"  
To Argentine she turn'd her word,  
But her eye sought the Island Lord:  
A flush like evening's setting flame  
Glow'd on his cheek; his hardy frame,  
As with a brief convulsion, shook:  
With hurried voice and eager look,—  
"Fear not," he said, "my Isabel!  
What said I—Edith!—all is well—  
Nay, fear not—I will well provide  
The safety of my lovely bride—  
My bride?"—but there the accents clung  
In tremor to his faltering tongue.

XX.

Now rose De Argentine, to claim  
The prisoners in his sovereign's name,  
To England's crown, who, vassals sworn,  
'Gainst their liege lord had weapon borne—  
(Such speech, I ween, was but to hide  
His care their safety to provide;  
For knight more true in thought and deed  
Than Argentine ne'er spurr'd a steed)  
And Ronald, who his meaning guess'd,  
Seem'd half to sanction the request.  
This purpose fiery Torquil broke:—  
"Somewhat we've heard of England's voice,"  
He said, "and, in our islands, Fame  

MS. — "each Chieftain rude,  
Like that famed Swordman's statue stood."  
2 MS. — "To waken him to deadly strife,"  
2 The MS. adds:—  
"With such a frantic food appeal,  
As only lovers make and feel."  
1 MS. — "What time at every cross of old,"  

Had 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 Duu-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 beaks he told,  
With Aves many a one—  
He comes our feuds to reconcile,  
A sainted man from sainted isle;  
We will his holy doom abide,  
The Abbot shall our strife decide."  

XXII.

Scarcely this fair accord was o'er;  
When through the wide revolving door  
The black-stoled brethren went;  
Twelve samhild monks, who relics bore,  
With many a torch-bearer before,  
And many a cross behind.  
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand,  
And dagger bright and flashing brand  
Dropp'd swiftly at the sight;  
They vanish'd from the Churchman's eye.

6 MS. — "We will his holy rede obey,  
The Abbot's voice shall end the fray,"  
5 MS. — "Scarcely was this peaceful passion o'er."  
7 MS. — "Did slow procession wind;  
Twelve monks, who stole and mantle wore,  
And chalice, pyx, and relics bore,  
With many," &c.
As shooting stars, that glance and die,
Dart from the vault of night.

XXIII.
The Abbot on the threshold stood,
And in his hand the holy rood;
Back on his shoulders' flow'd his hood,
The torch's glaring ray
Show'd, in its red and flashing light,
His wither'd cheek and amice white,
His blue eye glistening cold and bright,
His tresses scant and gray.

"Fair Lords," he said, "Our Lady's love,
And peace be with you from above,
And Benedicite!—
—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!—³
Well mayst thou wonder we should know
Such miscreant here, nor lay him low, ²
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 dutous to the Papal seat." ¹

² MS.—— "the blessed altar-stone," ³

³ In place of the complet which follows, the MS. has—
"But promptly had my dagger's edge
Avenge the guilt of sacrilege,
Save for my new and kind ally,
And Torquil, chief of stormy Skye
(whose hand might there rest the seed,
Men say, of ancient heather creed),
Who would enforce me to a truce
With excommunicate Bruce!" ⁴

⁴ The MS. adds:
"Scorn such foul offenders find
No favor in a holy mind," ⁴

⁵ The MS. has:
"All the best of honor's laws,
The succor, (due to)
Storm-stain'd 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; ⁵
And Isabel, on bended knee,
Brought prayer's and tears to back the plea:
And Edith bent her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy pray'd. ⁶
"Hence," he exclaim'd, degenerate maid!
Was't not enough to Roland's bow'er
I brought thee, like a paramour, ⁷
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.⁸

XXVI.
Then Argentine, in England's name,
So highly urged his sovereign's claim; ⁹
He waked a spark, that long suppress'd,
Had smouldер'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, ¹⁰
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?¹¹
Have they not been on gibbet bound,

Still to prevent unequal fight;
And Isabel," &c.

⁶ MS.— "And wept alike and kneel and pray'd!"—The nine
lines which intervene betwixt this and the concluding couple
of the stanza are not in the MS.
⁷ See Appendix, Note V.
⁸ See Appendix, Note X.
⁹ 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." ¹²

¹⁰ MS.— "For Bruce's custody made claim."—In place of
the twocouplets which follow, the MS. has—
"And Torquil, stout Dunvegan's Knight,
As well defended Scotland's right,
Enough of," &c.
¹² See Appendix, Note W.
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.”

XXVII.

“Nor deem,” said stout Dunvegan's knight,
“That thou shalt brave alone the fight!
By saints of isle and mainland both,
By Woden wild (my grandsire's oath),
Let Rome and England do their worst,
 Howe'er attained or acursed,
If Bruce shall e'er find friends again,
Once more to brave a battle-plain,
If Douglas coach again his lance,
Or Randolph dare another chance,
Old Torquil will not be to lack
With twice a thousand at his back.—
Nay, chafe not at my bearing bold,
Good Abbot! for thou know'st of old,
Torquil's rude thought and stubborn will
Smack of the wild Norwegian still;
Nor will I barter Freedom's cause
For England's wealth, or Rome's applause.”

XXVIII.

The Abbot seem'd with eye severe
The hardy Chieftain's speech to hear;
Then on King Robert turn'd the Monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk,
Confronted with the hero's look;
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;
at length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he question'd him—"And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why do 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;
Expells thee from the church's care,
And deafens 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 meaneast alms relieves thy want;
Haunts thee while living,—and, when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
Recalls the spot from thy hearse,
Stills e'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurs thy corpse from hallow'd ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound;
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome;
And such the well-deserved meed
Of thine unhallow'd, ruthless deed.”

XXIX.

"Abbot!" the Bruce replied, "thy charge
It boots not to dispute at large.
This much, however, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,
For Conyn 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 wild ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and 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,
Upto 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; thy sh rift is o'er.”

XXX.

Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the King the Abbot gazed;
Then e'er his pallid features glance,
or imperfect converts to Christianity. The family names of
Torquil, Thormod, &c. are all Norwegian.

See Appendi, Note V.
2 See Appendix, Note Z.
3 In the MS. this complet is wanting; and, without breaking the stanza, Lord Roland continues,
4 "By saints of isle," &c.
5 The MacLeods, and most other distinguished Hebridian families, were of Scandinavian extraction, and some were late
6 MS. "—" Then turn'd him on the Bruce the Monk."
7 MS. "—" Nay, curses each whose succor scant."
8 See Appendix, Note 2 A.
9 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,
Plush'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

"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 Zophem, 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:
Oermaster'd yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!"⁵
He spoke, 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."

² See Appendix, Note 2 B.
³ See the Book of Numbers, chap. xxiii. and xxiv.
⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 C.
⁵ Ibid. Note 2 D.
⁶ "On this transcendent passage we shall only remark, that
of the gloomy part of the prophecy we hear nothing more
through the whole of the poem, and though the Abbot infers
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 complet.
⁸ "The conception and execution of these stanzas constitute excellence which it would be difficult to match from any other
part of the poem. The surprise is grand and perfect. The
monk, struck with the heroism of Robert, foresees the intended
anathema, and breaks out into a prophetic anunciation of his
final triumph over all his enemies, and the veneration in which
his name will be held by posterity. These stanzas, which con-
clude the second Canto, derive their chief title to encomium
from the emphatic fidelity of theirburden,

¹ Bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd;'

which few and simple words following, as they do, a series

of predicated ils, there is an energy that instantaneously ap-
peals to the heart, and surpasses, all to nothing, the results of
passages less happy in their application, though more labored
and tortuous in their construction."

"The story of the second Canto exhibits fewer of Mr. Scott's
characteristical beauties than of his characteristical faults.
The scene itself is not of a very edifying description; nor is
the want of agreeableness in the subject compensated by any
detached merit in the details. Of the language and versifica-
tion in many parts, it is hardly possible to speak favorably.
The same must be said of the speeches which the different
characters address to each other. The rude vehemence which
they display seems to consist much more in the loudness and
gesticulation with which the speakers express themselves, than
in the force and energy of their sentiments, which, for the most
part, are such as the barbarous chiefs, to whom they are at
tributed, might, without any great premeditation, either as to
the thought or language, have actually uttered. To find lan-
guage and sentiments proportioned to characters of such ex-
traordinary dimensions as the agents in the poems of Dryden
and Milton, is indeed an admirable effort of genius; but to
make such as we meet with in the epic poetry of the present
day, persons often below the middle size, and never very much
above it, merely speak in character, is not likely to occasion
either much difficulty to the poet, or much pleasure to the
reader. As an example, we might advance the speech of stout
Donvegan's knight, stanza xxvi., which is not the less wanting
in taste, because it is natural and characteristic."—Quarter Review.
The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Hast thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head
Sudden and deep the thunder-peal 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 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 o'ert 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 reed— a dutee return
For ancient league and friendship sworn!
But well our mountain proverb shows
The faith of Islesmen ebbs and flows,
Be it even so—believe, ere long,
He that now hears 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!—

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 need
To him that will avenge the deed!
A Baron's hands!"—His frantic mood
Was scarcely by the news withstood,
That Morag shared his sister's flight,
And that, in hurry of the night,
Scap'd 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,
Heist'd 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 votress in the holy cell,
Until these feuds so fierce and fell
The Abbot reconciles."

V.

As, impatient 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 cardom both are gone,
Since he braced rebel's armor on—
But, Earl or Serf—rude phrase was thine
Of late, and launch'd at Argentina;
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.
8 See Appendix, Note 2 E.
9 MS.—"While friends shall labor fair and well
These hands to reconcile."

1 MS.—"The rustling aspen bids his leaf he still." 
2 MS.—"And clasp the bloody hand imbrued." 
3 MS.—"Nor brother we, nor ally know." 
4 The MS. has,—

"Such was fierce Lorn's cry."—
CANTO III.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

431

We need not to each other tell,
That both can wield their weapons well;
Then 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 Argentine
Should in a tyrant’s quarrel shine;
But, for your brave request,
Be sure the honor’d pledge you gave
In every battle-field shall wave
Upon my helmet-crest;
Believe, that if my hasty tongue
Hath done thine honor causeless wrong,
It shall be well redress’d.
Not dearer to my soul was glove,
Bestow’d in youth by lady’s love,
Than this which thou hast given!
Thus, then, my noble foe I greet;
Health and high fortune till we meet,
And then—what pleases Heaven.”

VII.

Thus 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 Artoomish fort
In confidence remain.
Now torch and mellow tendance led
Chieftain and knight to bower and bed,
And beds were told, and Aves said,
And soon they sunk away
Into such sleep, as wont to shed
Oblivion on the weary head,
After a toilsome day.

VIII.

But soon uprised, 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, “Ow’rd of Heaven!
Say, is my erring youth forgiven,
By falsehood’s arts from duty driven,
Who rebel fashion 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.
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 banners raised and musters made,
For English hire and Lorn’s intrigues
Bound many chiefs in southern leagues.
In answer, Bruce his purpose bold
To his new vassals frankly told.
“The winter worn in exile o’er,
I long’d for Carrick’s kindred shore.
I thought upon my native Ayr,
And long’d to see the burly fare
That Clifford makes, whose lordly call
Now echoes through my father’s hall.
But first my course to Arran led,
Where valiant Lennox gathers head,
And on the sea, by tempest toss’d,
Our barks dispersed, our purpose cross’d,
Mine own, a hostile sail to shun,
Far from her destined course had run,
When that wise will, which masters ours,
Compell’d us to your friendly towers.”

X.

Then Torquil spoke:—“The time craves speed!
We must not linger in our deed,
But instant pray our Sovereign Liege,

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 Arbrishnish towers,
And England's light arm'd vessels ride,
Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,
Prequint at these tidings to unmoor,
And sweep each strait, and guard each shore.
Then, till this fresh alarm pass by,
Secret and safe my Liege must lie
In the far bounds of friendly Skye,
Torquil thy pilot and thy guide. —
“Not so, brave Chieftain,” Ronald cried;
“Myself will on my Sovereign wait, 
And raise in arms the men of Skate,
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.”

XI.
—“The scheme,” said Bruce, “contents me well;
Meantime, ’twere best that Isabel,
For safety, with my bark and crew,
Again to friendly Erin drew.
There Edward, too, shall with her wend,
In need to cheer her and defend,
And muster up each scatter'd friend.” —
Here seem’d it as Lord Ronald’s ear
Would other counsel gladlier hear;
But, all achieved as soon as plann’d,
Both barks, in secret arm’d and man’’d,
From out the haven bore;
On different voyage forth they ply,
This for the coast of winged Skye,
And that for Erin’s shore.

XII.
With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale,
To favoring winds they gave the sail,
Till Mull’s dark headlands scarce they knew,
And Ardbanmurchan’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.

Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his slaver’d crest
The sun’s arising gleam;
But such the labor and delay,
Ere they were moor’d in Scavagh 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 Dunsky; 
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 manned and leapt to land,
And left their skill 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 lane,
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 shatter’d way

1 MS.—“ Myself thy pilot and thy guide.”
2 “Not so, kind Torquil,” Ronald cried;
3 “Tis I will on my sovereign wait.”
4 The MS. has, “ ‘Aye,’ said the Chief, ‘or if they fall, 
This broadsword’s weight shall turn the scale.’ ”
5 In altering this passage, the poet appears to have lost a link.

—End.
CANTO III.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

433!

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 bad in deep Glencoe, 3
And copse on Cuchan-Ben ;
But here,—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side. 2

XV.

And wilder, forward, as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black 4
Afforded rude and cumber'd track ;
For from the mountain hear, 5
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er, 6
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mist, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle curl'd,
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, 7
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,

And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown.

XVI.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers
drear
Are precipices sharp and sheer,
Yielding no track for goat or deer,
Save the black shelves we tread,
How term you its dark waves? and how
You northern mountain's pathless brow,
And yonder peak of dread,
That to the evening sun uplifts
The glistilly gulf's and slaty riffs,
Which seem its shiver'd head?"—
"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bard's proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bard's, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's brown than smiles,
Full oft their careless humors please
By sportive names from scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby
(The Maids—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 dews 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 blot
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 wilder, at each step they take,
Turn the proud cliffs and yawning lake;
Huge naked sheets of granite black," &c.

2 MS.—"For from the mountain's crown."

3 MS.—"Huge naked sheets of granite black," &c.

4 MS.—"For from the mountain's crown."

5 MS.—"For from the mountain's crown."

6 MS.—"Huge crags had toppled down,"

7 MS.—"Oft closing too, at once they lower."

8 MS.—"Poured like a torrent dread,"

9 MS.—"Leap from the mountain's head."

10 MS.—"He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;"
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 fawfow 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 glower'd?"—
"It was."—"Then spare your needless pain,
There will she now be sought in vain.
We saw her from the mountain head,
When, with St. George's blazon red,
A southern vessel bore in sight,
And yours raised sail, and took to flight."—

XXI.

"Now, by the rood, unwelcome news!"
Thus with Lord Ronald communed Bruce;
"Nor rests there light enough to show
If this their tale be true or no.
The men seem bred of churlish kind,
Yet mellow nuts have hardest rind;
We will go with them—food and fire
And sheltering roof our wants require.
Sure guard 'gainst treachery will we keep,
And watch by turns our comrades' sleep—
Good fellows, thanks; your guests we'll be,
And well will pay the courtesy.
Come, lead us where your lodging lies,—
—Nay, soft! we mix not companies.—
Show us the path o'er crag and stone,6
And we will follow you;—lead on."

XXII.

They reach'd the dreary cabin, made
Of sails against a rock display'd,
And there, on entering, found

1 See Appendix, Note 8 H.

6 MS.—"Our boat and vessel cannot stay."
6 MS.—"Deep in the bay when evening glow'd."
6 MS.—"Yet rugged brows have bosoms kind;
Wend we with them—for food and fire."
6 MS.—"Wend you the first o'er stock and stone."
6 MS.—"Entrance."
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 drown'd.

"Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald spoke,
The voice his trance of anguish broke;
As if awak'd 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 shroud,
Makes blither melody."—¹

"Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?"—
"Ay; so his mother bade us know,
A crone in our late shipwreck drown'd,
And hence the silly strippling'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—umbelt 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;²
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 cheerlish vow," the eldest said,
"And hard, methinks, to be obey'd.
How say you, if, to wreak the scorn
That pays our kindness harsh return,
We should refuse to share our meal?"—
"Then say we, that our swords are steel!
And our vow binds us not to fast,
Where gold or force may buy repast."—
Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell,
His teeth are clenched, his features swell;
Yet sunk the felon's moody brow.
Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire,
Nor could his craven courage brook
The Monarch's calm and dauntless look.
With laugh constrain'd,—"Let every man
Follow the fashion of his clan!
Each to his separate quarters keep,
And feed or fast, or wake or sleep."

XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns,
By turns they eat, keep guard by turns;
For evil seem'd that old man's eye,
Dark and designing, fierce yet shy.
Still he avoided forward look,
But slow and circumspectly took
A circling, never ceasing glance,
By doubt and cunning mark'd at once,
Which shot a mischief-boding ray?
From under eyebrows 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 seem'd a glare 'twixt fear and hate—
Till all, as darkness onward crept,
Couch'd down, and seen'd to sleep, or slept.
Now 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,

¹ MS.—"But on the chair he can play,
And sing an air or two any way.
With those who love such glee.
To me, the favoring breeze, when loud
It pipes through as my galley's shroud,
It makes better melody."

² MS.—"And we have sworn to the saught to
Power holy,
While lasts this hallow'd task of ours,
Never to doff the plaid or sword,
Nor feasting at a stranger's board."

³ MS.—"An ill looking ray."

⁴ MS.—"But seems in senseless slumber laid."
Then wakes the King, young Allan last;
Thus rank'd, to give the youthful page,
The rest required by tender age.
What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thought,
To chase the lang'or toil had brought?—
(For deem not that he design'd to throw
Much care upon such coward foe,)—
He thinks of lovely Isabel,
When at her foeman's feet she fell,
Nor less when, placed in princely selle,
She glanced on him with favoring eyes,
At Woodstocke when he won the prize.
Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair,
In pride of place as 'mid despair,
Must she alone engross his care.
His thoughts to his betrothed bride,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 he to keep,
For seldom lovers long for sleep.
Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,
Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl,
Then 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 rest 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 chamor'd shill'd 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.
He trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine
With flicker'd 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 21.
⁴ MS.—"with empty dream,
Mingled the captive's real scream."
⁵ 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 rains prolong'd the blazes 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 cur'd,
The short dark waves, heaved to the land,
With ceaseless plash kiss'd cliff or sand;—
It was a slumberous sound—he turn'd
To tales at which his youth had burn'd,
Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd,
Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
And mermaid's alabaster grot,
Who bathes 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 spars
Gleam like a firmament of stars!
—Hark! hears he not the sea-nymph speak
Her anger in that thrilling shriek!—
No! all too late, with Allan's dream
Mingled the captive's warning scream.⁴
As from the ground he strives to start,
A ruffian's dagger finds his heart!
Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .
Murmurs his master's name, . . .
and dies!

XXIX.

Not so awoke the King! his hand
Scath'd from the flame a knotted brand,
The nearest weapon of his wrath;
With this he cross'd the murderer's path,
And veng'd young Allan well!
The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood
His'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,
The miscreant gasp'd and fell;⁶

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 bends the confines
of these separate states, as to deceive and sport with the efforts even
determined vigilance."—British Critic, February, 1815
⁶ MS.—"What time the miscreant fell."
Nor rose in peace the Island Lord!  
One cutiff 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 sid,  
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 flitting spark,  
Give me to know the purpose dark,  
That ar’id 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 feenam sworn  
Of my high chief, the mighty Lorn”—  
“Speak yet again, and speak the truth  
For thy soul’s sake!—from whence this youth?  
His country, birth, and name declare,  
And thus one evil deed repair.”—  
—“Vex me no more!...my blood runs cold...  
No more I know than I have told.  
We found him in a bark we sought  
With different purpose... and I thought...”.  
Fate cut him short; in blood and broil,  
As he had lived, died Cormac Dol.

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! unfitting part  
Fate doom’d, when with so soft a heart,  
And form so slight as thine,  
She made thee first a pirate’s slave,  
Then, in his stead, a patron gave,  
Of wayward lot like mine;  
A landless prince, whose wandering life  
Is but one scene of blood and strife—  
Yet 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 broke!  
Come, wend we hence—the day has broke.  
Seek we our dark—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 cutiffs, where they lie,  
The wolf shall snarl, the raven cry!”  
And now the eastern mountain’s head  
On the dark lake throw lustre red;  
Bright gleams of gold and purple streak  
Ravine and precipice and peak,—  
(So earthly power at distance shows;  
Reveals his splendor, hides his woes).  
O'er sheets of granite, dark, and broad,  
Rent and unequal, lay the road.  
In sad discourse the warriors wind,  
And the mute captive moves behind.

The Lord of the Isles.  

Canto Fourth.

L  
Stranger! if o’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.”

“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,
And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneliness
Loaded thy heart, the desert fired thine eye;
And strange and awful fears began to press
Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
[high,
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's cottage
Something that should 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 din Rannoch's lakes,
In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise;
Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies,
Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hear—
But, be the minestrel judge, they yield the prize
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 bungle-blast
Upon the breeze came loud and fast.
"There," said the Bruce, "run 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.
Lord Edward shouts, "What make ye here
Warring upon the mountain-deer,
When Scotland wants her King?
A bark from Lennox cross'd our track,
With her in speed I hurried back,
These joyful news to bring—
The Stuart stirs in Teviotdale,
And Douglas wakes his native vale;
Thy storm-look'd fleet hath won its way
With little loss to Brodick-Bay,
And Lennox, with a gallant band,
Waits but thy coming and command
To waft them o'er to Carrick strand.
There are blithe news!—but mark the close!
Edward, the deadliest of our foes,
As with his host he northward pass'd,
Hath on the Borders breathed his last."

IV.
Still stood the Bruce—his steady cheek
Was little wont his joy to speak,
But then his color rose:
"Now, Scotland! shortly shalt thou see,
With God's high will, thy children free,
And vengeance on thy foes!
Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o'er Edward's bier; 2
I took my knighthood at his hand,
And lordship held of him, and land,
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'sburghers mourn her lord,
And Croydon monks his praise record,"
The eager Edward said;
"Eternal as his own, my hate
Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate,
And dies not with the dead!
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clenched his palmed hand,
That pointed yet to Scotland's land,!
As his last accents pray'd
Disgrace and curse upon his hair,
If he one Scottish head should spare,
Till stretch'd upon the bloody hair
Each rebel corpse was hied!
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. 2
Now, to the sea! behold the beach,
And see the galleys' pendants stretch
Their fluttering length down favoring gale
Aboard, aboard! and hoist the sail.
Hold we our way for Arran first,
Where meet in arms our friends dispersed;
Lennox the loyal, De la Haye,
And Boyd the 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 roar,
On the Long Island's lonely shore.
The nearer Isles, with slight delay,
Ourselves may summon in our way;
And soon on Arran's shore shall meet,

With Torquil's aid, a gallant fleet,
If aught avails their Chieftain's best
Among the Islesmen of the west."

VI.

Thus was their venturous counsel said,
But, ere their sails the galleys spread,
Coriakin 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 clamorous strain;
And, with the pibroch's shrilling wail,
Mourn'd the young hoar of Dunagullie,
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 morn,
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 oddies chased her course,
As if they laugh'd again.

Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-snow,
Than the gay galley bore
Her course upon that favoring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
And Slapin's cavern'd shore. 3

'Twas then that warlike signals wake
Dunsceith's dark towers and Eisard'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 surpassed for its humanity, manliness, and nobleness; yet to represent him sorrowing over the death of the first Plantagenet, after the repeated and tremendous ill 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 compassion 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 patriotism, that we are really astonished that the author could have conceived the idea, much more that he could suffer his pen to record it. This wretched abashment 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 summonse these of war and wrath
To the brave clans of Sleat and Strath,
And, ready at the sight,
Each warrior to his weapons sprung,
And targe upon his shoulder flung,
Impatient for the fight.
Mac-Kinnon’s chief, in warfare gray,
Hiss charge to muster their array,
And guide their barks to D Redick-Day.

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 sateled by time;
It is a task of doubt and fear
To sought but great or mountain-deer.

But rest thee on the silver beach,
And let the aged herdsman teach
His tale of former day;
His ear’s wild chamar he shall chide,
And for thy saint by ocean’s side,
His varied plaid display;
Then tell, how with their chief lain came,
In ancient times, a foreign dame
To yonder turret gray.2

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 said and went
Upon the castle-wail,
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,

1 See Appendix, Note 2 M.
2 MS. — ‘To Canna a turret gray.’
3 ‘The stanzas which follow are, we think, touchingly
beautiful, and breathe a sweet and melancholy tenderness,
perfectly suitable to the sad tale which they record.’ — Critical Review.
4 MS. — ‘That crag with crest of ruins gray.’
5 See Appendix, Note 2 N.
6 Held. Note 2 O.
7 MS. — ‘Till in their smoke,’ &c.
8 ‘And so also ‘merrily, merrily, goes the bark,’ in a succession of merriment, which, like Dogberry’s tediousness, he
finds it in his heart to bestow wholly and entirely on us, through page after page, or wave after wave of his voyage.

That morns 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,
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 R o n i n’s mountains dark
The steersman’s hand hath given.
And R o n u n’s mountains dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore,
And each his a’ shen bow unbent,
And gave his pastime o’er,
And at the Island Lord’s command,
For hunting spear took warrior’s brand.
On Scooreigg next a warning light
Summon’d her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern MacLeod
O’er their bleak shores in vengeance strode
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’s hold!
The warrior-threat, the infant’s plain,
The mother’s sable, were heard in vain;
The vengeful Chief maintains his fires,
Till in the vault a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern’s gloom,
Too well attest their dismal doom.

X.
Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea,
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,

We could almost be tempted to believe that he was on his return from Skye when he wrote this portion of his poem:—from Skye, the depository of the ‘mighty cup of royal Somerled,’ as well as of ‘R o n i n’s More’; comparatively modern ‘horn’
and that, as he says himself of a misread who celebrated the hospitabilities of Dunvegan-castle in that island, ‘it is pretty plain, that when this tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of R o n i n More had not been inactive.’ — Monthly Review.
See Appendix, Note M.
9 ‘Of the prominent heroes 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, sublime.’ — British Critic.
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'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 Minister to her Maker's praise.2
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 name,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
"Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrink
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!"3

XI.
Merrily, merrily goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the bounds.
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 grasped his sword,
And verdant Bay call'd her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievrecken's roar,
And lonely Conosay;
—Scenes sung by him who sings no more!5

1 MS.—"Where niched, his undisturb'd repose."
2 See Appendix, Note 2 P.
3 The MS. adds,
"Which, when the rains of thy pile
Camber 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 cradle of the Caledonian regions; whence savage
clans and raving 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 endeavored, and
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 drag'd their bark the isthmus o'er,
As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,
Upon the eastern bay.
It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High rais'd above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves,
By cliff and copse and alder groves.
Deep import from that selwood sign,
Did many a mountain Seer divine,
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark shall sail
O'er Kilmaconnel moss,
Old Albyn should in flight 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-Ghoul, "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 strowe and green,
would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us
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 indif-
ferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified
by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be en-
vied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of
Marathon, or whose pity would not grow warmer among the
ruins of Iona."—Joubert.
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 o'er 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 rumour spread
Of Edith from Arromish 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 repulsd 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 shock,
That knight unknown, to whom the prize
She dealt,—had favor in her eyes;
But since our brother Nigel's fate,

Our ruin'd house and hapless state,
From worldly joy and hope estranged,
Much is the hapless mourner changed.
Perchance," here smiled the noble King,
"This tale may other musings bring.
Soon shall we know—you 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 trick'd the drops of crystal bright.
Edward, who walk'd the deck apart,
First spied this conflict of the heart.
Thoughtless as brave, with bluntuess 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 stripping strove,—
(T'was 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 what 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."
Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals?
Fitter by far in you calm cell
To tend our sister Isabel,
With father Augustin to share
The peaceful change of convent prayer,
Than wander wild adventures through,
With such a reckless guide as you."—

"Thanks, brother!" Edward answer'd gay,
"For the high land thy words convey!
But we may learn some future day,
If thou or I can this poor boy
Protect the best, or best employ.
Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand;
Launch we the boat, and seek the land."

XVIII.
To land King Robert lighted sprung,
And thrice aloud his bungle rang
With note prolong'd and varied strain,
Till bold Ben-Gholi replies again.
Good Douglases then, and De la Haye,
Had in a gale a hart at bay,
And Lennox cheer'd the laggards bound,
When waked that horn the Greenwood bounds.

"It is the foe!" cried Boyd, who came
In breathless haste with eye of flame,—

"It is the foe!—Each valiant lord
Fling by his bow, and grasp his sword!"—

"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 Ranza's margin spring;
That blast was wined by the King!"1

XIX.
Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped.

Fast from the wood 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-laird Dane;2
And boys, whose hands scarce brook'd to wield

The heavy sword or bosky shield.
Men too were there, that bore the scars
Impress'd in Albyn's woeful wars,
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,
Teyndrum's dread rout, and Methven's flight:

The might of Douglas there was seen,
There Lennox with his graceful mien;
Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's dreaded Knight;
The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light;
The Heir of murder'd De la Haye,
And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay.

Around their King regain'd they press'd,
Wept, 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 polished shield
Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field!
Such transports wake, and severe and high,
Amid the pealing conquist cry!
Scarce less, when, after battle lost,
Muster the remnants of a host,
And as each comrade's name they tell
Who in the well-fought conflict fell,
Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye,
Vow to avenge them or to die!—

Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
If not on martial Britain's ground?3
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?4

And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace
Of tear is on his manly face,
When scanty relics of the train
That hail'd at Scone his early reign,
This patriot band around him hung,
And to his knees and bosom cling?—

Blame ye the Bruce!—his brother blamed,
But shared the weakness, while asham'd,
With haughty laugh his head he turn'd,
And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.5

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 banquetts food 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 saddened o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exalted now!"

Byron's Corsair

5 See Appendix, Note 2 U.
XXI.
'Tis morning, and the Convent bell
Long time had ceased its matin knell,
Within thy walls, Saint Bride!
An aged Sister sought the cell
Assign'd to Lady 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;
His errand, as he bade me tell,
Is with the Lady Isabel."
The princess rose—for on her knee
Low bent she told her rosary,—
"Let him by thee his purpose teach:
I may not give a stranger speech."
"Saint Bride forefend, thou royal Maid!"
The portress cried herself, and said,—
"Not to be prioresse might I
Debate his will, his suit deny.—"
"Has earthily show then, simple fool,
Powers o'er a sister of thy rule,
And art thou, like the worldly train,
Subdued by splendour 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 taken the youthful hue away.
Weather and war their rougher trace
Have left on that majestic face,—
But 'tis his dignity of eye!
There, if a suppliant, would I fly,
Secure, 'mid danger, wrongs, and grief,
Of sympathy, redress, relief—
That glance, if guilty, would I dread
More than the doom that spoke me dead."—
"Enough, enough," the princess cried,
"'Tis Scotland's hope, her joy, her pride!
To meener front was ne'er assign'd
Such mastery o'er the common mind—

XXIII.
They met like friends who part in pain,
And meet in doubtful hope again.
But when subduèd? that fitful swell,
The Bruce survey'd the humble cell;—
"And this is thine, poor Isabel!—
That pallet-couch, and naked wall,
For room of state, and bed of pall;
For costly robes and jewels rare,
A string of beads and zone of hair;
And for the trumpet's sprightly call
To sport or banquet, grove or hall,
The bell's grim voice divides thy care,
'Twixt hours of penitence and prayer!—
O ill for thee, my royal claim
From the First David's sainted name!
O woe for thee, that while he sought
His right, thy brother feebly fought!—

XXIV.
"Now lay these vain regrets aside,
And be the unshaken Bruce!" she cried.
"For more I glory to have shared
The woes thy venturous spirit dared,
When raising first thy valiant band
In rescue of thy native land,
Than had fair Fortune set me down
The partner of an empire's crown.
And grieve not that on Pleasure's 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 horse's ruin, thy defeat,
Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I own,
My hopes are fix'd on Heaven alone;
Nor e'er shall earthy 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.
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 unknown
And the brave Island Lord are one.—
Had then his suit been earlier made,
In his own name, with thee to aid
(But that his plighted faith forbade),
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; ¹
And drew the fold his visage o’er.
"Fear not for him—in murderous strife,”
Said Bruce, "his warning saved my life;²
Full seldom parts he from my side,
And in his silence I confide,
Since he can tell no tale again.
He is a boy of gentle strain,
And I have purposed he shall dwell
In Augustin the chaplain’s cell,
And wait on thee, my Isabel. —
Mind not his tears; I’ve seen them flow,
As in the thaw dissolves the snow.
’Tis a kind youth, but fanciful,
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 fix’d on heaven.”³

My love was like a summer flower,
That wither’d in the wintry hour,
Born but of vanity and pride,
And with these sunny visions died.
If further press his suit—then say,
He should his plighted troth obey,
Troth plighted both with ring and 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?
And wilt thou now deny thine aid
To an oppress’d and injured maid,
Even plead for Ronald’s perfidy,
And press his fickle faith on me!—
So witness Heaven, as true I vow,
Had I those earthly feelings now,
Which could my former bosom move
Ere taught to set its hopes above,
I’d spurn each proffer he could bring,
Till at my feet he laid the ring,
The ring and spousal contract both,
And fair acquittal of his oath,
By her who brooks his perjured scorn,
The ill-reqiusted 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;
simile applied to the transient blush observed by Bruce, the countenance of Isabel upon his mention of Ronald.”⁴

British Critic.

¹ MS.—" We 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 finest discrimination; are introduced with the happiest effect. Hence, in his similes, both the genius and the judgment of the poet are peculiarly comprehensible: his accurate observation of the appearances of nature, which others have neglected, imparts an originality to those allusions of which the reader immediately recognizes the aptness and propriety; and only wonders that what must have been so often witnessed should have been so uniformly passed unregarded by. Such is the

² MS.—" And well I judge that Knight unknown.”

³ MS.—" But that his earlier plighted forbade.”

⁴ MS.—" The Monarch’s brand and cloak be borne.”

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 copulates 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 be think thee well;
No easy choice the convent call;
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 wilt went to sigh unseen,
And wouldst the ditties best approve,
That told some lay of helpless 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 humour uncontrol'd;
But thou art of another mould.
Say then to Ronald, as I say,
Unless before my feet he lay
The ring which bound the faith he swore
By Edith freely yielded o'er,
He moves his suit to me no more.
Nor do I promise, even if now
He stood absolved of 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

1 The MS. here adds:—
"She yields one shade of empty hope;
But well I guess her wily scope
Is to dupe Lord Ronald's plan,
And still my importunity."—

2 This and the two succeeding 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,2
Nor would it long our wants supply.
Right opposite, the mainland towers
Of my own Turnberry court our powers—
—Might not my father's head-man 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 c'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.3

The Lord of the Isles.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

Ox fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
Thin wraiths 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's soul unfurl'd,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Ghoil,
Before the hut the dune her spindle twirl'd,
Counting 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 convenant maid,
Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell;

But the remainder of the canto is rather tedious, and might, without any considerable inconvenience, have been left a good deal to the reader's imagination. Mr. Scott 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.
Sung were the matins, and the mass was said,  
And every sister sought her separate cell,  
Such was the rule; her rosary to toll.  
And Isabel has knelt in lowly prayer  
The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell  
Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair,  
As stoop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there.

II.  
She raised her eyes, that duty done,  
When glanced upon the pavement-stone,  
Gem'm'd and enclosed, 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 plighted hand,  
With this his promise I restore;  
To her who can the heart command,  
Well may I yield the pledged hand.  
And O! for better fortune born,  
Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn  
Her who was Edith once of Lorn!"  
One single blush 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 throbb 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 temptings gand,  
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 awav,  
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 round the jewel roll'd,  
Had few brief words," &c.  
MS.—"A single throb of joy to own."  

"Strange doubts are mine!—Mona, draw nigh;  
—Naught 'scapes old Mona'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 darts to a sunbeam, fell,—  
"'Tis Edith's self,—her speechless woe,  
Her form, her looks, the secret show!  
—Instant, good Mona, to the bay,  
And to my royal brother say,  
I do conjure him seek my cell,  
With that mute page he loves so well."—  
"What! know'st thou not his warlike host  
At break of day has left our coast!"  
My old eyes saw them from the tower.  
At eve they coul'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 there purpose, deep the need,"  
Said anxious Isabel, "of speed!  
Call Father Augustine, good dame."  
The man obey'd, the Father came.

V.  
"Kind Father, lie 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 stripping mute.  
Thus prays his sister Isabel,  
For causes more than she may tell—

5 MS.—"'Tis she herself."
6 MS.—"What! know'st thou not in sudden haste  
The warriors from our woods have pass'd?"
7 MS.—"Canst tell where they have bent their way?"
Away, good father! and take heed,
That life and death are on thy speed."
His cowl the good old priest did on,
Took his piked staff and sandall'd shoon,
And, like a palmer bent by old,
O'er moss and moor his journey held.¹

VI.
Heavy and dull the foot of age,
And rugged was the pilgrimage;
But none was there beside, whose care
Might such important message bear.
Through birchen cope he wander'd slow,
Stunted and sapless, thin and low;
By many a mountain stream he pass'd,
From the tall cliffs in tumult cast,
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 chimas he pass'd, where fractures wide
Craved wary eye and ample stride;²
He cross'd his brow beside the stone
Where Druids erst heard victims groan,³
And at the cairns upon the wild,
O'er many a heathen hero pile,⁴
He breathed a timid prayer for those
Who died ere Shihoh's sun arose.
Beside Macfarlane's Cress he staid,
There told his hours within the shade,
And at the stream his thirst allay'd.
Thence onward journeying slowly still,
As evening closed he reach'd the hill,
Where, rising through the woodland green,
Old Brodick's gothic towers were seen,
From Hastings late their English lord,
Douglas had won them by the sword.⁵
The sun that sunk behind the isle,
Now tinged them with a parting smile.

VII.
But though the beams of light decay,
'Twas battle all in Brodick-Bay.
The Bruce's followers crowd'd the shore,
And boats and barges some nummoor,
Some raise the sail, some seize the oar,
Their eyes oft turn'd where glimmer'd far
What might have seem'd an early star
On heaven's blue arch, save that its light
Was all too flickering, fierce, and bright.
Far distant in the south, the ray
Shone pale amid retiring day,

But as, on Carrick-shore,
Dun seen in outline faintly blue,
The shades of evening closer drew,⁶
It kindled more and more.
The monk's slow steps now press the sands
And now amid a scene he stands,
Full strange to churchman's eye;
Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
Rivet and clasp their harness light,
And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
And helmets flashing high.
Oft, too, with unaccustomed cars,
A language much unmeet he hears;⁷
While, hastening all on board,
As stormy as the swelling surge
That mix'd its roar, the leaders urge
Their followers to the ocean verge,
With many a haughty word.

VIII.
Through that wild throng the Father pass'd,
And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last.
He leant against a stranded boat,
That the approaching tide must float,
And counted every rippling wave,
As higher yet her sides they lace,
And oft the distant fire he eyed,
And closer yet his lanbern tied,
And launchem'd in its sheath his brand.
Edward and Leomox were at hand,
Douglas and Ronald had the care
The soldiers to the barks to share.—
The Monk approach'd and homage paid;
"And art thou come," King Robert said,
"So far to bless us ere we part?"
—"My Liege, and with a loyal heart!—
But other charge I have to tell,"
And spoke the best of Isabel.
—"Now by Saint Giles," the monarch cried,
"This moves me much!—this morning tide,
I sent the striping to Saint Bride,
With my commandment there to ride."—
—"Thither he came the fortress show'd,
But there, my Liege, made brief abode."—

IX.
"'Twas I," said Edward, "found employ
Of nobler import for the boy.
Deep pondering in my anxious mind,
A fitting messenger to find,
To bear my written mandate o'er
To Cutthert on the Carrick-shore,

¹ MS.—"And cross the island took his way,
O'er hill and holt, to Brodick-Bay."²
² See Appendix, Note 2 W.
³ MS.—"He cross'd him by the Druids' stone,
That heard of you the victim's groan."³
⁴ See Appendix, Note 2 X.
⁵ See Appendix, Note 2 Y.
⁶ MS.—"The shades of even more closely drew,
It brighten'd more and more.
Now print his sandall'd feet the sands,
And now amid, &c.
⁷ See Appendix, Note 2 Z.
I chanced, at early dawn, to pass
The chapel gate to snatch a mass.
I found the stripling on a tomb
Low-seated, weeping for the doom
That gave his youth to convent gloom.
I told my purpose, and his eyes
Flash’d joyful at the glad surprise.
He bounded to the skiff, the sail
Was spread before a prosperous gale,
And well my charge he hath obey’d;
For, see! the ruddy signal made,
That Clifford, with his merry-men all,
Guards carelessly our father’s hall.”—

X.
“O wild of thought, and hard of heart!”
Answer’d the Monarch, “on a part
Of such deep danger to employ
A mute, an orphan, and a boy!
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,
Era, thrust on such adventure wild,
I peril’d thus the helpless child.”—
—Offended half, and half submiss,
“Brother and Liege, of blame like this,”
Edward replied, “I little dream’d.
A stranger messenger, I deem’d,
Might safest seek the beardsman’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, “Bear thou this request,
That when by Bruce’s side I fight,
For Scotland’s crown and Freedom’s right
The princess grace her knight to bear
Some token of her favoring care;
It shall be shown where England’s best
May shrink to see it on my crest.
And for the boy—since weightier care
For royal Bruce the times prepare,
The helpless youth is Ronald’s charge,
His conch my plaid, his fence my target.”—
He ceased; for many an eager hand
Had urged the barges from the strand.
Their number was a score and ten,
They bore thrice threescore chosen men.
With such small force did Bruce at last
The die for death or empire cast!

XII.
Now on the darkening main afloat,
Ready and man’d rocks every boat;
Beneath their oars the ocean’s might
Was dash’d to sparks of glimmering light.
Paint and more faint, as off 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 ear.
The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,
And glanced against the whiten’d sail;
But on that ruddy beacon-light

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3 The MS. reads:—
“‘keeps careless guard in Turnberry hall.’”
See Appendix, Note 3 A.
5 MS.—‘t Said Robert, ‘to assign a part

3 MS.—‘t is thine alone’’
4 MS.—‘t Have sunk’’
Each steersman kept the helm aight,
And oft, for such the King's command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warn'd them to crowd or slacken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And near at length the Carrick-shore.
And less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the beacon rose;
The light, that seem'd a twinkling star,
Now blazed portentious, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,
Dark-red the sea beneath it glist'ned,
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brink,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropp'd from their crougs on flashing wave. 1
The deer to distant covert dier,
The black-cock seem'd it day, and crew.
Like some tall castle given to flame,
O'er half the land the hastre came.
"Now, good my Liege, and brother sage,
What think ye of mine elfin page?!—
"Row on!" the noble King repel'd,
"We'll learn the truth what'er betide;
Yet see the steersman and the child.
Could ne'er have wak'd 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 hardy band
Contended which should gain the land,
When that strange light, which, seen afar,
Seem'd steady as the polar star,
Now, like a prophet's fiery chair,
Seem'd travelling the realms of air.
Wide o'er the sky the splendor glows,
As that portentous meteor rose;
Helm, axe, and falchion glitter'd 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 coast,—
Rendal to Heaven a prayer address'd,
And Douglas cross'd his dauntless breast;
"Saint James protect us!" Lemox cried,
But reckless Edward spoke aside,
"Deemst thou, Kirkpatrick, in that flame
Red Comyn's angry spirit came,
Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure?"—
"Hush!" said the Bruce, "we soon shall know
If this be sorcerer's empty show,"
Or stratagem of southern foe.
The moon shines out—upon the sand
Let every leader rank his band."

XV.

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply
That ruddy light's unnatural dye;
The dubious cold reflection bay
On the wet sands and quiet bay.
Beneath the rocks King Robert drew
His scatter'd files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tide,
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He kneelt him lowly 3 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. 4
Augmented, too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fl'd the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection'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 those chilling news aloud.
"What council, nobles, have we now!—
To ambush us in greenwood bough,
And take the chance which fate may send
To bring our enterprise to end,
Or shall we turn to the main
As exiles, and embark again!"—
Answer'd fierce Edward, "Hap what may,
In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must stay.
I would not minstrels told the tale,
Wildfire or meteor' made us quail."—
Answer'd the Douglas, "If my Liege
May win yon walls by storm or siege,

1 MS.—"And from their crags splashed they in the wave."
2 MS.—"With that the barges near'd the land." 3 MS.—"A wizard's."
4 MS.—"That Clifford's force in watch were ware." 5 MS.—"A wildfire meteor," k.e.
Then were each brave and patriot heart
Kindled of new for loyal part."—
Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame
Would I that aged Torquil came,
And found, for all our empty boast,
Without a blow we fled the coast.
I will not credit that this land,
So famed for warlike heart and hand,
The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce,
Will long with tyrants hold a truce."—
"Prove we our fate—the brunt we'll hide!"
So Boyd and Haye and Lennox cried;
So said, so vow'd, the leaders all;
So Bruce resolved: "And in my hall
Since the Bold Southern make their home,
The hour of payment soon shall come,²
When with a rough and rugged host
Clifford may reckon³ to his cost.
Meantime, through well-known bosc 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 known⁴—yet gray-hair'd old
A superstitious credence held,
That never did a mortal land
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 bell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to defeat and death,
Or were it but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range,
Starting the traveller late and lone,⁵
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-ball's treble hide
This targe for thee and me supplied?
Is not Clan-Coll's sword of steel?
And, trembler, cast thou terror feel?
Cheer thee, and still that throbbing heart;
From Ronald's guard thou shalt not part."
—"O! many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
Half soothed, half grieved, half terrified,
Close drew the page to Ronald's side;
A wild delirious 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
Lift for the Castle's silvan reign⁷
(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,⁸
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shiver'd boughs, was there.
Lovely between, the moonbeams fall
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.⁹

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 B.
² MS.—"Since Clifford needs will make his home,
The hour of reckoning soon shall come," &c.
³ MS.—"The Knight shall reckon," &c.
⁴ See Appendix, Note 3 B.
⁵ MS.—"Such as through midnight ether range,
All tripping o'er the traveller's lane."
⁶ MS.—"Sounds sadly over land and sea."
XX.

Fond 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
Descried them on the open lawn.
Copes 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 lengthened pause,
His weary step the stripling draws.

"Nay, drop 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, disheartened, and dismay'd,
Here Amadine let go the plain;
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 phial 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 bourn,
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 o'ertook.

XXII.

Thus strangely left, long zobb'd and wept
The page, till, wearied out, he slept—
A rough voice waked his dream— "Nay, here,
Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—
Beneath that oak old Ryno said—
What have we here? — a Scottish plaid,
And in its folds a stripling hid? —
Come forth! thy name and business tell! —
What, silent? — then I guess thee well
The spy that sought old Cuthbert's cell,
Wafted from Arran yester-morn—
Come, comrades, we will straight return,
Our Lord may choose the rack should teach
To this young lurcher use of speech.
Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast. —
"Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast;
Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not;
'Tis a fair stripling, though a Scot."
The hunters to the castle sped,
And there the hapless captive led.

XXIII.

Stout Clifford in the castle-court
Prepared him for the morning sport;
And now with Lorn held deep discourse,
Now gave command for hound and horse,
War-steeds and palfreys paw'd the ground,
And many a deer-dog howl'd around.

To Amadine, Lorn's well-known word
Replying to that Southern Lord,
Mix'd with this clanging din, might seem
The phantasm of a fever'd dream.
The tone upon his ringing ears
Came like the sound which fancy hears,
When in rude waves or roaring winds
Some words of woe the miser finds,
Until more loudly and more near,
Their speech arrests the page's ear."

XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford, "lost?
The priest should rue it to his cost!
What says the monk?" — The holy Sire
Owes, that in masquer's quaint attire
She sought his skiff, disguised, unknown
To all except to him alone.

—Quarterly Review.

poem, and contains some touches of great pathos and beauty.
PANTO V.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn
Laid them aboard that very morn,
And pirates seized her for their prey.
He prov'd a 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 no 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 race!

Thrice better she had never been born,
Than brought her infamy on Lorn!

XXV.

Lord Clifford now the captive spied;—
"Whom, Herbert, hast thou there?" he cried.
"A spy we seized within the Chase,
A hollow oak his lurking place."—
"What tidings can the youth afford?"—
"He plays the mute."—Then noose a cord—
Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom
For his plaid's sake."—"Clan-Colla's loom,"
Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace
Rather the vesture than the face,
"Clan-Colla's dames such tartans twine;
Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine.
Give him, if my advice you crave,
His own scathed oak; and let him wave
In air, unless, by terror wrung,
A frank confession find his tongue.—
Nor shall he die without his rite!
—Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight,
And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breath,
As they convey him to his death."—
"O brother! cruel to the last!"
Through the poor captive's bosom pass'd
The thought, but, to his purpose true,
He said not, though he sigh'd, "Adieu!"

And will he keep his purpose still,
In sight of that last closing ill,
When one poor breath, one single word,
May freedom, safety, life, afford!
Can he resist the instinctive call,
For life that bids us barter all?
Love, strong as death, his heart hath steel'd,
His nerves hath strung—he will not yield!
Since that poor breath, that little word,
May yield Lord Ronald to the sword.—
Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide,
The griesly headman's by his side;
Along the greenwood Chase they bend,
And now their march has ghastly end!
That old and shattered oak beneath,
They destine for the place of death.
—What thoughts are his, while all in vain
His eye for aid explores the plain?
What thoughts, while, with a dizzy ear,
He hears the death-prayer mutter'd near?
And must he die such death accurst,
Or will that bosom-secret burst?
Cold on his brow breaks terror's dew,
His trembling 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,
"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
A ringlet of the stripling's hair;
But, till I give the word, forbear.
—Douglas, lead fifty of our force
Up yonder hollow water-course,
And conch thee midway on the wold,
Between the flyers and their hold;
A spear above the cope display'd,
Be signal of the ambush made.
—Edward, with forty spearmen, straight
Through yonder cope approach the gate,
And, when thou hearest 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 aboad," &c.

3 In place of the complet 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 resentment and to
Each sense of pride and

8 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 bough,
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 dark 2 death-train moving by,
And, heedful, measures off the space
The Douglas and his band must trace,
Ere they can reach their destined ground;
Now sinks the dirge's wailing sound,
Now cluster round the direful tree
That slow and solemn company,
While hymn mistuned and 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
Hem'd in, hew'd down, they bled and died.
Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged,
And fierce Clan-Coll'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 gentle duty claim'd his hand.
He raised the page, where on the plain
His fear had sunk him with the slain:

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 assail'd the castle gates." "
5 MS.—"Where sober thought had fail'd,
Upon the bridge himself he threw." MS.
6 MS.—"His axe was steel of tempered edge,
That truth the wander well might pledge,
He sink upon the threshold ledge!
The gate," &c.

And twice, that morn, surprise well near
Betray'd the secret kept by fear;
Once, when, with life returning, came
To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name,
And hardly recollection 3 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 mortal work was yet to do.

XXXI.
A harder task fierce Edward waits.
Ere signal given, the castle gates
His fury had assaill'd; 4
Such was his wonted reckless mood,
Yet desperate valor oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,
Where prudence might have fail'd.
Upon the bridge his strength he threw, 5
And struck the iron chain in two,
By which its planks arose;
The warier next his axe's edge
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,
"Twixt door and post a glastly wedge! 6
The gate they may not close.
Well fought the Southern in the fray,
Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,
But stubborn Edward force'd his way 7
Against a hundred foes.
Loud came the cry, "The Bruce, the Bruce!"
No hope or in defence or truce,
Fresh combattants pour in;
Mad with success, and drunk with gore,
They drive the struggling foe before,
And ward on ward they win.
Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
And limbs were lopp'd and life-blood pour'd,
The cry of death and conflict roar'd,
And fearful was the din!  

The startling horses plunged and flung,
Clan'dr 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

7 MS.—"Well fought the English yeomen then,
And Lorn and Clifford play'd the men,
But Edward man'st the pass he won
Against," &c.
8 The concluding stanza of "The Siege of Corinth" contains an obvious, though, no doubt, an unconscious imitation of the preceding nine lines, magnificently expanded through an extent of about thirty couples:
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd;
The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,
XXXII.
The valiant Clifford is no more; 1.
On Roundi'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 shift in that debate,
That hour of fury and of fate,
If Lorn encounter'd Bruce!3
Then long and loud the victor shout
From turret and from tower rung out,
The raged vaults replied;
And from the donjon tower on high,
The men of Carrick may desery
Saint Andrew's cross, in blazoury
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 chiefestain, prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.
Great God! once more my sire's abode
Is mine—behold the floor I trode
In tottering infancy!
And there the vaulted arch, whose sound
Echoed my joyous shout and bound
In boyhood, and that rung around
To youth's unthinking glee!
O first, to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
Then to my friends, my thanks be given!”—
He paused a space, his brow he cross'd—
Then on the board his sword he toss'd,
Yet steaming hot; with Southern gore
From hilt to point 'twas crimson'd o'er.

XXXIV.
“Bring here,” he said, “the mazers four,
My noble fathers loved of yore.5
Thrice let them circle round the board,
And howling left the unburied dead:
The canons from their keepers broke;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plung'd o'er the plain,
And burst his girth, and tore his rein,” &c.

1 In point of fact, Clifford fell at Bannockburn.
2 MS. —“And swiftly hoisted sail.”
3 MS. —“Short were his shift, if in that hour
Of fate, of fury, and of power,
He 'counter'd Edward Bruce!”
4 See Appendix, Note 3 D.
5 MS. —“And see the vaulted arch,” &c.
6 See Appendix, Note 3 E.
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?
Sit, gentle friends! our hour of glee
If brief, we'll spend it joyously!
Blithest of all the sun's bright beams,
When betwixt storm and storm he gleams.
Well is our country's work begun,
But more, far more, must yet be done.
Speed messengers the country through
Arouse old friends, and gather new;
Warn Lamarck'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 Reedswaite-Path,
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath;
Wide let the news through Scotland ring;
The Northern Eagle claps his wing!”

———

The Lord of the Isles
———

CANTO SIXTH.

I.
O who, that shared them, ever shall forget?
The emotions of the spirit-roosing 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
Haul'd news on news, as field on field was won,10
When Hope, long doubtful, sound'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 Who can avoid conjuring up the idea of men with brass sheets of foils crape 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 horn-fisted 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 gun.”
O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears!
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears
That track'd with terror twenty rolling years,
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee!
Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears,
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace and liberty!

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode,
When '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;¹
When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale,²
And fury Edward routed stout St. John;³
When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale,⁴
And many a fortress, town, and tower, was won,
And Fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done.

II.
Blithe tidings flew from baron's tower,
To peasant's cot, to forest-bower,
And waked the solitary cell,
Where lone Saint Br'dle'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 length'n'd braid,
So say the blushes and the sighs,
The tremors that unbidden rise,
When, mingled with the Bruce's fame,
The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

III.
Believe, his father's castle won,
And his bold enterprise begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore:
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.
There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and vows;
And there, her sex's dress regain'd,
The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd,
Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far
Resounded with the din of war;
And many a month, and many a day,
In calm seclusion wore away.

IV.
These days, these months, to years had worn,
When tidings of high weight were borne
To that lone island's shore;
Of all the Scottish conquests made
By the First Edward's ruthless blade,
His son retain'd no more,
Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's towers,
Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers;
And they took term of truce,⁵
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;⁶
Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,
With-buckler, brand, and spear.
The term was nigh—they must'rd 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,
Renew'd in arms, the summons own;
For Neustria's knights obey'd,
Gascony hath lent her horsemen good;⁷
And Cambria, but of late subdued,
Sent forth her mountain-multitude;⁸
And Connought pour'd from waste and wood
Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude
Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.⁹

V.
Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slow'v on,¹⁰

¹ See Appendix, Note 3 G.
² Ibid. Note 3 H.
³ Ibid. Note 3 I.
⁴ Ibid. Note 3 K.
⁵ 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 threatened shower,
Till every peak and summit lower
Round the pale pilgrim’s head.
Not with such pilgrim’s startled eye
King Robert mark’d the tempest high!
Resolved the brunt to ride,
His royal summons warn’d the land,
That all who own’d his King’s command
Should instantly take the spear and brand, 1
To combat at his side.
O who may tell the sons of fame,
That at King Robert’s bidding came,
To battle for the right!
From Cheviot to the shores of Ross,
From Solway-Sands to Marshal’s-Moss, 2
All boun’d them for the fight.
Such news the royal courier tells,
Who came to rouse dark Arran’s dolls;
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,”
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 plighted.
Forgive him for thy sister’s sake,
At first if vain repinings wake—
Long since that mood is gone:
Now dwells he on thy juster claims,
And oft his breach of faith he blames—
Forgive him for thine own!”—

VII.

“No! never to Lord Ronald’s bower
Will I again as paramour”——
“Nay, hush thee, too impatient maid,
Until my final tale be told!—
The good King Robert would engage
Edith once more his edlin page,
By her own heart, and her own eye,
Her lover’s penitence to try—
Safe in his royal charge and free,
Should such thy final purpose be,
Again unknown to seek the cell,
And live and die with Isabel.”
Thus spoke the maid—King Robert’s eye
Might have some glance of policy;
Dunstaffnage had the monarch taken,
And Lorn had own’d King Robert’s reign;
Her brother had to England fled,
And there in banishment was dead;
Ample, through exile, death, and flight,
O’er tower and land was Edith’s right;
This ample right o’er tower and land
Were safe in Ronald’s faithful hand.

VIII.

Emarrass’d eye and blushing cheek
Pleasure and shame, and fear bespeak!
Yet much the reasoning Edith made:
“Her sister’s faith she must upbraid,
Who gave such secret, dark and dear,
In council to another’s ear.
Why should she leave the peaceful cell?
How should she part with Isabel?
How wear that strange attire a-gain?
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.”

IX.

Oh, blame her not!—when zephyrs wake,
The aspen’s trembling leaves must shoke;
When beams the sun through April’s shower,
It needs must bloom, the violet flower;
From Arran’s mountains left the land;
Their chief, MacLouis, had the care
The speechless Amadine to bear
To Bruce, with honor, reverence, as behoved
To page the monarch dearly loved.”

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, how'er the maiden strive,  
Must with reviving hope revive!  
A thousand soft excuses came,  
To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame.  
Pledged by their sires in earliest youth,  
He had her 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 bear 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 woe,  
Joy'd, generous, that revolving time  
Gave means to expiate the crime.  
High glow'd her bosom as she said,  
"Well shall her sufferings be repaid!"  
Now came the parting hour—a land  
From Arran's mountains left the land;  
Their chief, Fitz-Louis, had the care  
The speechless Annaline to bear  
To Bruce, with honor, as behooved  
To page the monarch dearly loved.

X.  
The King had deem'd the maiden bright  
Should reach him long before the fight,  
But storms and fate her course delay'd:  
It was on eve of battle-day,  
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode,  
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,  
And far as 'er the eye was borne,  
The lances waved like autumn-corn.

1 See Appendix, Note 3 P.  
2 MS.—"Nearest and plainest to the eye."  
3 See Appendix, Note 3 Q.  
4 MS.—"One close beneath the hill was laid."  
5 See Appendix, Note 3 R.  
6 "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 Scotch acres of land, part of the barony of Kyle Stewart, his patronial inheritance, lying in the immediate vicinity of the town of Ayr, which grant King James VI. confirmed to their successors by two charters; one to the freemen of Newton-upon-Ayr, the other to the freemen of Prestwick, both boroughs of barony in the same parish, with all the peculiarities of the original constitution.

"The former charter contains forty-eight freemen or baronies—as these subdivisions are called—and the latter thirty-six. The right of succession to these freemen is limited. A son succeeds his father, nor can his right of succession be any.

In battles four beneath their eye,  
The forces of King Robert lic,  
And one below the hill was laid,  
Reserved for rescue and for aid;  
And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line,  
Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.  
Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh  
As well might mutual aid supply.  
Beyond, the Southern host appears,  
A boundless wilderness of spears,  
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye  
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.  
Thick flashing in the evening beam,  
Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam;  
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,  
Was distant armor flashing still,  
So wide, so far the boundless host  
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.  
Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,  
At the wild show of war aghast;  
And traversed first the rearward host,  
Reserved for aid where needed most.  
The men of Carrack and of Ayr,  
Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,  
And all the western land;  
With these the valiant of the Isles  
Beneath their cheiftains rank'd their files;  
In many a plaided band.  
There, in the centre, proudly raised,  
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,  
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore  
A galley driven by sail and oar.  
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made  
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,  
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid  
By these Hebrideans worn;  
But O! unseen for three long years,  
Dear was the garb of mountaineers  
To the fair Maid of Lorn!

wise affected by the amount of his father's debts. A widow  

having no son may enjoy her husband's freedhold 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 freedhold 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 freedholder has a vote in the election of the bailies,  
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 liberty of the bailies, he thereby forfeits his  
liberty or freedom."—Inquisition, Special, pp. 72, 555, 782.  
Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. II.  
pp. 253, 264, 521.—Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. III. pp. 594,  
568.—Note from Mr. Joseph Train (1840).  
1 See Appendix, Note 3 S.
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 vanguard-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 ban
And deep ravine, protects their flank.
Behind them, screen’d by sheltering wood,
The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood:
His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,
And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and left-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 marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Relining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And chape’d within its glittering twine

Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
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 fearful2 to behold,
Flash’d 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,
“We are but harnessed on steel 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 Boun.

XV.

Of Hereford’s high blood1 he came,
A race renown’d for knightly fame.
He burn’d before his Monarch’s eye
To do some deed of chivalry.
He spur’d his steed, he couched his lance,
And darts 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, 1
While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
But, swerving from the Knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing,
Right on De Bonne, the whites he pass'd,
Fell that stern dist—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crush'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen chisp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Bonne!

XVI.
One pitting glance the Monarch sped,
Where on the field his foe lay dead;
Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,
And, pacing back his sober way,
Slowly he gain'd his own array.
There round their King the leaders crowd
And blame his reckless-ness 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 trust-y battle-axe."
Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low,
Did Isabel's commission show;
Edith, disguised, at distance stands,
And hides her blushes with her hands.
The Monarch's brow has changed its hue,
Away the gory axe he throw,
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."
CANTO VI.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

"See, see! the ronted 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, Daya-court by stout Randolph slain,
His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—
That skirmish closed the busy day,
And coach'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 marches 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,
Wiffle from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd 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 unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the birken'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 flight,
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 rode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midstmost 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 yon 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!"

1 MS.—"Back to his post the Douglas rode,
And soon the tidings are abroad."
2 The MS. here interposes the complete—
"Glancing 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 self-imitation; and the battle of Bannockburn will remain forever as a monument of the
5 MS.—"De Argentine! the cowards repent!
For mercy they have kneel'd."
XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his trancheon high,
Just as the Northern ranks arose,
Signal for England's archery
To halt and bend their bows.
Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,
Glanced at the intervening space,
And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,
Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe to Scotland's buane'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 spring,
High o'er their heads the weapons swing,
And shriek 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 stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallen-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the Greenwood ring no more!
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,
The maidens 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 braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!"
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood show generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!"
To rightward of the wild affray
The field show'd fair and level way;
But, in mid space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clannor 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 hondering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorse,
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 steals 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 turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrors of his own:

XXV.
Too strong in courage and in might
Was England yet, to yield the fight.
Her noblest all are here;
Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed De Vere.

There Gloster plied the bloody sword,
And Berkeley, Grey, and Hereford,
Bottetourt and Sanzavare,
Ross, Montague, and Manley, came, 2
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—
Names known too well 3 in Scotland's war,
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dumbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers.

Pembroke with these, and Argentine,
Brought up the rearward battle-line.
With caution o'er the ground they tread,
Slippery with blood and paled 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,

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-sword now
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;
Nor less had told 4 each Southern knight
From morn till mid-day in the fight.

Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes 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 subj ohned—

"Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
Old man and stripling, priest and clerk." "

Monthly Review

"The adventures of the day are described 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 air either from sentiment or description."—Jeffrey.
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fell less fast,
And gallant Pembrooke’s targe-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy’s shout was fainter heard,
“My merry-men, fight on!”

XXVIII.
Bruce, with the pilot’s wary eye,
The slackening of the storm could spy.
“One effort more, and Scotland’s free!—
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;”
Now, forward to the shock!”
At once the spears were forward thrown,
Against the sun the broad-words alone;
The pibroch lent its maddening tone,
And loud King Robert’s voice was known—
“Carrick, press on—they fall, they fall!
Press on, brave sons of Innisgal,
The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,—
The battle cannot last!”

XXIX.
The fresh and desperate onset here
The foes three furrows 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 rise
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes ‘twixt triumph and lament.
That rallying force, combined anew,
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 caiffat fears;
Till Pembrooke 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 head 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 Argentina!”
And, of the bold pursuers, four
The gallant knight from sable bore;
   But not unmourn’d—a lance’s point
Has found his breastplate’s loosen’d joint,
   An axe has razed his crest;
Yet still on Colosay’s fierce lord,
Who press’d the chase with gory sword,
   He rode with spear in rest,
And through his bloody tartans bored,
   And through his gallant breast.
Nail’d to the earth, the mountaineer
   Yet writhed him up against the spear,
   And swung his broadsword round!
—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way,
Beneath that blow’s tremendous sway,
   The blood gush’d from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colosay
   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;2
And gave command for horse and spear
To press the Southron’s scatter’d rear,
Nor let his broken force combine,
   —When the war-cry of Argentine
   Fell faintly on his ear;
“Save, save his life,” he cried, “O save
   The kind, the noble, and the brave!”
The squadrons round free passage gave,
   The wounded knight drew near;
He raised his red-cross shield no more,
   Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream’d with gore,
Yet, as he saw the King advance,
   He strove even then to couch his lance—
   The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke fail’d to rouse the horse;
Wounded and weary, in mid course
   He stumbled on the plain.
Then foremost was the generous Bruce
To raise his head, his helm to lose;
   “ Lord Earl, the day is thine!
My Sovereign’s charge, and adverse fate,
   Have made our meeting all too late;
   Yet this may Argentine,
   As soon from ancient comrade brave—
A Christian’s mass, a soldier’s brave.”

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 shone,
And rose the death-prayer’s awful tone.3
   That yellow lustre gimmer’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,
Cham’d in the death-prayer’s dismal dué,
   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
   Well the sad death-prayer’s dismal tones.”
5 MS.—“ When for her rights her sword was bare,
   Rights dear to all who freedom share.”
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 tame 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
Our will be to the Abbot known,
Ere these strange news are wider blown,
To Cambus-kenneth straight ye pass,
And deck the church for solemn mass;
To pay for high delivery 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 Lorin."

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 friend-ship 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 The MS. adds—
   "That priests and choir, with morning beams,
   Prepate, 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; because, 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 interview, 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 hands; and, upon either supposition, it would have conformed with the delicacy of Edith to refuse his proffered hand."—Quar. Review.

"To Mr. James Ballantyne.—Dear Sir,—You have now the whole affair, excepting two or three concluding stanzas. As your taste for bride’s-cake may induce you to desire to know more of the wedding, I will save you some criticism by saying, I have settled to stop short as above.—Witness my hand,

"W. S."
THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO VI.

'Slave yet more lovely in a form so fair.'
And least of all, what 'vails the world should know,
'Tis but and a King's istancy py protoi royal and two who, of this poem, compositions, the passages and of give a sense of how less, passages of a coarse and heavy dietion, and details of uninteresting minuteness and oppressive expression. It is need-
less, after this, to quote such couples as

'A damned tied of midnight bark, or wanderers of a moulding stark,'—
'Tis a kind youth, but fanciful, Unfit against the tide to pull?— or to recite the many weary pages which contain the collo-
quies of Isabel and Edith, and set forth the unmindful rea-
sions of their unreasonable conduct. The concerns of these two young ladies, indeed, form the heaviest part of the poem. The mawkish 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 inconst-
ancy of other lovers,—and especially to that sort of inconst-
ancy which is liable to the suspicion of being partly insired by worldly ambition, and partly afforded from considerations of a still meaner selfishness. We suspect, therefore, that they will have but little indulgence for the fickleness of the Lord of the Isles, who breaks the troth he had pledged to the heiresess of Lern, as soon as he sees 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 convent, and the heiresess gets into possession of her lands, by the forfeiture of her bro-
thier. These characters, and this story, form the great blinsh of the poem; but it has rather less fire and flow and facility, we think, on the wha's, than of the author's other per-
formances.'

That one poor Garland, twined to deck thy hair Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there? other sauce, De Wilton; and although he certainly falls in-
initely short of that accomplished swimmer Malcolm Grieve, yet he rises proportionally above the strained Redmond. Lord Ronald, indeed, bearing his intended marriage with one woman while he loves another, is a very noble fellow: and, were he not so totally eclipsed by 'The Bruce,' he would have served very well to give a title to any octosyllabic epic, were it even as vigorous and poetical as the present. Nevertheless, it would have been just as proper to call Virgil's divine poem 'The Anchiseus,' 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 transcen-
dent merit. In point of fact, however, it has not the grace and elegance of 'The Lady of the Lakes,' nor the general clear-
vity and vivacity of its narrative; nor the unexpected happy-
ness of its catastrophe; and still less does it aspire to the praise of the complicated, but very proper and well-managed story of 'Rokeby.' It has nothing so pathetic as 'The Cy-
pris,' or the pitiable Wraith; 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 Morcham'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 immensity of Constance? On the whole, however, we prefer it to 'Marmion,' which, in spite of much merit, always had a sort of no
ty royal-circus air with it; a clap-trappery, if we may ven-
ture on such a word. 'Marmion,' in short, has become quite identified with Mr. Brum in our minds; and we are there-
fore not perhaps unbiased judges of its perfections. Finally, we do not hesitate to place 'The Lord of the Isles' below both of Mr. Scott's remaining longer works; and as to 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' for numerous examples att to the separa-
bilities, that poem, we believe, still constitutes one of the highest steps, if not the very highest, in the ladder of the au-
tor'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 Minerva-pres-
description; 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 fabe 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 re-
appeared with fairer claims to the public attention. If it have less pathos than the Lady of the Lake, or less display of char-
acter than Marmion, it surpasses them both in grandeur of conception, and dignity of versification. It is in every respect decidedly superior to Rokeby; and though it may not reach the Lay of the Last Minstrel in a few splendid passages, it is far more perfect as a whole. The name of Mr. Scott, among those who are capable of distinguishing the rich ore of poetry from the dross and to garnish it, will receive no small advance-
ment by this last effort of his genius. We discover in it a brilliancy in detached expressions, and a power of language in
the combination of images, which has never yet appeared in any of his previous publications.

We would also believe that as his strength has increased, so his glaring errors have been diminished. But so indelible and ingrained are these in the grain of his excellence, that no blindness can overlook, no art can divide or destroy their connection. They must be tried together at the oracle of time, and descend inseparably to posterity. Could Mr. Scott but endow his purposes with words—could he but decorate the justice and the splendor of his conceptions with more unadulterated aptness of expression, and more uniform strength and harmony of numbers, he would claim a place in the highest rank among the poets of natural feeling and natural imagery. Even as it is, with all his faults, we love him still; and when he shall cease to write, we shall find it difficult to supply his place with a better.

The Quarterly Reviewer, after giving his outline of the story of the Lord of the Isles, thus proceeds:—"In whatever point of view it be regarded, whether with reference to the incidents it contains, or the agents by whom it is carried on, we think that one less calculated to keep alive the interest and curiosity of the reader could not easily have been conceived. Of the characters, we cannot say much; they are not conceived with any great degree of originality, nor delineated with any particular spirit. Neither are we disposed to criticize with minuteness the incidents of the story; but we conceive that the whole poem, considering it as a narrative poem, is projected upon wrong principles.

The story is obviously composed of two independent plots, connected with each other merely by the accidental circumstances of time and place. The liberation of Scotland by Bruce has not naturally any more connection with the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn, than with those of Folo and Eneas; nor are we able to conceive any possible motive which should have induced Mr. Scott to weave them as he has done into the same narrative, except the desire of combining the advantages of a heroic, with what we may call, for want of an appropriate word, an ethical subject; an attempt which we feel aware he never would have made, had he duly weighed the very different principles upon which these dissimilar sorts of poetry are founded. Thus, had Mr. Scott introduced the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn as an episode of an epic poem upon the subject of the battle of Bannockburn, its want of connection with the main action might have been excused, in favor of its intrinsic merit; but, by a great singularity of judgment, he has introduced the battle of Bannockburn as an episode, in the loves of Ronald and the Maid of Lorn. To say nothing of the obvious puerility of such a design, abstractedly considered, the effect of it has, we think, decidedly been to destroy that interest which either of them might separately have created: or, if any interest remain respecting the fate of the ill-regarded Edith, it is because at no moment of the poem do we feel the slightest degree of it, respecting the enterprise of Bruce.

"The many beautiful passages which we have extracted from the poem, combined with the brief remarks subjoined to each canto, will sufficiently show, that although the Lord of the Isles is not likely to add very much to the reputation of Mr. Scott, yet this must be imputed rather to the greatness of his previous reputation, than to the absolute inferiority of the poem itself. Unfortunately, its merits are merely incidental, while its defects are mixed up with the very elements of the poem. But it is not in the power of Mr. Scott to write with tawances; he the subject what it will (and he could not easily have chosen one more impracticable), he imposes upon whatever senses 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 commencement of the poem] appear to me to condense the result of deliberate and candid reflection, and I have therefore quoted them. The most important remarks of either Essayist on the details of the plot and execution are annexed to the last edition of the poem; and show such an exact coincidence of judgment in two masters of their calling, as had not hitherto been exemplified in the professional criticism of his metrical romances. The defects which both point out, are, I presume, but too completely explained by the preceding statement of the rapidity with which this, the last of those great performances, had been thrown off;—[see Life, vol. 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 with 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.
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 precipituous cliff of rocks overlooking 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 piece 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 pletaire, or assembly of feudal and patriarchal vassals and dependents. From this Castle of Artornish, upon the 19th day of October, 1401, John de Vlie, designing himself Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, granted, in the style of an independent sovereign, a commission to his trustee and well-beloved cousin, 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 Stilington, 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 Ballach, and his grandson John de Isle, with all their subjects, men, people, and inhabitants, become vassals and liege-men to Edward IV. of England, and assist him in his wars in Scotland or Ireland; and then follow the allowances to be made to the Lord of the Isles, in recompense of his military service, and the provisions for dividing such conquests as their united arms should make upon the mainland of Scotland among the confederates. These appear such curious illustrations of the period, that they are here subjoined:

"Item, the said John Erle of Ross shall, from the said feast of Whitensontide next ensuing, yearly, during his lyf, have and take, for fees and wages in tyne of peas, of the said most high and Christian prince e, mare sterlyng of Englysh money; and in tyne of werre, as long as he shall entende with his myght and power in the said werres, in manner and formore abovesaid, he shall have wages of e. 1. sterlyng of Englysh money, and after the rate of the tyne that he shall be occupied in the saidwerres.

"Item, the said Donald shall, from the said feste of Whitensontide, have and take, during his lyf, yearly, in tyne of peas, for his fees and wages, x 1. sterlyng of Englysh money; and, when he shall be occupied and intend to the werre, with his myght and power, and in manner and formore abovesaid, he shall have and take, for his wages yearly, x t. sterlyng of Englysh money; or for the rate of the tyne of werre—

"Item, the said John, son and heir apparent of the said Donald, shall have and take, yearly, from the said feast, for his fees and wages, in the tyne of peas, x l. sterlyng of Englysh money; and for tyne of werre, and his intendynge thereto, in manner and formore abovesaid, he shall have, for his fees and wages, yearly x x l. sterlyng of Englysh money; or for the rate of the tyne that he shall be occupied in the werre: And the said John, the' Erle Donald and John, and celte of them, shall have good and sufficient payment of the said fees and wages, as well for tyne of peas as of werre, according to these articles and appointements. Item, it is appointed, accorded, and finally determined, that, if it so be that hereafter the said reume of Scotland, or the more part thereof, be conquered, subdued, and brought to the obedience of the said most high and Christian prince, and his heirs, or successors, of the said Lionell, in formore abovesaid descending, be the assistance, helpe, and aide of the said John Erle of Ross, and Donald, and of James Erle of Douglas, then, the said fees and wages for the tyne of peas ensuing, the same crases and Donald shall have, by the granture of the said same most Christian prince, all the possessions of the said reume beyond Scotishse, to be departed equally betwix them; of whom, his heirs and successors, to holde his parte of the said most Christian prince, his heirs and successors, for evermore, in right of his crowne of England, by homage and fealty to be done therefore.

"Item, If so be that, by the' aide and assistance of the said James Erle of Douglas, the said reume of Scotland be conquered and subdued as above, then he shall have, enjois, and inherit all his own possessions, landes, and inheritance, to which this syde the Scotsithe see; that is to say, betwixt the said Scotsithe see and Englande, such he hath rejoiced and be possessed of before this; there to holde them of the said most high and Christian prince, his heirs, and successors, as is above-said, for evermore, in right of the crowne of Englande, as weel the said Erle of Douglas, as his heirs and successors, by homage and fealty to be done therefore."—Rymer's Fideles Conquestum Litterae et enjususque generis Acta Publica, fol. vol. v., 1741.

Such was the treaty of Artornish; but it does not appear that the allies ever made any very active effort to realize their ambitious designs. It will serve to show both the power of these regal, and their independence upon the crown of Scotland.

It is only further necessary to say of the Castle of Artornish, that it is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of the Isles.

NOTE B.

Rude Heilskar's seat through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.—P. 416.

The sea, displays a taste for music, which could scarcely be expected from his habits and local predilections. They will long follow a bord in which any musical instrument is played, and even a tune simply whistled has attractions for them.
The Dean of the Isles says of Heisker, a small uninhabited rock, about twelve (Scottish) miles from the isle of Uist, that an infinite slaughter of seals takes place there.

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**Note C.**

A turret's airy head
Slender and steep, and battled round,
O'er look'd, dark Mull! thy mighty sound.—P. 417.

The Sound of Mull, which divides that island from the continent of Scotland, is one of the most striking scenes which the Hebrides afford to the traveller. Sailing from Oban to Aros, or Tobermory, through a narrow channel, yet deep enough to bear vessels of the largest burden, he has on his left the bold and mountainous shores of Mull; on the right those of that district of Argyleshire, called Morven, or Morveen, successively indentet by deep salt-water lochs, running up many miles inland. To the southeastward arise a prodigious range of mountains, among which Ordanach-Ben is pre-eminent. And to the northeast is the no less huge and picturesque range of the Ardnamurchan hills. Many ruined castles, situated generally upon cliffs overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene. Those of Donally and Dunstaffnage are first passed, then that of Dunter, formerly belonging to the chief of the warlike and powerful sept of Macleans, and the scene of Miss Balfour's beautiful tragedy, entitled the Family Legend. Still passing on to the northward, Arrigad and Arros become visible upon the opposite shores; and, lastly, Mingarry, and other ruins of less distinguished note. In fine weather, a grander and more impressive scene, both from its natural beauties, and associations with ancient history and tradition, can hardly be imagined. When the weather is rough, the passage is both difficult and dangerous, from the narrowness of the channel, and in part from the number of inland lakes, out of which sail forth a number of conflicting and thwarting tides, making the navigation perilous to open boats. The sudden faws and gists of wind which issue without a moment's warning from the mountain gleans, are equally formidable. So that in an unsettled weather, a stranger, if not much accustomwed to the sea, may sometimes add to the other sublime sensations excited by the scene, that feeling of dignity which arises from a sense of danger.

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**Note D.**

Round twice a hundred islands roll'd,
From Hirt, that bears his northern roof,
To the green Bong'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 Hïrth, or Hirt, probably from "earth," being in fact the whole globe to its inhabitants. Hay, 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 shite 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-Clin-Fi-nlaivan, about three miles in circumference, affords salmon, trout, and eels: this lake lies in the centre of the Isle. The Isle Clinfi-lvagan, from which this lake hath its name, is in it. It's famous for being once the court in which the great Mac-Donald, King of the Isles, had his residence; his houses, &c., are now ruinous. His guards de corps, called Luchtrash, kept guard on the lake side nearest to the isle; the walls of their houses we still to be seen there. The high court of judici

cature, consisting of fourteen, sat always here; and there was an appeal to them from all the courts in the isles: the eleventh share of the man in debate was due to the principal judge.

There was a big stone of seven foot square, in which there was a deep impression made to receive the feet of Mac-Donald; for he was crowned King of the Isles standing in this stone and swore that he would continue his vessels in the possession of their lands, and do exact justice to all his subjects: and then his father's sword was put into his hand. The Bishop of Argyle and seven priests anointed him king, in presence of all the heads of the tribes in the isles and continent, and were his vessels; at which time the earl rehearsed a catalogue of his ancestors, &c.—Martin's Account of the Western Isles, Svo. London, 1716, p. 240, 1.

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**Note E.**

Mingarry sternly placed,
O'erawes 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 overhanging 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 Lenboar dearg, or Red-book of Clanronald, a MS. renowned in the Osbian controversy. Allaster Mac-Donald, commonly called Colquito, who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, sent 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 Kintoch-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 Loch Eiseaid, in Skye, by an armed sent round by the convenanting 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 bay 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 Moldart, the Captain of Clanronald. Clanronald appeared; but, far from yielding effectual assistance to Argyle, he took the opportunity of being in arms to lay waste the district of Sunart, then belonging to the adherents of Argyle, as, sent part of the spoil to relieve the Castle of Mingarry. Thus the castle was maintained until relieved by Allaster Mac-Donald (Colquito), 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 eyewitness, and hitherto unknown to Scottish historians.

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**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 year
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

1157. In 1164, he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large, but probably a tunnamental army, collected in the isles, in the mainland of Argyshire, 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 chiefdom married a daughter of Olav, 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 Douglas. 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, exphonie grotia, 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 Donnaverty, 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 chieftains of this family, who have long disputed the representation of the Lord of the Isles, or for leaving a question of such importance altogether untouched, I choose, in the first place, to give such information as I have been able to derive from Highland genealogists, and which, for those who have patience to investigate such subjects, really contains some curious information concerning the history of the Isles. In the second place, I shall offer a few remarks upon the rules of succession at that period, without pretending to decide their bearing upon the question at issue, which must depend upon evidence which I have had no opportunity to examine.

"Angus Og," says an ancient manuscript translated from the Gaelic, "son of Angus Mor, son of Donald, son of Ronald, son of Somerled, high chief of the Isles of the Gaidheil (the general name given to the Hebrides), he married a daughter of Cumblai, 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 Fraser, whose descendants are called Clan-Ean of Glencoe, and the M'Donalds of Fraser. This Angus Og died in Isla, where his body was interred. His son John succeeded to the inheritance of Innieall. He had good descendants, namely, three sons procreate of Ann, daughter of Rodric, high chief of Lorn, and one daughter, Mary, married to John MacLean, Laird of Duart, and Laichian, his brother, Laird of Coll; she was interred in the church of the Black Nuns. The eldest sons of John were Ronald, Godfrey, and Angus. He gave Ronald a great inheritance. These were the lands which he gave him, viz. from Kilninian in Arbutar to the river Soll, and from thence to Beill, north of Eig and Rum, and the two Uists, and from thence to the foot of the river Gliechan, and thence north long ships. John married afterwards Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, called John Fernyce; she bore him three good sons, Donald of the Isles, the heir, John the Tainiste (i.e. Thane), the second son, and Alexander Car-
great feud betwixt these families while Donald Du was in confinement, insomuch that Mac-Ceen of Ardnamurchan destroyed the greatest part of the posterity of John Mor of the Isles and Caithness. For John Caithness, son of John, son of Donald Balloch, &c., son of John, son of John, son of Angus Og (the chief of the descendants of John Mor, &c.), and John Mor, &c., son of John, son of John, son of John Caithness, and young Donald Balloch, &c., son of John Caithness, were treacherously taken by Mac-Ceen in the island of Finlaggan, in Isla, and carried to Edinburgh, where he got them hanged at the Barrow-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 Caithness, except Alexander, the son of John Caithness, and Angus Phiech, who concealed themselves in the isles of Ireland. Mac-Ceen, hearing of their hiding-places, went to cut down the woods of these islands, in order to destroy Alexander, and extirpate the whole race. At length Mac-Ceen and Alexander met, were reconciled, and a marriage-alliance took place; Alexander married Mac-Ceen's daughter, and she brought him good children. The Mac-Donalds of Lewis 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 some of the men of the north had descended. The Mac-Kenzies rose against Alexander, and fought the battle called after as Fair Isle. Alexander had only a few of the men of Ross at the battle. He went after that battle to 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-Ceen of Ardnamurchan watched him as he sailed past, followed him to Oransay and Colonsay, went to the house where he was, and he and Alexander, son of John Caithness, murdered him there.

"A good while after these things fell out, Donald Galda, 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 Ardnamurchan, where they met Alexander, the son of John Caithness, were reconciled to him, he joined his men with theirs against Mac-Ceen of Ardnamurchan, came upon him at a place called Curach Cloighe, where was the three sons, and a great number of his people, were killed, and Donald Galda was immediately declared Mac-Donald: And, after the affair of Ardnamurchan, all the men of the Isles yielded to him, but he did not live above seven or eight weeks after it; he died at Carnaiberg, in Mull, without issue. He had three sisters' daughters of Alexander, son of Archibald, who were portioned in the north upon the continent, but the earldom of Ross was kept for them. Alexander, the son of Archibald, had a natural son, called John Cam, of whom is descended Achnaoichan, in Rameh, and Donald Gorm, son of Ronald, son of Alexander Devon, of John Cam. Donald Du, son of Angus, son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander of the Isles, son of Donald of the Isles, son of John of the Isles, son of Angus Og, namely, the true heir of the Isles and Ross, came after his release from captivity to the Isles, and convened the men thereof. 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 Dunart to be distributed among the commanders of the arms, which they receiving in proportion as it should have been distributed from captivity to the Isles, and convened the army to disperse, which, when the Earl of Lennox himself had reconciled his 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."
Appendix to the Lord of the Isles.

A.D. 1346. I believe it has been subject of fierce dispute, whether Donald, who carried on the line of Glengarry, or Allan of Moldart, the ancestor of the captains of Clanmonald, was the eldest son of Ronald, the son of John of Baln. An humble Lawlander may be permitted to waive the discussion, since a Seminarioie of no small note, who wrote in the sixteenth century, expresses himself upon this delicate topic in the following words:

"I have now given you an account of every thing you can expect of the descendants of the clan Colla (i.e. the Mac-Donalds), to the death of Donald Du at Droghella, namely, the true line of those who possessed the Isles, Ross, and the mountainous countries of Scotland. It was Donald, the son of Angus, that was killed at Inversna (by his own harper Mac-Cairine), son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of John, son of Angus Og. And I know not which of his kindred or relations is the true heir, except these five sons of John, the son of Angus Og, whom I here set down for you, namely, Ronald and Godfrey, the two sons of the daughter of Mac-Donald of Lorn, and Donald and John Mac, and Alexander Carrach, the three sons of Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert Stewart, King of Scotland."

—Leabar Dearn.

Note II.

The House of Lorn, as we observed in a former note, was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1161. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyllshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages. The Lord of Lorn, who flourished during the wars of Bruce, was Allaster (or Alexander) Mac-Dougal, called Allaster of Argyle. 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 distresscd 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 requite these injuries. He marched into Argyllshire to lay waste the country. John of Lorn, son of the chiefest, was posted with his followers in the formidable pass between Dalmally and Bunawe. It is a narrow path along the verge of the hag and precipitous mountain, called Crauchan-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 Wismen, and Sir Andrew Gray, ascended the mountain with a select body of archery, and obtained possession of the heights which commanded the pass. A volley of arrows descending upon them directly warned the Argyllshire men of their perilous situation, and their resistance, which had hitherto been bold and manly, was changed into a precipitate flight. The deep and rapid river of Awe was then (we learn the fact from Barbour with some surprise) crossed by a bridge.

This bridge the mountaineers attempted to demolish, but Bruce's followers were too close upon their rear; they were, therefore, without refuge and defence, and were dispersed with great slaughter. John of Lorn, survivor of the event, had escaped 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, exculpate him from the charge of cowardice.

"To Jhione off Lorne it said displesse
I trow, quhen he men mycht se,
Owee off his schippis fra the se,
Beard of Scotland, in the hill,
That he mycht set na help than till,
But it angers sit gremously,
To gad hartis that ar worthi,
To se thay fuyil their will
As to thaim seff to thole the ill."—B. vii. v. 59s.

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 this principal stronghold of the Mac-Douglas a garrison and governor of his own. The elder Mac-Dougal, now wearied with the contest, submitted to the victor; but his son, "rebellions," says Barbour, "as he went to bed," fled to England by sea. When the wars between the Bruce and Balil faction 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 conferred 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 chieftainship 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 accession his ancestors had opposed at the expense of their feudal grandeur. The estate was, however, restored about 1745, to the father of the present proprietor, whom family experience had taught the hazard of inter-filing 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 Lorn. 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 Arthornish or Dunstaffnage. These fragments enclose a courtyard, of which the keep probably formed one side; the entrance being by a steep ascent from the ruins of the abutments, 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 tumbled with

Talb, and woddly till hys wyf,
And on byr he gat in til hys lyf
Isole of Lorne, the spikly gat
Ewes of Lorne espy that.


cape wood. There are other accompaniments suited to the scene; in particular, a huge upright pillar, or detached fragment of that sort of rock called plumb-pudding stone, upon the shore, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. It is called Clock-na-carr, or the Dog's Pillar, because Fingal is said to have used it as a stake to which he bound his celebrated dog Bran. Others say that when the Lord of the Isles came upon a visit to the Lord of Lorn, the dogs brought for his sport were kept beside this pillar. Upon the whole, a more delightful and romantic spot can scarce be conceived; and it receives a moral lesson from the considerations attached to the residence of a family once powerful enough to confront and defeat Robert Bruce, and now sunk into the shade of private life. It is at present possessed by Patrick Mac-Dongail, Esq., the lineal and undisputed representative of the ancient Lords of Lorn. The heir of Dunolly fell lately in Spain, fighting under the Duke of Wellington,—a death well becoming his ancestry.

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**Note I.**

_Awakened before the rushing prow._

_The mimic fires of ocean glows._

_Those lightnings of the wave—_ P. 419.

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of luminous concretions 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-snares 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 trunks of shining white,
And when they move'd, the clavish light
Fell off in fiery flakes."

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**The dark fortress._—P. 430.

The fortress of a Hebridean chief was almost always on the seashore, for the facility of communication which the ocean afforded. Nothing can be more wild than the situations which they chose, and the devices by which the architects endeavored to defend them. Narrow stairs and arched vaults were the usual mode of access; and the drawbridge appears at Dunstaffnage, and elsewhere, to have fallen from the gate of the building to the top of such a staircase; so that any one advancing with hostile purpose, found himself in a state of exposed and precarious elevation, with a gulf between him and the object of his attack.

These fortresses were guarded with equal care. The duty of the watch devolved chiefly upon an officer called the Cockman, who had the charge of challenging all who approached the castle. The very ancient family of 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 Ke-

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**Note II.**

_That keen knight, De Argentine._—P. 422.

Sir Eldils, or Giles de Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxembourg 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 Luxembourg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement;—an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs. His death corresponded with his high character. With Aner de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, he was appointed to attend immediately upon the person of Edward II. at Bannockburn. When the day was utterly lost they forced the king from the field. De Argentine saw the king safe from immediate danger, and then took his leave of him;—' God be with you, sir,' he said, 'it is not my wont to fly.' So saying, he turned his horse, cried his war-cry, plunged into the midst of the combatants, and was slain. Eston, a raving monk who had been brought by Edward to celebrate his expected triumph, and who was compelled by the victors to compose a poem on his defeat, mentions with some feeling the death of Sir Giles de Argentine:

_Nobilis Argentus, pugil invictus, duxris F Eidgi, Vix securum mentem cum se sceucumbere vidi._

'The first line mentions the three chief requisites of a true knight, noble birth, valor, and courteousness. Few Leonine compleats 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 obscur as the excellent Lord Halie.

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**Note III.**

_"Till me the mighty cup!" he said._

"First own'd by royal Somerset._—P. 422.

A Hebridean 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
This curious piece of antiquity is nine inches and three-quarters in inside depth, and tea 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 (onk to all appearance), but most curiously wrought and embossed with silver work, which projects from the vessel. There are a number of regular projecting sockets, which appear to have been set with stones; two or three of them still hold pieces of coral, the rest are empty. At the four corners of the projecting ledge, or cornice, are four sockets, much larger, probably for pellies or precious stones. The workmanship of the silver is extremely elegant, and appears to have been highly gilded. The ledge, rim, and legs of the cup, are of silver. The family tradition bears that it was the property of Neil Ghiune-dhu, or Black-knee. But who this Neil was, no one pretends to say. Around the edge of the cup is a legend, perfectly legible, in the Saxon black-letter, which seems to run thus:

\[\text{Ufo : John : Rish : }\]
\[\text{Mr : Manae : Vebl : }\]
\[\text{Et : Spat : Do : Io : Dr : Cloen : Fidra Spat :}\]
\[\text{Frei : Aon : Vi : Fr : 990 Outil : Oint :}\]

The inscription may run thus at length: Ufo Johnis Mich Magrai Principe de Hr Manae Vich Liathin Magyaeuil et operat Dominio Iues darsi clemention illorum opera. Frei Anno Domini 990 Outil Oint. Which may run in English: Ufo, the son of John, the son of Magnus, Prince of Man, the grandson of Liathin Magyaeuil, trusts in the Lord Jesus that their works (i.e. his own and those of his ancestors) will obtain mercy. Oint Oint made this in the year of God nine hundred and ninety-three.

But this version does not include the puzzling letters or before the word Manae. Within the mouth of the cup the letters Fhjs. (Jesus) are repeated four times. From this and other circumstances it would seem to have been a chalice. This circumstance may perhaps account for the use of the two Arabic numerals 93. These figures were introduced by Popo Sylvester, A. D. 991, and might be used in a vessel formed for church service so early as 993. The workmanship of the whole cup is extremely elegant, and resembles, I am told, antiques of the same nature preserved in Ireland.

The cups, thus elegantly formed, and highly valued, were by no means underlings 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 Streech, 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, whatever the liquor was, whether strong or weak; they continued drinking sometimes twenty-four, sometimes forty-eight hours: It was reckoned a piece of manhood to drink until they became drunk, and there were two seen with a barrel attaining punctually on such occasions. They stood at the door until some became drunk, and they carried them upon the barrel to bed, and returned again to their post as long as continued fresh, and so carried off the whole company, one by one, as they became drunk. Several of my acquaintance have been witnesses to this custom of drinking, but it is now abolished."

This savage custom was not entirely done away within this last generation. I have heard of a gentleman who happened to be a water-thinker, and was prevailed upon to abstain from the strong potations of the company. The bearer carried away one man after another, till no one was left but this Scottish Migrlip. They then came to do him the same good offices, which, however, he declined as unnecessary, and proposed to walk to his bedroom. It was a permission he could not obtain. Never such a thing had happened, they said, in the castle! that it was impossible but he must require their assistance, at any rate he must make a resolution to give it; and carried him off in the barrow accordingly. A classical penalty was sometimes imposed on those who baulked 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 break 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; if which he cannot perform, he is liable to such a share of the reckoning as the company thinks fit to impose: which custom obtains in many places still, and is called Bianchiz Bard, which, in their language, signifies the poet's congratulating the company."

Few cups were better, at least more actively, employed in the rude hospitality of the period, than those of Dunvegan; one of which we have just described. There is in the Leabhar Darg, a song, intimating the overflowing gratitude of a bard of Clan-Ronald, after the expenditure 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 pretty plain, that when the tribute of poetical praise was bestowed, the horn of Roe Mor had not been inactive.

Upon Sir Roderic Mor MacLeod, by Niall Mor MacVuirich.

"The six nights I remained in the Dunvegan, it was not a show of hospitality I met with there, but a plentiful feast in thy fair hall among thy numerous host of heroes. The family placed all around under the protection of their great chief, raised by his prosperity and respect for his warlike feats, now enjoying the company of his friends at the feast,—Amidst the sound of harps, overflowing cups, and happy youth unaccustomed to guile, or feod, partaking of the generous fare by a flaming fire. Mighty Chief, liberal to all in your princely mansion, filled with your numerous warlike host, whose generous wine would overcome the hardest heroes, yet we continued to enjoy the feast, so happy our host, so generous our fare."—Translated by D. MacIntosh.

It would be 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 Mor 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 imaged in the wildest tales, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be heaped, amid the terror and uncertainty, to the hospitality and elegance of Raasay or Dunvegan."
**NOTE N.**

With solemn step and silver sound,
The Sonnelach the presence sound'd
Of those strange guests.—P. 423.

The Sever, to whom, rather than the Sonnelach, 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 pedigree of all the tribes in the isle, and in the highlands of Scotland; for it was his province to assign every man at table his sent 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 prose-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.*

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**NOTE O.**

—the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rattray’s shelter drew
With Corriock’s outlaw’d Chief.—P. 423.

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn 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 29th March, 1306, he was crowned king at Scone. Upon the 10th 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 fortune. 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 Kildrannoch, in Aberdeenshire, where they afterwards became captives to England. From Aberdeenshire, Bruce retreated to the mountainous parts of Breadalbane, and apprised the borders of Argyleshire. There, as mentioned in the Appendix, Note II. and more fully in Note P., he was defended by the Lord of Lorn, who had assumed arms against him in revenge of the death of his retainer, John the Red Comyn. Escaped from this peril, Bruce, with his few attendants, subjected by hunting and idling, until the weather compelled them to seek better sustenance and shelter than the Highland mountains afforded. With great difficulty they crossed, from Rowerdenman probably, to the western banks of Loch-lomond, partly in a miserable boat, and partly by swimming. The vassal 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 head. The Lord of the Isles, then in possession of great part of Cantyre, received the fugitive monarch and future restorer of his country's independence, in his castle of Dunaverty, 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 crossed to the island of Rath-Erin, or Rhaeth, of the Prolemy, a small island lying almost opposite to the shores of Ballycastle, on the coast of Ireland. The islanders at first fled from their new and armed guests, but upon some explanation submitted themselves to Bruce's sovereignty. He resided among them until the approach of spring [1306], when he again returned to Scotland, with the desperate resolution to 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.

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**NOTE P.**

The Branch of Lorn.—P. 424.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methven, being hard pressed by the English, endeavored, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the ARGYLESIRE 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-Dougall was struck down by the king, whose strength of body was equal to his vigor of mind, and would have been slain on the spot, had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms Mac-Krech, 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-ax, 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-Kreoch. A stunned brooch, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dougall, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary resi-
dence.

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 assisted, 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 Argylesire men, in Glen-Doachart, at the head of Breadalbane, near Teydrum. 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 Argylesire-Scottish had learned the use from the Norwegians. At length Bruce commanded a retreat upon a narrow and difficult pass, he himself bringing up the rear, and repeatedly turning and driving back the more venturous assailants. Lorn, observing the skill and valor used by his enemy in protecting the retreat of his followers, "Methinks, Marthukson," said he, addressing one of his followers, "he resembles Goll Mac-morn, protecting his followers from Scourings."—"A most unwise comparison," observes the Archdeacon of Aberdeen, unconscious of the future fame of these names; "he might with more propriety have compared the King to Sir Gualther de Layre, protecting the
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Foragers of Gallys against the attacks of Alexander," Two brothers, the strongest among Lorn's followers, whose names Barbour calls MacKyn-Drosser (interpreted Durward, or Porterson), resolved to rid their chief of this formidable foe. A third person (perhaps the Mac-Keoch of the family tradition) associated himself with them for this purpose. They watched their opportunity until Bruce's party had entered a pass between a lake (Loch Dochart probably) and a precipice, where the King, who was last of the party, had scarce room to maneuvre his steed. Here his three foes sprung upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but received a wound which bellowed off his arm; a second, with a saber by the stirrup and leg, 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 activity, sprung up behind him upon his horse. Bruce, however, whose personal strength is uniformly mentioned as exceeding that of most men, extricated himself from his grasp, threw him to the ground, and clutched his sword with his. By similar exertion he drew the stirrup from his grasp whom he had overthrown, and killed him also with his sword as he lay among the horse's feet. The story seems romantic, but this was the age of romantic exploit; and it must be remembered that Bruce was armed cap-a-pie, and the assailants were half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circumstances, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry: MacNaughton, a Baron of Cowal, painted out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valor which Bruce performed in this honorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration. "It seems to give thee pleasure," said Lorn, "that he makes such havoc among our friends."—"Not so, by my faith," replied MacNaughton; "but he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of 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 dexter,
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 person of importance. Martin mentions having seen a silver brooch of a hundred maris value. "It was broad as any ordinary pewter plate, the whole curiously engraved with various animals, flowers, and birds; the brooch, which was 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. Penman 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 Lochbay.—See Trenan's Tour, vol. iii. p. 14.

Note R.

Vain was then the Douglas brand—
Vain the Campbell's vanquished 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 Dalry. Sir Nigel, or Neil Campbell, was also in that unfortunate skirmish. He married Marjorie, sister to Robert Bruce, and was among his most faithful followers. In a manuscript account of the house of Argyll, supplied, it would seem, as materials for Archbishop Matthew's History of the Church of Scotland, I found the following passage concerning Sir Neil Campbell:—"Moreover, when all the nobles in Scotland had left King Robert after his hard success, yet this noble knight was most faithful, and shrunk not, as it is to be seen in an inditement bearing these words:—Memorandum quod curam ab incoronatione Domini 1306 contractum fact quod consuetudinem inter nobilis eorum Domini Alexandri de Scoto-militum et Dominium Gobertum de Hircen mihtem et Dominium Nigellum Campbell militem opus ministrii de Cumbucknestj 9th Septembris qui tacta anaeeta eucharistia, magnoque juramento facto, juramentum de se decere libertatem regni et Robertum super regem coronatum contra omnes mortales Francos Anglos Scotes defendere usque ad ultimum terminium vita ipseorum. Their seals are appended to the inditement in green wax, with the seal of Gubfr., Abbot of Cumbuskeneth."

Note S.

When Comyn fell beneath the knife
Of that fell homocide The Bruce.—P. 421.

Vain kirkpatrick's bloody dart,
Making safe 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 death of John, called the Red Comyn. The cause of this out of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians, and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfriars Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and inflaming 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 Closhburn, and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him what tidings? "Bad tidings," answered Bruce: "I doubt I have slain Comyn."—"Don't doubt tho' I!" said Kirkpatrick; "I make siker" (i. e. sure). With these words, he and Lindsay rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Comyn. The Kirkpatricks of Closhburn assumed, in memory of this deed, a band holding a dagger, with the memorable words, "I make siker." Some doubt having been started by the late Lord Hailes as to the identity of the Kirkpatrick who completed this day's work with Sir Roger then representative of the ancient family of Closhburn, my kind and ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharp, 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 conversant with Scottish history; but Lord Hailes has started a doubt as to the authenticity of this tradition, when recording the murder of Roger Kirkpatrick, in his own Castle of Caerlaverock, by Sir James Lindsay. "Forde," says his lordship, remarks that Lindsay and Kirkpatrick were the heirs of the two men who accompanied Robert Bruce at the fatal conference with Comyn. If Forde was rightly informed as to this particular, an argument arises, in support of a notion which I have when Barbour thinks a mere proper prototype for the Bruce, occurs in the romance of Alexander, of which there is a unique translation into Scottish verse, in the Library of the Honorable Mr. Maule, new Earl of Farnour."—See Wauchope's Romances, vol. i. Appendix to Introduction, p. 13.
large entertained, that the person who struck his dagger in Coyn's heart, was not the representative of the honourable family of Kirkpatrick in Nithsdale. Roger de K. was made prisoner at the battle of Durham, in 1316. Roger de Kirkpatrick was alive on the 6th of August, 1337; for, on that day, 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, 1337, and he is mentioned as alive 3d October, 1337 (Federus); it follows, of necessary consequence, that Roger de K., murdered in June, 1337, must have been a different person."—Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 242.

To this it may be answered, that at the time 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 Charters of Kelso (1578) Dominus ville de Closeburn, Feltis et hares Domini Ade de Kirkpatrick, Millitis (whose father, Ivone de Kirkpatrick, witnesses a charter of Robert Bras, Lord of Annadale, before the year 1141), had two sons, Sir Roger, who carried on the line of Closeburn, and Duncan, who married Isobel, daughter and heiress of Torthorwald of that ilk; they had a charter of the lands of Torthorwald from King Robert Bruce, dated 10th August, the year being omitted—Unparly, the son of Duncan and Isobel, got a charter of Torthorwald from the king, 18th July, 1332—his son, Roger of Torthorwald, got a charter from John the Grahame, son of John Grahame, of Moskosen, of an annual rent of 40 shillings, out of the lands of Overdryf, 1335—his son, William Kirkpatrick, grants a charter to John of Garvesh, of the two merk land of Glengarn and Garegill, within the tenement of Wampenny, 22d April, 1332. From this, it appears that the Torthorwald branch was not concerned in the affair of Coyn's murder, and the. inflictions of Providence which ensued: Duncan Kirkpatrick, if we are to believe the Blind Minstrel, was the firm friend of Wallace, to whom he was related:—

"Ais Kyrk Patrick, that cruel was and keyne, In Edail wad that half yer he had beye; With Ingles men he countis nocht wull secord, Off Torthorwald he Barron was au Leid, Off kyn he was, and Wallace modyr her;"—Seb. B. v. v. 920.

But his son 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. The Universal tradition, and all our later historians, have attributed the regent's death—low to Sir Roger K., of Closeburn.

The author of the MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library, affirms, that the crest and motto were given by the King on that occasion: and proceeds to relate some circumstances respecting a grant to a cottager and his wife in the vicinity of Closeburn Castle, which are certainly authentic, and strongly vouch for the truth of the other report. "The Deep hill," says he, "is called the Dune of Tynnon, of a considerable height, upon the top of which there hath been some habitation or fort. There have been in ancient times, on all hands of it, very thick woods, and great about that place, which made it the more inaccessible, into which K. Ro. Bruce is said to have been conducted by Roger Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, after they had killed the Cunin at Dumfries, which is nine miles from this place, whereabout it is probable that he did abide for some time thereafter; and it is reported, that during his abode there, he did often divert to a poor man's cottage, named Brownrig, situated 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 some victual, was so modest in her desires, that she sought no more but security for the croft in her husband's possession, and a liberty of pasture for a very few cattle of different kinds on the hill, and the rest of the bounds of which privilege that ancient family, by the injury of time, hath a long time been, and is, deprived: 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, retain the old charter."—MS. History of the Presbytery of Penpont, in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh.

NOTE T.

Barendown 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,
Sebhr William the Barendoun,
Sebhr Gilbert de la Haye alsa."

There were more than one of the noble family of Hay engaged in Bruce's cause; but the principal was Gilbert de la Haye, Lord of Enter, 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, 1308, where, in a letter to the peers of Scotland to Philip the Fair of France, he is designated Gilbertus de Hay Constabularius Scotiae. He was slain at the battle of 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 stream,
To praise the hand that pays thy pains.—P. 425.

The character of the Highland bards, 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 Iodane, were in high esteem both in the isles and the continent; until within these forty years, they sat always among the nobles and chiefs of families in the strath, or circle. Their houses and little villages were sanctuaries, as well as churches, and they took place before doctors of physic. The orators, after the Druids were extinct, were brought in to preserve the genealogy of families, and to repeat the same at every succession of chiefs; and upon the occasion of marriages and births, they made epithalamiums and panegyrics, which the poet or bard pronounced. The orators, by the force of their eloquence, had a powerful ascendancy 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 isles, it was readily granted them, sometimes out of respect, and sometimes for fear of being excluded against by a satyre, which, in those days, was reckoned a great dis-honour. But these gentlemen becoming insolent, lost ever since both the profit and esteem which was formerly due to their character; for neither their panegyrics nor satyres are regarded to what they have been, and they are now allowed but a small salary. I must not omit to relate their way of
truly, 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 plaid about their heads, and their eyes being covered, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium or panegyrick; 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 bridegroom's upper garb, that is, the plaid and bonnet; but now he is satisfied with what the bridegroom pleases to give him on such occasions."—Martin's Western Isles.

Note V.

Wasn't not enough to Ronald's horse
I brought thee, like a paramour. P. 427.

It was ancient custom in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the complaisance was stretched so far, that she remained there upon trial for a twelvemonth; and the bridegroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fulfill his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued between the clans of Mac-Donald of Sletane and Mac-Leod, daring the individual charge of the MacLeods 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 crowned with wreaths of green. P. 427.

This gives the following curious account of the trial and execution of this celebrated patriot:—William Wallace, who had oft-times set Scotland in great trouble, was taken and brought to London, with great numbers of men and women wondering upon him. He was lodged in the house of William Delect, a citizen of London, in Fenchurch-street. On the morrow, being the eve of St. Bartholomew, he was brought on horseback to Westminster. John Legrave and Gaffey, 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 wear a crown in that hall, as it was commonly reported; and being approached for a traitor by Sir Peter Maitre, the king's justice, he answered, that he was never traitor to the King of England; but for other things whereof he was accused, he confessed them; and was after headed and quartered."—Stow, Ch. p. 299. There is something singularly doubtful about the mode in which Wallace was taken. That he was betrayed to the English is inadmissible; and popular fame charges Sir John Menteith with the inadmissible. "Accurs'd," says Arnold Blain, "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 favourer of the English interest, and was governor of Dunbarton Castle by commission from Edward the First; and therefore, as the accurate Lord Hailes has observed, could not be the friend and confidant of Wallace, as tradition states him to be. The truth seems to be, that Menteith, thoroughly engaged in the English interest, pursued Wallace closely, and made him prisoner through the treachery of an attendant, whom Peter Langtoft calls Jack Short.

"William Wallace is no mean that master was of thieves,
Tiding to the king is comen that robbery mischiefs,
Sir John of Menestret sued William to night,
He took him when he went'd least, on night, his leman
him by.
That was through treason of Jack Short his man,
He was the escusson that Sir John so him ran,
Jack's brother had he slain, the Wallies that is said,
The more Jack was fain to do William that braid." From this it would appear that the infancy of relating Wallace must rest between a degenerate Scottish nobleman, the usual 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 vauntif Seton—where are they?
Where Somerville, the kind and free?
And Fraser, flower of chivalry? — P. 427.

When these lines were written, the author was remote from the means of correcting his indistinct recollection concerning the individual charge of the Earl's followers, after the battle of Methven. Hugh de la Haye, and Thomas Somerville of Joselton 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, Margaret, and the defence of his strong castle of Kilbrannie, near the head of the Don, in Aberdeenshire. Kilbrannie long resisted the arms of the Earl of Lancaster and Hereford, until the magazine was treacherously 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 relenting Edward. He was tried by a special commission at Berwick, was condemned, and executed. Christopher Seaton shared the same unfortunate fate. He also was distinguished by personal valor, and signalized himself in the fatal battle of Methven. Robert Bruce adventurous his person in that battle like a knight of renown. He dismounted Armer de Valere, Earl of Pembroke, but was in his turn dismounted by Sir Philip Mowbray. In this emergence Seaton 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 Seaton escaped. But the latter was afterwards betrayed to the English, through means, according to Barbour, of one MacNab, "a disciple of Judas," in whom the unfortunate knight reposéd 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 Dumfries, where he was tried, condemned, and executed, for the murder of a soldier slain by him. His brother, John de Beton, had the same fate at Newcastle; both were considered as accessories in the slaughter of Conyn, but in what manner they were particularly accessory to that deed does not appear.

The fate of Sir Simon Fraser, or Frizel, 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.
To London-bridge he took the way,
Many was the wise child that thereon lacketh a day, 5
That he was y-born
And so vilely forlorn,
So fair man he was.

"Now standeth the heaved above the to-bridge,
Fast by Wallace south for to regge ;
After savour of Scotland long may he pay,
And after help of France what hath it to lig
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 quased seven thousand. When Robert the Bruce saw this mischief, and ran to flee, and bid him that men might not find him; but S. Symond Friess urged him so sore, so that he turned again and abode battle, for he was a worthy knight and a bole of bodies, and the Englishmen persuaded him sore on every side, and quased the steel that Sir Simon Friess rode upon, and then take him and led him to the host. And S. Symond began for to flatter and speak fair, and said, Lords, I shall give you four thousand markes of silver, and myne horse and harness, and all my armoure and income. Thou answered Tholomais Perwen, that was the kinges archer, Now, God me so helpe, it is for naught that thou spekest, for all the gold of England I would not let thee go without commandment of King Edward. And thou 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 hanged 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 suchson (reason) that the men that kept the body saw many devils ramping with iron crooks, running upon the gallows, and horribly tormenting the body. And many that them saw, anon thereafter died for dread, or waxen mad, or sore sickness they had."—Ms. Chronicle in the British Museum, quoted by Ritson.

NOTE Y.

Was not the life of Athole shed,
To soothe the tyrant's sickened bed? —P. 428.

John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole, had attempted to escape out of the kingdom, but a storm cast him upon the coast, when he was taken, sent to London, and executed, with circumstancies of great barbarity, being first half strangled, then let down from the gallows while yet alive, barbarously dismembered, and his body burnt. It may surprise the reader to learn, that this was a mitigated punishment; for in respect that his mother was a grand-daughter of King John, by his natural son Richard, he was not drawn on a sledge to execution, "that point was forgiven," and he made the passage on horseback. Matthew of Westminster tells us that King Edward, then extremely ill, received great ease from the news that his relative was apprehended. "Quo audite, Rex Angliae, eti gratias—Lock-a-day—" The gallant knight, like others in the same situation, was pitied by the female spectators as "a proper young man.""
and the singular expression the text alludes.

**Note Z.**

*And must his word, till dying day,*

*Be caught 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 Kildruminie 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 Kildruminie arrived when he was in his mortal sickness at Burgh-upon-Sands.

"And when he to the death was near,
The folk that at Kylbruny wer
Come with prisoners that they had tane,
And syne to the king are gone;
And for to comfort him they tauld
How they the castell to them vauld;
And how they till his will were brought,
To do off that whatever he thought;
And ask'd what men should off them do.
Then look'd he angrily them to,
He said, grinning, *hangs and draws,*
That was wonder of sic saws.
That he, that to the death was near,
Should answer upon sic maner,
Forotten mourning and mercy;
How might he trust on him to cry,
That wailfully dooms all thing
To have mercy for his crying,
Off him that, throw his helney,
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:

"Scutos Edwards, dum vivit, suppeditavit,
Tenuit, afflictit, depressit, dilinaviit!"

**Note 2 A.**

*While I the blessed cross adorne,*

*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 slaughter of Comyn; and finally, in his last hours, in testimony of his faith, penitence, and zeal, he requested James Lord Douglas to carry his heart to Jerusalem, to be there deposited in the Holy Sepulchre.

**Note 2 B.**

*De Bruce! I rose with purpose a'ward,*

*To speak my curse upon thy head.*—P. 429.

So soon as the notice of Comyn's slaughter reached Rome, Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated. It was published first by the Archbishop of York, and renewed at different times, particularly by Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrews, in 1308; but it does not appear to have answered the purpose which the English monarch expected. Indeed, for reasons which it may be difficult to trace, the thunders of Rome descended upon the 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 prelates, Lamberton 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 repriev'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 repose after his disasters, he lay stretched upon a handful of straw, and abandoned himself to his melancholy meditations. He had now been defeated four times, and was upon the point of resolving to abandon all hopes of further opposition to his fate, and to go to the Holy Land. It chanced, his eye, while he was thus pondering, was attracted by the exertions of a spider, who, in order to fix his web, endeavored to swing himself from one branch to another above his head. Involuntarily he became interested in the pertinacity with which the insect renewed his exertions, after failing six times; and it occurred to him that he would decide his own course according to the success or failure of the spider. At the seventh effort the insect gained his object; and Bruce, in like manner, persevered and carried his own. Hence it has been held unlucky or ungrateful, or both, in one of the name of Bruce to kill a spider.

The Archbishop 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 Raehrin, but sent her two sons along with him, to insure her own family a share in it.

"Then in shrill time men mycht thaim se
Schote all their galaysia to the se,
And ber to se baith ayr and stie,
And uther thingis that mystre wer.
And as the king apon the sand
Wes gangand wp and dow, bidand2
Till that his menye redy war,
His ost come rycht till him thar.
And quhen that scho him halyst bad,
And privet yck till him scho made;
And said, 'Takis gud kep till my saw:
For or ye pass I yall yow schaw,
Off your fortoun a gret party.
Bot our all specelly
A wytring her I yall yow ma,
Qhat end that your purpos sall ta.
For in this land is nane trewly
Wate thingis to cumus sa well as I.
We pass now furth on your winge,
To wenye the harnye, and the owtrig,
That Ingles men has to yow done;
Bot ye wat nocht quhatkyme forton
Ye mon drey in your warraying.
Bot wyt ye well, with oult lesing;
That fra ye now haif takyn land,
Nase sa mychtyn, na sa streuth thi of hand,
Ryll ger yow pass owt of your countre
Till all to yow abandonment.
With in schort tymye ye sall be king,
And haif the land at your liking,
And ourem your fyys all.
Bot fele anoyis thole ye sall,
Or that your purpose end knight tame:
Yet call ye him ourlyre ilkane.
And, that ye trow this selyly,
My twa sonmys with you shall I
Send to tak part of your travall;
For I wate well thai saill nocht fail
To be rewardeit well at ryght,
Ghuson ye ar heyly to your myght."

BArbour's Bruce, Book iii., v. 250.

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
1300, it continued to be in a very weak and precarious condi-
tion, 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
wilde at 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 blood-hound,
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 pursu-
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 blood-hound fol-
lowed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attacked himself
and his attendants to the pursuit of the king. Lorn became
convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and
detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and
interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of moun-
taineers. "What aid wilt thou make?" 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 assis-
tants. Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned
up on the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-
brother had dispatched his single antagonist. When this hard
encounter was over, with a courtesy, which in the whole work
marks Bruce's character, he thanked his foster-brother for his
aid. "It likes you to say so," answered his follower; "but
you yourself slew four of the five."—"True," said the king,
but only "because I had better opportunity than you. They
were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter
three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to
return equally 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 evade a low-shot length down a running stream,
shall make the slough-hound lose scent,—Let us try the ex-
term, 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 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-
raper, "this escape happened I am uncertain, but at that
brook the king escaped from his pursuers."

"Ghoson the clusseris relit war,
And John of Lorn had met him thair,
He said Aymer all the caw.
How that the king was happy wass;
And how that he his five men swel,
And syne to the wode him drew.
Ghuson Schyr Aymer herd this, in le
He syngt him for the ferly;
And said: 'He is prey to preys;
For I knew nane that lidland is,
That at myself I'll gan help him swa.
I trow he said he hard to sla,
And he war bodly ewenly.'
On this wiss spak Schyr Aymer.'

Barbour's Bruce, Book v., v. 301.

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 boost hymn sought full sore,
But ay he fled into woodes and strayte forest,
And shew his men at staites and daunger there,
And at marrays and mires was ay full prest
Englyshmen to kyll withoutyn any rest;
In the mountaines and cragges he slew ay where,
And in the nyght his foes he frayed full sore:

"The King Edward with horses and houndes him solgte,
With menne on fote, through marris, moose, and myre,
Through woodes also, and mountains (wher they fought),
And ever the Kyng Edward hight men grace lyre.
Hym for to take and by myghte conquere;
Betre they might hym not gethe by the train,
He sate by the fyre when they went in the rain."

Harding's Chronicles, pp. 303-4.

Peter Langtoft has also a passage concerning the extremities
to which King Robert was reduced, which he entitles

Matched.
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

De Roberto Brunus et figura circum circa fit.
And wele I understode that the Kyng Robyn
Has drunkn of that blode the drink of Dan Waryn.
Dan Waryn he les tonnes that he held,
With wrong he mad a res, and misbayng of sheild,
Sitten into the forest he yede naked and wode,
Als a wild beast, ets of the gra that stode,
Thus of Dan Waryn in his boke men reile,
God gyf the Kyng Robyn, that alle his kylyse so spedo,
Sir Robynet the Bras he dres moure abide,
That the mad him restus, both in more and woul-side,
To while he mad this train, and did unwele outrage," &c.


NOTE 2 E.
For, glid of each protest for spou,
_A pirate sworn was Cormo Dow._—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 Raeray, be half myle of sea frae it, lays ane ile callit Ronay, maire then a myle in lengthe, full of wood and hedder, with ane hawein for shelland galey in the middis of it, and the same hawein is guid for fostering of thieves, ruggars, and rovair, till a nail, upon the peiling and suylizing of poor pepl. This ile pertains to McGillychaulin of Raeray by force, and to the bishop of the Isles he heritage."—Sir Donald Menzies' _Description of the Western Islands of Scotland_, Edinburgh, 1805, p. 22.

NOTE 2 F.
"Ales! dear youth, the unhappy time,"
_Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,
Since, guiltier for than you,
Even I'—he paused; for Falkirk's woes
Upon his conscious soul arose._—P. 431.
I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands.

"Fasting he was, and had been in great need,
Blooded were all his weapons and his weed;
Southern lords scorn'd him in terms rude,
And said, Behold you Scot eats his own blood.
"Then meals be sore, for reason bad be known,
That blood and hand alike should be his own;
With them he long was, ere he got away,
But contrair Scots he fought not from that day,"
The account given by most of our historians, of the correspondence between Bruce and Wallace over the Cavan river, is equa. spurious. 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 Baliol, and in opposition to the English. He was the grandson of the competitor, with whom he has been sometimes confounded. Lord Hailes has well described, and in some degree apologized for, the earlier part of his life.—His grandfather, the competitor, had patiently acquiesced in the award of Edward. His father, yielding to the times, had served under the English banners. But young Bruce had more ambition, and a more restless spirit. In his earlier years he acted upon no regular plan. By turns the partisan of Edward, and the viceroy of Baliol, he seems to have forgotten or stifled his pretensions to the crown. But his character developed itself by degrees, and in mature age became firm and consistant."—Annals of Scotland, p. 290 4to. London, 1776.

NOTE 2 G.
_These are the savage wilds that lie
North of Strathardill and Dunvegan._—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 the portion divided from the estate of Mr. Macalister of Strath-Aird, called Strathardill by the Dean of the Isles. 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 emblayments, called Loch Bracadale, Loch Ernort, and Loch — and about eleven o'clock opened Loch Slavig. We were now under the western termination of the high ridge of mountains called Cuilfin, or Quillinn, or Cooling—the 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 bay of Sea, 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 milder character, the mountains being softened down into steep green declivities. From the bottom of the bay advanced a headland of high rocks, which divided its depth into two recesses, from each of which a brook issued. Here it had been intimated to us we would find some romantic scenery; but we were uncertain 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 dyke, as well as the Highlanders were jealous of the honor of his own loch, though we were specially 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 re-embarked in our boat, for our guide shook his head at our proposal to climb over the peninsula, or rocky headland which divided the two lakes. In rowing round the headland, we were surprised at the infinite number of seafowl, 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."

1 This is from the Poet's own journal.—_Ed._
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 thisuddling and
rattling 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
bog, and heaps of gravel and sand piled in the empty water-
courses. Vegetation there was little or none; and the moun-
tains rose so perpendicularly from the water edge, that Bor-
rowdale, 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 is, as we
learned, of extreme depth. The murky vapors which envel-
oped 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 which we escaped by a Highland bay, whom we
brought from the farm, told us the lake was popularly called the
Water-kettle. The proper name is Loch Corriskin, from the
deeplori, or hollow, in the mountains of Cullin, which
affords the basin for this wonderful sheet of water. It is as
exquisite a savage scene as Loch Katrine is a scene of romantic
beauty. After having presented so far as distinctly to ob-
serve the termination of the lake under an immense precipice,
which rises abruptly from the water, we perambulated, and often
stopped to admire the ravages which storms must have made in
these recesses, where all human witnesses were driven to
places of more shelter and security. Stones, or rather large
masses and fragments of rocks of a composite kind, perfectly
different from the strata of the lake, were scattered upon the
bare rocky beach, in the strangest and most precocious situ-
tations, as if abandoned by the torrents which had borne them
down from above. Some lay loose and tattering upon the
ledges of the natural rock, with so little security, that the
 slightest push moved them, though their weight might exceed
many tons. These detached rocks, or stones, were chiefly what
is called plum-pudding stones. The bare rocks, which formed
the shore of the lakes, were a species of granite. The opposite
side of the lake seemed quite pathless and inaccessible, as a
huge mountain, one of the detached ridges of the Cullin hills,
seeks in a profound and perpendicular precipice down to the
water. On the left-hand side, which we traversed, rose a
higher and equally inaccessible mountain, the top of which
strongly resembled the shivered crater of an exhausted volcano.
I never saw a spot in which there was less appearance of vege-
tation 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 islets in the loch, which seem to bear
juniper, or some such low 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
dreariness character of utter barrenness."

**Note 2 H.**

_Mem. were they all of evil men,
Daven-louk'd, unwilling to be seen._—P. 434.

The story of Bruce's meeting the banditti is copied, with
such alterations as the fictitious narrative rendered necessary,
from a striking incident in the monarch's history, told by Bar-
bour, and which I shall give in the words of the hero's biog-
raper. It is the sequel to the adventure of the bloodhound,
narrated in Note 2 D. It will be remembered that the narra-
tive broke off, leaving the Bruce escaped from his pursuers
but worn out with fatigue, and having no other attendant but his
Easter-brother.

"And the gude king held forth his wai,
Betruix him and his man, quhill thi
Paseyt out throw the forest war;
Syne in the more thi entry thar.
It was bathe be, and lang, and brai;
And or thi haltif it paseyt bad,
That saw on yl syl three men ennund,
Lik to lycht men and wassерand,
Swerds that bad, and ays ak;
And ane ouf thuin, upon his hals;
A meckill boundyn wetheir bar,
That met the king, and haili't him thar;
And the king thaim thair halsing yand;
And askyt thaim quither thi war'd.
That said, Robert the Brycey thi soocht;
For mete with him giff jest thai moucht,
Thar dudling with him wuad thai ma;
The king said, 'Giff thar ye will swa,
Haldys forth your way with me,
And I shall get yow some hime we.'
"That persaywt, be his speking,
That he was the selwyn Robert king,
And ehauynt contemne and late;
And beth wi him in the first state.
For thar war fuisy to the king:
And thouht to cum in to seuking,
And duell with him, quhill that saw
Thar poynt, and bryng him than off daw.
That grantyt till his spék forth;
But the king, that wes witty,
Persaywt wovill, by thar having,
That thi builyt him sa thing:
And said, 'Falowis, ye men, all thre,
Forthin aequant till that we be,
All be your selwyn firth ga;
And, on the samyn wyys, we taw
Sall folow behind weill ner.'
Quoth that, 'Sekyr, is it na mister
To trow in us any ill:
"None do 'l, said he; 'but I will,
That yhe ga forth thus, quhill we
Better with othyr knawin be.'—
'Ve grant,' thani said, 'sen ye ye will swa:'
And furth apon their gait gan ga.
"Thys yvild that till the nycht wes ner;
And than the formost cummun war
Till a wast haub-haunted hous;
And thar
Thai slew the weithir that thi bar;
And slew fray for to rad thi mete;
And askyt the king ois he wald eir,
And rest him till the mete war dyet;
The king, that hungry was, lik lycht,
Asently till their spék in by.
But he said, he wald anely
At a fyr; and thal all thre
On na wyys with thaim till gyddre;
In the end off the housse that suld ma
Ane other fyr; and thaim did swa,
Thai drew thaim in the hous end,
And haf the weithir till him send.
And thai royst in hy thair mete;"
And fell rydet freschely for till etc.  
For the king welli lang fastyit had;  
And had rycht mekill trawail mad;  
Thairfor he eyt full egrely;  
And quhen he had etyn hardily,  
He had to slep sa mekill wull,  
That he moucht set na let that till.  
For quhen the wylys illy ar,  
Men worthys hewy enmair;  
And to slep drawys hewynes.  
The king, that all fortraually wes,  
Saw that him worthy slopedownay.  
Till his fisty-brody he says;  
'May I trast in the, me to walk,  
Till I a little sleping tak?'  
'Ya, Schyr,' he said, 'till I ma drey.  
The king then wykayt a little wyw;  
And slept nocht full enerely;  
Bot glifnyt wp off sodanly.  
For he had dreid off that thre men,  
That at the tothyr fyr war then.  
That thair his fai war he wyst;  
Thairfor he slept as foule on twyst.  
'The king slept bot a litll than  
Quhen sic slep fell on his man,  
That he mycht nocht hald wp his ey,  
Bot fell in slep, and rowtayt hey.  
Now is the king in greit peril:  
For slep he swa a litll quhikie,  
He sal be ded, for owtywn dreid.  
For the dreir traitours tik ged held,  
That he on slep wes, and his man.  
In full greth thai raise wp than,  
And drew the snedds hastilly;  
And went towar the king in by,  
Quhen that thair saw him slep swa,  
And selpeand thocht thei wald him sla.  
The king wp bleakit hastilly,  
And saw his man selepend him by;  
And saw commandd the tothyr thre.  
Delinily on fute gat he;  
And drew his sward owt, and thaim mone.  
And, as he yede, his fute he set  
Apon his man, weill hewly  
He waknyt, and raise disly:  
For the slep maistryt hym sway,  
That or he gat wp, ane off thay,  
That come for to sha the king,  
Guift hym a strak in his ryng,  
Swa that he mycht help him no mar.  
The king sa straitly stadd wes ther,  
That he wes neir yeyt sa stadd.  
Ne war the armagy: that he had,  
He had been dede, for owtyw wer.  
But nocht for thi' on sic maner  
He helpyt him, in that bargayn,  
Thatt thae traitowrs he has slain,  
Throw Goddes grace, and his manheid,  
His fisty-brody that was dede.  
Then wes he wandre well of wayn,  
Quhen he saw him left allane.  
His fisty-brody menyt he;  
And warrayt all the tothyr tire.  
And syne hyw way tak him allane,  
And rycht towart his tryst  
Gane.'  

The Bruce, Book v. p. 405.

Note 2 L

And mermaid's alabaster groat,  
Who bathes her limbs in endless well  

Imagination can hardly conceive anything more beautiful than the extraordinary groto 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 froth-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 chasings upon the sides, which promises a continuation of the cave. One of our sailors swam across, for there is no other mode of passing, and informed us (as indeed we partly saw by the light he carried) that the enchantment of Mac-Allister's cave terminates with this portal, a little beyond which there was only a rude cavern, speedily choked with stones and earth. But the pool, 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 groto of a sylph. The groups of combined figures projecting, or embossed, by which the pool is surrounded, are exquisitely elegant and tasteful. 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 petrifications. Many of these fine groups have been injured by the senseless rage of appropriation of recent tourists; and the groto 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,  
Be mine 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 praising such good qualities as he might possess. I shall
only take one instance. Shortly after Bruce landed in Carrick, in 1296, Sir Ingram Bell, the English governor of Ayre, engaged a wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto been a follower of Bruce, to undertake the task of assassinating him. The King learned this conspiracy, as he is said to have borne other secrets of the enemy, by means of a female with whom he had an intrigue. Shortly after he was possessed of this information, Bruce, resorting to a small thicket at a distance from his men, with only a single page to attend him, met the traitor, accompanied by two of his sons. They approached him with their wanted familiarity, but Bruce, taking his page's bow and arrow, commanded them to keep at a distance. As they still pressed forward with professions of zeal for his person and service, he, after a second warning, shot the father with the arrow; and being assaulted successively by the two sons, dispatched first one, who was armed with an axe, then as the other charged him with a spear, avoided the thrust, struck the head from the spear, and eft 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 king, he wiped his brand,
With that his boy came fast running,
And said, 'Our lord might lowly be,
That grant you might and powesty
To fall the felony and the pride,
Of three in so little tide.'

The king said, 'So our lord me see,
They have been worthy men all three,
Had not they not full of treason;
But that made their confusion.'

BARRON'S BRUCE, E. v. p. 152.

Note 2 L.

Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clenched'd his polar 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 champions of national independence, he probably concluded every chance of insurrection was completely annihilated. This was in 1306, when Bruce, as we have seen, was utterly expelled from Scotland; yet, in the conclusion of the same year, Bruce was again in arms and formidable; and in 1307, Edward, though exhausted by a long and wasting march, put himself at the head of the army destined to destroy him utterly. This was, perhaps, partly in consequence of a vow which he had taken upon him, with all the pomp of chivalry, upon the day in which he dubbed his son a knight, for which see a subsequent note. But even his spirit of vengeance was unable to restore his exhausted strength. He reached Burgh-upon-Sands, a petty village of Cumberland, on the shores of the Solway Firth, and there, 6th July, 1307, expired in sight of the tested and devoted country of Scotland. His dying injunctions to his son required him to continue the Scottish war, and never to recall Gaveston. Edward II. discharged both charges. Yet, more to mark his anxiety, 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:—

Landed, 2 Power.

"In the said forest, the old King Robert of Scotland dyd kepe hymselfe, when King Edward the Fyrd conquered nygh all Scotland; for he was so often chased, that none durst lye him in castell, nor fortress, for feare of the said Kyng. And ever when the King was returned into England, than he would gather together agayn his people, and conquer townes, castells, and fortresses, laste to Berwick, some by batle, and some by fir the 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 betwixt these two foresaid Kings. It was shewed me, how that this King Robert wan and lost his realme v times. In this campe, when the said King Edward dyed at Berwick: and when he saw that he shoude die, he calleth before his eldest son, who was King after him, and there, before all the barones, he caused him to swear, that as soon as he were dead, that he should take his body, and boyle it in a caudron, till the flesh depart from the bones, and than to bury the flesh, and keep still the bones; and that as often as the Scots should rebell against him, he should assemble the people against them, and carry with them the bones of his father; for he believed verily, that if they had his bones with them, that the Scots shall never attain any victory against them. The which thing was not accomplished, for when the King dyed his son carried him to London."—BERNERS' FROISSART'S CHRONICLE, London, 1612, pp. 39, 40.

Edward's commands were not obeyed, for he was interred in Westminster Abbey, with the appropriate inscription,—

"EDWARD PRINJ S SCOTORIX MALISUS HIC EST.
PACTUM SERVA."

Yet some steps seem to have been taken towards rendering his body capable of occasional transportation, for it was exquisitely embalmed, as was ascertained when his tomb was opened some years ago. Edward II. judged wisely in not carrying the dead body of his father into Scotland, since he would not obey his living counsellors. It ought to be observed, that though the order of the incidents is reversed in the poem, yet, in point of historical accuracy, Bruce had landed in Scotland, and obtained some successes of consequence, before the death of Edward I.

Note 2 M.

...more's tower, that, steep and grey,
Like fetconcharted' er change the bay.—P. 440.

The little island of Canna, or Cannay, adjoins to those of Rum and Muck, with which it forms one parish. In a pretty bay opening towards the east, there is a lofty and slender rock detached from the shore. Upon the summit are the ruins of a very small tower, scarcely accessible by a steep and precipitous path. Here, it is said, one of the kings, or Lords of the Isles, confined a beautiful lady, of whom he was jealous. The ruins are of course haunted by her restless spirit, and many romanic stories are told by the aged people of the island concerning her fate in life, and her appearances after death.

Note 2 N.

...Ronin's mountains dark have sent
Their hunters to the shore.—P. 440.

Ronin (popularly called Ruin, a name which a poet may be pardoned for avoiding if possibly is a very rough and mountains island, adjacent to those of Eigg and Cannay. It is almost an arable ground upon it, so that, except in a few spots of the deer, which of course are now nearly exterminated, it still deserves the description bestowed by the archdeacon of
the Isles. "Romin, sixtee myle north-wast from the ile of Co'\n, ies ane callit Romin Tr, of sixteen myle long, and six
in brethde in the narrow est, ane point of height mountains, and
abundance of light deir in his gair ar glade abon-
downewth, but the principal safitis ma be in the height
of the hill, because the deir will be callit upwar as ye be the tainchell,
or without tainchell they will pas upwart perforce. In
this ilie will be gotten about Britanie a\nly hill, and pertains to 3' Ramsey of Cola.
Many solan geese are in this ile."—Monro's Description
of the Western Isles, p. 15.

NOTE 2 O.

On Scoor-eigg next a warning light
Summon'd her warriors to the fight;
A numerous race, ere stern MacLeod
O'er their bleak shores in vengeance stride,—P. 410.

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 Ile of Egg, or Egg. It is well
known to minologists, as affording many interesting speci-
mens, and to others whose chance or curiosity may lead to the
island, for the astonishing view of the mainland and neighbor-
ing isles which it commands. I shall again vail myself of the
journal I have quoted.1

"20th August, 1814.—At seven this morning we were in
the Sound which divides the Ile of Rum from that of Egg.
The latter, although hilly and rocky, and traversed by a
remarkably high and barren ridge, called Scoor-Rigg, has, in
point of soil, a much more promising appearance. Southward
of both lies the Ile of Muck, or Muck, 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 memo-
orable 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 proceed a guide. Not, in-
deed, was it surprising that it should have escaped the search
of strangers, as there are no outward indications more than
might distinguish the entrance of a fox-earth. This noted
cave has a very narrow opening, through which one can hardly
crouch on his knees and hands. It rises steep and lofty within,
and runs into the bawells of the rock to the depth of 255 me-
sured 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 strewed with the bones of men, women, and chil-
dren, the sad relics of the ancient inhabitants of the island, 209
in number, who were slain on the following occasion:—The
Mac-Donals of the Ile of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-
ranald, had done some injury to the Laird of Mac-Leod. The
tradition of the Ile says, that it was by a personal attack on
the chieftain, in which he was broken. But that of the
other isles bears, more probably, that the injury was offered to
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 inhabi-
ants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Is-
land, or some of Clan-Ranald's other possessions. But next
morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island,
and immediately landed, and slaying three of his party 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 chieftain then caused his peo-
dle to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over
the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed
vengeance. He then exhibited at the entrance of the cavern a
huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with
an unceasing assiduity, until all within were destroyed by sus-
fication. The date of this dreadful deed must have been re-
cent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those reli-
cies. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a
skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which
the cavern 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 flight to the
whole. Here, after 1715, when the Catholic priests were
scarcely tolerated, the priest of Egg used to perform the Ro-
man Catholic services, most of the islanders being of that per-
suasion. A huge ledge of rocks rising about half-way up
one side of the vault, served for altar and pulpit; and the ap-
pearance of a priest and Highland congregation in such an ex-
traordinary place of worship, might have engaged the pencil of
Salvator."—1

NOTE 2 P.

...that wondrous done,
Where, as to shame the temple deck'd
By skill of earthly arch'd,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minister to her Maker's praise.—P. 411.

It would be unpardonable to detain the reader upon a won-
der so often described, and yet so incapable of being under-
stood by description. This palace of Neptune is even grander
upon a second than the first view. The stupendous columns
which form the sides of the cave, the depth and strength of
the tides which rolls its deep and heavy swell up to the extre-
mitv of the vault—the variety of the tints formed by white,
crimson, and yellow stalactites, or petrifications, which occupy
the vacancies, between the base of the broken pillars which
form the roof, and intersect them with a rich, curious, and va-
riegated chasings, occupying each interstice—the corresponding
variety below water, where the ocean rolls over a dark-red or
violet-colored rock, from which, as from a base, the basaltic
columns arise—the tremendous noise of the swelling tide, min-
gling with the deep-toned echoes of the vault,—are circum-
stances elsewhere unparalleled.

Nothing can be more interesting than the varied appearance
of the little archipelago of islets, of which Staffa is the most
remarkable. This group, called in Gaelic Tresharnish, affords
a thousand varied views to the voyager, as they appear in dif-
ferent positions with reference to his course. The variety of
their shape contributes much to the beauty of these effects.

NOTE 2 Q.

Scenes sung by him who sings no more.—P. 441.

The ballad, entitled "Maephall of Colosunny, and the Mer-
maid of Corrieveekin!" [see Border Minstrelsy, vol. iv. 6}
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; Tarrag, signifying, to draw, and Bata, a boat. This too might be called, by way of pre-eminence, the Tarbat, from a very singular circumstance related by Torfæus. When Magnus, the hard-footed King of Norway, obtained from Dunblane-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."


But that Bruce also made this passage, although at a period two or three years later than in the poem, appears from the evidence of Barbour, who mentions also the effect produced upon the minds of the Highlanders, from the prophecies current amongst them:

"But to King Robert will we gang,
That we half left waspokยก of long.
Quhen he had convoyit to the se
His brither Eduard, and his mynye,
And other men off gert nobly.
To Tarbat thay held their way,
In galayke ordanyt for their far.
Bot thayn worthyth draw their schippis thar:
And a myle wes betwix the eyes;
Bot that wes hampy? all with tre.
The King his schippis thar gert? draw.
And for the wynd couthe stouly blaw
Apon their bak, as thay call ga,
Hi gert men rapys and mastis to,
And set thaim in the schippe heyr,
And sayliss to the toppis tey;
And gert men gang thar by drwando.
The wynd thaim holpyet, that was blawand;
Swa that, in a blitt space,
Thair flote all thair drawin weis.

And quhen thay, that in the flie war,
Halt tell how the gud King had thar
Gert lys schipps with sullys ga.
Owt our betuin [the] Tarbat [is] twa,
Thai war alaist maistry.
For thay wyst, throw auld prophecy,
Waire oblied to.—2 Lait with lorn,-3 Cursed,-4 Couth,
That he suld gert schipps sua
Betuik thai wes with saillis ga,
Suld wyos the his sua till hand,
That none with strenth said him withstand.
Thairfor they come all to the King,
Wes nane withstid his bidding,
Owtkyn? Jone of Lorne alayne.
Bot weel some eftre wes he try?
And present cyleth to the King,
And thay that war of his leding,
That till the King had brokyn fa,
War all dede, and destroyt away.

BARBOUR'S BRUCE, Book x. v. 221.

Note 2 S.

The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-Ghail, "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 Cnannath soor above."—PENNANT'S TOUR TO THE WESTERN ISLES, p. 191-2.

Ben-Ghail, "the mountain of the wind," is generally known by its English, and less poetical name, of Goatfield.

Note 3 T.

Eauch to Loch Ranza's margin spring;
That blast was feindit 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, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain themselves in a wood at no great distance." The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas and his followers, who had lately set forth to try their fortune in Arran, desired the woman to conduct him to the wood. She obeyed.

"The king then blew his horn on high,
And gert his men that were him by,
Hald them still, and all privy;
And syne again his home blew he.
James of Douglas heard him blow,
And at the last alone gan know,
And said, 'So steering yon is the king;
I know long while since his blowing.'
The third time therewithall he blew,
And then Sir Robert Bold it knew;
And said, 'Yon is the king, but dread,
Go we forth till him, better speed.'
They went they till the king in bye,
And him inclined courteously.

5 Confounded,—6 Make,—7 Expiring,—8 Faith.
And blithly welcomed them the king,
And was joyful of their meeting,
And kissed them; and spaird^ synne
How they had fared in hunting?
And they him told all, but being?
Synne laud they God of their meeting.
Synne with the king till his barbourye
Went both joyf' 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 scorn'd.—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 Rose, 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 Rose had lived.

"Out-taken him, men has not seen
Where he for any man made moaning."

And here the venerable Archdeacon intimates a piece of scandal. Sir Edward Bruce, it seems, loved Rose's sister, per amours, to the neglect of his own lady, sister to David de Strathbogie, Earl of Athole. This carnal passion had evil consequences; for, in resentment to the affront 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 mean as surprised his followers:

"Sic moan he made men had dely,3
For he was not customably
Went 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 face might do,
Rather than, like a knight untrue,
Leave to pursuers merciless.
A woman in her last distress.—P. 445.

This incident, which illustrates so happily the chivalrous generosity of Bruce's character, is one of the many simple and natural traits recorded by 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 by.4
' It is the layard,' sair', sa alme,
1 Asked.—2 Without lying.—3 Wonder.—4 Haste.— 5 Laundress.—Child-bed.
and not far distant from a tolerable harbor, closed in by the
Island of Lamlash. This important place had been assaulted a
short time before Bruce’s arrival in the island. James Lord
Douglas, who accompanied Bruce to his retreat in Machrine,
seems, in the spring of 1308, to have tired of his abode there,
and set out accordingly, in the phrase of the times, to see what
adventure God would send him. Sir Robert Boyd accompa-
nied 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 Bradwick, and
supplied a considerable supply of arms and provisions, and
nearly took the castle itself. Indeed, that they actually did
so, has been generally avowed 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 Schön
When they were joined by Bruce, it seems probable that they
had gained Bradwick Castle. At least tradition says, that from
the battlements of the tower he saw the supposed signal-fire
on Turnberry-moak . . . The castle is now much modernized,
but has a dignified appearance, being surrounded by flourishing
plantations.

Note 2 Z.

Oft, too, with unaccustom’d ears,
A language much unmeet he hears.—P. 446.

Barbour, with great simplicity, gives an anecdote, from
which it would seem that the vice of profane swearing, after-
wards too general among the Scottish nation, was, at this
time, confined to able soldiers of Arran. As Douglas, after Bruce’s
return to Scotland, was roving about the mountainous coun-
try of Tweeddale, near the water of Linne, he chanced to hear
some persons in a farm-house say “the decil.” Concluding,
from this hardly possible, 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 Boukle. Both
were then in the English interest, and had come into that
country with the purpose of driving out Douglas. They after-
wards 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. 449.

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 spec-
men of his style, which seems to be in some degree the model
for that of Gawain Douglas:—

This ves in ves quer wnyr wnyr tid,
With his blastis bankis to bid,
Was our drywnyn: and byrdes smale,
As turnets and the mychtyngale,
Begontid rycht samlid to syg:
And for to mak in their singyng
Swete notes, and sowsen seyr.}

And nobly pleasa to her,
And the tres begowth to nat
Burguns, and byryth blooms abus,
To wuy the helmsyn: off their bewid,
That wiskyth wyntir had thaim wiwad.
And all greysy bsuch to spryng.
In to that tym ye the nobill king,
With his flotes, and a few menye,
The bughty I thow that mycht be,
Is to the se, owte off Arran
A bchild forouthe, eyw wyn gane.

Thai rowit fast, with all thair mycht,
Till that apon thaim fell the nycht,
That woux mykit apon greter man,
Swa thai that wyit focht quhar thai wer.
For thai na nedill had, na stone;
But rowit always in till ane,
Stemed all tyne apon the fyr.
That thay saw byrnanad ychtyt and schyr,
It wes bot oacenur thaim leid:
And in they thay tyne sa thaim sped,
That at the fyr aerywth thi;
And went to land bot mar delay.
And Cuiithert, that has sene the fyr,
Was full off aery, and off ir.
For he duret nocht do it away;
And wes abus downwad ay.
That his lord said pass to se.
Tharfor thair synmyrn waytike he;
And met them at thair aerywng.
He wes wesome sone brought to the King,
That semyt at him how he had done,
And he with ear hart tauld him sone,
How that he had mane weill furnand;
But all war fayls, that he had fand;
And that the lord the Persy,
With ner thre hundre in eunpany,
Was in the castell thar bestid,
Full Lithit off dis-yt and pirl.
Bot ma than two parts off his rocht
War herberyt in the toune without;
’A dyspytt, yeu mar, Schir King,
Then men may dyspytt any thing.’
Than said the King, in full gret ir;
’Tratour, quhy maid thow than the fyr?’—
*A Schyr,’ said he, 1 sa God me se !
The fyr wes newyr maid for me.
Na, or the mychyt, I wysit it nocht;
Bot fra I wysit it, well I thocht
That ye, and kaly your monye,
In hy14 said put yow to the se.
For lit I sum to mete yow her,
To tell perellys that ma yaper.’

The King wes off his spek angry,
And askyt his prywe men, in hy.
Ghant at thaim thougt was best to do.
Seyhr Edward fryst answer that to,
Hys brydor that wes a hary,
And said: ’I saw yow seklyr
Thar sall na perell, that may be,
Dyrwe me efi-oyn15 to the se.
Myne amentur her tak will I,
Gueblther it be esfuli or angry.’—
’Brothyer,’ he said ’sen thon will sull,
It is guide that we sawyn to
Dyses or ise, or payne or play,
Eftby as God will we purway.’16

1 Saving.—2 Begun.—3 Lefly.—4 Several.—5 Make.—6 Buds.—7 Cover-

8 Breatved.—9 Men.—10 Before.—11 Clear.—12 Clear.—13 Adventure
14 Haste.—15 Soon after.—16 Prepare.
And sen men says that the Percy
Myn heredage will occupy;
And his menye sa ner wslys,
That ws dispyn wny ws.
Ga we and wengel sum off the dispyn
And that may we haist done ale the 2
For that by traisy, but dreeding
Off ws, or off our hemmynig.
And thought we slopend slew thatan all,
Repruff tharof na saa sall.
For weranour na force suld ma,
Qathethir he mycht ourown ousa fa.
Throw strenght, or throw vanclæ;
But that gud faith ay ba'dyn he:"

Barnbou's Bruce, Book iv. v. 1.

Note 3 B.

Now ask you wherefore that wondrous light,
Whose fairey glow begaunted 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, witnessed 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 Brodick 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' Brae, 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'lantern) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Forth of Clyde, between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."—Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton Stuart, author of an 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 labours in Note 3 D. This is the same gentleman whose friendly assistance is so often acknowledged in the Notes and Introductions of the Waverley Novels.]

Note 3 C.

They gai'ld the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's silene 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 lifetime, the wife of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, bare him a son, afterwards Robert I. (11th July, 1304). 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 wide estates: She afterwards atoned by a fine for her unlawful dillinquency. Little did Alexander foresee, that from this union, the restored of the Scottish monarchy was to arise."


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 Cuizean Castle, is the mouth of a romantic cavern, called the Cove of Golem, 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 Naik, a little romantic green hill, where he and his party are said to have rested, after assaulting the castle."

Around the Castle of Turnberry was a level plain of about two miles in extent, forming the castle park. There could be nothing, I am informed, more beautiful than the copsewood and verdure of this extensive meadow, before it was invaded by the ploughshare.

Note 3 D.

The Bruce hath seen 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 outposts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this occasion, though he had several skirmishes with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the garrison, who were quartered without the walls of the fortress, retreated into the 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 attested his attachment to the hereditary followers of his house, in this part of the country.

It is generally known that Bruce, in consequence of his distresses after the battle of Methven, was affected by a scorbutic disorder, which was then called a leprosy. It is said he experienced benefit from the use of a medicinal spring, about a mile north of the town of Ayr, called from that circumstance King's Ease. The following is the tradition of the country, collected by Mr. Train:—"After Robert ascended the throne, he founded the priory of Dominican monks, every one of whom was under the obligation of putting up to Heaven a prayer once every week-day, and twice in holydays, for the recovery of the king: and, after his death, these masses were continued for the saving of his soul. The ruins of this old monastery are now nearly level with the ground. Robert likewise caused

Sir Walter Scott has misread Mr. Train's MS., which gave not

King's Ease, but King's Co., i.e. Casa Regis; the name of the royal foundation described below. Mr. Train's kindness enables the Editor to make this correction.—1822.
horses to be built round the well of King's Case, for eight
lepers, and allowed eight bolts of oatmeal, and 2 25 Scotch
money, per annum, to each person. These donations were laid
upon the lands of Fainton, and are now payable by the Duke
of Portland. The farm of Sneds, in the neighborhood of Ayer,
has to give, if required, a certain quantity of straw for the
lepers' beds, and so much to thresh their houses annually.
Each leper person had a drinking-horn provided him by the
king, which continued to be hereditary in the house to which
it was first granted. One of these identical horns, of very
curious workmanship, was, in the possession of the late Colonel
Foularton of that ilk.

My correspondent proceeds to mention some curious rem-
nants of antiquity respecting this foundation. "In complim-
ent to Sir William Wallace, the great deliverer of his coun-
try, King Robert Bruce invested the descendants of that hero
with the right of placing all the lepers upon the establishment
of King's Case. This patronage continued in the family of
Crugie, till it was sold along with the lands of the late Sir
Robert Wallace. The Burgh of Ayer then purchased the right
of applying the donations of King's Case to the support of the
poor-house of Ayer. The lepers' charter-stone was a basaltic
block, exactly the shape of a sheep's kidney, and weighing
an Ayrshire boll of meal. The surface of this stone being
as smooth as glass, there was not any other way of lifting it
than by turning the hollow to the ground, there extending the
arms along each side of the stone, and clapping the hands in
the cavity. Young boys were always considered as deserving
to be ranked among men, when they could lift the blue stone
of King's Case. It always lay beside the well, till a few years
ago, when some English dragoons encamped at that place
wantonly broke it, since which the fragments have been kept
by the freemen of Prestwick in a place of security. There is
one of these charter-stones at the village of Old Daily, in
Carrick, which has become more celebrated by the following
event, which happened only a few years ago:—The village
of New Daily being now larger than the old place of the same
name, the inhabitants insisted that the charter-stone should
be removed from the old town to the new, but the people of Old
Daily were unwilling to part with their ancient right. De-
mands and remonstrances were made on each side without
effect, till at last man, woman, and child, of both villages,
marshed out and by one desperate engagement put an end to
a war, the commencement of which no person then living re-
membered. Justice and victory, in this instance, being of the
same party, the villagers of the old town of Daily now enjoy
the pleasure of keeping the bluestone un molested. Ideal
privileges are often attached to some of these stones. In Gir-
vant, if a man can set his back against one of the above de-
scription, he is supposed not liable to be arrested for debt, nor
can cattle, it is imagined, be rounded as long as they are fas-
tioned to the same stone. These stones were often used as sym-
boles to denote the right of possessing land, before the use of
written documents became general in Scotland, is, I think,
exceedingly probable. The charter-stone of Inverness is still
kept with great care, set in a frame, and hooped with iron, at
the market-place of that town. It is called by the inhabitants
of that district Clack na Conndinn. I think it is very likely
that Carey has mentioned this stone in his poem of Craig Phad-
derrick. This is only a conjecture, as I have never seen that
work. While the famous poet is now permitted to remain
at Scoon, it was considered as the charter-stone of the kingdom
of Scotland."

Note 3 E.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four.
My noble fathers loved of yore."—P. 455.

These mazers were large drinking-mugs, or goblets. Mention
of them occurs in a court inventory of the treasure and jew-
els of King James III., which will be published, with other
curious documents of antiquity, by my friend, Mr. Thomas
Thomson, of Scotland, under the title of "A Collection of Inven-
tories, and other Records of the Royal Ward-
robe, Jewel-House," &c. I copy the passage in which mention
is made of the mazers, and also of a habitation, called "King
Robert Bruce's werk," i.e. shirt, meaning, perhaps his shirt
of mail; although no other arms are mentioned in the inven-
tory. It might have been a relic of more sanctified description,
a penance perhaps.

Extract from "Inventorie of one Parts of the Gold en Silver coneyct and unconeyct, Jawelils, and other Stuff perteyning to Cynquhite owre Sovereyn Lords Feder, that he had in Depoist the Tyme of his Deceis, and that come to the Handis of owre Sovereyn Lord that now is, N.CCCC.LXXVIII."

"Monemalum fundin in a bandiet kist like a garviant,1 in the fyrst the grey chenyes of gold, contenea sevin score sex linkis.

Item, thee platis of silver.

Item, twel saltatls.2

Item, sylfene discheles ouregilt.

Item, a grete gilt plate.

Item, twa grete basins3 ouregilt.

Item, poor Masaris, called King Robert the Brocis, with a cover.

Item, a grete cok maid of silver.

Item, the hoede of silver of one of the covers of masar.

Item, a fare dialle.4

Item, twa basis of kayills.

Item, a pare of anid knifeis.

Item, taka in the smyth that opinanit the lohkis, in gold fowrty demys.

Item, in Inglys groits—xxxi. li, and the said silver given again to the takaris of hym.

Item, ressevit in the closset of Daviisbour, one haly water-fat of silver, twa boxis, a cageat tume, a glas with rois-water a doustone of torcicho, King Robert Brucis Sek."
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

Note 3 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 possession was raging at Ayr; but it was renewed by one of the Jamessons, and is dated at Faulkland. The freemen of Newton were formerly officers by rotation. The Provost of Ayr at one time was a freeman of Newton, and it happened to be his turn, while provost in Ayr, to be officer in Newton, both of which offices he discharged at the same time.

The forest of Selkirk, or Ettrick, at 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 mountaneous, and covered with the remains of the ancient Caledonian Forest, which is supposed to have stretched from Cheviot Hills as far as Hamilton, and to have comprehended even a part of Ayrshire. At the fatal battle of Falkirk, Sir John Stewart of Bonhill, brother to the Stewart of wald, commanded the archers of Selkirk Forest, who fell around the dead body of their leader. The English historians have commemorated the tall and stately persons, as well as the answering 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 actors light;
The bale was strung at each hunter's side,
As they had been bound to the chase to ride;
But the bale is mute, and the shafts are spent,
The arm unfurled and the bow unbent,
And the tired forester is laid
Far, far from the clustering Greenwood shade!
Sore have they told—they are fallen asleep.
And their slumber is heavy, and dull, and deep
When over their bones the grass shall wave,
When the wild winds over their tombs shall rave,
Memory shall lean on their graves, and tell
How Selkirk's hunters hold around old Stewart fell!"

Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk [by Miss Holford], Lond. 4to, 1809, pp. 170-1.

Note 3 G.

When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd,
O'er London's mountain, and in Urj's vale.—P. 456.

The first important advantage gained by Bruce after landing at Turnberry, was over Asyer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Londondhill, 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 Aberdenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, desirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Monbray. Bruce was ill at the time of a scrofulous disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although

obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

Note 3 H.

When English blood o'ft delayed Douglas-dale.—P. 456.

The "good Lord James of Douglas," during these commotions, often took from the English his own or other men's Douglas, but being unable to Garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again 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 flour, slaughtering the castle 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 Godscroft.—"By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemy, that it was counted a matter of great jeopardy to keep this castle, which began to be called the adventurous (or hazardous) Castle of Douglas; when upon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him, that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himself worthy to be a suitor to her. Upon this occasion Walton took upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Turnwall, but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him. For Sir James, havingfirst dressed an ambush 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 victim (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 retied 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 afterwards 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 fergy 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 timously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching 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 encumber themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick

1 This is in the foundation of the Author's last romance, Castle Douglas, &c. &c.
Note 3 K.

_Their ransom.'s war—cry swell'd the southern gate._—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 consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party when Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be repaid. 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 Murray about 1314. After this period he eminently distinguished himself, first by the surprise of Edinburgh Castle, and afterwards by many similar enterprises, conducted with equal courage and ability.

Note 3 L.

_Belougur'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 succoured by the King of England before St. John the Baptist's day. The King reverently blessed 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 Len to Alabammon, full time was allowed for that purpose.

Note 3 M.

_To summon prince and peer, At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege._—P. 456.

There is printed in Rymer's _Fœdera_ the summons issued upon this occasion to the sheriff of York; and he mentions eighteen other persons to whom similar ordinances were issued. It seems to respect the infantry alone, for it is entitled, _De pedibus ad recessum Castri de Stirlin to Scotis obstas, propter faciendae_. 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 aforesaid, 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.

Note 3 N.

_And Cambric, but of late subdued, 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. Preceding 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, as so dangerous and critical a juncture, was reconciled with difficulty. Edward II. followed his father's example in this particular, and with no better success. They could not be brought to exert themselves in the cause of their conquerors. But they had an indifferent reward for their forbearance. Without arms, and clad only in scanty dresses of linen cloth, they appeared naked in the eyes even of the Scottish peasantry; and after the rout of Bannockburn, were massacred by them in great numbers, as they retired in confusion towards their own country. They were under command of Sir Maurice de Berkeley.

Note 3 O.

_And Connacht pour'd from waste and wood Her hundred tribes, whose scepter rule_—P. 456.

DARK ETH O'CONNOR SWAY'D._—P. 456.

There is in the _Fœdera_ an invitation to Eth O'Connor, chief of the Irish of Connacht, setting forth that the king was about to move against his Scottish rebels, and therefore requesting the attendance of all the force he could muster, either commanded by himself in person, or by some nobleman of his race. These auxiliaries were to be commanded by Richard de 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 Hiberniorum de Tyconn; Donnel O Kihan, Duci Hiberniorum de Fernetrew; Devenal O Xel, Duci Hiberniorum de Tryowyn; Neel Macbreon, Duci Hiberniorum de Kynallow; Eth Offyn, Duci Hiberniorum de Turterey; Aun'ly Mac Aegus, Duci Hiberniorum de Oneagh; Neel O Hizan, Duci Hiberniorum de Ethere; Bion Mac Mahon, Duci Hiberniorum de Uriel; Lao-reeagh Mac Wyr, Duci Hiberniorum de Longheria; Gillys O Racc, Duci Hiberniorum de Besfayn; Geffyery O Fergy, Duci Hiberniorum de Montargwil; Felya O Hunglar, Duci Hiberniorum de Connach; Donethoth O Bien, Duci Hiberniorum de Tomhund; Dornel Mac Arby, Duci Hiberniorum de Descegunaund; Donnel Carbragh; Mau, Kenoagh Vao Murgh; Muglugh O Bryn; David O Toothill; Dermond O Tonoghur, Doftall; Fyn O Dymy;"
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Scotchth Mac Gilliaphatrick; 
Lyssagh O Murch; 
Gilberth Eddly, Ducj Hibernicorum de Omney; 
Mac Esbhal; 
Omalan Helyn, Ducj Hibernicorum Molie.' 

Note 3 P.
Their chief, Fitz-Louis.—P. 458.
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 5th November, in the second year of his reign (1307), for the lands of Kilnichol, and others, which still remain in this very ancient and respectable family.

Note 3 Q.
In battle four beneath their eye. 
The forces of King Robert tic.—P. 458.
The arrangements adopted by King Robert for the decisive battle of Bannockburn, are given very distinctly by Barbour, and form an edifying lesson to tactics. 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 Kilbarchan. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing, which was strengthened by a strong body of cavalry under Keith, the Marshal 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-hill, 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 Gilles' (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 Buchanam, and adopted by Mr. Nisbet, the author of the History of Stirlingshire, there appears nothing to have prevented the English advancing 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 side 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 object of the hypothesis above laid down, is, that the left flank of Bruce's army was thereby exposed to a sally from the garrison of Bannock.

It, first, the garrison were bound to neutrality by terms of Mowbray's treaty; and Barbour even seems to ensure, 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.

Had this not been the case, the strength of the garrison was probably not sufficient to excite apprehension. Hadly. The adhesive hypothesis leaves the rear of the Scottish army, much more 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, still visible, in some places rendered it inaccessible, and in all of difficult approach. More to the northward, where the natural impediments were fewer, Bruce fortified his position against cavalry, by digging a number of pits so close together, says Barbour, as to resemble the cells in a honey-comb. They were a foot in breadth, and between two and three feet deep, many rows of them being placed one behind the other. They were slightly covered with brushwood and green sods, so as not to be obvious to an impetuous enemy.

All the Scottish army were on foot, excepting a select body of cavalry stationed with Edward Bruce on the right wing, under the immediate command of Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal of Scotland, who were destined for the important service of charging and dispersing the English archers. Thus judiciously posted, in a situation fortified both by art and nature, Bruce awaited the attack of the English.

Note 3 R.
Beyond, the Southern host appears.—P. 458.
Upon the 23rd June, 1314, the alarm reached the Scottish army of the approach of the enemy. Douglas and the Marshal were sent to reconnoitre with a body of cavalry:

"And soon the great host have they seen, 
Where shields shining were so shoon, 
And banners burnish'd bright, 
That gave against the sun great light. 
They saw so fese brawdy, hammers, 
Standards and jennons and spears, 
And so fese knights upon steeds, 
All flaming in their woods, 
And so fese balaifs, and so broad, 
And too so great room as they rode, 
That the man nas bound, and the stoutest 
Of Christendom and the greatest, 
Should be alast 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 assistance which (by the way) could not have been rendered, had not the English approached from the southeast; since, had their march been due north, the whole Scottish army must have been between them and the garrison.
vote 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 valiant of the Isles
Beneath their chieftains rank’d their files."—P. 438.

The men of Argyle, the islanders, and the Highlanders in general, were ranked in the rear. They must have been numerous, for Bruce had reconciled himself with almost all their chieftains, excepting the obnoxious MacDougals 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 Scutum.

"Universis Christi fidelibus ad quorum noticium presentem littere perenniter Willielmus Comes de Ross salutem in dominio semper erexit. Quin magnis magnis principes Dominus Robertus dei gratia Rex Scotiae Dominus meus ex munta sibi bonitate, inspiratque clementia, et gratia speciali remiti mihi pare moneam animi sui, et relaxans ac condensans mihi omnimodas transgressiones suas offensas contra ipsum et suas per me et meo visque ad confessorum literarum preservacionem perpetuam: Et terras meas et tenementa mea omnia graciosse concedit. Et me nichilominus de terra de Dingwall et forseroexy infra comitatam de Suthylande de bongne libetalibatur suae hodie celeritate ineditor cararet. Ego tanta praeclara benevolentia efficaciter attulimus, et pro tot gratus mihi factus, velim semper gratitudinis meis pro virtibus et cetera dignitas ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ +

The copy of this curious document was supplied by my friend, Mr. Thomson, Deputy Register of Scotland, whose researches into our ancient records are daily throwing new and important light upon the history of the country.

Note 3 T.

The Monarch rode along the van."—P. 439.

The English vanguard, commanded by the Earls of Gloucest er and Hereford, came in sight of the Scottish army upon the evening of the 23d of June. Bruce was then riding upon a little palfrey, in front of his foremost line, putting his host in order. It was then that the personal encounter took place between him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the issue of which had a great effect upon the spirits of both armies. It is thus recorded by Barbour:

"And when Glosyster and Herfurd war With their batall, approachand war, Before them all that came ryand, With holm on heid, and sper in hand Schyr Henry the Boun, the worthly, That was a wycht knaycht, and a hardy; And to the Earle off Herfurd esay; Armyt in armydاعد and fyne; Come on a sted, a low schote ter, Before all othyr that thar wer; And knew the King, for that he raw Him swa rang his men on raw; And by the cronne, that was set Albyn upon his bassyettet. And towar him he went in hy; And [when] the King sna aperly Saw him enn, foron th all his feris,1 In hy till him the burs he steirs. And when Schyr Henry saw the King Cam on, for owrhen alaying2 Till him he raid in full gret hy He thocht that he said weill lyothly Wyn him, and haf him at his will, Sen he him horsyt saw sa il. Sprent thai samyn in till a ling.3 Schyr Henry mysset the noble King, And he, that in his sterpany set, With the ax that was hard and gud, With sa got mayse4 racht him a dynt, That nothyr hat, na helm, mycht stynt The hewy5 duscbe6 that he him gave, That ner the heid till the hardyns cleve, The hand ax sacht fruschtin7 in twa; And he doun to the enl gan ga All Ratlyns,8 for him faullit mycht. This was the first strak off the focht."—

Barbour's Bruce, Book viii. v. 654.

The Scottish leaders conanted to the King upon his temerity. He only answered, "I have broken my good lanceaxe."—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?—460.

While the van of the English army advanced, a detached body attempted to relieve Stirling. Lord Halles gives the following account of this manoeuvre and the result, which is accompanied by circumstances highly characteristic of the chivalrous manners of the age, and displays that generosity which reconciles us even to their ferocity upon other occasions.

Bruce had enjoined Randolph, who commanded the left wing of his army, to be vigilant in preventing any advanced parties of the English from throwing success into the castle of Stirling.

"Eight hundred homenens, commanded by Sir Robert Chi-

1 Conradis.—2 Haude.—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 perih. 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 Daynecourt, an English commander of distinguished note, was slain. The enemy, for superior numbers to Randolph, environed him, and pressed hard on his little band. Douglas saw his jeopardy, and requested the King's permission to go and succour him. 'You shall not move from your ground,' cried the King; 'let Randolph extricate himself as he best may.' This not, 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.'—


Two large stones erected at the north end of the village of Newhouse, about a quarter of a mile from the south part of Stirling, ascertain the place of this memorable skirmish. The circumstance tends, were confirmation necessary, to support the opinion of Lord Hailes, that the Scottish line had Stirling on its left flank. It will be remembered, that Randolph commanded infantry, Daynecourt cavalry. Supposing, therefore, according to the vulgar hypothesis, that the Scottish line was drawn up, facing to the south, in the line of the brook of Bannock, and consequently that Randolph was stationed with his left flank resting upon Milntown bog, it is morally impossible that his infantry, moving from that position, with whatever velocity, 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 W.

New onward, 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 battalions or divisions; but from the notes of 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 shine brightly,
Were not array'd on such manner:
For all their battles many's were
In a schiltrum.3 But whether it was
Through the great straitness of the place
That they were in, to hide fighting;
Or that it was for abasing;4
I were not. But in a schiltrum
It seemed they were all and some;
Out ta'en the vaward anely,5
That right with a great company,
Be them selwyn, arrayed were.
Who had been by, might have seen there
That folk ourtake a meckill fold
On breadth, where many a shining shield,
And many a burnished bright armour
And many a man of great renown,
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 you barefoot Abbot stands,
And blesses them with lifted hands.—P. 461.

"Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, placing himself on an eminence, celebrated mass in sight of the Scottish army. He then passed along the front bare-footed, and bearing a crucifix in his hands to the north, 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 Ingelrana of Umfraville, 'but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die.'"—Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 47.

1 Barbour says expressly, they avoided the New Park (where Bruce's army lay), and held "well nath 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-

doubtedly of a circular form, in order to resist the attacks of the English cavalry, on whatever quarter they might be charged. But it does not appear how, or why, the English, advancing to the attack at Bannockburn, should have arrayed themselves in a circular form. It seems more probable, that, by Schiltrum in the present case, Barbour means to express an irregular mass into which the English army was compressed by the unwillingness of its numbers, and the carelessness or ignorance of its leaders.
4 Frightening.
5 Alone.
NOTE 3 Y.

Forth, Marshal, on the pleasant seas!
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,
And cut the bow-string loose! — P. 462.

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force, whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was provided. A small but select body of cavalry were detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They sounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Milntown bog, and, keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears nor long weapons fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and spread through the whole English army a confusion from which they never fairly recovered.

"The English archers shot so fast,
That mycht their schot haft any last.
It had been hard to Scotsis men,
But King Robert, that weee gun kon!" 

That their archers war pensious,
And their schot rycht hard and gowrous,
Ordany, forunth the assembld,
Ilys marsechl with a gret meny,
Fyve hundre arrayt in to stele,
That on lycht hors war hoyrt welle,
For to pryk! among the archers;
And swa assaile thaim with thair speris,
That thair was no lavish kniff to schulate.
This marsechl that Ik of moute,
That Schyr Robert of Keyth was cauld,
As Ik befor her has yow taude,
Quhen he saw the bataillie as an Assembly, and to gider ga,
And saw the archers schotst stoutly;
With all thaim off his enemag,
In hy aproach thaim gan he rid;
And onr tek thaim at a sid
And rosscht among thaim sa rudyly,
Sterkand thaim sa dispysontly,
And in sic fason berand dawn,
And slayand thaim, for owlym rawn;
That thair thaim sally" certiklage.
And fra that time forth thor was none
That assemblit schot to maon.
Quhen Scottis archers saw that thair saw
War rebuty,1 thair wox hardy,
And with all thair mycht schot errey
Among the hors men, that thar raid;
And woundis wip to thaim that maud;
And slow of thaim a full gret deli." 

BARBOUR'S Bruce, Book ix. v. 298.

Although the success of this manoeuvre was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England, was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unescorted 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 holes 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 brogga chart could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his bolario bore! — P. 462.

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "wherby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, "that every English archer heareth under his girdle twenty-four Scots." Indeed Thaxtedius says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, "The Scots surely be good men of warre in theyre owne stotes as can be; but as for shooting, they can neither use it to any profit, nor yet challenge it for any praise."


It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the valor of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them prisoner, he gave him the option of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislaid the reference to this singular passage.

NOTE 4 A.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow.
Horseman and horse, the foremost go. — P. 462.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden nooks 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 steads that shriek 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 remark able 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 loire, my trust in thee
Is fixed on thee, fair Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearsmen charge. — P. 464.

When the engagement between the main bodies had lasted some time, Bruce made a decisive movement, by bringing up
the Scottish reserve. It is traditionally said, that at this crisis, he addressed the Lord of the Isles in a phrase used as a motto by some of his kinsmen, "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 circumstance ground, there was room for the reserve to fall into the line. But the advance of the Scottish cavalry must have contributed a good deal to form the vacancy occupied by the reserve.

**Note 4 D.**

*To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—And mimic ensigns high they rear.—* P. 461.

The followers of the Scottish camp observed, from the Gilles' Hill in the rear, the impression produced upon the English army by the bringing up of the Scottish reserve, and, prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment, or the desire of plunder, assumed, in a tumultuary manner, such arms as they found nearest, fastened sheets to tent-poles and lances, and showed themselves like a new army advancing to battle.

"Yomen, and swans, and pittill, 2
That in the Park yemt wiccal,
War left; quhen that wyt but losin, 4
That their lords, with fell fechtyn,
On thair assembyt wer;
Ane off thaim selwyn 5 that war thar
Capitane of thaim all that mad,
And schotis, that war sinned 6,7 bad,
That festnyt in steld off baneis,
Apon lang treys and speris;
And said that thair wald se the fycht;
And help thair lords at thair nycht.
Quhen her till all assemtyt wer,
In a rent assemblit er? 9
Fyfthe thowsand thai war, or ma.
And than in gret by gan thai gn,
With thair baneis, all in a rout,
As thai had men ben strey 8 and stout.
That thair come, with that assemblie,
Rycht quhill thay nycht the batail se;
Than all at anys that gave a cry,
"Sla! sla! Apon thain bistilly! 10"

**Barebour's Bruce**, Book ix. v. 410.

The unexpected apparition, of what seemed a new army, completed the confusion which already prevailed among the English, who fled in every direction, and were pursued with immense slaughter. The book 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 Faith, and perished there, which, by the way, could hardly have happened, had the armies been drawn up eager 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 Fields. Here the Earl of Gloucester is said to have made a stand, and died gallantly at the head of his own military tenants and vassals. He was much regretted by both sides; and it is said the Scottish would gladly have saved his life, but, neglecting to wear his surcoat with armorial bear-

1 Svinan.—2 Robbin.—3 Kept the provisions.—4 Lying.—5 Selwyn.—S Somewhat —7 Ayr.—8 chief.

**Note 4 E.**

*O! give their hapless prince his due.—* P. 461.

Edward II., according to the best authorities, showed, in the fatal field of Bannockburn, personal gallantry not unworthy of his great sire and greater son. He remained on the field till forced away by the Earl of Pembroke, when all was lost. He then rode to the Castle of Stirling, and demanded admittance; but the governor, demonstrating upon the imprudence of shutting himself up in that fortress, which must so soon surrender, he assembled around his person five hundred men-at-arms, and, avoiding the field of battle and the victorious army, fled towards Linthgow, pursued by Douglas with about sixty horse. They were augmented by Sir Lawrence Abernethy with twenty more, whom Douglas met in the Torwood upon their way to join the English army, and whom he easily persuaded to desert the defeated monarch, and to assist in the pursuit. They hung upon Edward's flight as far as Dunbar, too few in number to assail him with effect, but enough to harass his retreat so constantly, that whoever fell an instant behind, was instantly slain or made prisoner. Edward's ignominious flight terminated at Dunbar, where the Earl of March, who still professed allegiance to him, "received him full gente." 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 subordinates as did not return to their natural allegiance after the battle of Bannockburn.

**Apud Monasterium de Cambuskenneth,**

VI DIE NOVEMBRIS, MCCCXIV.

*Judicium Reditum apud Bannockburn cum omnibus quos tune fuerunt contra domini et potest Domini Regis.*

Anno gracie millesimo tricentesimo quarto decimo sexto die Novembris tenente parliamentum suum Excellentissimo princi- pio Domino Roberto Del gracia Regis Scotorum Illustri in monasterio de Cambuskenneth concordatun post finissimam Ju- deicium (sc. seuer) locum statutum de Carelio et Deo Epis- coporum et ceterorum Predicatorum Comitum Baroniis et alio- rum nobilibus regni Scocie nec non et tocius communis regni predicti quod omnes contra fidem et paece dicti domini regis in bello seu alihi mortui sunt [vel qui dic] de ad paece ejus et fideem non venerant ille sepsius vocales et le- gitime expectati fuisse de testibus et testememtis et omnibus statu infra regnum Scocie perpetuo sine exhelitati et haban- tur de custo tarnquam universi Regis et Regnalis ejus nominis et cessione juris hereditarii vel juris altioris causaeque in pos- terum pro se et hereditibus suis in perpetuum privati Ad per- petuum igitur rei memoriam et evidentem probacione 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 forth a gret forly,
To se samyn sa fele dede lie.
Twa hundre payr of spors reid, 2
War tae 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 Wallace. The only good edition of The Bruce was published by Mr. Pinkerton, in 3 vols., in 1790; and, the learned editor having had no personal access to consult the manuscripts, 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 sain at Bannockburn, extracted from the companion of Trivet's Annals, will show the extent of the national calamity.

**List of the Sain.**

**Knights and Knights Bannerets.**

Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester,

Robert de Clifford,

Payan Tybetot,

William Le Mareschal,

John Comyn,

William de Vescy,

John de Montfort,

Nicolas de Haveligh,

William Daycourt,

Acadius de Argentoyne,

Edmound Comyn,

John Lawel (the rich),

Edmund de Hastynge,

Mile de Stapleton,

Robert de Clifford,

Payan Tybetot,

William Le Mareschal,

John Comyn,

William de Vescy,

John de Montfort,

Nicolas de Haveligh,

William Daycourt,

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Edmund de Hastynge,

Mile de Stapleton,

Robert de Clifford,

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William Le Mareschal,

John Comyn,

William de Vescy,

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John de Montfort,

Nicolas de Haveligh,

William Daycourt,

Acadius de Argentoyne,

Edmound Comyn,

John Lawel (the rich),

Edmund de Hastynge,

Mile de Stapleton,

Robert de Clifford,

Payan Tybetot,
APPENDIX TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

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 Beaupel (the son),
John Mantravers (the son),
William and William Giffard,
and 34 other knights, not
named by the historian.

And in sum there were slain, along with the Earl of Gloucester, forty-two barons and bannerets. The number of earls, barons, and bannerets made captive, was twenty-two, and sixty-eight knights. Many clerks and esquires were also there slain or taken. Roger de Northburge, keeper of the king's signet (Custos Turgis Domini Regis), was made prisoner with his two clerks, Roger de Wakenfeld and Thomas de Switon, upon which the king caused a seal to be made, and entitled it his privey 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 Turgis, 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.

1 Supposed Cligan. 2 Maule.
The Field of Waterloo:

A POEM.¹

"Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons, in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound."

AKENSIDE.

TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,
PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,
&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this poem, that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the Continent, when the Author's labors were liable to frequent interruption; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

ABOTSFORD, 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,²
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough

¹ Published by Constable & Co. in October, 1815. 8vo. 5s.
² "The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardenne's famous in Buirdo's Orlando, and immor-

tal in Shakspeare'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.

For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,
OUR WOODLAND PATH HAS CROSS'D;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.
A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields, glance between;
The peasant, at his labor blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe:—
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 fame:—
Let not the gazer with disdain
Their architecture view;
For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
And disproportion'd spire are thine,
Immortal WATERLOO!

III.
Fear not the heat, though full and high
The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
And scarce a forest stranger now
To shade us spreads a woodland bough;
These fields have seen a hotter day
Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.

"Southward from Brussels lies the field of Osnon,
Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man;
A horseman, who in haste pursues his road,
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is through a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.
No cheerful woodland this of civic trees,
With thickets varied and with sunny glade;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, insuperable shade
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light.
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."
Southey's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

"But the MS. has not this complet.
As a plain, WATERLOO seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention, those of Platea, Troy, Martina, Leucra, Chromes, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougomont appears to want little but a better cause, and that indefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a consecrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned."
Byron.

"See Appendix, Note A.
MS.— Let not the stranger with disdain
Its misproportioned view;
You awkward and ungraceful shrine,
And yonder humble spire, are thine."

"What time the second Carlos rules in Spain,
Last of the Austrian line by fate decreed,
Here Castanaza rear'd a votive fane,
Praying the patron saints to bless with seed
Yet one mile on, yon shatter'd hedge
Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
Looks on the field below,
And sinks so gently on the dale,
That not the folds of Beauty's veil
In easier curves can flow.
Brief space from thence, the ground again
Ascending slowly from the plain,
Forms an opposing screen,
Which, with its crest of upland ground,
Shunts the horizon all around.
The soften'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;
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush are there,
Her course to intercept or scare,
Nor fosse nor fence are found,
Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.

IV.
Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been?—
A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh."

His childless sovereign. Heaven denied an heir,
And Europe mourn'd in blood the frustrate prayer."
Southey.

To the original chapel of the Marquis of Castanaza 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.

As a plain, WATERLOO seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention, those of Platea, Troy, Martina, Leucra, Chromes, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougomont appears to want little but a better cause, and that indefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a consecrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned."

"Rise the rent towers of Hougomont:
"Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
Nor column trophies 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 gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory."

"Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
Where armies had with recent fury fought
On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Toniers loved to draw;
And where the earth seems scorched'd by flame,
To dress the homely feast they came,
And told the ketch'd village dame
Around her fire of straw."

V.
So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems:—
But other harvest here,
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Fell thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Frolic high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghestly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain."

VI.
Ay, look again—that line, so black
And trampled, marks the bivouac,
Yon 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 dragon, through battle's flood,
Dashes'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 pestiferous flames 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 scorch'd fields were known;

To mark how gentle Nature still pursues
Her quiet course, as if she took no care
For what her noblest work had suffer'd there.

"The pears had ripen'd on the garden wall;
Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread,
The trees, though pierced and scar'd with many a ball,
Had only in their natural season shed;
Flowers were in seed, whose buds to swell began
When such wild havoc here was made by man."

SOUTHEY.

1 "Earth had received into her silent womb
Her slaughter'd creatures; horse and man they lay,

Deh death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-sound,
Sent for the bloody banquet out
A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,
Well could his car in ecstasy
Distinguish every tone
That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurl,
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 unremitting cry,
Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succors from the extended hand
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.

"The passing seasons had not yet effaced
The stamp of numerous hoods impress'd by force
Of cavalry, whose path might still be traced.
Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course:
Low pansies to the sun their purple gave,
And the soft poppy blossomed on the grave."
These forerunners\(^1\) of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When rolling\(^2\) through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight\(^3\)
In token of the unfinished fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops hail'd thy dust like rain.\(^4\)
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 withstood,
He fires the fight again.

X.

Oh! On! On!\(^5\) was still his stern exclaim;
"Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
Rush on the level'd gun\(^6\)
My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!\(^7\)
Each Halan forward with his lance,
My Guard—my Chosen—charge for France,
France and Napoleon!"
Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shum'd to share.\(^8\)
But He, his country's sword and shield,
Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief—
"Soldiers, stand firm," exclaim'd the Chief,
"England shall tell the fight!"

XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blust—

On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-months 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 lanceer 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 harbing'er'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 stay'd,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.\(^8\)
Fast as their ranks the thunder's tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply,—

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced, and pannels 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 lead!

"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 Belgians ears were taught
The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breathed when his pain is more than he can bear."

**SOUTHey.**

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\(^1\) MS.—"Harbingers."
\(^2\) MS.—"Streaming."
\(^3\) MS.—"Bloody plight."
\(^4\) Within those walls there linger'd at that hour,
Many a brave soldier on the bed of pain,
Whom all of human art should never restore
To see his country and his friends again;
And many a victim of that fell debate,
Whose life yet wa'er'd in the scales of fate.

*Others in wagons borne abroad I saw,
Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight:
Languid and helpless, some were stretch'd on straw,
Some more advanced, sustain'd themselves upright,
And with bold eye and careless front, methought,
Seem'd to set wounds and death again at naught.

What had it been, then, in the recent days
Of that great triumph, when the open wound

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\(^5\) MS.—"On! On!"

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\(^6\) MS.—"Stream."

---

\(^7\) MS.—"Blood."
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade,
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fiercer rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host,
Their leaders fall'n their standards lost.

XIII.
Then, WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny—
The British host had stood
That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance
As their own ocean rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"
They were their ocean's flood.—
O Thou, whose impassious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will ride
The terrors of your rushing tide?
Or will thy chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel,  

1 See Appendix, Note F.
2 "I heard the broadswords' deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!"—The Lake.
3 "Beneath that storm, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassiers,
The lancer came with levell'd force,
Couch'd his fatal spear,
Swords each hand to do or die;
Not an instant could they bear
The thunder of each serried square,
They halt, they turn, they fly!
Not even their chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel;
Enough that through their close array
The well-plundered cannon tore their way;
Enough that 'mid their broken band
The horsemen plied the bloody brand,
Recoil'd," & c.

1 "The cuirassiers continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in the full confidence, apparently, of sweeping every thing before the impetuousity of their charge. Their onset and reception was like a furious ocean pouring itself against a chain of insulated rocks. The British square stood unmoved, and never gave fire until the cavalry were within ten yards, when men rolled one way, horses galloped another, and the cuirassiers were in every instance driven back."—Life of Bonaparte, vol. iv. p. 12.
2 See Appendix, Note G.
3 MS.—"Or can thy memory fail to quote,
Heard to thy cost, the vengeful note
Of Prussia's trumpet tone?"
4 "We observe a certain degree of similitude in some pas-

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresh'er thunders wake the war,
And other standards fly?—
Think not that in you 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 despis'd.

XIV.
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, seat all 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 surest tests of genius, and one of the proudest tributes which it receives."—Monthly Review.

5 "When the engagement was ended, it evidently appeared with what undaunted spirit and resolution Catherine'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 vanguard, and even they, though they fell a little out of their ranks, were all wounded before. Catherine himself was found, far from his own men, amidst the dead bodies of the enemy, breathing a little, with an air of that firmness 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 insensibility faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,
Marceno'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;
Rest of these aids, a scroll 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 lived!"
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,
Back on yon 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.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

XVI.
List—frequent to the hurrying rout,
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's vengeful spear.
So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror e't
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave
In Leipzig's corpse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in these 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 stoopest low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife?
Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,
And there were honor in the choice,
If it were freely made.
Then safely come—in one so low,—
So lost,—we cannot own a foe;

2 MS.—"Where in one tide of terror ran,
The warriors that, when morn began.

3 MS.—"So ominous a shriek was none,
Not even when Beresina's flood
Was thawed by streams of tepid blood.


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 espied,¹
That "yet imperial hope;"²
Think not that for a reck 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 wrenched the sword.

XVIII.
Yet, even in thy sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs no foreign aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own.
Such waits thee when thou shalt control
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
That mar'st thy prosperous scene:—
Hear this—from no unmoved heart,
Which sighs, comparing what thou art
With what thou might'st have been!³

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 hail of Europe's fame,
Thy Prince's smiles, thy State's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;"
For laurels from the hand of Death—
Saw'st gallant Miller's failing 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 dearest 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 swam and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know.—
Of may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
Till time shall cease to run;
And ne'er beside their noble grave,
May Briton pass and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.
Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shattered huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong;
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shattered 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-ship, and barge that bears a court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port;—
Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious change
[drown!]
Of hope and fear have our frail bars 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. Santheb 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—anything but Waterloo.'"—Pilgrimage to Waterloo.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

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 repay'd—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;¹
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.

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 bustling 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 medd thy valiant sons have won.²

END OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.³

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

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;
Ref of these aids, a still 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 Rekehly or the Lord of the Isles."—LOCKHART—Life of Scott, vol. v. pp. 106-107.
Note A.
The peasant, at his labor blithe,
Plies the hock'd staff and shorten'd 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! then 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 insatiable at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied,—"En avant! En avant!"

"One general went 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 numerous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the bivouac who brought the message.'—Relation de la Bataille de Mont-St.-Jean. Par un Témoin Oculaire. Paris, 1815, Svo. p. 51.

Note D.
The fate their leader shun'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 Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he 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 on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach nearer to the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the King of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country. It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest compose and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has crept 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 right.—P. 505.
In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be heat,—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

Note F.
As plies the smith his changing trade.—P. 506.
A private soldier of the 93rd regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles."

Note G.
The British shock of leveillé's 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 extenuating this work, that the writer mentions the Chateau of Hougoumont to have been carried by the French, although it was absolutely 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 houses 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 spot 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.
"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 mood complain.
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell
of pain?

1 Published by Constable and Co., January, 1817, in Pape. 7s. 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 1829, 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 manner, 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. i. p. 181.
CANTO I.

The turning-lathe for framing gimmerack 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 hard the catalogue may quote!
Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;—But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote, That bears thy name, and is thine antidote; And not of such the strain my Thomson sung, Delicious dreams inspiring by his note, What time to Indolence his harp he strung;—O! might my lay be rank'd that happier list among!

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares assail. For me, I love my study-fire to trim, And con right vacantly some idle tale, Displaying on the couch each listless limb, Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim, And doubtful slumber half supplies the theme; While antique shapes of knight and giant grim, Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam, and the Romancer's tale becomes the Reader's dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear, Albeit 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 romans of errantry that tell, Or inter legends of the Fairy-folk, Or Oriental tale of Afrite fall, Of Guæ, 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 Emmi's yawnning smile, what time she drops it down.

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

CANTO FIRST.

I.

List to the valorous deeds that were done By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son! Count Witikind came of a regal strain, [main. And roved with his Norsemen the land and the Woe to the realms which he contested! 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 boasted his standard black, Before him was battle, behind him wrack, And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dana, To light his hand to their barks again.

II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known, The winds of France had his banners blown; Little was there to plunder, yet still His pirates had foray'd on Scottish hill: But upon merry England's coast More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most. So wide and so far his ravage they knew, If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst the welkin blue, Trumpet and bugle to arms did call, Burghers hasten'd to man the wall, Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scoupe, 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 Witikind's ire!" III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well, That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell. He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour, And disembark'd with his Danish power. Three Earls came against him with all their train; Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain. Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand, And he wasted and 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. 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 train; Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain. Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand, And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland. But the Saxon King was a sire in age, Weak in battle, in council sage; 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.
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 paufrey, when steed he bestrode.
As he grew feeble, his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace with prelate and priest,—
Made his peace, and, stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said:
Saint Cuthbert’s Bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.
“Thou hast murder’d, robb’d, and spoil’d,
Time it is thy poor soul were assol’d;
Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn;
Friends hast thou worshipp’d, with fiendish rite.
Leave now the darkness, and wend into light:
O! while life and space are given,
Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven!”
That stern old heathen his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he steadfastly gazed;
“Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne,
My faith I will leave, and I’ll cleave unto thine.”

VI.
Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the church by bridle and spear;
Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part,
To better his will, and to soften his heart;
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for the faith than the lands that he wan.
The high church of Durham is dress’d for the day,
The clergy are rank’d in their solemn array:
There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his eunubine’s arm.
He kneel’d before Saint Cuthbert’s shrine,
With patience unwonted at rites divine;
He abjured the gods of heathen race,
And he bent his head at the font of grace.
But such was the grisly old 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 bled 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 handerocks danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spearmen behind;
Onward they pass’d, till fairly did shine
Penmon and cross on the bosom of Tyne;
And full in front did that fortress lower,
In darksome strength with its buttress and tower:
At the castle gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind’s only off-pring and heir.

VIII.
Young Harold was fear’d for his hardihood,
His strength of frame, and his fury of mood.
Rude he was and wild to behold,
Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,
Cap of vair nor rich array,
Such as should grace that festal day:
His doublet of bull’s hide was all unbraced,
Uncover’d his head, and his sandal unlaced;
His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,
And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy glow;
A Dani-h club in his hand he bore,
The spikes were clotted with recent gore;
At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,
In the dangerous chase that morning shin.
Rude was the greeting his father he made,
None to the Bishop,—while thus he said:

IX.
“What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow,
Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow?
Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known,
Royal Eric’s fearless son,
Haughty Gunhilda’s 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 worshipp’d with rites that to war-gods belong,

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 scourage, like a slave, wilt thou bear!
Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower
To bathe with priest and with paramour?
Oh! out upon thine endless shame!
Each Scald’s high harp shall blast thy fame,
And thy son will refuse thee a father’s name!

X.
Ireful wax’d old Witikind’s look,
His faltering voice with fury shook:—
“Hear me, Harold of harden’d heart!
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.
Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease,
CANTO I.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

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 to shout
From the roofs of the tower when the flame had broke out;
In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip,
And tinge with its purple my cheek and my lip,—
'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 pommed, 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 bold hand 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 festaing in Witikind's hall,
Revel'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all;
And e'en the good Bishop was fain to endure
The scandal, which time and instruction might cure:
It were dangerous, he deemed, at the first to restrain,
In his wine and his wassail, a half christen'd Dane.
The mead flowed 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, Norweyian, and Finn,
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall floor;
'Ixout,
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 grieved was young Gunnar his master should roam,
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home.
He heard the deep thunder, the pelting of rain,
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and pane;
"And oh!" said the Page, "on the shelterless wold
Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold!
What though he was stubborn, and wayward, and wild,
[child.]
He endur'd me because I was Ermengarde's
And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
In the chase, by his stirrup, unbi'ded, I run;
I would I were older, and knighthood could bear,
I would soot 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 again,
As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his chain!
Accursed by the Church, and expell'd by his sire,
Nor Christian nor Dane give him shelter or fire,
And this tempest what mortal may houseless endure?
Unaid'd, unmantled, he dies on the moor!
Wately 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 pulfrey and ore."

XVI.

Then, heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seiz'd on the Prior of Jorvauk's purse;
Saint Memebolt'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 brake.)
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, outstretched on the clay.

XXVII.
Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand!"
And raised the club in his deadly hand,
The fixen-hair'd Gumiar 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 cast thou, as my follower should,
Wade ankle-deep through foeman's blood,
Dare mortal and immortal foe,
The gods above, the fiends below,
And man on earth, more hateful still,
The very fountain-head of ill?
Desperate of life, and careless of death,
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and seethe,
Such must thou be with me to roam,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!"

XXVIII.
Young Gumiar 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 his claim: "Alas! if my arm and my courage be weak, Bear with me a while for old Ermengarde's sake; Nor deem so lightly of Gumiar'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."

XXIX.
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.

XXX.
Years after years had gone and fled, The good old Prelate lies lappid 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 in pall, And the Chapter of Durham has met at his call.
"And hear ye not, brethren," the proud Bishop said, [dead? "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, [soul: That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his Harold his son is wandering abroad, Dreaded by man and abhor'd by God; Meet it is not, that such should heir [Wear, The lands of the church on the Tyne and the And at her pleasure, her hallo' hands May now resume these wealthy lands."

XXXI.
Answer'd good Eustace,? a canon old,— "Harold is tireless, and furious, and bold; Ivaunshoe."—Adolphus' Letters on the Author of Waverley, 1822, p. 231.
Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name:
Much of bloodshed and much of scatter
Have been their lot who have waked his wrath.
Leave him these lands and lordships still,
Heaven in its hour may change his will;
But if reft of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is despair.

More had he said, but the Prelate frown’d,
And murmured his brethren who safe around,
And with one consent have they given their doom,
That the Church should the lands of Saint Cuthbert resume.
So will’d the Prelate; and canon and dean
Gave to his judgment their loud amen.

In vapory folds, o’er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze,
Like an early widow’s veil,
Where withering tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrays,
Of beauty wan and pale.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,
Her father a rover of Greenwood shade,
By forest statutes undismay’d,
Who lived by bow and quiver;
Well known was Wulfstane’s archery,
By merry Tyne both on hear and lea,
Through wooded Weardale’s glens so free,
Well beside Stanhope’s wildwood tree,
And well on Ganlesse river.
Yet free through he trespass’d on woodland game,
More known and more fear’d was the wizard fame
Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outlaw’s dame;
Fear’d when she frown’d was her eye of flame,
More fear’d when in wrath she laugh’d;
For then, ’twas said, more fatal true
To its dread aim her spell-glance flew,
Than when from Wulfstane’s bented yew
Sprung forth the gray goose shaft.

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 lover since
In this fair isle been bred.
And naught of fraud, or ire, or ill,
Was known to gentle Metelill,—
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 rusky coronet,
And braid with flowers her locks of jet,
As when in infancy—
Yet could that heart, so simple, prove
The early dawn of stealing love:
Ah! gentle maid, beware!
The power who, now so mild a guest,
Gives dangerous yet delicious zest
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
Will soon, a tyrant o’er the rest,
Let none his empire share.
V.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,
And, where a fountain sprang,
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 lightsonely she sung.

VI.

"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 gawds and jewels deck their hair,
Yet better loves the dew-drops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill."

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to kiss;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage paid to me;
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the Bramble's fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill."

"My nurse has told me many a tale,
How vows of love are weak and frail;
My mother says that courtly youth
By rustic maid means seldom sooth.
What should they mean? it cannot be,
That such a warning's meant for me,
For naught—oh! naught of fraud or ill
Can William mean to Metelill!"

VII.

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 gray'd,
His surcoat soild and riven,
Form'd like that giant race of yore,
Whose long-continued crimes outwore
The suffering 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,
Then comest to clade mine accents bold,
My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,
At noon and midnight pleasing well
The disembodied ear;
Oh! let her powerful charms alone
For aught my rashness may have done,
And cease thy grasp of fear."
Then laugh'd the Knight—his laughter's sound
Half in the hollow helmet drown'd;
His barred visor then he raised,
And steady on the maiden gaz'd.
He smooth'd his brows, as best he might,
To the dread calm of autumn night,
When sink's the tempest roar;
Yet still the cautious fisher's eye
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,
And haul their barks on shore.

IX.

"Damsel," he said, "be wise, and learn
Matters of weight and deep concern:
From distant realms I come,
And, wanderer long, at length have plan'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 lording 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 tumultuous sob and tear
Become thy beauty rare.
One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not!—
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridgroom 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, how'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 distast'ed Jutta took,
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Wulfstan's trimm'd his shafts and bow.
Sudden and clamorous, from the ground
Upstartled slumbering brach and hound;
Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
And Wulfstan savagely snatched 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 Metehil in marriage band;
Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
Is brave men's boast and cautiff's shame."
The parents sought each other's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise:
Wulfstan, to quarrel prompt, began
The stranger's size and thevea to scan;
But as he scan'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 hoeswe'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 tripe—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 Mehtil:
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 Mehtil to altar bear?
Do all the spells thou boast'st ast 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 hag-ride some poor rustic's sleep?
Is such mean mischief worth the fame
Of sorcery 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,
Wulfstan of Rookhope, thou shalt know,
If I can venge me on a foe.
Believe the while, that whatsoever
I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,
It is not Harold's destiny
The death of pilfer'd deer to die.
But be, and thou, and yet 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 car
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 creak;
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.
"From thy Pomeranian throne,
Hon'd in rock of living stone,
Where, to thy godhead faithful yet,
Bend Esthonian, 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 stopp 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—shalt I call thee god or fiend?
Let others on thy mood attend
With prayer and ritual—Jutta's arms
Are necromantic words and charms;
Mien 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 vain 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,
And, starting from its balanced base,
Rol'd thundering down the moonlight dell,—
Re-echo'd moorland, rock, and dell;
Into the moonlight turn it dash'd,
Their shores the sounding surges lash'd,
And there was ripple, rage, and foam;
But on that lake, so dark and lone,
Phleid and pale the moonbeam shone
As Jutta bade her home.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Grat towers of Durham! there was once a time
I view'd your battlement's with vague hope,
As brightens life in its first dawning prime;
Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope
A vision vain of nitre, 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 Surtees's2 happier lot,
Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
To ransack every crypt and hollow'd spot,
And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield,
Restoring priestly chant and clang of knightly shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand
Each vacant hour, and in another clime;
But still that northern harp invites my hand,
Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time;
And fain its numbers would I now command
To paint the beauties of that dawning fair,
When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand
Upon the western heights of Beaufreipur,
Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding Wear.

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams danced,
Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,
And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and flank,
Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank,
And giralled in the massive donjon Keep,
And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and bank
The matin bell with summons long and deep,
And echo answer'd still with long resounding sweet.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
Each merry bird awaken'd round,
As if in revelry;
Afar the bugles' clanging sound
Call'd to the chase the lagging hound;
The gale breathed soft and free,
And seemed to linger on its way
To catch fresh odors from the spray,
And waved it in its won'ton 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 witting why,
He did'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
And hung it on a tree beside,
Laid mace and falchion by,
And on the greensward sate him down,
And from his dark habitual frown
Relax'd his rugged brow—
Whoe'er 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 he dare brave the ford,
And often, after doubtful pause,
His step advances or withdraws:

1 In this stanza occurs one of many touches by which, in the introductory passages of Harold the Dauntless as of Triermain, Sir Walter Scott betrays his half purpose of identifying the author with his friend William Esckine. That gentleman, the son of an Episcopal 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 ice
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.
“Awake, my son, of Exmencarde,
Offspring of prophetess and bard!
Take harp, and greet this lovely prime
With some high strain of Runic rhyme,
Strong, deep, but powerful! Peal it round
Like that loud bell’s sonorous sound,
Yet wild by fits, as when the lay
Of bird and bough hails 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;
Couched on the spoils of wolf and bear,
They roared 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 quaft’d
From foeman’s skull methedgin draught,
Or wanderest where thy cairn was piled
To brown 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 eagle 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 Berca’s burgh and Greensay’s isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-forged with the mist and storm.
In anxious awe he bears away
To moor his bark in Stromn’s bay.
And murmurs from the bounding stern,
‘Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn’

“What cares disturb the mighty dead?
Each honor’d rite was duly paid;
No daring hand thy balm unlaced,
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,—
Thy flaming couch no tear profaned,
Without, with hostile blood was stain’d;
Within, twas lined with moss and fern,—
Then rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!”

“He may rest not; from realms afar
Come voice of battle and of war,
Of conquest wrought with bloody hand
On Carmel’s cliffs and Jordan’s strand,
When Odin’s warlike son could daunt
The 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:
“Preface not, youth—it is not thine
To judge the spirit of our line—
The bold Berserker’s rage divine,
Through whose inspiring deeds are wrought
Past human strength and human thought.
When full upon his gloomy soul
The champion feels the influence roll,
He swears the lake, he leaps the wall—
Heeds not the depth, nor plumbs the fall—
Unshielded, mail-less, on he goes
Singly against a host of foes;
Their spears he holds like wither'd reeds,
Their mail like maiden's silken weeds;
One 'gainst a hundred will he strive,
Take countless wounds, and yet survive.
Then rush the eagles to his cry
Of slaughter and of victory,—
And blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,
Deep drinks his sword,—deep drinks his soul;
And all that meet him in his ire
He gives to ruin, rout, and fire;
Then, like gorged lion, seeks some den,
And couches till he's man agen.—
Thou know'st the signs of look and limb,
When 'gins that rage to overbrim—
Thou know'st when I am moved, and why;
And when thou see'st me roll mine eye,
Set my teeth thus, and stamp my foot,
Regard thy safety and be mute;
But else speak boldly out what'eher
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'eher 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,
Panning at intervals to fling
His hand o'er the melodious string,
And to his moody breast apply
The soothing charm of harmony,
While hinted half, and half express,
This warning song convey'd the rest.—

Song.
1.
"I'll fares the bark with tackle riven,
And when on the breakers driven,—
Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air,
And the scared mermaid tears her hair;
But worse when on her helm the hand
Of some false traitor holds command.

2.
"Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed
'Mid Hebron's rocks or Rann'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 plun'd his death.

3.
"Ill fares the Knight with buckler cleft,
And ill when of his helm bereft,—
Ill when his steed to earth is flung,
Or from his grasp his falconion is flung;
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 Metelli?"—
"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 oo.¹
I love to mark the lingering sun,
From Denmark loth to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of rosy glow.

3.
"But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark's snow,
And form as fair as Denmark's pine,
Who loves with purple heath to twine
Her locks of sunny glow;
And sweetly blend that shade of gold
With the cheek's rosy hue,
And Faith might for her mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue.

¹ Ge—Island.
4.
"Tis hers the manly sports to love
    That southern maidens fear,
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
    And lift the hunter's spear.
She can her chosen champion's flight
    With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
    Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
    A Danish maid for me!"

XI.
Then smiled the Dane—"Thou canst so well
The virtues of our maidens tell,
Half could I wish my choice had been
    Blue eyes, and hair of golden sheen,
And lofty soul,—yet what of ill
Hast thou to charge on Metelli?"—
"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."—

XII.
"Thou err'st; Jutta wisely said,
He that comes suitor to a maid,
Ere link'd in marriage, should provide
Lands and a dwelling for his bride—
My father's, by the Tyne and Wear,
I have reclaim'd."—"O, all too dear,
And all too dangerous the prize,
E'en were it won," young Gunnar cries;—
"And then this Jutta's fresh device,
That thou shouldst seek, a heathen Dane,
From Durham's priests a boon to gain,
When thou hast left their vassals slain
In their own halls!"—Flash'd Harold's eye,
Thunder'd his voice—"False Page, you lie!
The castle, hall and tower, is mine,
Built by old Witikind on Tyne.
The wild-cat will defend his den,
Rights for her nest the timid wren;
And think'st thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monkish knight?—
Up and away, that deepening bell
Both of the Bishop's conclave tell.
Thither will I, in manner due,
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue;
And, if to right me they are bold,
Then woe to church and chapter both!"
Now shift the scene, and let the curtain fall,
And our next entry be Saint Guthbert's hall.

Harold the Dauntless.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.
Full many a hard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
O'er-canopying shrine and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glittering for aye,
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 deign'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 the stone,
And though the aisles still loved the organ's swelling tone.
And deem not, though 'tis now my part to paint
A Prelate sway'd by love of power and gold,
That all who wore the mitre of our Saint
Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold;
Since both in modern times and days of old
It sate on those whose virtues might adorn
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.

See also Joanna Baillie's "De Montfort," Acts iv., and v.
2 See, in the Aesculapian Books, "The History of Bel and the Dragon."
3 See, for the lives of Bishop Matthew and Bishop Morton, here alluded to, Mr. Surtees's History of the Bishopric of Durham: the venerable Shute Barrington, their honored successor, ever a kind friend of Sir Walter Scott, died in 1835.
II.

But now to earlier and to ruder times,
As subject next, I tune my rugged rhymes,
Telling how fairly the chapter was met,
And mood and books in solemn order set;
Huge brass-chapleted volumes, which the hand
Of studious priest but rarely smarr’d,
Now on fair carved desk display’d,
’Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
O’erhead with many a sanctuary graced,
And quaint devices interlaced,
A labyrinth of crossing rows,
The roof in lessening arches shows;
Beneath its shade placed proud and high,
With footstool and with canopy,
Sate Aldingar,—and prelate ne’er
More haughty-graced Saint Cuthbert’s chair;
Canons and deacons were placed below,
In due degree and lengthen’d row.
Unmoved and silent each sat there,
Like image in his oaken chair;
Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirr’d,
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard;
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle show’d they were not stone.

III.

The Prelate was to speech address’d,
Each head sunk to reverence 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 rocket and rood,
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood!
For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind’s son,
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won."

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 fiefs 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 fiefs which whilome he posses’d 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 hands of the North came to forny 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 corslet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens;—and, sever’d anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he throw.
Then shudder’d with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk,
And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer.

VI.

Count Harold laugh’d at their looks of fear:
"Was this the hand should your banner bear,
Was that the head should wear the casque
In battle at the Church’s task?
Was it to such you gave the place
Of Harold with the heavy mace?
Find me between the Wear and Tyne
A knight will wield this club of mine,—
Give him my fiefs, and I will say
There’s wit beneath the cowl of gray."

He raise’T it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crush’d skull and spouting brain;
Then wheel’d it that it shrilly sung,
And the aisles echo’d as it swung,
Then dash’d it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric’s monument.—

"How like ye this music? How true ye the hand
That can wield such a mace may be rest of its land? No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be.
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you—grave fathers, farewell."

VII.

He turn’d from their presence, he clash’d the oak door,
And the clang of his stride died away on the floor;
And his head from his bosom the Prelate uprears
With a ghost-seer's book 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 yen goblin in fight;
Then rede me aright to his claim to reply,
"Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny."

VIII.
On ven'rous and malmise that morning had fed
The Cellarer Vinsauf—"twas thus that he said:
"Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's reply;
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine be pour'd high;
If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, he is ours—
His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our towers."
This man had a laughing eye,
Trust not, friends, when such you spy;
A beaker's depth he well could drain,
Revel, sport, and jest amain—
The haunch of the deer and the grape's bright dye
Never 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.
Walwayn the leech spoke next—he knew
Each plant that loves the sun and dew,
But special those whose juice can gain
Dominion o'er the blood and brain;
The peasant who saw him by pale moonbeam
Gathering such herbs by bank and stream,
Deem'd his thin form and soundless tread
Were those of wanderer from the dead.—
"Vinsauf, thy wine," he said, "hath power,
Our gyves are heavy, strong our tower;
Yet three drops from this flask of mine,
More strong than 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 lived on a sick man's bed,
Watching for hours for the leech's tread,
As if I deem'd that his presence alone
Were of power to bid my pain begone;
I have listed his words of comfort given
As if to oracles from heaven;
I have counted his steps from my chamber door,
And bless'd them when they were heard no more;
But sooner than Walwayn my sick coach 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,
Thon well mayst give counsel to Prelate or Pope."

XI.
Answer'd the Prior—"Tis wisdom's use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse;
Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
Shape for the giant gigantic task;
Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
In paths of darkness, danger, and dread;
He may not, he will not, impugn our decree,
That calls but for proof of his chivalry;
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the Strong,
Our wilds have adventure might cumber them long—
[no more!]
The Castle of Seven Shields"—"Kind Anselm,
The step of the Pagan approaches the door."
The churchmen were hash'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 falshion and flame?"—

XII.
"On thy suit, gallant Harold," the Bishop replied,
In accents which troubled, "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
[court?]
For the crows and the shavelings that herd in thy
Say what shall he do—From the shrine shall he tear
The lead bier of thy patron, and have it in air,
And through the long chancel make Cuthtbert take wing,
[sling?]—
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 cows, and his shavelings,  
meant well."

XIII.  
Loud revell'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang,  
But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang;  
And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul,  
E'en when verging to fury, 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 bear;  
And the Bishop that day might of Vinsauf complain  
That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in vain.

XIV.  
The Castle of the Seven Shields.  
A BALLAD.  
The Druid Urien had daughters seven,  
Their skill could call the moon from heaven;  
So fair their forms and so high their fame,  
That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and Wales,  
Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails;  
[From Strath-Clywyde was Ewain, and Ewain was  
And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.]  
Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth;  
Dumnaul of Cumbria had never a tooth;  
But Adolf of Bambrugh, Northumbrian'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 fulfill—  
They swore to the foe they would work by his will.  
A spindle and distaff to each hath he given.  
"Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of heaven.

"Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,  
And for every spindle shall rise a tower,  
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have power,  
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the weal,  
And the rhymes which they chanted must never be told;  
And as the black wool from the distaff they spelt,  
With blood from their bosom they moistened 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.

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were wed;  
But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead;  
With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all red,  
Seven damsels surround the Northumbrian's bed.

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done,  
Six gallant kingsdoms King Adolf hath won,  
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,  
Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless too."

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he wed  
Had confess'd and had said him ere bome to his bed;  
[drew,  
He sprang from the couch and his broadsword he drew.  
And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd,  
And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield;  
To the cells of Saint Dunstan then wended his way,  
And died in his cloister an anchorite gray.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,  
The soul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad.  
Whoever shall guesneth 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 The word 'peril' is continually used as a verb by both writers:—  
'Nor peril aught for me aye.'—Lady of the Lake. Canto ii. stanza 26,  
I peril'd that the helpless child.'—Lord of the Isles. Canto v. stanza 10.

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'—Ivanhoe.

Sc. &c."—Adolphus' Letters on the Author of Waverley.
XV.
1 And is this my probation? wild Harold he said,
"Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Cuthbert to borrow,
[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 Fantasy with pencil wild portrays,
Blending what seems and is, in the wrapt muser's gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
Less to the Sorceress's empire given;
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
Caught from the varying surge, or vacant heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
She limns her pictures: on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven;
And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the share.

II.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove,
Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay;
Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love,
Ever companion of his master's way.
Midward their path, a rock of granite gray
From the adjoining cliff had made descent,—
A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray
Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battlement,
Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny, flaw and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought engage
Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye,

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.

And at his master ask'd the timid Page,
"What is the emblem that a bard shou'd spy
In that rude rock and its green canopy?"
And Harold said, "Like to the helmet brave
Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie,
And these same drooping boughs 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 interweave,
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 clasped his hands, as one who said,
"My toils—my wanderings are o'erpaid!"
Then in a gayer, lighter strain,
Compell'd himself to speech again;
And, as they flow'd along,
His words took cadence soft and slow,
And liquid, like dissolving snow,
They melted into song.

V.

"What though through fields of carnage wide
I may not follow Harold's stride,
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride
Lord Harold's feats can see?
And dearer than the couch of pride,
He loves the bed of gray wolf's hide,

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale."
CANTO V.

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 forms 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 young?—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 seathed 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 eyestings would have broke,
And then resolvedly said,—
“Be what it will you phantom gray—
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
Count Harold turn’d dismay’d;
I’ll speak him, though his accents fill
My heart with that unwonted thrill
Which vulgar minds call fear! I
Will sublue it!”—Forth he strode,
Penned where the blighted oak-tree show’d
Its sable shadow on the road,
And, folding on his bosom broad
His arms, said, “Speak—I hear.”

VIII.
The Deep Voice said, “O wild of will,
Furious thy purpose to fulfill—
Heart-scar’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 wakst;
And shunt in triumph o’er thy path

1 “I’ll speak to it, though hell itself should gape.”

2 “Why sit’st thou by that ruin’d hall,

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 vein.
Amid thy realms of gods and ghost,
Say, is the fame of Eric lost,
Or Witikind the Waster, known
Where fame or spoil was to be won;
Whose galleys never bore off a shore
They left not black with fame!—
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 upbraid
I am that Waster’s son, and am but what he made me.”

X.
The Phantom groan’d;—the mountain shook around,
The lark and wild-doe started at the sound,
The gorse and fern did wildly round them wave,
As if some sudden storm the impulse gave.
“All thou hast said is truth—Yet on the head
Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid,
That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace,
From grave to cradle ran the evil race;—
Relentless in his avarice and ire,
Churches and towns he gave to sword and fire.
Shed blood like water, wasted every land,
Like the destroying angel’s burning brand;
Fulfill’d whate’er of ill might be invented,
Yes—all these things he did—he did, but he
repeated!
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 carle, so stern and gray?

“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 oppress'd.
Like the night-hag that sits on the shudder'er's breast.
My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread,
And cold dews drop from my brow and my head.
Ho! Gunnar, the flasket you almoner gave;
He said that three drops would recall from the grave.
For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft
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 Metelill!"

XII.
Harold might see from his high stance,
Himself unseen, that train advance
With mirth and melody;—
On horse and foot a mingled throng,
Measuring their steps to bridal song
And bridal minstrelsy;
And ever when the blithesome rout
Lent to the song their choral shout,
Renaubing echoes roll'd about,
While echoing cave and cliff sent out
The answering symphony
Of all those minstic notes which dwell
In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.
Joy shook his torch above the band,
By many a various passion enam'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 Wulfsfan's gloomy smile declared
The glee that selfish avarice shared,
And pleased revenge and malice high
Joy's semblance took in Juttag's eye.
On dangerous adventure sped,
The witch deign'd Harold with the dead,
For thus that morn her Demon said:
"If, ere the set of sun, be tied
The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his bride,
The Dane shall have no power of ill
O'er William and o'er Metelill."
And the pleased witch made answer, "Then
Must Harold have pass'd from the paths of men!"
Evil repose may his spirit have,—
May hemlock and mandrake find root in his grave,—
May his death-sleep be dogged by dreams of dismay,
And his waking be worse at the answering day!

XIV.
Such was their various mood of glee
Bent in one shout of ecstasy.
But still when Joy is brimming highest,
Of Sorrow and Misfortune highest,
Of Terror with her auge 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 reddening terrors of his eye,—
The frown of rage that writhed his face,—
The lip that foam'd like bear's in chase;—
But all could see—and, seeing, all
Bore back to shun the threatened 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 Wulfsfan 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 amid,
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 Gunmar sprung,
Around his master's knees he clung,

And cried, "In mercy spare!
O, think upon the words of fear
Spoke by that visionary Seer,
The crisis he foretold is here,—
Grant mercy,—or despair!"

This word suspended Harold's mood,
Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
And visage like the headsman's rude
That pauses for the sign.

"O mark thee with the blessed 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 strikes 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 shakes his dart;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelill 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 Walwayn's potion was not wasted,
For when three drops the lag 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 panther's wolf replied
(For wolves then prowld 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 Metelill;
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 noontide 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 Damntless.

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 Moneville'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 Sloc.
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, [hend 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 Damntless 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 coonchant stag;
Strath-Clywyd's strange emblem was a stranded boat,
Donald of Galloway's a trotting mag;
A corn-sheaf gilt was worthy Lodon's brag;
A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmali worn;
Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-seat 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 belts 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,
Safe 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 open'd, through that embazon'd rank
Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd,
With sound most like a groan, and then was hush'd.
Is none who on such spot such sounds could hear
But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd;
Yet to bold Harold's breast that throb was 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,
Fraid as the spider's mesh did that rich woof appear.

V.
In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung
A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed,
And on each couch in ghostly wise were flung
The wasted relics of a monarch dead;
Barbaric ornaments around were spread, [stone,
Vest and Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious
And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head;
While grin'd, as if in scorn amongst them thrown,
The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust be-

For these were they who, drunken with delight
On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head,
CANTO VI.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

533

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 disjoint'd,
Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which comes
behind.

VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been done,
In that seventh chamber, was a stern sight;
There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton,
Still in the posture as to death when sight,
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.

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-house to see,—
For his chafed thought return'd to Metelli—
And "Well," he said, "hath woman's perfidy,
Empty as air, as water volatile,
Been here avenged—The origin of ill
Through woman's 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 regarded 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 couch 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 awakened the dead—
Disturb'd the sacred tomb!"
Metthought 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 fleeting 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, dragged on amain
Those who had late been men.

X.

"With haggard eyes and streaming hair,
Jutta the Sorceress was there,
And there pass'd Wulfstan, lately slain,
All crush'd and foul with bloody stain.—
More had I seen, but that uprose
A whirlwind wild, and swept the snows;
And with such sound as when at need
A champion spurs his horse to speed,
Three arm'd knights rush on, who lead
Caparison'd a sable steed.
Sable their harness, and there came
Through their close-l visors 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 Zernebeck!—
From us, O Harold, were thy powers,—
Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are ours;
Nor think, a vassal thou of hell,
With hell can strive.' The fiend spoke true:
My inmost soul the summons knew;
As captives know the knell
That says the headman's sword is bare,
And, with an accent of despair,
Commands them quit their cell.
I felt resistance was in vain,
My foot had fell stirrup ta'en,
My hand was on the fatal mane,
When to my rescue sped
That Palmer's visionary form,
And—like the passing of a storm—
The demons yeild'd and fled!

XI.
"His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd
The features it before conceal'd;—
And, Gunmar, 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.—
Gunmar, he must not hunt in vain
This world of wretchedness and pain;
I'll tame my wilful heart to live
In peace—to pity and forgive;
And thou, for so the Vision said,
Must in thy Lord's repentance aid.
Thy mother was a prophetess,
He said, who by her skill could guess
How close the fatal textures join
Which knit thy thread of life with mine;
Then, dark, he hinted of disguise
She framed to cheat too curious eyes,
That not a moment might divide
Thy fated footsteps from my side.

Methought while thus my sire did teach,
I caught the meaning of his speech,
Yet seems its purport doubtful now;—
His hand then sought his thoughtful brow—
Then first he mark'd, that in the tower
His glove was left at waking hour.

XII.
Trembling at first, and deadly pale,
Had Gunmar heard the vision'd tale;
But when he heard 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 Gunmar 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 plumy 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 lans of mountain-pine,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine;—
But when his voice he reard,
Deep, without harshness, slow and strong,
The powerful accents roll'd along
And, while he spoke, his hand was laid
On captive Gunmar'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,
Embattled hosts before my face.
Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarime?—
Thou wilt not. Only I can give
The joys for which the valiant live,
Victory and vengeance—only I
Can give the joys for which they die,
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
The brimming draught from foeman's skull.
CANTO VI.

HAVROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

535

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 phrensy of my breast,
Waked by thy words; and of my mail,
Nor glove, nor buckler, splend, nor mail,
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
And God, or Demon, part in peace."—
"Evir," the Shape replied, "is mine,
Mark'd in the birth-hour with my sign,
Think'st thou that priest with drops of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark away?
Or that a borrow'd sex and name
Can abrogate a Godhead's claim?"
Thrill'd this strange speech through Harold's
brain,
He clenched his teeth in high disdain,
For not his new-born faith subdued
Some tokens of his ancient mood.—
"Now, by the hope so lately given
Of better trust and purer heaven,
I will assail thee, fiend!"—Then rose
His mace, and with a storm of blows
The mortal and the Demon close.

XVI.
Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground
But not the artillery of hell,
The blackening lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
Could Harold's courage quell.
Sterly the Dane his purpose kept,
And blow on blow resists less heap'd,
Till quell'd that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evansih'd in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Evir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life!

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 flew,
The while with timid hand the dew

Upon her brow and neck he threw,
And mark'd how life with rosy hue
On her pale cheek revived anew,
And glimmer'd in her eye.
Inly he said, "That silken tress,—
What blindness mine that could not guess!
Or how could page's ragged dress
That bosom's pride belie?
O, dull of heart, through wild and wave
In search of blood and death to give,
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 Evir—life is on her cheek,
And yet she will not move or speak,
Nor will her eyelid fully ope;
Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye,
Through its long fringe, reserved and shy,
Affection's opening dawn to spy:
And the deep blush, which bids its dye
O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly,
Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

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 maid's, when lovers woo,
Heard none more soft, were all as true),
"Evir! since thou for many a day
Hast follow'd Harold's wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after-life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide,
And we will grace his altar's side,
A Christian knight and Christian bride;
And of Wuthlind's son shall the marvel be said,
That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed."

CONCLUSION.

And now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid?
And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow!
No need to turn the page, as if 'twere lead, 
Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.—
Be cheer'd—it's ended—and I will not borrow,
To try thy patience more, one anecdote.

"Harold the Dauntless," like 'The Bridal of Trerian,' 
as tolerably successful imitation of some parts of the style 
of Mr. Walter Scott; but like all imitations, it is clearly distinc-
tuable from the prototype; it wants the life and seasoning 
of originality. To illustrate this familiarly from the stage:—
We have all witnessed a hundred imitations of popular actors—
of Kemble, for instance, in which the voice, the gesture, and 
even of the look, were copied. In externals the re-
ssemblance might be sufficiently correct; but where was the 
informing soul, the mind that dictated the action and expres-
sion? Who could endure the tedious of seeing the imitator go 
through a whole character? In 'Harold the Dauntless,' 
the imitation of Mr. Scott is pretty obvious, but we are weary of 
it before we arrive near the end. The author has talent, and 
considerable facility in versification, and on this account, it is 
somewhat lamentable, not only that he should not have se-
lected a better model, but that he should copy the parts of that 
model which are least worthy of study. Perhaps it was not 
easy to equal the energy of Mr. Scott's line, or his picturesque 
descriptions. His peculiarities and defects were more attrac-
tive, and with these the writer of this novel in verse has 
generally contended himself; he will also content a certain number of 
readers, who merely look for a few amusing or surprising 
incidents. In these, however, 'Harold the Dauntless' does 
not abound so much as 'The Bridal of Trerian.' They 
are, indeed, romantic enough to satisfy all the parlor-boarders 
'ladies' schools in England; but they want that appearance 
of probability which should give them interest."—Critical Re-
view, April, 1817.

"We had formerly occasion to notice, with considerable 
praise, The Bridal of Trerian. We remarked it as a pretty 
close imitation of Mr. Scott's poetry; and as that great master 
seems, for the present, to have left his lyre unstrung, a substit-
ute, even of inferior value, may be welcomed by the public. 
It appeared to us, however, and still does, that the merit of the 
present author consists rather in the soft and mildly tender 
passages, than in those rougher scenes of fond and fray, through 
which the poet of early times conducts his reader. His war-
horse follows with somewhat of a hobbling pace the proud 
and impetuous courser whom he seeks to rival. Unfortunately, 
as it appears to us, the last style of poetical excellence is rather 
more aimed at here than in the former poem; and as we do 
not discover any improvement in the mode of treating it, Har-
old the Dauntless scarcely appears to us to equal the Bridal of 
Trerian. It contains, indeed, passages of similar merit, but 
not quite so numerous; and such, we suspect, will even be the 
case while the author continues to follow after this line of 

"This is an elegant, sprightly, and delightful little poem, 
written apparently by a person of taste and genius, but who 
either possesses not the art of forming and combining a plot, 
or regards it only as a secondary and subordinate object. 
In this we do not widely differ from him, but are sensible, mean-
time, that many others will; and that the rambling and un-
certain nature of the story will be the principal objection 
 urged against the poem before us, as the greatest bar 
it to its extensive popularity. The character of Mr. Scott's ro-
mances has effected a material change in our mode of esti-
mating poetical compositions. In all the estimable works 
of our former poets, from Spenser down to Thomson and Cowper, 
the plot seems to have been regarded as good or bad, only in 
proportion to the advantages which it furnished for poetical 
description; but, of late years, one half, at least, of the merit 
of a poem is supposed to rest on the interest and management 
of the tale.

"We speak not exclusively of that numerous class of read-
ers who peruse and estimate a new poem, or any poem, with 
the same feelings, and precisely on the same principles, as they 
do a novel. It is natural for such persons to judge only by 
the effect produced by the incidents; but we have often been 
surprised that some of our literary critics, even those to whose 
judgment we were most disposed to bow, should lay so much 
stress on the probability and fitness of every incident which 
the fancy of the poet may lead him to embellish in the course 
of a narrative poem, a great proportion of which must neces-
arily be descriptive. The author of Harold the Dauntless 
seems to have judged differently from these critics; and in 
the lightsome rapid strain of poetry which he has chosen, 
we feel no disposition to quibble with him on account of the easy 
and careless manner in which he has arranged his story. In 
many instances he undoubtedly shows the hand of a master, 
and has truly studied and seized the essential character of the 
antique—his attitudes and draperies are unconfined, and var-
ried with demi-tints, possessing much of the ISTRE, freshness, 
and spirit of Bembo, the airs of his hands have grace, 
and his distances something of the lightness and keeping of 
Salvator Rosa. The want of harmony and union in the car-
nations of his females is a slight objection, and there is like-
wise a meagre shghtness in his contrast of chiaroscuro; but 
these are all redeemed by the felicity, execution, and master 
traits distinguishable in his grouping, as in a Murillo or Caza 
veggo.

But the work has another quality, and though its leading 
one, we do not know whether to censure or approve it. It is 
an arrowed imitation, and therefore loses part of its value, 
it viewed as an original production. On the other hand, regarded 
solely as an imitation, it is one of the closest and most success-
ful, without being either a caricature or a parody, that perhaps 
ever appeared in any language. Not only is the general man-
ner of Scott alluded maintained throughout, but the very structure of the 
language, the associations, and the train of thinking, 
appear to be precisely the same. It was once alleged by some 
writers, that it was impossible to imitate Mr. Scott's style; 
but it is now fully proved to the world that there is no style 
more accessible to imitation; for it will be remarked (laying 
parodies aside, which any one may execute), that Mr. Davi-
son and Miss Halford, as well as Lord Byron and Wordsworth, 
each in one instance, have all, without we believe intending it, 
imitated him with considerable closeness. The author of 
The Poetical Mirror has given us one specimen of his most pol-
ished and tender style, and another, still more close, of his 
rapid and careless manner; but all of them fail greatly short of 
The Bridal of Trerian, and the poem now before us. We 
are sure the author will laugh heartily in his sleeve at our 
silliness and want of perception, when we confess to him that 
we never could open either of these works, and peruse his pages 
for two minutes with attention, and at the same time divest 
our minds of the idea that we were engaged in an early or 
experimental work of that great master. That they are gen-
erally inferior to the works of Mr. Scott in vigor and interest, 
admits no of dispute; still they have many of his wild and 
softer beauties; and if they fail to be read and admired, we 
shall not on that account think the better of the taste of the 
age."—Blackwood's Magazine, April, 1817.

END OF HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.
Introductory Remarks

ON

Popular Poetry,

AND ON THE

VARIOUS COLLECTIONS OF BALLADS OF BRITAIN, PARTICULARLY THOSE OF SCOTLAND.

The Introduction originally prefixed to “The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” was rather of a historical than a literary nature; and the remarks which follow have been added, to afford the general reader some information upon the character of Ballad Poetry.

It would be throwing away words to prove, what all must admit, the general taste and propensity of nations in their early state, to cultivate some species of rude poetry. When the organs and faculties of a primitive race have developed themselves, each for its proper and necessary use, there is a natural tendency to employ them in a more refined and regulated manner for purposes of amusement. The savage, after proving the activity of his limbs in the chase or the battle, trains them to more measured movements, to dance at the festivals of his tribe, or to perform obeisance before the altars of his deity. From the same impulse, he is disposed to refine the ordinary speech which forms the vehicle of social communication betwixt him and his brethren, until, by a more ornate diction, modulated by certain rules of rhythm, cadence, 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 of the Iliad and Odyssey were substantially the works of one and the same individual. He said of the Wlolfian hypothesis, that it was the most irreverent one he had heard of, and could never be believed in by any poet.
necessary for composing such poems are not the portion of every man in the tribe; that the bard, to reach excellence in his art, must possess something more than a full command of words and phrases, and the knack of arranging them in such form as ancient examples have fixed upon as the recognized structure of national verse. The tribe speedily become sensible, that besides this degree of mechanical facility, which (like making what are called at school nonsense verses) may be attained by dint of memory and practice, much higher qualifications are demanded. A keen and active power of observation, capable of perceiving at a glance the leading circumstances from which the incident described derives its character; quick and powerful feelings, to enable the bard to comprehend and delineate those of the actors in his piece; and a command of language, alternately soft and elevated, and suited to express the conceptions which he had formed in his mind, are all necessary to eminence in the poetical art.

Above all, to attain the highest point of his profession, the poet must have that original power of embodying and detailing circumstances, which can place before the eyes of others a scene which only exists in his own imagination. This last high and creative faculty, namely, that of impressing the mind of the hearers with scenes and sentiments having no existence save through their art, has procured for the bards of Greece the term of Homer, which, as it singularly happens, is literally translated by the Scotch epithet for the same class of persons, whom they termed the Makers. The French phrase of Trouvöeurs, or Troubadours, namely, the Finders, or Inventors, has the same reference to the quality of original conception and invention proper to the poetical art, and without which it can hardly be said to exist to any pleasing or useful purpose.

The mere arrangement of words into poetical rhythm, or combining them according to a technical rule or measure, is so closely connected with the art of music, that an alliance between these two fine arts is very soon closely formed. It is fruitless to inquire which of them has been first invented, since doubtless the precedence is accidental; and it signifies little whether the musician adapts verses to a rude tune, or whether the primitive poet, in reciting his productions, falls naturally into a chant or song. With this additional accomplishment, the poet becomes ake, or the man of song, and his character is complete when the additional accompaniment of a lute or harp is added to his vocal performance.

Here, therefore, we have the history of early poetry in all nations. But it is evident that, though poetry seems a plant proper to almost all soils, yet not only is it of various kinds, according to the climate and country in which it has its origin, but the poetry of different nations differs still more widely in the degree of excellence which it attains. This must depend in some measure, no doubt, on the temper and manners of the people, or their proximity to those spirit-stirring events which are naturally selected as the subject of poetry, and on the more comprehensive or energetic character of the language spoken by the tribe. But the progress of the art is far more dependent upon the rise of some highly gifted individual, possessing in a pre-eminent and uncommon degree the powers demanded, whose talents influence the taste of a whole nation, and entail on their posterity and language a character almost indelibly sacred. In this respect Homer stands alone and unrivalled, as a light from whose lamp the genius of successive ages, and of distant nations, has caught fire and illumination; and who, though the early poet of a rude age, has purchased for the era he has celebrated, so much reverence, that, not daring to bestow on it the term of barbarous, we distinguish it as the heroic period.

No other poet (sacred and inspired authors excepted) ever did, or ever will, possess the same influence over posterity, in so many distant lands, as has been acquired by the blind old man of Chios; yet we are assured that his works, collected by the pious care of Pisistratus, who caused to be united into their present form those divine poems, would otherwise, if preserved at all, have appeared to succeeding generations in the humble state of a collection of detached ballads, connected only as referring to the same age, the same general subjects, and the same cycle of heroes, like the metrical poems of the Cid in Spain, or of Robin Hood in England.

In other countries, less favored, either in language or in picturesque incident, it cannot be supposed that even the genius of Homer could have secured to such exclusive eminence, since he must at once have been deprived of the subjects and themes so well adapted for his muse, and of the lofty, melodious, and flexible language in which he recorded them. Other nations, during the formation of their ancient poetry, wanted the genius of Homer, as well as his picturesque scenery and lofty language. Yet the investigation of the early poetry of every nation, even the rudest, carries with it an object of curiosity and interest. It is a

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1 The "Poema del Cid" (of which Mr. Frec has translated some specimens) is, however, considered by every historian of Spanish literature, as the work of one hand; and is evidently more ancient than the detached ballads on the Adventures of the Campeador, which are included in the Cancioneros.—Ed.
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 fables 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 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 to sublimity or melts into pathos. These were the merits which induced the classical Addison1 to write an elaborate commentary upon the ballad of Chevy Chase, and which roused, like the sound of a trumpet, the heroic blood of Sir Philip Sidney.2

It is true that passages of this high character seldom occur; for, during the infancy of the art of poetry, the bards have been generally satisfied with a rude and careless expression of their sentiments; and even when a more felicitous expression, or lofter 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 tenuity of thought and poverty of expression, by which old ballads are too often distinguished. The apparent simplicity of the ballad stanza carried with it a strong temptation to loose and trivial composition. The collection of rhymes, accumulated by the earliest of the craft, appear to have been considered as forming a joint stock for the common use of the profession; and not mere rhymes only, but verses and stanzas, have been used as common property, so as to give an appearance of sameness and crudity to the whole series of popular poetry. Such, for instance, is the sultanation 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,

"Rede me, rede me, brother dear,
My rede shall rise at thee."3

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 uncerruminously appropriated to himself; thereby greatly facilitating his own task, and at the same time degrading his art by his slovenly use of over-sketched phrases. From the same indolence, the ballad-mongers of most nations have availed themselves of every opportunity of prolonging their pieces, of the same kind, without the labor of actual composition. If a message is to be delivered, the poet saves himself a little trouble, by using exactly the same words in which it was originally couched, to secure its being transmitted to the person for whose ear it was intended. The bards of 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 stupifying the audience with stanzas of dull and tedious iteration.

Another cause of the flatness and insipidity, which is the great imperfection of ballad poetry, is to be ascribed less to the compositions in their original state, when rehearsed by their authors, than to the ignorance and errors of the reciters or transcribers, by whom they have been transmitted to us. The more popular the composition of an ancient poet, or Maker, became, the greater chance there was of its being corrupted; for a poem transmitted through a number of reciters, like a book reprinted in a multitude of editions, incurs the risk of impertinent interpolations from the conceit of one rehearser, unintelligible blunders from

1 See The Spectator, Nos. 70 and 74.

2 "I never heard the old song of Pericle and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind 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 Ercelesone, yet that it was written in such an ornate style of language, and such a difficult strain of versification, as to lose all value in the mouths of ordinary minstrels, who could scarcely repeat one stanza without omitting some part of it, and marring, consequently, both the sense and the rhythm of the passage. This deterioration could not be limited to one author alone; others must have suffered from the same cause, in the same or a greater degree. Nay, we are authorized to conclude, that in proportion to the care bestowed by the author upon any poem, to attain what his age might suppose to be the highest graces of poetry, the greater was the damage which it sustained by the inaccuracy of reciters, or their desire to humble both the sense and diction of the poem to their powers of recollection, and the comprehension of a vulgar audience. It cannot be expected that compositions subjected in this way to mutilation and corruption, should continue to present their original sense or diction; and the accuracy of our editions of popular poetry, unless in the rare event of recovering original or early copies, is lessened in proportion.

But the chance of these corruptions is incalculably increased, when we consider that the ballads have been, not in one, but innumerable instances of transmission, liable to similar alterations, through a long course of centuries, during which they have been handled from one ignorant reciter to another, each discarding whatever original words or phrases time or fashion had, in his opinion, rendered obsolete, and substituting anachronisms by expressions taken from the custom of his own day. And here it may be remarked, that the desire of the reciter to be intelligible, however natural and laudable, has been one of the greatest causes of the deterioration of ancient poetry. The minstrel who endeavored to recite with fidelity the words of the author, might indeed fall into errors of sound and sense, and substitute corruptions for words he did not understand. But the ingenuity of a skilful critic could often, in that case, revive and restore the original meaning; while the corrupted words became, in such cases, a warrant for the authenticity of the whole poem.

In general, however, the later reciters appear to have been far less desirous to speak the author's words, than to introduce amendments and new readings of their own, which have always produced the effect of modernizing, and usually that of degrading and vulgarizing, the rugged sense and spirit of the antique minstrel. Thus, undergoing from age to age a gradual process of alteration, and recomposition, our popular and oral minstrelsy has lost, in a great measure, its original appearance; and the strong touches by which it had been formerly characterized, have been generally smoothed down and destroyed by a process similar to that by which a coin, passing from hand to hand, loses in circulation all the finer marks of the impress.

The very fine ballad of Chevy Chase is an example of this degrading species of alchymy, by which the ore of antiquity is deteriorated and adulterated. While Addison, in an age which had never attended to popular poetry, wrote his classical criticism on that ballad, he naturally took for his text the ordinary stilt-copy, although he might, and ought to have suspected, that a ditty couched in the language nearly of his own time, could not be the same with that which Sir Philip Sidney, more than one hundred years before, had spoken of, as being "evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of an uncivilized age." The venerable Bishop Percy was the first to correct this mistake, by producing a copy of the song, as old at least as the reign of Henry VII., bearing the name of the author or transcriber, Richard Sheafe. But even the Rev. Editor himself fell under the mistake of supposing the modern Chevy Chase to be a new copy of the original ballad, expressly modernized by some one later bard. On the contrary, the current version is now universally allowed to have been produced by the gradual alterations of numerous reciters, during two centuries, in the course of which the ballad has been gradually moulded into a composition bearing only a general resemblance to the original—expressing the same events and sentiments in much smoother language, and more flowing and easy versification; but losing in poetical fire and energy, and in the vigor and

Maithlad. The reciter repeated a verse, descriptive of the advance of a castle, thus:  
"With spring-wall, stanes, and goonds of airm,  
Among them fast he threw."  
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.

1 See Percy's Reliques, vol. i. p. 2.
pithiness of the expression, a great deal more than it has gained in suavity of diction. Thus:

"The Percy owl of Northumberland,
And a vow to God may be,
That he wold hunte in the mountayns
Off Cheviot within dayes thre,
In the manger of doughty Dougles,
And all that ever with him be,"

"The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take," &c.

From this, and other examples of the same kind, of which many might be quoted, we must often expect to find the remains of Minstrel poetry, composed originally for the courts of princes and halls of nobles, disguised in the more modern and vulgar dialect in which they have been of late sung to the frequenters of the rustic ale-bench. It is unnecessary to mention more than one or two remarkable and humbling instances, 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 unmeaning 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 compositions, in order that they might be chanted before an inferior audience. A ballad, for example, of Thomas of Erecldonne, and his intrigues with the Queen of Faery-Land, is, or has been, long current in Teviotdale, and other parts of Scotland, Two ancient copies of a poem, or romance, on the same subject, and containing very often the same words and 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 drolls 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 "Roswall 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 Greysteel," 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 Strathclyd, 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 Irish, Welsh, and Scottish, preserving each to this day a style and character of music peculiar to their own country, though all three bear marks of general resemblance to each other. That of Scotland, in particular, is early noticed and extolled by ancient authors, and its remains, to which the natives are passionately attached, are still found to

1 Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. The Ballad-Book was printed in 1821, and inscribed to Sir Walter Scott; the impression consisting of only thirty copies.

2 These two ancient Romances are reprinted in a volume of "Early Metrical Tales," edited by Mr. David Laing, Edinburgh, 1826, small 8vo. Only 175 copies printed.

3 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. xii. p. 325), he says, speaking of the period of the final subjugation of the Picts, "It would appear the Scandinavians had colonies along the fertile shores of Moray, and among the meaur
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 recognizance 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 savory morsels of the chine; but they seem rather to have been accounted fit company for the feigned fools and sturdy beggars, with whom they were ranked by a Scottish statute. 1

Time was necessary wholly to eradicate one language and introduce another; but it is remarkable that, at the death of Alexander the Third, the last Scottish king of the pure Celtic race, the popular lament for his death was composed in Scotto-English, and, though closely resembling the modern dialect, is the earliest example we have of that language, whether in prose or poetry. 2 About the same time flourished the celebrated Thomas the Rhymers, whose poem, written in English, or Lowland Scottish, with the most anxious attention both to versification and alliteration, forms, even as it now exists, a very curious specimen of the early romance. Such complicated construction was greatly too concise for the public ear, which is best amused by a looser diction, in which numerous repetitions, and prolonged descriptions, enable the comprehension of the audience to keep up with the voice of the singer or reciter, and supply the gaps which in general must have taken place, either through a failure of attention in the hearers, or of voice and distinct enunciation on the part of the minstrel.

The usual stanza which was selected as the most natural to the language and the sweetest to the ear, after the complex system of the more courtly measures, used by Thomas of Erceldoune, was laid aside, was that which, when originally introduced, we very often find arranged in two lines, thus:—

"Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, most like a baron bold,

Rode foremost of his company, whose armor shone like gold;"

but which, after being divided into four, constitutes what is now generally called the ballad stanza,—


1 A curious account of the reception of an Irish or Celtic

2 "When Alexander our king was dud,

Wha Scotland led in law and lee,

Away was sons of ale and brel,

Of wine and wax, of game and glee," &c.
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON POPULAR POETRY.

"Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a hero 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 cesura, 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 Collzea, the Adventures of Arthur at the Turn-Wathelyn, Sir Gawain, and Sir Gologras, and other scarce romances. A specimen of this structure of verse has been handed down to our times in the stanza of Christ Kirk on the Green, transmitted by King James I, to Allan Ramsay and to Burns. The excessive passion for alliteration, which formed a rule of the Saxon poetry, was also retained in the Scottish poems of a more elevated character, though the more ordinary minstrels and ballad-makers threw off the restraint.

The varieties of stanza thus adopted for popular poetry were not, we may easily suppose, left long unemployed. In frontier regions, where men are continually engaged in active enterprise, betwixt the task of defending themselves and annoying their neighbors, they may be said to live in an atmosphere of danger, the excitement of which is peculiarly favorable to the encouragement of poetry. Hence, the expressions of Lesly the historian, quoted in the following Introduction, in which he paints the delight taken by the Borderers in their peculiar species of music, and the rhyming ballad in which they celebrated the feats of their ancestors, or recorded their own ingonous 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 songs as would have occupied several days in the recitation.

The press, however, at length superseded the necessity of such exertions of recollection, and sheafs of ballads issued from it weekly, for the amusement of the sojourners at the ale-house, and the lovers of poetry in grave 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—as 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 Roxburghe took so much pleasure, that he was often found enlarging it with fresh acquisitions, which he pasted in and registered with his own hand.

The first attempt, however, to reprint a collection of ballads for a class of readers distinct from those for whose use the stall-copies were intended, was that of an anonymous editor of three 12mo volumes, which appeared in London, with engravings. These volumes came out in various years, in the beginning of the 18th century. The editor

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., 1822, Small 4to.). Edited by Mr. David Laing, and inscribed to Sir Walter Scott.

2 A Collection of Old Ballads, collected from the best and most ancient Copies extant. with Introductions, Historical and Critical, Illustrated with copper-plates." This anonymous collection, first published in 1743, was so well received, that it soon passed to a second edition, and two more volumes were added in 1745 and 1747. The third edition of the first volume is dated 1747. — En
writes with some flippancy, but with the air of a person superior to the ordinary drudgery of a more 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 Forn, these poetical garlands can only be successfully sought for where the land is uncultivated; and civilization and increase of learning are sure to banish them, as the plough of the agriculturist bears down the mountain daisy. Yet it is to be recorded with some interest, that the earliest surviving specimen of the Scottish press, is a Miscellany of Millar and Chapman,1 which preserves a considerable fund of Scottish popular poetry, and among other things, no bad specimen of the gests of Robin Hood, "the English ballad-maker's joy," and whose renown seems to have been as freshly preserved in the north as on the southern shores of the Tweed. There were probably several collections of Scottish ballads and metrical pieces during the 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 Rama-tyne Manuscript, but exhibiting amongst them some popular ballads. Amongst these is the *Battle of Harlows,* apparently from a modernized copy, being probably the most ancient Scottish historical ballad of any length now in existence.2 He also inserted in the same collection, the genuine Scottish Border ballad of *Johnie Armstrong,* copied from the recitation of a descendant of the unfortunate hero, in the sixth generation. This poet also included in the Evergreen, Hardynkute, which, though evidently modern, is a most spirited and beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad. In a subsequent collection of lyrical pieces, called the Ten-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.3

In fine, the task of collecting and illustrating ancient popular poetry, whether in England or Scotland, was never executed by a competent person, possessing the necessary powers of selection and annotation, till it was undertaken by Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore in Ireland. This reverend gentleman, himself a poet, and ranking high among the literati of the day, commanding access to the individuals and institutions which could best afford him materials, gave the public the result of his researches in a work entitled "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," in three volumes, published in London 1765, which has since gone through four editions.4 The taste with which the materials were chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the dis-

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1 A facsimile reprint, in black-letter, of the Original Tracts which issued from the press of Walter Chapman and Andro Millar at Edinburgh, in the year 1568, was published under the title of "The Knightly Tale of Golagras and Gawane, and other Ancient Poems," in 1627. 4to. The "Ril 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.
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 responsibility of the author, could protect him or his labors, from the invidious attacks of criticism.

The most formidable of these were directed by Joseph Ritson, a man of acute observation, profound research, and great labor. These valuable attributes were unhappily combined with an eager irritability of temper, which induced him to treat antiquarian trifles with the same seriousness which men of the world reserve for matters of importance, and disposed him to drive controversies into personal quarrels, by neglecting in literary debate, the courtesies of ordinary society. It ought to be said, however, by one who knew him well, that this irritability of disposition was a constitutional and physical infirmity; and that Ritson’s extreme attachment to the severity of truth, corresponded to the rigor of his criticisms upon the labors of others. He seems to have attacked Bishop Percy with the greater animosity, as bearing no good will to the hierarchy, in which that prelate held a distinguished place.

Ritson’s criticism, in which there was too much horse-play, was grounded on two points of accusation. The first point regarded Dr. Percy’s definition of the order and office of minstrels, which Ritson considered as designedly overcharged, for the sake of giving an undue importance to his subject. The second objection respected the liberties which Dr. Percy had taken with his materials, in adding to, retracting, 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 profusely 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 acceptance, meant no more than musician.

Dr. Percy, from an amended edition of his Essay on Minstrels, 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 Brecknock, which announces the proposition, that tongue is chief of minstrelsy.

We may also notice, that the word minstrel being in fact derived from the Minot-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

1 See Appendix, Note C.

Anglo-Norman princes, the professors of the gay science were the favorite solaces 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. 1 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 desired 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 Rymer, 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 Kendrick, 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,” 2 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 discreditable to its professors. The same argument is strengthened by the poetical exercises of the Duke of Orleans, in English, written during his captivity after the battle of Agincourt. 3 It could not be supposed that the noble prisoner was to solace his hours of imprisonment with a degrading and vulgar species of composition.

We could produce other instances to show that this acute critic has carried his argument considerably too far. But we prefer taking a general view of the subject, which seems to explain clearly how contradictory evidence should exist on it, and why instances of great personal respect to individual minstrels, and a high esteem of the art, are quite reconcilable with much contempt thrown on the order at large.

All professors of the fine arts—all those who contribute, not to the 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

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: a white swan on the king's buckler, ran thus:—

"Ha! ha! the white swan,
By God's soul! I am thy man."

2 The learned editor of Warton's History of English Poetry, 4 of opinion that Sir Walter Scott misinterpreted the passage referred to. De Brunne, according to this author's text, says of the elder reciters of the metrical romance,

"They said it for pride and noblesse,
That none were sooth as they;"

4 c. e. they recited it in a style so lofty and noble, that none have since equalled them.—Warton, edit. 1824, vol. i. p. 183.—Ed
3 See the edition printed by Mr. Watson Taylor, for the Roxburgh Club.
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, dogged rhymer, and so forth, the most contemptible of mankind. The reason of this is evident. Men must be satisfied with such a supply of their actual wants as can be obtained in the circumstances, and should an individual want a coat, he must employ the village tailor if Stultze is not to be had. But if he seeks for delight, the case is quite different; and he that cannot hear Pasta or Sonntag, would be little soled for the absence of these sires, by the strains of a crack-voiced ballad-singer. Nay, on the contrary, the offer of such inadequate compensation would only be regarded as an insult, and resented accordingly.

The theatre affords the most appropriate example of what we mean. The first circles in society are open to persons eminently distinguished in the drama; and their rewards are, in proportion to those who profess the useful arts, incalculably higher. But those who lag in the rear of the dramatic art are proportionately poorer and more degraded than those who are the lowest of a useful trade or profession. These instances will enable us readily to explain why the greater part of the minstrels, practising their profession in scenes of vulgar mirth and debauchery, humbling their art to please the ears of drunken clowns, and living with the dissipation natural to men whose precarious subsistence is, according to the ordinary phrase, from hand to mouth only, should fall under general contempt, while the stars of the profession, to use a modern phrase, looked down on them from the distant empyrean, as the planets do upon those shooting exhalations arising from gross vapors in the nether atmosphere.

The debate, therefore, resembles the apologue of the gold and silver shield. Dr. Percy looked on the minstrel in the palm and exalted state to which, no doubt, many were elevated by their talents, like those who possess excellence in the fine arts in the present day; and Ritson considered the reverse of the medal, when the poor and wandering glee-man was glad to purchase his bread by singing his ballads 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 dairy, the helpless associate of drunken revelers, and marvellously afraid of the constable and parish-beadle. The difference between those holding the extreme positions of highest and lowest in such a profession, cannot surely be more marked than that which separated David Garrick or John Kemble from the outcasts of a strolling company, exposed to penury, indigence, and persecution according to law.

There was still another and more important subject of debate between Dr. Percy and his hostile critic. The former, as a poet and a man of taste, was tempted to take such freedoms with his original ballads as might enable him to please a more critical age than that in which they were composed. Words were thus altered, phrases improved, and whole verses were inserted or omitted at pleasure. Such freedoms were especially taken with the poems published from a folio manuscript in Dr. Percy's own possession, very curious from the miscellaneous nature of its contents, but unfortunately having many of the leaves mutilated, and injured in other respects, by the gross carelessness and ignorance of the transcriber. Anxious to avail himself of the treasures which this manuscript contained, the editor of the Reliques did not hesitate to repair and renovate the songs which he drew from this corrupted yet curious source, and to accommodate them with such emendations as might recommend them to the modern taste.

For these liberties with his subject, Ritson censured Dr. Percy in the most uncompromising terms, accused him, in violent language, of interpolation and forgery, and insinuated that there existed no such thing in rerum natura as that folio manuscript, so often referred to as the authority of originals inserted in the Reliques. In this charge, the eagerness of Ritson again betrayed him farther than judgment and discretion, as well as courtesy, warranted. It is no doubt highly desirable that the text of ancient poetry should be given untouched and uncorrupted. But this is a point which did not occur to the editor of the Reliques in 1765, whose object it was to win the favor of the public at a period when the great difficulty was not how to secure the very words of old ballads, but how to arrest attention upon the subject at all. That great and important service to national literature would probably never have been attained without the work of Dr. Percy; a work which first fixed the consideration of general readers on ancient poetry, and made it worth while to inquire how far its graces were really antique, or how far derived from the taste with which the publication had been superintended and revised. The object of Dr. Percy was certainly 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 Rit-
son, 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 qual-
ity 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 Col-
lege, 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 at-
tempt 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 Per-
cy, accordingly, gives the original of the marriage
of Sir Gawain, and collates it with the copy pub-
lished 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 man-
uscript, to furnish his severe Aristarch with wea-
pons against him, which he was sure would be un-
sparingly used. Yet it is certain, the manuscript
contains much that is really excellent, though mi-
tilated and sophistication. A copy of the fine bal-
lad of "Sir Caulin" is found in a Scottish shape,
under the name of "King Malcolm and Sir Cul-
vin," in Buchan's North Country Ballads, to be
presently mentioned. It is, therefore, unquestion-
ablely ancient, though possibly retouched, and per-
haps 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 pe-
riod, 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 con-
firmed on it by a gentleman, himself a valuable la-
borer 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 anti-
quary, who desires to see the old English ballads
in a genuine state, must consult a more accurate
edition than this celebrated work."1

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 mod-
eren date," appeared in two volumes, in 1777, and
were eminently successful. In 1784, a second edi-
tion appeared, extending the work to four vol-
umes. In this collection, many ballads found ac-
ceptance, which Bishop Percy had not considered as
possessing sufficient merit to claim admittance into
the Reliques. The 8vo. Miscellany of 1728 yield-
ed 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 Wil-
liam 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 Cummor Hall, which suggested the ficti-
sions 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,2 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 ordi-
nary modern ballads were judiciously retrenched

1 Introduction to Evans's Ballads, 1810. New edition, en-
larged, &c.

2 See Appendix, Note F.
in number, and large and valuable additions made to the ancient part of the collection. Being in some measure a supplement to the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, this miscellany cannot be dispensable 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, many common sense and antiquarian science, mixed with much good nature and great modesty. His hardy and antique mould of countenance, and his venerable grizzled locks, procured him, amongst his acquaintance, the name of Gray-stell. His original collection of songs, in one volume, appeared in 1769; an enlarged one, in two volumes, came out in 1776. A publication of the same kind, being Herd's book still more enlarged, was printed for Lawrie and Symington in 1791. Some modern additions occur in this latter work, of which by far the most valuable were two fine imitations of the Scottish ballad by the gifted author of the "Man of Feeling:"—(now, alas! no more)—called "Duncan" and "Kenneth."

John Pinkerton, a man of considerable learning, and some severity as well as acuteness of disposition, was now endeavoring to force himself into public attention; and his collection of Select Ballads, London, 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 suppositions 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. Halket of Warillaw, 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 laborious 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

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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 co-author."—Re.

2 Blustering, for example, a word generally applied to the men, on a harvest field, who bind the sheaves, is derived from ban, to curse, and explained to mean, "blustering, swearing fellows."
The first opening of the ballad has much of the martial strain with which a plainsong commences. *Properit in medias res*—according to the classical admonition.
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eri Jamieson, A. M., and F. A. S.1" 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 "Kjampo 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,2 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 suavity, as those of Mr. Motherwell3 and of Mr. Kinloch4 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 intronables 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 hawk, or ballad-singer, well known in that country by the name of Mussel-mou'd Charlie. He followed his occupation till within a few weeks of his death." Charlie was a devoted Jacobite, and so popular in Aberdeen, that he enjoyed in that city a sort of monopoly of the minstrel calling, no other person being allowed, under any pretence, to chant ballads on the causeway, or plain-stanes, of "the brave burgh." Like the former collection, most of Mussel-mou'd Charlie's songs were of a jocose character.

But the most extensive and valuable additions which have been of late made to this branch of ancient literature, are the collections of Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead, a person of indefatigable research in that department, and whose industry has been crowned with the most successful results. This is partly owing to the country where Mr. Buchan resides, which, full as it is of minstrel relics, has been but little ransacked by any former collectors; so that, while it is a very rare event
south of the Tay, to recover any ballad having a claim to antiquity, which has not been examined and republished in some one or other of our collections of ancient poetry, those of Aberdeenshire have been 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 respected friend, Lord Woodhouselee. Mr. Jamieson, in his collection 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 connection between the ancient Scottish and Danish ballads, upon which the publication of Mr. Buchan throws much light. It is, indeed, the most complete collection of the kind which has yet appeared.²

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 latter to the public in the shape in which he found them. Accordingly, we have never seen any collection of Scottish poetry appearing, from internal evidence, so decidedly and indubitably original. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Buchan did not remove some obvious errors and corruptions; but, in truth, though their remaining on record is an injury to the effect of the ballads, in point of composition, it is, in some degree, a proof of their authenticity. Besides, although the exertion of this editorial privilege, of selecting readings, is an advantage to the ballads themselves, we are contented rather to take the whole in their present, though imperfect state, than that the least doubt should be thrown upon them, by amendments or alterations, which might render their authenticity doubtful. The historical poems, we observe, are few and of no remote date. That of the "Bridge of Dee," is among the oldest, and there are others referring to the times of the Covenanters. Some, indeed, are composed on

still more recent events; as the marriage of the mother of the late illustrious Byron,² and a catastrophe 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 because they are varied, sometimes for the worse, from sets which have appeared in other publications. 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 unostentatious work has done his duty to the public with much labor and care, and made the admirers of this species of poetry acquainted 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 necessary 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 popular poetry, and noticed the principal collections which have been formed from time to time of such compositions, and the principles on which the editors have proceeded. It is manifest that, of late, the public attention has been so much turned to the subject by men of research and talent, that we may well hope to retrieve from oblivion as much of our ancient poetry as there is now any possibility of recovering.

Another important part of our task consists in giving some account of the modern imitation of the English Ballad, a species of literary labor which the author has himself pursued with some success.

Abbottsford, 1st March, 1830.


² This song is quoted in Moore's Life of Byron, vol 1 Ed.
APPENDIX.

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 kirtas and other rustic festivities. But there is a suspicious phrase in the ballad as it is published by Allan Ramsay. When describing the national confusion, the bard says,

"See the days of old King Harie,  
Such slaughter was heard or seen."

Query. Who was the "old 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 "Evergreens."—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 bower on ye burn brae,  
And theekit it ower wi' ramses."

"They wadna rest in Methvin kirk,  
Among their gentle kins;  
But they wad lie in Lednoch braes,  
To beck 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 inapopetic 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 rificement, seems to have been a curious specimen of mistimed recitation. It was partly verse, partly narrative, and was alternately sung and repeated. The story was the escape of a young gentleman, pursued by a cruel uncle, desirous of his estate; or a bloody rival, greedy of his life; or the relentless father of his lady-love, or some such remorseless character, having sinister intentions on the person of the fugitive. The object of his rapacity or vengeance being nearly overtaken, a shepherd undertakes to mislead the pursuer, who comes in sight just as the object of his pursuit disappears, and greets the shepherd thus:—

"Pursuer.  
Good morrow, shepherd, and my friend,  
Saw you a young man this way riding?  
With long black hair, on a bob-tail'd mare,  
And I know that I cannot be far behind him!"

The Shepherd.

Yes, I did see him this way riding,  
And what did much surprise my wit,  
The man sat the same law in the air  
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet.  
Behind you white cloud I see her tall base,  
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 bucolicallan song to it with some success; but we should have thanked him much had he taken the trouble to preserve the original legend of the old minstrel. The valuable and learned friend to whom we owe this mutilated account of it, has often heard it sung among the High Jinks of Scottish lawyers of the last generation.

1 The late Right Honorable William Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Scotch Jury Court.—Eo.
Note C.

Joseph Ritson.

"—Neglecting, in literary debate, the courtesies of ordinary society."—P. 545.

For example, in quoting a popular song, well known by the name of Maggie Lauder, 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 frae the Border?"

And he expatiates with great keenness on the crime of the Bishop’s having sophisticated the text (of which he produces no evidence), to 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 master’ship’s correction I can sing,
The Duke of Norfolk, or the merry ballad
Of Divius and Lacarias; 'The Rose of England;'
In Crete, where Democritus first began;
James his crying out against Coventry;"

Thomas. Excellent!

Rone matters all.

Fiddler. ‘Mawdlin the Merchant’s Daughter;’
The Devil and ye Dainty Dames;’
Thomas. Rare still.

Fiddler. ‘The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,
With the bloody battle at Milford.’"

The poor minstrel is described as accompanying the young rake in his revels. Launcelot describes

"The gentleman himself, young Monsieur Thomas,
Errant with his ferious myrtiline;
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. Conybeare, in his Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry (1838), furnishes a most curious picture of the life of the Northern Scald, or Minstrel, in the high and palmy state of the profession. The reverend editor thus translates the closing lines:

"Ille est curiosius Terra incognita
 Cum Deo noluit Hominum imperium gerendum,
Quem ille esse [Bards] habebat caras.
His comeminent currantem ferantur
Bardi hominem per terras multas;
Sineul est remunerandum ubi cantilenas pulchas,
Muneribus inamnensis ille qui ante nobles
Vult judicium summ exolire, dignitatem sustine.
Habet ille sub colo stabulum famam."—P. 22.

Mr. Conybeare 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 hail here,
I give you hearty thanks with bowing of my shanks,
Desiring you by petition to grant me such commission—
Because my name is Sheale, that both for meat and meate,
To you I may resort sum tym for my comforte.
For I perceive here at all tymes is good cheere,
Both ale, wyne, and beere, as hyt doth now appere,
I perceive without fable ye keepe a good table.
I can be content, if hyt be out of Lent,
A piece of beede to take my hunger to ake,
Both mutton and veale is goode for Rycharde Sheale;
Though I look so grave, I was a veri knave,
If I wold thinke skorne ether evangye or mone,
Beyng in hunger, of freewe sono or kongar,
I can fynde in my hearte, with my friends to take a parte
Of such as Godde shal sende, and thus I make an ende.
Now forwarde, good my Hoste, I thank you for yeare coste
Untyl another tym, and thus do I ende my ryme."—P. 29.

Note F.

William Julius Mickle.—P. 548.

In evidence of what is stated in the text, the author would quote the introductory stanzas to a forgotten poem of Mickle, originally published under the injustitious and equivocal title of "The Cowane," 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,
Dumpling with downy wing the stilly hake;
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,
And evening comes with locks bedrapp’d with dew;
On D-sumond’s mouldering turrets slowly shake
The wither’d ryegrass, and the barebell 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 unifying 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 reduced to contempt by their own bad habits, by the disrepute attached to their profession, and by the laws calculated to repress their license. When the Metrical Romances were very many of them in the hands of every one, the occupation of those who made their living by reciting them was in some degree abolished, and the minstrels either disappeared altogether, or sunk into mere musicians, whose utmost acquaintance with poetry was being able to sing a ballad. Perhaps old Anthony, who acquired, from the song which he accounted his masterpiece, the name of Anthony Now, was one of the last of this class in the capital; nor does the tenor of his poetry evince whether it was his own composition or that of some other.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, instead of being preserved by recitation; but in the Garlands, and similar collections for general sale, the authors aimed at a more ornamental and regular style of poetry than had been attempted by the old minstrels, whose composition, if not exterminable, was seldom committed to writing, and was not, therefore, susceptible of accurate revision. This was the more necessary, as even the popular poetry was now feeling the effects arising from the advance of knowledge, and the revival of the study of the learned languages, with all the elegance and refinement which it induced.

In short, the general progress of the country led to an improvement in the department of popular poetry, tending both to soften and melodize the language employed, and to ornament the diction beyond that of the rude minstrels, to whom such topics of composition had been originally abandoned. The monotony of the ancient reciters was, for the same causes, altered and improved upon. The eternal descriptions of battles, and of love dilemmas, which, to satiety, filled the old romances with trivial repetition, was retrenched. If any one wishes to compare the two eras of lyrical poetry, a few verses taken from one of the latest minstrel ballads, and one of the earliest that were written for the press, will afford him, in some degree, the power of doing so.

The rude lines from Anthony Now, which we have just quoted, may, for example, be compared, as Ritson requests, with the ornamented commencement of the ballad of Fair Rosamond:—

"When as King Henry roved this land
The second of that name,
Besides his queen he dearly loved
A fair and comely dame.

"Most peerless was her beauty found,
Her favor, and her face;
A sweeter creature in the world,
Could never prince embrace.

"Her crisped locks, like threads of gold
Appeard to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

"The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a color drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For 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 diction, 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 then;
And then he said to Anthony,
O Anthony now now now."

¹ This essay was written in April, 1830, and forms a continuation of the "Remarks on Popular Poetry."—Ed.
² He might have supposed a contemporary of Henry VIII., if the greeting which he pretends to have given to that monarch of his own composition, and spoken in his own person.
and enlarged knowledge, of an age which abounded to such a degree in poetry, and of a character so imaginative as was the Elizabethan era. The poetry addressed to the populace, and enjoyed by them alone, was animated by the spirit that was breathed around. We may cite Shakspeare's unquestionable and decisive evidence in this respect. In *Twelfth Night* he describes a popular ballad, with a beauty and precision which no one but himself could have affixed to its character; and the whole constitutes the strongest appeal in favor of that species of poetry which is written to suit the taste of the public in general, and is most naturally preserved by oral tradition. But the remarkable part of the circumstance is, that when the song is actually sung by Festé the clown, it differs in almost all particulars from what we might have been justified in considering as attributes of a popular ballad of that early period. It is simple, doubtless, both in structure and phraseology, but is rather a love song than a minstrel ballad—a love song, also, which, though its imaginative figures of speech are of a very simple and intelligible character, may nevertheless be compared to any thing rather than the boldness of the preceding age, and resembles nothing less than the ordinary minstrel ballad. The original, though so well known, may be here quoted, for the purpose of showing what was, in Shakspeare's time, regarded as the poetry of "the old age." Almost every one has the passage by heart; yet I must quote it, because there seems a marked difference between the species of poem which is described, and that which is sung.

"Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maidens, that weave their thread with bones,
Do we to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dainties with the innocence of love,
Like the old age." 

The song, thus beautifully prefaced, is as follows:

"Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck 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 earlis 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."


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. "Certain," says the brave knight, "I must confess my own barbarousness; I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet. And yet it is sung by some blind crowd, with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobwebs of that unevil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar." 2

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 *verbige* of a bald passage, or

2 Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*. 
the ludicrous effect of an absurd rhyme. In England, accordingly, the popular ballad fell into contempt during the seventeenth century; and although in remote counties its inspiration was occasionally the source of a few verses, it seems to have become almost entirely obsolete in the capital. Even the Civil Wars, which gave so much occasion for poetry, produced rather song and satire, than the ballad or popular epic. The curious reader may satisfy himself on this point, should he wish to ascertain the truth of the allegation, by looking through D'Urfey's large and curious collection, when he will be aware that the few ballads which it contains are the most ancient productions in the book, and very seldom take their date after the commencement of the seventeenth century.

In Scotland, on the contrary, the old minstrel ballad long continued to preserve its popularity. Even the last contests of Jacobitism were recited with great vigor in ballads of the time, the authors of some of which are known and remembered; nor is there a more spirited ballad preserved than that of Mr. Skirving (father of Skirving the artist), upon the battle of Prestonpans, so late as 1745. But this was owing to circumstances connected with the habits of the people in a remote and rude country, which could not exist in the richer and wealthier provinces of England.

On the whole, however, the ancient Heroic ballad, as it was called, seemed to be fast declining among the more enlightened and literary part of both countries; and if retained by the lower classes in Scotland, it had in England ceased to exist, or degenerated into doggerel of the last degree of vileness.

Subjects the most interesting were abandoned to the poorest rhymers, and one would have thought that, as in an ass-race, the prize had been destined to the slowest of those who competed for the prize. The melancholy fate of Miss Ray, who fell by the hands of a frantic lover, could only inspire the Grub Street muse with such verses as these,—that is, if I remember them correctly:

"A Sandwich favorite was this fair,  
And her he dearly loved;  
By whom six children had, we hear;  
This story fatal proved."

"A clergyman, O wicked one,  
In Covent Garden shot her;  
No time to cry upon her God,  
It's hoped He's not forgot her."

1 A curious and spirited specimen occurs in Cornwall, as late as the trial of the Bishops before the Revolution. The President of the Royal Society of London (Mr. Davies Gilbert) has not disdained the trouble of preserving it from oblivion.

2 Pilk to Porg Melancholy.

If it be true, as in other cases, that when things at last are 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 avoid the errors with which the old ballad was encumbered; and in the effort to accomplish this, a species of composition was discovered, which is capable of being subjected to peculiar rules of criticism, and of exhibiting excellences of its own.

In writing for the use of the general reader, rather than the poetical antiquary, I shall be readily excused from entering into any inquiry respecting the authors who first showed the way in this peculiar department of modern poetry, which I may term the imitation of the old ballad, especially that of the latter or Elizabethan era. One of the oldest, according to my recollection, which pretends to engraft modern refinement upon ancient simplicity, is extremely beautiful, both from the words, and the simple and affecting melody to which they are usually sung. The title is, "Lord Henry and Fair Catherine." It begins thus:

"In ancient days, in Britain's isle,  
Lord Henry well was known;  
No knight in all the land more famed,  
Or more deserved renown."

"His thoughts were all on honor bent,  
He ne'er would stoop to love:  
No lady in the land had power  
His frozen heart to move."

Early in the eighteenth century, this peculiar species of composition became popular. We find Tickell, the friend of Addison, who produced the beautiful ballad, "Of Lein-ter 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

3 See Hogg's Jacobite Relics, vol. i.—En.
4 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 jealous love;" as Boswell expresses it, in 1779. See Croker's Boswell vol. iv. p 251.—Ed.
invectives with which impostors of this nature have been assailed. In fact, the case of each is special, and ought to be separately considered, according to its own circumstances. If a young, perhaps a female author, chooses to circulate a beautiful poem, we will suppose that of Hardy-knute, under the disguise of antiquity, the public is surely more enriched by the contraband than injured by the deception. It is hardly possible, indeed, without a power of poetical genius, and acquaintance with ancient language and manners possessed by very few, to succeed in deceiving those who have made this branch of literature their study. The very desire to unite modern refinement with the eres of the ancient minstrels, will itself betray the masquerade. A minute acquaintance with ancient customs, and with ancient history, is also demanded, to sustain a part which, as it must rest on deception, cannot be altogether an honorable one.

Two of the most distinguished authors of this class have, in this manner, been detected; being deficient in the knowledge requisite to support their genius in the disguise they meditated. Hardy-knute, for instance, already mentioned, is irreconcilable with all chronology, and a chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion, at the battle of Largs: the "needlework so rare," introduced by the fair authoress, must have been certainly long posterior to the reign of Alexander III. In Chatterton’s ballad of "Sir Charles Baundvin," we find an anxious attempt to represent the composition as ancient, and some entries in the public accounts of Bristol were appealed to in corroboration. But neither was this ingenious but most unhappy young man, with all his powers of poetry, and with the antiquarian knowledge which he had collected with indiscriminating but astonishing research, able to impose on that part of the public qualified to judge of the compositions, which it had occurred to him to pass off as those of a monk of the 14th century. It was in vain that he in each word doubled the consonants, like the sentinels of an endangered army. The art used to disguise and mis-spell the words only overdid what was intended, and afforded sure evidence that the poems published as antiques had been, in fact, tampered with by a modern artist, as the newly forged medals of modern days stand convicted of imposture from the very touches of the file, by which there is an attempt to imitate the cracks and fissures produced by the hammer upon the original.

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. 52. 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 (dissowning, 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 besow with advantage some brief consideration on the fair trade of manufacturing modern antiques, not for the purpose of passing them as contraband goods on the skilful antiquary, but in order to obtain the credit due to authors as successful imitators of the ancient simplicity, while their system admits of a considerable infusion of modern refinement. Two classes of imitation may be referred to as belonging to this species of composition. When they approach each other, there may be some difficulty in assigning to individual poems their peculiar character, but in general the difference is distinctly marked. The distinction lies 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 See Appendix, Note A.

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Note: "Hardy-knute was the first poem that I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget."—MS. note of Sir Walter Scott on a leaf of Allan Ramsay’s Tea-Table Miscellany.
ESSAY ON IMITATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

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 "Childe 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 into it new tenderness, 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 antiquaries, 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 Buchan. 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 "Luvian’s Rant." In Burns’s brilliant rafinamento, 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 ruggedness 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 ballad 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 act most unjustly in this department of Scottish ballad poetry, not to mention the names of Leyden, Hogg, and Allan Cunningham. They have all three 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 "Museal 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 Sidyll 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 born ideal which he had pictured to himself, into something more immediately allied to common life. But Mallet was not a man to neglect what was esteemed fashionable, and poor Hannah Raiton and her lover Wrightson were enveloped in the elegant but tinsel frippery appertaining to Edward and Emma; for the similes, reflections, and suggestions of the poet are, in fact, too intrusive and too well said to enable the reader to feel the full taste of the tragic tale. The verses are doubtless beautiful, but I must own the simple prose of the Curate's letter, who gives the narrative of the tale as it really happened, has to me a tone of serious veracity more affecting than the ornaments of Mallet's fiction. The same author's ballad, "William and Margaret," has, in some degree, the same fault. A disembodied spirit is not a person before whom the living spectator takes leisure to make remarks of a moral kind, as,

"So will the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown,
And such the robe that Kings must wear
When death has roft their crown."

Upon the whole, the ballad, though the best of Mallet's writing, is certainly inferior to its original, which I presume to be the very fine and even terrific old Scottish ale, beginning,

"There came a ghost to Margaret's door."

1 If I am right in what must be a very early recollection, I saw Mr. Cartwright (then a student of medicine at the Edinburgh University) at the house of my maternal grandfather, John Rutherford, M.D.

It may be found in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany."

We need only stop to mention another very beautiful piece of this fanciful kind, by Dr. Cartwright, called Armin and 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.2 His poem had the distinguished honor to be much admired by our celebrated philosopher, Dugald Stewart, who was wont to quote with much pathos, the picture of resignation in the following stanza:

"And while his eye to Heaven he raised,
Its silent waters stole away."

After enumerating so many persons of undoubted genius, who have cultivated the Arcadian style of poetry (for to such it may be compared), it would be endless to enumerate the various Sir Eldreds of the hills and downs whose stories were woven into legendary tales—which came at length to be the name assigned to this half-ancient, half modern style of composition.

In general I may observe, that the supposed facility of this species of composition, the alluring simplicity of which was held sufficient to support it, afforded great attractions for those whose ambition led them to exercise their untutored 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 qual-

1 Happily altered by an admiring foreigner, who read

"The silent waters stole away."

2
It did not require his talents to pursue this vein of ralillery, 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 society.

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 ease in other countries, we know; for the Spanish poet, when he found that the beautiful Morisco romances were excluding all other topics, confesses upon them a hearty maladiction.

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 descending 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 advances 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 aspired, and particularly that of securing the acquaintance, and even the friendship, of many remarkable persons of the age, to whom I could not otherwise have made my way; it would, on the other hand, be ridiculous to affect gratitude to the public favor, either for my general position in society, or the means of supporting it with decency, matters which had been otherwise secured under the usual chances of human affairs. Thus much I have thought it necessary to say upon a subject, which is, after all, of very little consequence to any one but myself. I proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits.

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, though he still lived beloved and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and He of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius, was still alive, indeed; but the hypochondria, which was his mental 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

3 Percy was especially annoyed, according to Boswell, with

4 I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand.

And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand. 1 — En.

2 See the Introduction to Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, 1822 p. xxii.
It was so late as the 21st day of April, 1788, that the literary persons of Edinburgh, of whom, at that period, I am better qualified to speak than of those of Britain generally, or especially those of London, were first made aware of the existence of works of genius in a language cognate with the English, and possessed of the same manly force of expression. They learned, at the same time, that the taste which dictated the German compositions was of a kind as nearly allied to the English as their language. Those who were accustomed from their youth to admire Milton and Shakspeare, became acquainted, I may say for the first time, with the existence of a race of poets who had the same lofty ambition to spur 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 extravagances, 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 adored 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 poetical 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 ungenial 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 mea 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 perusing Goethe and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded by Mackenzie. Dr. Willich (a medical gentleman), who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, 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, one of the friends of my youth, made a spirited version of "The Robbers" of Schiller, which I believe was the first published, though an English version appeared soon afterwards in London, as the metropolis then took the lead in every thing like literary adventure. The enthusiasm with which this work was received, greatly increased the general taste for German compositions.

While universal curiosity was thus distinguishing the advancing taste for the German language and literature, the success of a very young student, in a juvenile publication, seemed to show that the prevailing taste in that country might be easily employed as a formidable auxiliary to renewing the spirit of our own, upon the same system as when medical persons attempt, by the transfusion of blood, to pass into the veins of an aged and exhausted patient, the vivacity of the circulation and liveliness of sensation which distinguish a young subject. The person who first attempted to introduce something like the German taste into English fictitious dramatic and poetical composition, although his works, when first published, engaged general attention, is now comparatively forgotten. I mean Matthew Gregory Lewis, whose character and literary history are so immediately connected with the subject of which I am treating, that a few authentic particulars may be here inserted by one to whom he was well known.

Lewis's rank in society was determined by his birth, which, at the same time, assured his fortune. His father was Under-Secretary at War, at that of History in the University of Edinburgh. He died in 1810.—Ed.

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 fairy and diablerie, not forgetting the paths of her enthusiastic tragedy and romantic poetry.

We are easily induced to imitate what we admire, and Lewis early distinguished himself by a romance in the German taste, called "The Monk." In this work, written in his twentieth year, and founded on the Eastern apologue of the Satan Barissa, the author introduced supernatural machinery with a courageous consciousness of his own power to manage its ponderous strength, which commanded the respect of his reader. "The Monk" was published in 1795, and, though liable to the objections common to the school to which it belonged, and to others peculiar to itself, placed its author at once high in the scale of men of letters. Nor can that be regarded as an ordinary exertion of genius, to which Charles Fox paid the unusual compliment of crossing the House of Commons that he might congratulate the young author, whose work obtained high praise from many other able men of that able time. The party which approved "The Monk" was at first superior in the lists, and it was some time before the anonymous author of the "Pursuits of Literaturr" denounced as puerile and absurd the supernatural machinery which Lewis had introduced—

"— I bear an English heart,  
Unused at ghosts or rattling bones to start."

Yet the acute and learned critic betrays 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 amend:s 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 palinode.  

Another pecadillo of the author of "The Monk" was his having borrowed from Musaeus, and from the popular tales of the Germans, the singular and striking adventure of the "Bleeding Nun." But the bold and free hand with which he traced some scenes, as well of natural terror as of that which arises from supernatural causes, shows distinctly that the plagiarism could not have been occasioned by any deficiency of invention on his part, though it might take place from wantonness or wilfulness.

In spite of the objections we have stated, "The Monk" was so highly popular, that it seemed to create an epoch in our literature. But the public were chiefly captivated by the poetry with which Mr. Lewis had interspersed his prose narrative. It has now passed from recollection among the changes of literary taste; but many may remember, as well as I do, the effect produced by the beautiful ballad of "Durandarte," which had the good fortune to be adapted to an air of great sweetness and pathos; by the ghost tale of "Alonzo and Imogene," and by several other pieces of legendary poetry, which addressed themselves in all the charms of novelty and 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.
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 has 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 Argyle. The writer of these remarks had the advantage of being made known to the most distinguished author of the day, by a lady who belongs by birth to that family, and is equally distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments. 1 Out of this accidental acquaintance, which increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scotch ballad-maker's future prospects in life.

In early youth I had been an eager student of Ballad Poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," 2 although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental platons to which it belonged. 3 The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore. But I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I get 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 verses were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my school-boy days I was so far left to my own desires as to become guilty of Verses on a Thunder-storm, 4 which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung 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 ready made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of dawning 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 Dorcas 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 done, when, finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame.

This idea was hurried into execution, in consequence of a temptation which others, as well as the author, found it difficult to resist. The celebrated ballad of "Lenore," by Bürger, was about this time introduced into England; and it is remarkable, that, written as far back as 1773, it was upwards of twenty years before it was known in Britain, though calculated to make so strong an impression. The wild character of the tale was such as struck the imagination of all who read it, although the idea of the lady's ride behind the spectre horseman had been long before hit upon by an English ballad-maker. But this pretended English original, if in reality it be such, is so dull, flat, and prosaic, as to leave the distinguished German author all that is valuable in his story, by clothing it with a fanciful wildness of expression, which serves to set forth the marvellous tale in its native terror. The ballad of "Lenore" accordingly possessed general attractions for such of the English as understood the language in which it is written; and, as if there had been a charm in the ballad, no one seemed to cast his eyes upon it without a desire to make it known by translation to his own countrymen, and six or seven versions were accordingly presented to the public. Although the present author was one of those who intruded his translation on the world at this time, he may fairly exculpate himself from the rashness of entering the lists against so many rivals. The circumstances which threw him into this competition were quite accidental, and of a nature tending to show how much the destiny of human life depends upon unimportant occurrences, to which little consequence is attached at the moment.

About the summer of 1788 or 1794, the celebrated Miss Letitia Aikin, better known as Mrs. Barbauld, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was received of the happiest days of my youth. (1831.) [See Life, vol. i. p. 156.—Ed.]

1 The Lady Charlotte Bury.—Ed.
2 See Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 33.
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 years of its history, and which has been the scene of some of my most delightful recollections. (1831.) [See Life, vol. i. p. 33.—Ed.]
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 "Lenoré," 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 harre, harre, hop, hop, hop,  
Gings fort in sausendem Galopp,  
Dass Ross und Reiter schaben,  
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,1 whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, found means, however, to procure me a copy of Bürger's works from Hamburg. The perusal of the original rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr. Stewart's family had induced me to form. At length, when the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad verse.

I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about daybreak the next morning, by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please, than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retained in my translation the two lines which Mr. Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity. My attempt succeeded far beyond my expectations; and it may readily be believed, that I was induced to persevere in a pursuit which gratified my own vanity, while it seemed to amuse others. I accomplished a translation of "Der Wilde Jäger"—a romantic ballad founded on a superstition universally current in Germany, and known also in Scotland and France. In this I took rather more license than in versifying "Lenoré;" 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 "Lenoré," with that of "The Wild Huntsman," in a thin quarto.2

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

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1 Born Countess Harriet Bruhl of Martinskirchen, and married to Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, now Lord Polwarth, the author's relative, and much valued friend almost from infancy.

2 Under the title of "William and Helen."—Ed.

3 This thin quarto was published by Messrs. Manners and Miller of Edinburgh.—Ed.
sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition. However different my success might have been, had I been fortunate enough to have led the way in the general scramble for precedence, my efforts sunk unnoticed when launched at the same time with those of Mr. Taylor (upon whose property I had committed the kind of piracy already noticed, and who generously forgave me the invasion of his rights); of my ingenuous and amiable friend of many years, William Robert Spenser; or of Mr. Pye, the laureate of the day, and many others besides. In a word, my adventure, where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker. Nay, so complete was the failure of the unfortunate 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 offence, had escaped the industrious collector, for whose indefatigable research I may in gratitude wish a better object.

The failure of my first publication did not operate, in any unpleasant degree, either on my feelings or spirits. I was coldly received by strangers, but my reputation began rather to increase among my own friends, and, on the whole, I was more bent to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice, than to be affronted by its indifference. Or rather, to speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labor in which I had, almost by accident, become engaged, and labored, less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of doing so, than in the pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself. I pursued the German language keenly, and, though far from being a correct scholar, became a bold and daring reader, nay, even translator, of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.

The want of books at that time (about 1796), was a great interruption to the rapidity of my movements; for the young do not know, and perhaps my own contemporaries may have forgotten, the difficulty with which publications were then procured from the continent. The worthy and excellent friend, of whom I gave a sketch many years afterwards in the person of Jonathan Oldbuck, procured me Adelung's Dictionary, through the mediation of Father Peper, a monk of the Scotch College of Ratisbon. Other wants of the same nature were supplied by Mrs. Scott of Harden, whose kindness in a similar instance I have had already occasion to acknowledge. Through this lady's connections on the continent, I obtained copies of 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 Popish Plot in Charles the Second's time, concerning which Dryden has said—

"Succeeding times will equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all."  

The Celtic people of Erin and Albyn had, in which appeared in 1799. He about the same time translated several other German plays, which yet remain in MS.—En.

1 The 3st here referred to was drawn up and inserted in the Caledonian Mercury, by Mr. James Shaw, for nearly forty years past in the house of Sir Walter Scott's publishers, Messrs. Constable and Cadell, of Edinburgh.—En. (See it in Life of Scott, vol. x. pp. 390-276.)

2 Sir Walter Scott's second publication was a translation of Goethe's drama of Goetz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, and published in 1799


4 See Appendix, Note C.
short, a style of poetry properly called national, though MacPherson was rather an excellent poet than a faithful editor and translator. This style and fashion of poetry, existing in a different language, was supposed to give the original of "Glenfinlas," and the author was to pass for one who had used his best command of English to do the Gaelic model justice. In one point, the incidents of the poem were irreconcilable with the costume of the times in which they were laid. The ancient Highland chiefteains, when they had a mind to "hunt the dun deer down," did not retreat into solitary bowties, 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 Smaillholm 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 be at Smaillholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated. The ballad was approved of, as well as its companion "Glenfinlas;" and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness from Duke John of Roxburghe, who gave me the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburghe Club derives its name.

Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon, and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintances, showing my precious wares, and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. For it may be observed, that, in the fine arts, those who are in no respect able to produce any specimens themselves, hold themselves not the less entitled to decide upon the works of others; and, no doubt, with justice to a certain degree;

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. 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 sentimentally 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 mere commonplace character, absolutely necessary for conducting the business of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advice told me, that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to atone for its defects, I have generally cast it aside; but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticisms, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honor to consult me. I am convinced, that, in general, in removing even errors of a trivial or venal 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-
cism, 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 peculiarly apt to lose its elasticity by being too much pressed on, and a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible, than a collection of jests to be merry or entertaining. 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 Williams," 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 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 collision with his publisher in an undue attack on the pockets of the public. The "Tales of Wonder" formed a work in royal octavo, and were, by large printing, driven out, as it is technically termed, to two volumes, which were sold at a high price. Purchasers murmured at finding that this size had been attained by the insertion of some of the best known pieces of the English language, such as Dryden's "Theodore and Honoria," Parnell's "Hermit," Lisle's "Persian King of Russia," and many other popular poems of old date, and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales, "written and collected" by a modern author. His bookseller was also accused in the public prints, whether truly or not I am uncertain, of having attempted to secure to himself the entire profits of the large sale which he expected, by refusing to his brethren the allowances usually, if not in all cases, made to the retail trade.

Lewis, one of the most liberal as well as benevolent of mankind, had not the least participation in these proceedings of his bibliopolist; but his work sunk under the obloquy which was heaped on it by the offended parties. The book was termed "Tales of Plunder," was censured by reviewers, and attacked in newspapers and maga-
zines. A very clever parody was made on the style and the person of the author, and the world laughed as willingly as if it had never applauded.

Thus, owing to the failure of the vehicle I had chosen, my efforts to present myself before the public as an original writer proved as vain as those by which I had previously endeavored to distinguish myself as a translator. Like Lord Home, however, at the battle of Flodden, I did so far well, that I was able to stand and save myself; and amidst the general depreciation of the "Tales of Wonder," my small share of the obnoxious publication was dismissed without much censure, and in some cases obtained praise from the critics.

The consequence of my escape made me naturally more daring, and I attempted, in my own name, a collection of ballads of various kinds, both ancient and modern, to be connected by the common tie of relation to the Border districts in which I had gathered the materials. The original preface explains my purpose, and the assistance of various kinds which I met with. The edition was curious, as being the first work printed by my friend and school-fellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who, at that period, was editor of a provincial newspaper, called "The Kelso Mail."

When the book came out, in 1802, the 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, 1830.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

THE PRODUCTION OF MODERN AS ANCIENT BALLADS.—P. 555.

This failure applies to the repairs and rifacimentos of old ballads, as well as to complete imitations. In the beautiful and simple ballad of Gil Morrise, some affected person has stuck in one or two factitious verses, which, like vulgar persons in a drawing-room, betray themselves by their over finery. Thus, after the simple and affecting verse which prepares the readers for the coming tragedy,

"Gil Morrise sat in good green wood,
He assisted at his mother's bed;
'O, what mean a' you folk coming,
My mother tarries lang?"

some such "vicious intromitter" as we have described (to use a barbarous phrase for a barbarous proceeding), has inserted the following quintessence of affectation:—

"His locks were like the threads of gold,
Drawn from Minerva's loom;
His lips like roses drooping 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,
He gart 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, ② Feb. 23, 1798.

"Though certain that the clamor raised against 'The Monk' cannot have given you the smallest doubt of the rectitude of my intentions, or of 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 all, would be a sufficient reason, had I no others, to make me regret having published the first edition of 'The Monk'; but I have others, weaker, indeed, than the one mentioned, but still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence in the accuracy of my own judgment; that convinced of my object being unexceptionable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I attained that object were equally so; and that, upon many accounts, I have to accuse myself of high imprudence. Let me, however, observe, that twenty is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected. Inexperience prevented my distinguishing what would give offence; but as soon as I found that offence was given, I made the only reparation in my power—I carefully revised the work, and expanded every syllable on which could be grounded the slightest construction of immorality. This, indeed, was no difficult task; for the objections rested entirely on expressions too strong, and words carelessly chosen, not on the sentiments, characters, or general tendency of the work—that the letter is undeserving censure, 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 hear. But though I did not hope much benefit to arise from the perusal of a tripping 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 maxims 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. 567.

Among the popular Ballads, or Volkslieder, of the celebrated Herder, is (take one instance out of many) a version of the old Scottish song of 'Sir Patrick Spence,' in which, but for difference of orthography, the two languages can be scarcely distinguished from each other. For example—

"The King sits in Dunfermling town,
Drinking the blood-red wine,
Where will I get a good skipper
To sail this ship of mine?"

"Der Konig sitzt in Dunfermling Schloss: Er trinkt blutrothen Wein;
O wo trif ich einen Segler gut
Dies Schiff zu segeln mein?"

In like manner, the opening stanza of 'Child Waters,' an 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 Yale, when the wind was eate,
And the round tables began,
Mony weel favour'd man."

"In Christmastime, in winter kalt,
Als Tafel yard began,
Dun kam un König's Hoff and Hall
Manch wacker Ritter an."

It requires only a smattering of both languages to see at what cheap expense, even of vocabularies and rhymes, the popular poetry of the one may be transferred to the other. Hardly any thing is more flattering to a Scottish student of German; it resembles the unexpected discovery of an old friend in a foreign land.

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**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 Melwin’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, 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 bad 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,

‘Jean Marie shield thee well!"

is word for word from Coleridge."

There are some parts of this passage extremely mistaken and exaggerated, as generally attends any attempt to record what passes in casual conversation, which resembles, in difficulty, the experiments of the old chemists for fixing quicksilver.

The following is a specimen of my poor friend Lewis’s criticism on my juvenile attempts at ballad poetry; severe enough, perhaps, but for which I was much indebted to him, as forcing upon the notice of a young and careless author hints which the said author’s vanity made him unwilling to attend to, but which were absolutely necessary to any hope of his ultimate success.

**Supposed 1790.**

"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 your objections, leaving you at liberty to make use of them or not; and so have at ‘Frederic and Alice.’ Stanza 1st, ‘kies’ and ‘jegs’ are not rhymes; the 1st stanza ends with ‘jegsy;’ the 21st begins with ‘jefing.’ In the 4th there is too sudden a change of tenses, ‘flown’ 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 ‘rear,’ not rhymes. ‘Soil’ and ‘aside,’ in the 13th, are not much better; but ‘head’ and ‘descend’ are execrable. In the 14th, ‘bar’ and ‘stair’ are ditto; and ‘grooping’ is a nasty word. Vile Johnson, ‘He grasps his breeches with a monarch’s air.’ In the 15th, you change your metre, which has always an unpleasant effect; and ‘safe’ and ‘rescued’ rhyme just about as well as Scott and Lewis would. 17th, ‘within’ and ‘stream’ 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.—12th, The 23 line reads very harshly; and ‘choir’ and ‘love’ are not rhymes. 13th, ‘Rides’ and ‘side’ are not rhymes. 30th, ‘Pour’ and ‘obscurer,’ not rhymes. 40th, ‘Sprades’ and ‘inades’ are not rhymes. 46th, ‘Rends’ and ‘assued’ are not rhymes.

‘William and Helen.—In order that I may bring it nearer the original title, pray introduce, in the first stanza, the name of Ellenora, instead of Ellen. ‘Crusade’ and ‘sped,’ not rhymes in the 2d. 3d, ‘Made’ and ‘shed’ are not rhymes; and if they were, come too close to the rhymes in the 2d. In the 4th, ‘Joy’ and ‘victory’ are not rhymes. 7th, The first line wants a verb, otherwise is not intelligible. 13th, ‘Grace’ and ‘bliss’ are not rhymes. 14th, ‘Bale’ and ‘hell’ are not rhymes. 18th, ‘Wain’ and ‘fruitless’ is tautology; and as a verb is wanted, the line will run better thus, ‘And vain is every prayer.’ 19th, Is ‘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, ‘O’er’ and ‘star’ are vile rhymes. 26th, A verb is wanted in the 4th line; better thus, ‘Then whisper’s thus a voice.’ 29th, Is not ‘Let’s thou, my love?’ better than ‘My love! my love!’ 31st, If ‘wight’ means, as I conjecture, ‘enochanted,’ does not this let the cat out of the bag? Ought not the spurt to be sharp rather than bright? In the 4th line, ‘Stay’ and ‘day’ jingle together: would it not be better, ‘I must be gone o’er day’? 32d, ‘Sted’ and ‘bed’ are not rhymes. 34th, ‘Bride’ and ‘bed,’ not rhymes. 35th, ‘Seat’ 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, ‘Grose’ and ‘purposes’, are not rhymes. 45th, I am not pleased with the epithet ‘savage;’ and the latter part of the stanza is, to me, unintelligible. 49th, Is it not closer to the original in 3d to say, ‘Swift ride the dead’? 50th, Does the rain ‘whistle’? 52d, line 3d, ‘Does it express, ‘I am afraid of them?’ 55th, ‘Door’ and ‘flower’ do not rhyme together. 66th, ‘Screed’ and ‘heard’ are not rhymes. 63d, ‘Bone’ and ‘skelton,’ not rhymes. 64th, The last line sounds ludicrous; one fancy the heroine coming down with a plump, and sprawling upon her bottom. I have now finished my severe examination, and pointed out every objection which I think can be suggested."

6th January, 1790.

**Dear Scott,**

Your last Ballad reached me just as I was stepping into my chaise to go to Brocket Hall (Lord Melbourne’s), so I took it with me, and exhibited both that and Glenfinlas with great success. I must not, however, conceal from you, that nobody understood the Lady Flora of Glenlyne to be a disguised demon till the catastrophe arrived; and that the opinion was universal, that some previous stanza ought to be introduced descriptive of the nature and office of the wayward Ladies of the Wood. William Lamb, (who writes good

I now Lord Melbourne.—Edn.
APPENDIX ON IMITATIONS OF ANCIENT BALLAD.

verses himself, and, therefore, may be allowed to judge those of other people, was decidedly for the omission of the last stanza but one. Those 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. Glenflus, 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 'beaver' are not rhymes, &c. &c. &c.

The gentleman noticed in the following letter, as partaker in the author's heresies respecting rhyme, had the less occasion to justify such license, as his own have been singularly accurate. Mr. Smythe is now Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

"London, January 24, 1790.

"I must not omit telling you, for your own comfort, and that of all such persons as are wicked enough to make bad rhymes, that Mr. Smythe (a very clever man at Cambridge) took great pains the other day to convince me, not merely that a bad rhyme might pass, but that occasionally a bad rhyme was better than a good one! ! ! ! ! ! I need not tell you that he left me as great an infidel on this subject as he found me.

"Ever yours,

"M. G. LEWIS."

The next letter respects the Ballad called the "Fire King," stated by Captain Medwin to be almost all Lewis's. This is an entire misconception. Lewis, who was very fond of his idea of four elementary Kings, had prevailed on me to supply a Fire King. After being repeatedly urged to the task, I sat down one day after dinner, and wrote the "Fire King," as it was published in the "Tales of Wonder." The next extract gives an account of the manner in which Lewis received it, which was not very favorable; but instead of writing the greater part, he did not write a single word of it. Dr. Leyden, now no more, and another gentleman who still survives, were sitting at my side while I wrote it; nor did my occupation prevent the circulation of the bottle.

Leyden wrote a Ballad for the Cloud King, which is mentioned in the ensuing extract. But it did not answer Mat's ideas, either in the color of the wings, or some point of costume equally important; so Lewis, who was otherwise fond of the Ballad, converted it into the Elfin King, and wrote a Cloud King himself, to finish the hierarchy in the way desired.

There is a leading mistake in the passage from Captain Medwin. "The Minstrelsy of the Border" is spoken of, but what is meant is the "Tales of Wonder." The former work contains 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 miscellany or publication of mine.

I have only to add, in allusion to the passage I have quoted, that I never wrote a word parroting either Mr. Coleridge or any one else, which, in that distinguished instance, it would have been most ungracious in me to have done; for which the reader will see reasons in the Introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."


"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 pinions, to which I must request your friend to adapt his Stanza. With the others I am much pleased, as I am with your Fire King; but every body makes the same objection to it, and expresses a wish that you had conformed your Spirit to the description given of him in 'The Monk,' whose 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, Beezlebub, 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 Ercildoune, known by the appellation of The Rhymer. Uniting, or supposing to unite, in his person, the powers of poetical composition, and of vaticination, his memory, even after the lapse of five hundred years, is regarded with veneration by his countrymen. To give any thing like a certain history of this remarkable man would be indeed difficult; but the curious may derive some satisfaction from the particulars here brought together.

It is agreed on all hands, that the residence, and probably the birthplace, of this ancient bard, was Ercildoune, a village situated upon the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. The ruins of an ancient tower are still pointed out as the Rhymer’s castle. The uniform tradition bears, that his surname was Learmont, 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, the son of our poet designed himself “Thomas of Ercildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Ercildoun,” which seems to imply that the father did not bear the hereditary name of Learmont; or, at least, was better known and distinguished by the epithet, which he had acquired by his personal accomplishments. I must, however, remark, that, down to a very late period, the practice of distinguishing the parties, even in formal writings, by the epithets which had been bestowed on them from personal circumstances, instead of the proper surnames of their families, was common, and indeed necessary, among the Border clans. So early as the end of the thirteenth century, when surnames were hardly introduced in Scotland, this custom must have been universal. There is, therefore, nothing inconsistent in supposing our poet’s name to have been actually Learmont, although, in this charter, he is distinguished by the popular appellation of The Rhymer.

We are better able to ascertain the period at which Thomas of Ercildoune lived, being the latter end of the thirteenth century. I am inclined to place his death a little farther back than Mr. Pinkerton, who supposes that he was alive in 1290 (List of Scottish Poets), which is hardly, I think, consistent with the charter already quoted, by which his son, in 1299, for himself and his heirs, conveys to the convent of the Trinity of Soltra, the tenement which he possessed by inheritance (hereditarie) in Ercildoune, with all claim which he or his predecessors could pretend thereto. From this we may infer, that the Rhymer was now dead, since we find the son disposing of the family property. Still, however, the argument of the learned historian will remain unimpeached as to the time of the poet’s birth. For if, as we learn from Barbour, his prophecies were held in reputation as early as 1306, when Bruce slew the Red 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 Beemersyd, which unfortunately wants a date, the Rhymer, a near

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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.
neighbors, and, if we may trust tradition, a friend of the family, appears as a witness.—Chartulary of Melrose.

It cannot be doubted, that Thomas of Ercildoune was a remarkable and important person in his own time, since, very shortly after his death, we find him celebrated as a prophet and as a poet. Whether he himself made any pretensions to the first of these characters, or whether it was gratuitously conferred upon him by the credulity of posterity, it seems difficult to decide. If we may believe Mackenzie, Learmont only versified the prophecies delivered by Eliza, an inspired nun of a convent at Haddington. But of this there seems not to be the most distant proof. On the contrary, all ancient authors, who quote the Rhymers' prophecies, uniformly suppose them to have been emitted by himself. Thus, in Winton's Chronicle—

"Of this yeicht quilum spak Thomas
Of Ercildoune, that sayd in derne,
There said meit stalwardly, starkie and sterno.
He sayd it in his prophecy;
But how he wist it was ferly."

Book viii. chap. 32.

There could have been no ferly (marvel) in Winton's eyes at least, how Thomas came by his knowledge of future events, had he ever heard of the inspired nun of Haddington, which, it cannot be doubted, would have been a solution of the mystery, much to the taste of the Prior of Lochleven.1

Whatever doubts, however, the learned might have, as to the source of the Rhymers' 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, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure.2 According, while Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Ercildoune, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighboring forest, and were, compoundedly 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 Begle Burn (Goblin Brook) from the Rhymers' 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 Rhymier, lived for many years in very good credit as a wizard.

It seemed to the Editor unpardonable to dismiss a person so important in Border tradition as the Rhymier, without some farther notice than a simple commentary upon the following ballad. It is given from a copy, obtained from a lady residing not far from Ercildoune, corrected and enlarged by one in Mrs. Brown's MSS. The former copy, however, as might be expected, is far more minute as to local description. To this old tale the Editor has ventured to add a Second Part, consisting of a kind of cento, from the printed prophecies vulgarly ascribed to the Rhymier; 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 Rhymier 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 meikle can,
And so he told, though that they bless or ban,
In rule of war whether they tint or wan:"

Which happened sooth in many divers case;
I cannot say by wrong or righteousness.
It may be deemed by division of grace, 8 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 Rhymner.

PART FIRST.

ANCEST.

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntie 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 ilk a tott 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 Elfhland, That am lither 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."—
Sync he has kis'd her rosy lips, All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said; "True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me; And ye maun serve me seven years, Through weal or woe as may chance to be.

She mounted on her milk-white steed; She's ta'en true Thomas up behind; And aye, whene'er her bridle rung, The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they 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 hily 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 brec? That is the road to fair Elfhland, 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 Ellyn land, Y'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.

Sync they came on to a garden green, And she put an apple frae a tree—
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas; It will give thee the tongue that can never lie."—

"My tongue is mine ain," True Thomas said; "A gudely 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 Rymer's Glen, were ultimately included in the domain of Abbot-ford. 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 debared the use of falsehood when he might find it convenient, has a comic effect.

4 See Appendix, Note B.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

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 Comtesse de Dunbar demande a Thomas de Ese-doune quant la guerre d’Escoie prendroit fin. Ety l’a repeandy et egli.

When man is mad a kyng of a capped man;
When man is bever other menes thyng than his owen;
When hode thouns forest, ant forest is felle;
When hares kneelles o’ the her’stane;
When Wyj and Wille werres togezere;
When mon makes stables of kyrykes, and stees castels with stye;
When Rokesboroche nys no bough ant market is at Forwy-lye;
When Bambourne is donged with dede men;
When men ledes men in roipes to byen and to sellen;
When a quarter of whaty whate is changed for a colt of ten markes;
When prude (pride) prikes and pees is leyd in prison;
When a Scot ne me hym hude ne hare in forme that the En-glish ne shall hym fynde;
When ryhet ant wronge astente the togedere;
When laddes weddeth loveles;
When Scoottes flen so faste, that, for faste of shep, by drowneth heselvo;
When shal this be?

Another in thine tymne ne in mine;"

Ah comme ant gone
Withinne twenty winter ant one."

Pinkerton’s Poems, from Maitland’s MSS, quoting from Hort. Lib. 2553, f. 137.

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, 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 batwixt 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 superition, 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
God for that too.—The prophecy, quoted in the preceding page, is probably of the same date, and intended for the same purpose.

A minute search of the records of the time would, probably, throw additional light upon the allusions contained in these ancient legends. Among various rhymes of prophetic import, which are at this day current amongst the people of Teviotdale, is one, supposed to be pronounced by Thomas the Rhymer, presaging the destruction of his habitation and family:

"The hare will kitte [litter] on my hearth stane,
And there will never be a Laird Lorneit again."

The first of these lines is obviously borrowed from that in the MS. of the Harl. Library.—"When hares kendeles o' the her'stane"—an emphatic image of desolation. It is also inaccurately quoted in the prophecy of Waldhave, published by Andro Hart, 1613:

"This is a true talking that Thomas of tells,
The hare shall hirple on the hard [hearth] stane."

Spottiswoode, an honest, but credulous historian, seems to have been a firm believer in the authenticity of the prophetic wares, vouched 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 foretel 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 past. 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."—Scottiswoode, 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 "ruralis ille vates."—Fordun, lib. x. cap. 49.

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. 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 reverting from its original purpose, in order to apply it to the succession of James VI. The groundwork of the forgery is to be found in the prophecies of Berlington, contained in the same collection, and runs thus:

"Of Bruce's left side shall spring out a leaf,
As near as the ninth degree;
And shall be flamed of faire Scotland,
In France faire beyond the sea.
And then shall come again ryding,
With eyes that many men may see.
At Aberadie he shall light,
With hempen helteres and horse of tre.

However it happen for to fall,
The lyon shall be lord of all;
The French Queyn shall beare the sonne,
Shall rule all Britaine to the sea;
Ane from the Bruce's blood shall come also,
As near as the ninth degree.

Yet shall there come a keene knight over the salt sea,
A keene man of courage and bold man of armes;
A duke's son dowed [i. e. dubbed], a born man in France
That shall shew his mighte, and mend all our harness;
After the date of our Lord 1513, and thricce three thereafter;
Which shall brooke all the broad isle to himself,
Between thirteen and thricce thrie the tripebl shall be ended,
The Saxons shall never recover after."

There cannot be any doubt that this prophecy was intended to excite the confidence of the Scottish nation in the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, who arrived from France in 1515, two years after the death of James IV, in the fatal field of Flodden. The Regent was descended of Bruce by the left, i. e. by the female side, within the ninth degree. His mother was daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, his father banished from his country—

1 See Appendix, Note C.
"fleemit 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 lea, 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 or two will be sufficient to establish this fully:—

"Our Scottish King sail come ful keene, The red lyon bearthe he; A foolded arrow sharp, I seyn, Shall make him wakke and warre to see. Out of the field he shall be led, When he is blinde and woe for blood; Yet to his men shall he say, 'For God's love turn you againe, And give you rather folk a frey! Why should I lose, the right is mine? My day 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 Pinken Cluch there shall be split Much gentle blood that day; There shall the bear lose the guilt, And the engil 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 Burlington'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 countrie? [Or who shall rule the isle of Britaine,"

From the north w. the south wey? A French quene shall bear the somme, Shall rule all Britaine to the sea; Which of the Bruce's blood shall come, As neere as the right of whey? I fraimed fast what was his name, Where that he came, from what countrey? In Endlington I dwell at hame, Thomas Rymour men calls me."

There is surely no one, who will not conclude, with Lord Hailes, that the eight lines, enclosed in brackets, are a clumsy interpolation, borrowed from Burlington, 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 Burlington 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 Chalherrault, during the minority of Mary, a period of similar calamity.

This is obvious from the following verses:—

"Take a thousand in calculacion, And the longest of the Lyon, Four crescents under one crowne, With Saint Andrew's croze thrue, Then threecore and thrise three: Take tent to Merling truly, 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 yong, And tender of years."

The date, above hinted at, seems to be 1549, when the Scottish Regent, by means of some success 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 famed 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 hank-neyed 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 Chalherrault; 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 Giildas
In the prophecy of Berlington, already quoted, we are told,

"Marvelous 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 Merdywyn Wyllt, or Merlin the Wild, in whose name, and by no means in that of Ambrose Merlin, the friend of Arthur, the Scottish prophecies are issued? This personage resided at Drummelziar, and roamed, like a second Nebuchadnezzar, the woods of Tweeddale, in remorse for the death of his nephew, we learn from Fordun. In the Scotichronicon, lib. 3, cap. 31, is an account of an interview betwixt St. Kentigern and Merlin, then in this distracted and miserable state. He is said to have been called Lailoken, from his mode of life. On being commanded by the saint to give an account of himself, he says, that the penance which he performs was imposed on him by a voice from heaven, during a bloody contest betwixt Lidel and Carwanol, 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 transfixied by a sharp stake, fixed there for the purpose of extending a fishing-net:—

"Sude perfossus, lapide percussus et unda,
Hac tris Merulinum furtum inre necem.
Sieque ruit, mirasque fuit ignoque prhenasus,
Et fracti vatem per terna pericula venum."

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 Drummelziar, in Tweeddale, beneath an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the churchyard, the brooks, called Pansayl, falls into the Tweed; and the following prophecy is said to have been current concerning their union:—

"When Tweed and Pansayl 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 Pansayl at the prophet’s grave.—Pennyck’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 foxes2 pursued over the mountain by a savage figure, to whom he can hardly give the name of man. At the sight of Waldhave, the apparition leaves the objects of his pursuit, and assaults him with a club. Waldhave defends himself with his sword, throws the savage to the earth, and refuses to let him arise till he swear, by the law and lead he lives upon, "to do him no harm." This done, he permits him to arise, and marvels at his strange appearance:—

"He was formed like a freike [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 “dres his weird,” i. e. does penance in that wood; and, having hinted that questions as to his own state are offensive, he pours forth an obscure rhapsody concerning futurity, and concludes.—

"Go musing upon Merlin if thou wilt:
For I mean no more, man, at this time."

This is exactly similar to the meeting betwixt Merlin and Kentigern in Fordun. These prophecies of Merlin seem to have been in request in the minority of James V; for, among the amusements with which Sir David Lindsay diverted that prince during his infancy, are,

"The prophecies of Rymer, Bede, and Merlin."

Sir David Lindsay’s Epistle to the King.

And we find, in Waldhave, at least one allusion

1 I do not know whether the person here meant 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 ladde with a ladyshe and over the fields."  

The original stands thus:

"When laddes weddeth 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 mouth of Arrane a selenouth shall fall,
Two bloodeie hearts shall be taken with a false traine,
And deryly hung down without any done."

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 Piers 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 Galvran of Galloway and Gaiwain and Golegros, 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 pnb-

1 The heart was the regnissance of Morton.  
2 The Rev. R. Fleming, pastor of a Scotch congregation in London, published in 1704, "Discourses on the Rise and Fall

lisher's title to the last prophecy, as it contains certain curious information concerning the Queen of Sheba, who is identified with the Cumean Sibyl: "Here followeth a prophecy, pronounced by a noble queen and matron, called Sybilla, Regina Austri, that came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four books, 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 Lecomes. 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 oracular 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 Ercildonne, a share of the admiration bestowed by sundry wise persons upon Mass Robert Fleming. For example:

"But then the lily shall be loused when they least think;  
Then clear king's blood shall quake for fear of death;  
For chairs shall chop off heads of their chief heirs,  
And earfe of the crowns that Christ hath appointed.

Thereafter, on every side, sorrow shall arise;  
The barge 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.

of Papacy," in which he expressed his belief, founded on a text in the Apocalypse, that the French Monarchy would undergo some remarkable humiliation about 1794.—Ed.
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 Jordan, 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, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

The grandfather of the present proprietor of Bemerside had twelve daughters, before his lady brought him a male heir. The common people trembled for the credit of their 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 Saxon-Gothic architecture, that the accomplishment of this prophecy is far distant.

Another prediction, ascribed to the Rhymer, seems to have been founded on that sort of insight into futurity, possessed by most men of a sound and combining judgment. It runs thus:

"At Eldon Tree if you shall be,
A brig o'er Tweed you there may see."

The spot in question commands an extensive prospect of the course of the river; and it was easy to foresee, that when the country should become in the least degree improved, a bridge would be somewhere thrown over the stream. In fact, you now see no less than three bridges from that elevated situation.

Corspatrick (Comes Patrick), Earl of March, but more commonly taking his title from his castle of Dunbar, acted a noted part during the wars of Edward I. in Scotland. As Thomas of Erclidome is said to have delivered to him his famous proph-

ey 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.  

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 Huntie bank,
Like one awak'en from a dream.

He heard the trampling of a steer,
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 faushion free.

Says—"Well met, well met, true Thomas!
Some uncouth forlorn show to me."
Says—"Christ thee save, Corspatrick brave!
Thrice welcome, good Dunbar, to me!

"Light down, light down, Corspatrick brave!
And I will show thee curses three,
Shall gar fair Scotland greet and grane,
And change the green to the black livery.

"A storm shall roar this very hour,
From Ross's hills to Solway sea."
"Ye lie'd, ye lie'd, ye warlock hoar!
For the sun shines sweet on fault and lee."

He put his hand on the Earlie's head;
He show'd him a rock beside the sea,
Where a king lay stiff beneath his steed;
And steel-dight nobles wiped their ee.

"The mist 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;

naturn Club, under the care of the learned antiquary, Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh.—En. 1633.

2 King Alexander, killed by a fall from his horse, near Kinghorn.
A feather'd arrow sharp, I ween,
Shall make him wink and ware to see.

"When he is bloody, and all to bledded,
Thus to his men he still shall say—
"For God's sake, turn ye back again,
And give yet 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 y e sall see;
How forty thousand spearmen stand,
Where ye rank river meets the sea.

"There shall the lion lose the gylte,
And the libbards bear it clean away;
At Pinkyn Cleuch there shall be split
Much gentil bluid that day."—

"Enough, enough, of curse and ban;
Some blessings show thou now to me,
Or, by the faith o' my bodie," Corspatrick said,
"Ye shall rue the day ye e'er saw me!"—

"The first of blessings I shall thee show,
Is by a burn, that's call'd of bread;  
Where Saxon men shall tine the bow,
And find their arrows lack the head.

"Beside that Briggs, out over that burn,
Where the water bickereth bright and sheer,
Shall many a fallen courser spurn,
And knights shall die in battle keen.

"Beside a headless cross of stone,
The libbards shall lose the gree;
The raven shall come, the eare shall go,
And drink the Saxon bluid sae free.
The cross of stone they shall not know,
So thick the corses there shall be."—

"But tell me now," said brave Dunbar,
"True Thomas, tell now unto me,
What man shall rule the isle Britain,
Even from the north to the southern sea?"—

"A French Queen shall bear the son,
Shall rule all Britain to the sea;
He of the Bruce's blood shall come,
As near as in the ninth degree.

"The waters worship shall his race;
Likewise the waves of the farthest sea;
For they shall ride over ocean wide,
With hewen bridles, and horse of tree."

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Thomas the Rhymer.

PART THIRD.—MODERN.

BY WALTER SCOTT.

Thomas the Rhymer was renowned among his contemporaries, as the author of the celebrated romance of Sir Tristrem. Of this once-admired poem only one copy is now known to exist, which is in the Advocates' Library. The Editor, in 1804, published a small edition of 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 seedyng tale,
Of Ercildoun, and of Kendal,
Now thane says as they thame wroght,
And in thare saying it semen mocht.
That than me may here in Sir Tristem,
Over gestes it hase the stene,
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, *pennes* Mr. Douce of London, containing a French metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, that the work of our Thomas the Rhymer was known, and referred to, by the minstrels of Normandy and Bretagne. Having arrived at a part of the romance where reciters were wont to differ in the mode of telling the story, the French bard expressly cites the authority of the poet of Ercildoune:

,"Plusera de nos grantrre ne valent,
Ca que del nain dire se sournent,
Ki femme Kakeridin dut aimiter,
Li nain redit Tristrem naverre,
"The burn of breid
Shall ran fow 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 *Edinburgh MS.*, is totally different from the voluminous romance in prose, originally compiled on the same subject by Rusticen de Puisac, and analyzed by M. de Tresson; but agrees in every essential particular with themetrical 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 Rhymers.**

**PART THIRD.**

When seven years more were come and gone,
Was war through Scotland spread,
And Ruberslaw show'd high Dunyon
His beacon blazing red.

Then all by bonny Coldingknow,*
Pitch'd pallions took their room,
And crested helms, and spears a-rove,
Glimed gayly through the broom.

The Leader, rolling to the Tweed,
Resounds the ensemie;†
They roused the deer from Caddenhead,
To distant Torwoodlee.‡

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1 Ruberslaw and Dunyon, are two hills near Jedburgh.
2 An ancient tower near Ecclellone, belonging to a family of the name of Home. One of Thomas's prophecies is said to have run thus:—
3 "Vengeance! vengeance! when and where?  
On the house of Coldingknow, now and ever more!"
4 The spot is rendered classical by its having given name to the beautiful melody called the *Broom o' the Cowden-Iows.*
5 Ensemie—War-cry, or gathering wood.
6 Quaighs—Wooden caps, composed of staves hooped together.
7 See Introduction to this ballad.
8 This stanza was quoted by the *Edinburgh Reviewer*, of 1804, as a noble contrast to the ordinary humblity of the genuine ballad diction.—En.
9 See, in the *Fabliaux de Monsieur 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. 585

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.

Brangwine was there, and Segramore,
And fiend-born Merlin’s granarye;
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 lily hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes!—like flash of flame
Can lovers’ footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Join’d in a kiss his parting breath;
The gentlest pair, that Britain bare,
United are in death.

There paused the harp: its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem’d to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak:
Nor ladies heaved above 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 stop where Douglas lies?”—

Then forth they rush’d: by Leader’s tide,
A selscouth! sight they see—
A hart and hind pace side by side,
As white as snow on Fairnall’s.

Beneath the moon, with gesture proud,
They stately move and slow;
Nor scare they at the gathering crowd,
Who marvel as they go.

To Learmont’s tower a message sped,
As fast as page might run;
And Thomas started from his bed,
And soon his clothes did on.

First he woxe pale, and then woxe red;
Never a word he spake but three;—
“My hand 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 shalt be.

“Gin ye wed meet wi’ me again,
Gang to the bonny banks of Fairnall’s,”
Fairnall is now one of the seats of Mr. Pringle of Clifton M. P. for Selkirkshire. 1833.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

"To Learmont's name no foot of earth
Shall here again belong,
And, on thy hospitable hearth,
The hare shall leave her young.

"Adieu! adieu!" again he cried,
All as he turn'd him round—
"Farwell to Leader's silver tide!
Farewell to Erclidoune!"

The hart and hind approach'd the place,
As lingering yet he stood;

And there, before Lord Douglas' face,
With them he cross'd the flood.

Lord Douglas leap'd on his berry-brown steed,
And spurr'd him the Leader o'er;
But, though he rode with lightning speed,
He never saw them more.

Some said to hill, and some to glen,
Their wondrous course had been;
But ne'er in haunts of living men
Again was Thomas seen.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.—P. 574.

From the Charterlery of the Trinity House of Soltra.
ERSYLTON.

OMNIBUS has literas victoria vel audituris Thomas de Erclid-
doun fillius et heres Thomas Rymour de Erclidoun salutem in
Domino. Noverint me per festum et baculum in pleno judici-
cio signasse ac per presentes quietem clamasse pro me et hered-
dibus meis Magistro dominus Sancta Trinitatis de Soltre et fra-
tribus ejusdem domus totam terram meam cum omnibus pertinenti-
bus suis quam in tenemento de Erclidoun hereditarie
tenui renunciando de tuto pro me et heredibus meis omni jure
et clamo que ego sea antecessores mei in eadem terra aliquae
tempore de perpetuo habebimus sive de futuro habere possimus.
In cujus rei testimonio presentibus his sigillum meum apposui
data apud Erclidoun die Marii proximo post festum Sanctorum
Apostolorum Symonis et Iudei 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
Rhymer's intrigue with the Queen of Faery. It will afford
great amusement to those who would study the nature of tra-
ditional 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.

Incipt Prophesia Thomae de Erclidoun.

In a lande as I was leat,
In the grking of the day,
Ay alone as I went,
In Hunte bankys me for to play;
I saw the throstyl, and the jay,
Ye mawes mowyde of her song,
Ye wodwale sang notes gay,
That al the wold about range.
In that longsyng as I lay,

Undir netha a dern tre,
I was war of a lady gay,
Come rydyng ouyr a fairle:
Zogh I said sitt to domysday,
With my tong to wrabbe and wyr
Certeinly all hyr ary,
It beth neuer discrewed for me.
Hyr paltra was dappily gray,
Sycke on ey wyver none;
As the son in somers day,
All abowte that lady shone,
Hyr sadel was of a rewe bone,
A smyly styght it was to se,
Bryht with mony a precyous stone
And compassed all with crapete;
Stones of oryens, gete plente,
Her hair about her hede it hang,
She rode ower the farneyle,
A while she blew, a while she sang,
Her girths of nóbil slie they were,
Her houles were of beryl stone,
Sadyll and brydill war — — — — —
With syk and sendel about bedone,
Hyr patyred was of a pall fyne,
And hyr crooper of the arase,
Her brydill was of gold fine,
On everu syde forsothe hang bells thr
Her brydill reynes — — — —
A smedly saxyl — — — —
Crop and patyrly — — — — —
In evry joyant — — — — —
She led thre gree houdes in a leash,
And ratches cowpled by her ran;
She bair an horn about her halse,
And under her gryell mene flene.
Thomas lay and sa — — —
In the banches of — — — —
He sayd Yoder is Mary of Night,
That for the child that died for me,
Cortes bot I may speke with that lady blyght,
Myd my hert will breke in three;
I schal me hye with all my might,
Hyr tox to mete at Eldyn Tre.
Thomas rathyly up her rase,
And ran ower mountain hye,
If it he sothe the story says,
CONTRIBUTIONS TO MINSTRELSY.

The fidge and als fybert tre;
The nyghtynagel breyng in her neste,
The papigaye about gafe,
The thrystylock sang wald hafe no rest.
He pressed to pullre fraynt with his hand,
As man for fante that was faynt;
She seyd, Thomas, bat al stand,
Or els the deynyl wil the araynt.
Sche seyd, Thomas, I the hyzt,
To lay thi hede upon my kne,
And thou shalt see faynter syght,
Than euyrv sawe man in their kintre.
See thou, Thomas, yon fyrw way,
That lyeys ouyr yone fyrw playn?
Ynder is the way to hennys for ay,
Whan syful sawles haf dereyed their payne.
Sse thyng, Thomas, yon second way,
That lyeys lawe unolir the ryse?
Sreight is the way, sobly to say,
To the joyes of pardyce.
Sse thyng, Thomas, yon thyrde way,
That lyeys ouyr yone how is?
Wide is the way, sobly to say,
To the brynyn fyres of helle.
Sse thyng, Thomas, yone fyrw castell,
That standes ouyr yone fair hill?
Of town and tower it bereeth the helle,
In middell erth is none like thereill.
Whan thou conyst in yone castell gaye,
I pray thee curteis man to be;
What so any man to you say,
Loke than answer none but me.
My lord is servyd at yche messe,
With xxy knitdes fear and fre;
I shall say sittyn on the dese,
I take thy speche beyonde the le.
Thomas stode as still as stone,
And behelde that ladye gaye;
Than was sey fyrw, and ryche anone,
And also ryal on hir palfrey.
The grewhyndes had fylde thalm on the dore,
The raches copied, by my say,
She blew her bowyn Thomas to chere,
To the castell she went her way,
The ladye into the hall went,
Thomas folowy at her hand;
That kept her mony a lady gent,
With curtasy and lawe.
Harp and fedyly both he fande,
The getern and the sawtry,
Lat and rybid ther gon gan,
Thair was al maner of menystralye,
The most ferly that Thomas thocht,
When he com emydlyes the flore,
Fourty herites to quarry were bryght,
That had been before both long and store.
Lynners lay lapingy blode,
And kokes standingy with dressyng knyfe,
And dressyd dore as thay wer wode,
And rewely was thair wonder.
Knightes dansyd by two and thre,
All that leue long day.
Ladies that were get of gre,
Sat and saug of ryche array.
Thomas sawe much more in that place,
Than I can deseryve,
Til on a day, alas, alas,
My lovely ladye seyd to me,
Busk ye, Thomas, you must agyn,
Here you may no longer be:
Hy then zerne that you were at hame,
I sal ye bryng to Eldyn Tre.
Thomas answerd with heavy
And said, Lowely ladye, lat ma be,
For I say ye certainly here
Haf I be bot the space of dayes theen.
Sothly, Thomas, as I telle ye,
Yoo hath ben here two yere,
And here you may no longer be;
And I sal tel ye a skale,
To-morrow of helle ye foule fende
Amang our folkse shall chuse his fee;
For you art a large man and an hende,
Trowe you wele he will chuse thee.
Fore all the bolde that may be,
Pro hens unto the worldes ende,
Sall you not be betrayed by me,
And thairfor sal you hens wende.
She brought hym eynyn to Eldyn Tre,
Udird nathe the grene woole spray,
In Huntles bankes was fyr y to be,
Ther breedes syny both nyxt and day.
Fere eyny yee montays gray,
Thyr knyte my face;
Fare wele, Thomas, I wende my way.

The Elfin Queen, after restoring Thomas to earth, pours forth a string of prophecies, in which we distinguish references to the events and personages of the Scottish wars of Edward III. The battles of Dupplin and Haldon are mentioned, and also Black Agnes, Countess of Dunbar. There is a copy of this poem in the Museum of the Cathedral of Lincoln, another in the collection in Peterborough, but unfortunately they are all in an imperfect state. Mr. Jamieson, in his curious Collection of Scotch Ballads and Songs, has an entire copy of this ancient poem, with all the collations. The lacunae of the former editions have been supplied from his copy.

Note C. Alusions to Heraldry.—P. 578.

"The musket is a square figure like a lesangle, but it is always void of the field. They are carried as principal figures by the name of Learmont, Learmont of Earlston, in the Merse, carried or on a bend azure three muskets; of which family was Sir Thomas Learmont, who is well known by the name of Thomas the Rhymere, because he wrote his prophecies in rhyme. This prophetick heraldrul lived in the days of King Alexander the Third, and prophesied of his death, and of many other remarkable occurrences; particularly of the union of Scotland with England, which was not accomplished until the reign of James the Sixth, some hundred years after it was foretold by this gentleman, whose prophecies are much esteemed by many of the valiant even at this day. I was promised by a friend a sight of his prophecies, of which there is everywhere to be had an epistle, which, I suppose, is erroneous, and differs in many things from the original, it having been oft reprinted by some unskillful persons. Thus many things are amiss in the small book which are to be met with in the original, particularly these two lines concerning his neighbour, Bemerside:

'Tyde what may betide,
Haig shall be laird of Bemerside.'

And indeed his prophecies concerning that ancient family have hitherto been true; for, since that time to this day, the Haigs have been lairds of that place. They carry Azure a saltier cantedon with two stars in chief and in base argent, as many crescents in the flanges or; and for crest a rock proper, with this motto, taken from the above written rhyme—"Tide what may.'"—Nisbet on Marks of Cadency, p. 158.—He adds, "that Thomas' meaning may 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 the peculiar devices and exterior ornaments, which are charged at the pleasure of the bearer."

Mr. Nisbet, however, comforts 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, entiled, "A Defensation against the Pouyon of pretended Prophesies."

Note D.—P. 580.

The strange occupation in which Wallahbe behold 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 prosaged to her that this would happen, and had promised her a nuptial gift (cautioning her, however, to keep the bridegroom out of his sight), he now resolved to make good his word. Accordingly, he collected all the stags and lesser game in his neighborhood; and, having seated himself upon a hock, above the lord before him to the capital of Cumberland, where Guendolen resided. But her lover's curiosity leading him to inspect too nearly this extraordinary cavalade Merlin's rage was awakened, and he slew him with the stroke of an ancter of the stag. The original runs thus:

"Discretat et soluta et saltus circuit omnes,
Ceruorumque greges agmen coligit in unum,
Et damas, capraceae simul; cerroque resedit,
Et, videntes die, collectam agmen prae se.
Festinans redui quod uabrit Guendolana,
Posseum venit co, pariter ipse coegit
Cerros ante foras, proclamans; 'Guendolana,
Guendolana, veni, te taliu muncra spectant.
Octas ergo venit subridens Guendolana,
Geatavirum cervum cecuro mirator, et illam
Sit parere vide, tantum quasque posse forarum
Uniri numero quas pra se solus negebat,
Sicut pastor owes, quas duas suavit ad herbas.
Stabat ub crebros spectro candida frontem,
In solio mirans equum, risuque moverat.
Ast ubi vidit cum vates, animoque quia esset
Callit, excepto diecuit corua cervo
Quo gestabatur, eticente vir ject in illum,
Et caput illius peneti contristit, cumque
Rededit crassum, risuque sugarit in nasum;
Occis inde suum, talorum vehere, corrum
Diffugiae eigit, siluasque reduit parvam.'

For a perusal of this curious poem, accurately copied from a MS. in the Cotton Library, nearly coeval with the author, I was indebted to my learned friend, the late Mr. Ritson. There is an excellent paraphrase of it in the curious and entertaining Specimens of Early English Romances, published by Mr. Ellis.
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 siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicions of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, 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 Troshachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands, from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in the Tales of Wonder.

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.

Glenfinlas;

or,

LORD RONALD’S CORONACH.

"For them the viewless forms of air obey,
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless oft, like moody madness stare,
To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare."

Collins

"O hone a rie! O hone a rie! 3
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's statelyst 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, 4
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, 5
While youths and maid's the light strathspey
So nimblly 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 ne'er to see Lord Ronald more! 6

3 O hone a rie' signifies — "Alas for the prince or chief."
4 The term Sassenach, or Saxon, is applied by the Highlanders to their Low-Country neighbors.
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 Albyn’s hills of wind.

’Twas Moy; whom in Columba’s isle
The seer’s prophetic spirit found,¹
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’ espied the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
To reise the red deer from their den,
The Chiefs have tu’en their distant way,
And scoured 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 but they drew.

In gray Glenfinlas’ deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moncina’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 silver 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 Enrick’s fight, since Morma’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 ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

“The bark thou saw’st, yo sunner 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.

¹See Appendix, Note B.
²See Appendix, Note C.
"Thou only saw'st their tartans' wave,  
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,  
Heard'st but the pibroch,2 answering brave  
To many a target clanking round.

'I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,  
I saw the wound his bosom bore,  
When on the serried Saxon spears  
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

"And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,  
And bidst my heart awake to glee,  
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—  
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow;  
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;  
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone, and  
No more is given to gifted eye!"

"Alone enjoy thy dreamy dreams,  
Sad prophet of the evil hour!  
Say, should we seen joy's transient beams,  
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,  
Clangiluan's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;  
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,  
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,  
My Mary's buskins brush the dew."

He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,  
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;  
In rush'd the roarsers of the deer;  
They howl'd in melancholy sound,  
Then closely couch'd beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,  
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,  
As, bending o'er the dying flame,  
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,  
And sudden cease their moaning howl;  
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears  
By shivering limbs and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,  
As softly, slowly, oped the door;  
And shook responsive every string,  
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,  
Close by the minstrel's side was seen  
A huntress maid, in beauty bright,  
All dropping wet her robs of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;  
Child'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 bare 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, My replied:  
"And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,  
Dare ye thus roan Glenfinlas' side?"

"Where wild Loch Katrine pours her title,  
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,  
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,  
The castle of the bold Glenyle.

"To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,  
Our woodland course this morn we bore,  
And haply met, while wandering here,  
The son of great Macgillimor.

"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 rode;  
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 Dunblain’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. Pillian’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 wave’d 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 foul, 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 Bernmore;
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 track, 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 boné a rie’! O boné 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 appears 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 diablerie could have supplied him. It has been alleged, however, that the poet makes a German use of his Scottish materials; that the legend, as briefly told in the simple prose of his preface, is more affecting than the 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. —*Lyre of Scott,* vol. ii. p. 25.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

How blasted Lord Ronald's beltane-tree.—P. 589.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders, on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are termed The Beltane-tree. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitions 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 procease 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 dispatch. 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 Camararius, an Abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife; from which situation he retired, and died a hermit in the wilds of Glenarchy, 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. Fillans, or Forgand, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and luminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the Battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relic, and deposited it in a place of security, lest it should fall into the hands of the English. But, lo! while Robert was addressing his prayers to the empty casket, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the saint was found to have himself deposited his arm in the shrine as an assurance of victory. Such is the tale of Lesley. But though Bruce little needed that the arm of St. Fillan should assist his own, he dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at Killin, upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1802, there is a copy of a very curious crown grant, dated 11th July, 1487, by which James III. confirms, to Malice Doire, an inhabitant of Stratfillan, in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and enjoyment of a relic of St. Fillan, being apparently the head of a pastoral staff called the Gaeurich, which he and his predecessors are said to have possessed since the days of Robert Bruce. As the Gaeurich 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, further observes, that additional particulars, concerning St. Fillan, are to be found in Bellenden's Doctor, Book 4, folio excii., and in Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1772, pp. 11, 15. See a note on the lines in the first canto of Marmion.

"The curse to St. Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can phrensiel dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore," &c.—Ed.
The Eve of St. John.

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-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden [now Lord Polwarth]. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruined. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides, by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho’me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the Watchfield, 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.

‘Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm’d my fancy’s waking hour.’”—Scott’sMisc. March, 1802.

2 The following passage, in Dr. Henry Noy’sAppendix to the Antidote against Atheism, relates to a similar phenomenon:—"I confess, that the bodies of devils may not be only warm, but Singularly hot, as it was in him that took one of Melancthon's relations by the hand, and so scorched her, that she bore the mark of it to her dying day, But the examples of cold are more frequent; as in that famous story of Cynius, when he touched the arm of a certain woman of Pentich, as she lay in her bed, he felt as cold as ice; and so did the spirit' claw to Anne Styles.”—Ed. 1662, p. 135.

3 See the Introduction to the third canto of Marmion.

4 "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.—Ld.

5 The plate-jack is coat-armor; the vaunt-brace, or wambrace, armor for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

6 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 Smayhoome tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each evening, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacon bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The lantern clamor'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the ciry 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 footstep he would know.'—

"O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east;
For to Dryburgh? the way he has t''en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slay'n.'—

"He turn'd him around, and grimly herown'd;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that
knight,
May as well say mass for me:

"At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits
have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see.'

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high.

"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou last
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
Premonstratenses. [The ancient Barons of Newmain's 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."—1

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name’s 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 over hill and vale;
Over Tweed’s fair flood, and Mertoun’s3 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 souther 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 stepp’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 cress’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 search’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.

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.

597

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-peoples the tower of Smallbont, the awe-inspiring haunt of his infancy; and here he 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 ballad. It is the first of his original pieces, too, in which he uses the measure of his own favorite Minstrel; a measure which the monotonous mediocrity of local songs had successfully been laboring to degrade, but in itself adequate to the expression of the highest thoughts, as well as the gentlest emotions; and capable, in fit hands, of as rich a variety of music as any other of modern times. This was written at Merchiston house in the autumn of 1799."—Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 36. See ante, p. 565.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

BATTLE OF ANCRAM MOOR.—P. 594.

LORD EVERE, 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 Evere:

- Towns, towers, barnekeynes, parsyhe churches, bastile houses, burned and destroyed, 192
- Scots slain, 463
- Prisoners taken, 816
- Nolt (cattle), 10,386
- Shepe, 12,492
- Nags and geldings, 1,296
- Gayt, 200
- Bolls of corn, 850
- Insight gear, &c. (furniture) an incalculable quantity.

MURISON'S State Papers, vol. i. p. 51.

For these services Sir Ralph Evers was made a Lord of Parliament. See a strain of exulting congratulation upon his promotion penned forth by some contemporary minstrel, in vol. i. p. 417.

The King of England had promised to these two barons a feudal grant of the country, which they had thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing which, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon his skin, with sharp pens and bloody ink, in remembrance for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose.—Godskeft. In 1545, Lord Evers and Latoun again entered Scotland, with an army consisting of 3000 mercenaries, 1500 English Borderers, and 700 assured Scottish men, chiefly Armstrongs, Turnbills, and other broken clans. In this second incursion, the English generals even exceeded their former cruelty. Evers burned the tower of Brochhouse, 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 Ancram Moor, above the village of that name; and the Scottish general was deliberating whether to advance or retire, when Sir Walter Scott, of Bueuchlach, 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 Pissacott and Buchman ascribe the success of the engagement), Angus withdrew from the height which he occupied, and drew up his forces behind it, upon a piece of low flat ground, called Panier-heugh, or Paniel-heugh. The spare horses being sent to an eminence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun 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 horde, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away with the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white gos-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—Godeskraft. The English, breathless and fatigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red cross, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse"—Lesley, p. 478.

In the battle fell Lord Evers, and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and 800 Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a cattle, and sheep, carried off. The lands upon Kele Water, belonging to the same chieftain, were also plundered, and much spoil obtained; thirty Scots slain, and the Moss Tower (a fortress near Edinbro) smother very sore. Thus Bueuchlach had a long account to settle at Ancram Moor.—MURISON'S State Papers, pp. 45, 46.
henevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at setting his ransum, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—Reppath's Border History, p. 563.

Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of 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 Scotman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kinmount! I can keep myself there against all his English host."—Godscroft.

Such was the noted battle of Aneram Moor. The spot, on which it was fought, is called Lyddy's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who, according to 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 Lylliard lies under this stone,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English huns she laid many thumps,
And, when her legs were cut off, she fought upon her stump."

Vide Account of the Parish of Midrros.

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.'s manor, called Kettes, in the county of Forfar, in Scotland, and there were the furthest part of the same nation northward, given to John Ure and his heirs, ancestor to the Lord Ure, that now is, for his service done in these parts, with market, &c., dated at Laner-

1 Angus had married the widow of James IV., sister to King Henry VIII.
2 Kinmount, now called Kinmout, is a montaunous tract at the head of Dougladale. (See notes to Castle Dangerous, Waverley Novels, vol. iv.)
3 See Cherry Chase.

Cadzow Castle.

The ruins of Cadzow, 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 Cadzow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian Forest, which annually 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 force 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 Cadzow Forest within these few years. 1833.—Ep.
black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ancient authors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that peculiarity, perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.

In detailing the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the following ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those of Dr. Robertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of historical painting.

"Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was the person who committed this barbarous action. He had been condemned to death soon after the battle of Langside, as we have already 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 Hamil-towns, 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 in 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 indigation. 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.—Thaneus, cap. 16.

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 striped the metropolitan church of St. Andrews of its covering," but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the escape of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—Jean, vol. ii. p. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Burney to assassinate Burleigh, and quoted the examples of Poltrut and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered, "that neither Poltrut nor Hamilton did attempt their enterprise, without some reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment 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 Dramlanrig, and are still to be seen at Chillingham Castle, in Northumbeland. 
2 This was Sir James Bellenden, Lord Justice-Clerk, whose shameless and inhuman capacity occasioned the catastrophe in the text.—Spattiswoode. 
This projecting gallery is still shown. The house to which

The text contains a historical account of the death of the Regent Murray, highlighting the incident at Bothwellhaugh and the subsequent events involving Hamilton. The narrative is rich with historical details and references to contemporary figures and events, reflecting the tumultuous nature of the era. The text also touches on themes of revenge, justice, and the influence of political and religious factions during that period.
or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goeth, according to the yle trayterous dysposyson of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."
—Murbin's State Papers, vol. i. p. 197.

Cadyow Castle.

Addressed to
The Right Honorable
Lady Anne Hamilton.1

When princely Hamilton's abode
Emnobled 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 loid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thril to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarse roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of Border frame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes, cant turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgetten 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,
Wore blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal banners flante between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The asher 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 fleetier 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 swarthly 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 hunters! sound the pypes!2

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where ycomen dight 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.

1 Eldest daughter of Archibald, ninth Duke of Hamilton.
2 The head of the family of Hamilton, at this period, was James, Earl of Arran, Duke of Chatelherault, in France, and first peer of the Scottish realm. In 1569, he was appointed by Queen Mary her lieutenant-general in Scotland, under the singular title of her adopted father.
3 See Appendix Note 3.
"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still won't 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,1 with darkening face
(Gray Paisley's haughty lord was he),
"At merry feast, or buxom chase,
No more the warrior will thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee2
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his heart's, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
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,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
'Vengeance,' 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 paniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;3

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some vision'd sight that saw,
Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—
'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle, and reeling steed,
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—"'Tis sweet to hear
In good Greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode,
At dawning morn, o'er Dale and down,
But pronder 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,5 my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
And mark'd, where, maling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

"Dark Morton,5 girl with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And dash'd their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan.6

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead7 were nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.8

"Mid penn'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumeage floated high;
Scarse could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.9

"From the raised vizor'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 sudden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast;
'Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

1 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 Dunlay.
2 See Appendix, Note B.
3 Ibid. Note D.
4 Ibid. Note C.
5 See Appendix, Note E.
6 Ibid. Note F.
7 Ibid. Note G.
8 Ibid. Note H.
9 Ibid. Note I.
10 Ibid. Note J.
11 Ibid. Note K.
APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

sound the prysc!—p. 600.

Prysce—The note blown at the death of the game.—In Caledonia elin frequens crat symphoris quidam bos, nume vero verior, quis, colore candidissimos, jubam densam et demissam inscribere longis gestat, trucidumur ac ferox ab humano genere abhorren, ut quaqueque homines vel manibus contracturint, vel habitu perfavorint, ab is multis post dies omnino absolverunt. Ad hoc tanta audacia haec bore indita crat, ut non solum irritatus equites furare pontos mercurii, sed ne tantillum lucessitius omnes promiscue homines corumus ac vangitae partit; ac eamrum, qui apud nos ferociissimi sunt, impetus plane contumetur. Ego cornes cortinaginosae, sed soporta suavissimae. Exarit olum per illam vastissimam Caledonia symphora frequens, sed humana ingluvia jam ossumptus tribus tantum locis est velud, Strengilii, Cambrensis, et Kincardine.—Iesuks, Scotiae Descriptio, p. 15.—[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 Chatelharault, and commentator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign, and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that 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 loop his faded steed.—P. 601.

Birrell informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, being closely pursued, "after that spur and wand had failed him, he drew forth his dagger, and stroke his horse behind, which caused the horse to leap a very brode stanke [i.e. ditch], by whilk means he escapeit, and gat away from all the rest of the horses."—Birrell'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:

"So having stablished all things in this sort, To Liddesdail he came; he did resort, Threw Ewiddail, Ekkdail, and all the dalles rode he, And also lay three nights in Canablack, Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris before. Nae thief durst stir, they did him fear sair; And, that they sild na mair their thirt allegie, Threesome and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge, Syne warldit thame, whilk maid the rest keep onler; Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on the Border."—Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 529.

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' pleaded clan.—P. 601.

This clan of Lennox Highlanders were attached to the Regent Murray. Hollinshed, speaking of the battle of Langside, says, "In this battle the valiancy of an Heland gentlemen, named Macfarlane, stood the Regent's part in great stead; for, in the hottest brunt of the fight, he came up with two hundred of his friends and countrymen, and so manfully gave in upon the flanks 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 suyce of the Countess of Murray, he recompensed that clemency by this piece of service now at this batayle." Calderwood's account is less favourable to the Macfarlanes. He states that "Macfarlane, with his Highlandmen, fled from the wing where they were set. The Lord Lindsay, who stood nearest to them in the Regent's battle, said, 'Let them go! I shall fill their place better'; and so, stepping forward, with a company of fresh men, charged the enemy, whose spears were now spent, with long weapons, so that they were driven back by force, being before almost overthrown by the avancourant and baggoverers, and so were turned to flight."—Calderwood's More and Less, p. 489. Macskillet mentions the flight of the vanguard, but states it to have been commanded by Morton, and composed chiefly of commons of the barony of Renfrew.

Note H.

Glencarin and stout Parkhead were nigh.—P. 601.

The Earl of Glencarin 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.

hoggard Lindsay's iron eye. That saw fair Mary weep in vain.—P. 601.

Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, was the most ferocious and brutal of the Regent's faction, and, as such, was employed to exact 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 pinched her arm with the grasp of his iron glove.

Note K.

So close the minions crowded nigh.—P. 601.

Not only had the Regent notice of the intended attempt upon his life, but even of the very house from which it was threatened. With that infatuation at which men wonder, after such events have happened, he deemed it would be a sufficient precaution to ride briskly past the dangerous spot. But even this was prevented by the crowd; so that Bothwellhaugh had time to take a deliberate aim.—Scottish Poems, p. 353. Buchanan.
The Gray Brother.

A FRAGMENT.

The imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a circumstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest which is often found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's intention to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his own satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not biased by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred inserting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them.

The tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newbattle, a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Hereon came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.¹

The scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious passage, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and persecuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, really believed himself to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes which they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their prescription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in that age.

"About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in the parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. After he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face covered; when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not one word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that the devil will not go out, that we may begin our work.' Then there was a woman went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a witch, with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, 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 Glencairn, in Galloway, part ii. § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in the performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of much higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden."—Vide Hyginii Fabular, cap. 26. "Medea Corintho exul, Athenas, ad Aegyum Pandonis filium devenit in hospitium, cigne unsipit.

"Postera saeclorum Diana Medseam exigitare copit, regique negatam sacra caste factae posse, eo quod in ea civitate castra mulier venefica et sectata; tune exulatur."

¹ This tradition was communicated to me by John Clerk, Esq., of Edin, author of an Essay upon Naval Tactics, who will be remembered by posterity, as having taught the Genius of Britain to concentrate her thunder, 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 Eske's fair woods, regain;
'Tho' 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 Eske'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 slum 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 glen.

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 fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streak'd the gray with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbattle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song:

¹ See Appendix, Notes 1 to 7
The heavy knoll, 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 sheathed 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?"—

The contemporary criticism on this noble ballad was all feeble, 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 lathing loves in a lake of storm. The same adaptation of parts is expedient in the poet. The stanza—

"Sweet are thy paths, O passing sweet!"

to

"And classic Hawthorned,"
disagreeably contrast with the mysterious, gloomy character of the ballad. Were these omitted, it would merit high rank for the terrific expectation it excites by the majestic introduction, and the awful close."—Critical Review, November, 1833.—Ed.

"I come not from the shrine of St. James the divine,
Nor bring relics from over the sea;
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me."

"Now, woeful pilgrim, say not so!
But kneel down to me,
And strive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be."

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
That I should strive to thee, [and heaven
When He, to whom are given the keys of earth
Has no power to pardon me?"

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done here 'twixt night and day."

The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye. 1

* * * * * * * * *

"Then came The Gray Brother, founded on another superstition, which seems to have been almost as ancient as the belief in ghosts: namely, that the holiest service of the altar cannot go on in the presence of an unclean person—a heinous sinner unconfessed and unabased. The fragmentary form of this poem greatly heightens the awfulness of its impression; and in construction and metre, the verses which really belong to the story appear to me the happiest that have ever been produced expressly in imitation of the ballad of the middle age. In the stanzas, previously quoted, on the scenery of the Eik, however beautiful in themselves, and however interesting now as marking the locality of the composition, he must be allowed to have lapsed into another strain, and produced a \textit{pannus purpureus} which interferes with and mars the general texture."—Life of Scott, vol. ii. p. 26.

APPENDIX.

NOTES 1 TO 7.

SCENERY OF THE EIK.—P. 605.

1 The barony of Pennycuik, the property of Sir George Clerk, Bart., is held by a singular tenure; the proprietor being bound to sit upon a large rocky fragment called the Buckstone, and wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall come to hunt on the Borough Muir, near Edinburgh. Hence the family have adopted as their crest a demi-freestone proper, winding a horn, with the motto, \textit{Free for a Blast}. The beautiful mansion-house of Pennycuik is much admired, both on account of the architecture and surrounding scenery.

2 Auchendinny, situated upon the Eik, below Pennycuik, the present residence of the ingenious H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the \textit{Men of Feeling}, &c.—Edition 1803.

3 "Haunted Woolhouselee."—For the traditions connected with this ruinous mansion, see Dallied of Cadogan 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 Linlithgow.

5 The ruins of Roslin Castle, the baronial residence of the ancient family of St. Chir. 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.

6 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 then joined by its sister stream of the same name.

7 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 clefts, which in former times were a refuge to the oppressed patriots of Scotland. Here Drummond received Ben Jonson, who journeyed from London on foot in order to visit him. The beauty of this striking scene has been much injured of late years by the indiscriminate use of the axe. The traveller now looks in vain for the leafy bower,

"Where Jonson sat in 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 has, since the above note was written, recovered all its proper ornament of wood 1831.

War-Song
OF THE
ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

"Veni armí. Is not peace the end of arms?"
"Cæsarach. Not where the cause implies a general conquest."

Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbors, Britons, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making head against a slight communion,
After a day of blood, peace might be agreed:
But where we grapple for the land we live on,
The liberty we hold more dear than life,
The gods we worship, and, next these, our honors,
And, with those swords that know no end of battle—
These men, beside themselves, allow no neighbor,
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 pace of honor—that's fair dealing;
But in our hands our swords. The hardy Roman,
That thinks to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under ground,
And be allied in ashes." — Bondane.

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 Gallican: "Prendite iteri in aiciam, et maiores vestros et posteros cognite." 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.

1 The song originally appeared in the Scots Magazine for 1802.—Ed

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,
Dismunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valor, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave!

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
   In Freedom's temple born.
Dress our pale cheek in timid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
   Or brook a victor's scorn?

No! though destruction o'er the land
   Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
   And set that night in blood.

1 The allusion is to the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the fatal 10th August, 1792. It is painful, but not useless, to remark, that the passive temper with which the Swiss regarded the death of their bravest countrymen, mercilessly slaughtered in discharge of their duty, encouraged and authorized the progressive injustice, by which the Alps, once the seat of the 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.—Ed.

2 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.

For gold let Gallia's legions fight,
   Or plunder's bloody gain;
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our king, to fence our law,
   Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
   Shall fan the tri-color,
Or footstep of invader rude,
   With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
   Adieu each tender tie!
Resolved, we mingle in the tide,
   Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer or to die.

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
   High sounds our bugle-call;
Combined by honor's sacred tie,
Our word is Laws and Liberty!
   March forward, one and all!
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 speeded,
Splash! splash! across the sea;
Hurray! The dead can ride again!
Dost fear to ride with me?"

In attempting a translation, then intended only to circulate among friends, the present Author did not hesitate to make use of this impressive stanza; for which freedom he has since obtained the forgiveness of the ingenious gentleman to whom it properly belongs.

WILLIAM AND HELEN

I.

From heavy dreams fair Helen rose,
And eyed the dawning red:
"Alas, my love, thou artiest long!
O art thou false or dead?"—

II.

With gallant Fred'rick's princely power
He sought the bold Crusade;
But not a word from Judah's wars
Told Helen how he sped.

III.

With 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.


1 The Chase and William and Helen; Two Ballads, from the German of Gottfried Augustus Bürger. Edinburgh: Printed by Mundell and Son, Royal Bank Close, for Manners and Miller, Parliament Square; and sold by T. Cadell, jun., 77
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, chatter! chatter! 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.
XXVII.
Awake, awake, arise, my love!
How, Helen, dost thou fare? [weep'st?
Wak'st thou, or sleep'st thou, or
Fast thought on me, my fair?"

XXVIII.
"My love! my love!—so late by night!—
I waked, I wept for thee:
Much have I borne since dawn of morn;
Where, William, couldst thou be?"

XXIX.
"We saddle late—from Hungary
I rode since darkness fell;
And to its bourne we both return
Before the matin-bell."—

XXX.
"O rest this night within my arms,
And warm thee in their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn bush the wind:
My love is deadly cold."—

XXXI.
"Let the wind howl through hawthorn bush!
This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is bright;
I cannot stay till day.

XXXII.
"Bush, busk, and bounse! Thou mount'st behind
Upon my black barb steed:
O'er stock and stile, a hundred miles,
We haste to bridal bed."—

XXXIII.
"To-night—to-night a hundred miles!—
O dearest William, stay!
The bell strikes twelve—dark, dismal hour!
O wait, my love, till day!"

XXXIV.
"Look here, look here—the moon shines clear—
Full fast I ween we ride;
Mount and away! for ere the day
We reach our bridal bed.

XXXV.
"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings;
Haste, busk, and bounse, and seat thee!
The feast is made, the chamber spread,
The bridal guests await thee."—

XXXVI.
Strong love prevailed: She busks, she bounes,
She mounts the barb behind,
And round her darling William's waist
Her lily arms she twined.

XXXVII.
And, hurry! hurry! off they rode,
As fast as fast might be;
Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels
The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.
And on the right, and on the left,
Ere they could snatch a view,
Fast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain,
And cot, and castle, flew.

XXXIX.
"Sit fast—dost fear!—The moon shines clear—
Fleet goes my barb—keep hold!
Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly said;
"But why so stern and cold?"

XL.
"What yonder rings? what yonder sings?
Why shrieks the owlet gray?"
"Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song,
The body to the clay.

XLI.
"With song and clang, at morrow's dawn,
Ye may inter the dead:
To-night I ride, with my young bride,
To deck our bridal bed.

XLII.
"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest,
To swell our nuptial song!
Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!
Come all, come all along!"—

XLIII.
Ceased clang and song; down sunk the bier;
The shrouded corpse arose:
And, hurry! hurry! all the train
The thundering steed pursues.

XLIV.
And, forward! forward! on they go;
High snorts the straining steed;
Thick pants the rider's laboring breath,
As headlong on they speed.

XLV.
"O William, why this savage haste?
And where thy bridal bed?"—
"'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,
And narrow, trustless maid."—

XLVI.
"No room for me?"—"Enough for both;—
Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!"
O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge
He drove the furious horse.
XLVII.
Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
The flashing pebbles flie.

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 croaks 'mid whistling rain?"—
"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel;
A murderer in his chain."

LI.
"Hollo! thou felon, follow here:
To bridal bed we ride;
And thou shalt prance a fatter 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 flie.

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 flie.

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 whis round
The birds of midnight, scared;
And rustling like autumnal leaves
Unshallowed ghosts were heard.

LXI.
O'er many a tomb and tombstone pale
He spurr'd the fiery horse,
Till sudden at an open grave
He cheek'd the wondrous course.

LXII.
The falling gauntlet quits the rein,
Down drops the casque of steel,
The cuirass leaves his shrinking side,
The spur his gory heel.

LXIII.
The eyes desert the naked skull,
The mould'ring flesh the bone,
Till Helen's lily arms outwine
A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.
The furious barb snorts 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 flit along,
Wheel round the maid in dismal dance,
And howl 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 "Wild 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 prodigal 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 Wildgraves' 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 hallow, 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 Fountainbleau. He was sometimes visible; when he appeared as a huntsman, surrounded with dogs, a tall grisly figure. Some account of him may be found in "Sully's Memoirs," who says he was called Le Grand Veuillez. 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 rifer diu
Of hot pursuit; the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs; the shouts of men,
And hoofs, thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the graying hoifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the huntsman'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 fand;
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 painted relics had been despoited there, the noise was never heard more. The reader will find this, and other miracles, recorded in the life of Father Bonaventura, which is written in the choicest Italian.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

[1796.]

The Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn,
To horse, to horse! hallow, hallow!
His fiery courser sniffs the morn,
And thronging surfs 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,
Load, long, and deep the bell had trill'd.

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Hallow, hallow! and, hark 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 swarthye hue of hell.

1 Published (1796) with William and Helen, and entitles "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 chase;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."—

"Away, and sweep the glades along?"
The Sable Hunter horse 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 prie-dieule ride,
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! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way;
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See, where you simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman with toil embroldn'd:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd,
In searching hour of fierce July."

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"—
Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done,—A single bound
Clears the poor laborer's humble pale;
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Fanine marks the maddening throng

Again uprous'd, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and halt 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 cheering to the prey;
The Earl no prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"—

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious bounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsmen near,
The murderous cries the stag appall,—
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.
With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung 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 heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, 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 courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shade,
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!
Scourner 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 sulphurous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs and eager cry;
In frantic fear he scours along:—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That off the lated peasant hears;
Appal'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of, "Holla, ho!"
The Fire-King.

1 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.

Bold 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 Countrie?  
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 Countrie.

"And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,  
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?"

When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,  
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;  
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;  
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high;  
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

"The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,  
It leaves of your castle but levinschorleid's 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 Curdimans adore,  
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;  
And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,  
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;  
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,  
When all this is accomplish'd for Zulema's sake."

He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword,  
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;  
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,  
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep, deep under ground,  
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watch'd until day-break, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldier amazed,
Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They search'd all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep, deep under ground,
He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burn'd unmoved, and naught else did he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and amazed was the King,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant return'd to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat,
And he turn'd him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarcely pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad,
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern when'er he drew nigh,
The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high;
In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim
The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguish'd in form,
His breath it was a 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 Samnar 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 charmed 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 charmed 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 clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntlet'd 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, Curdans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head.

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretch'd mid the slain?
And who is yon Page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bower,
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 "Claudia von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a gang of banditti, to engage the attention of the family, while his companions break into the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, to whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some material improvements, published it in his "Tales of Wonder."

Frederick leaves the land of France,
Homeward 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 untired blade,
Hope's gay dreams the soldier lead
Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn,
Lovely Alice wept alone;
Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn,
Hope, and peace, and honor flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the tear of anguish flows!—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of phrensy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd;
Seven long days and nights are o'er;
Death in pity brought his aid,
As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France,
Faithless Frederick onward rides;
Marking, blithe, the morning's glance
Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound,
As the tongue of yonder tower,
Slowly, to the hills around,
Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and sniffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise,
In the steed the spur he hides;
From himself in vain he flies;
Anxious, restless, on 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 yon ruin'd aisle,
By the lightning's flash descried?

To the portal, dank and low,
Fast his steed the wanderer bound.
Down a ruin'd staircase slow,
Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide!—
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!"
"Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"
Often lost their quivering beam,
Still the lights move slow before,
Till they rest their ghastly gleam
Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose;
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close!

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear
Voice of friends, by death removed;—
Well he knew that solemn air,
'Twas the lay that Alice loved.—

Hark! for now a solemn knell
Four times on the still night broke;
Four times, at its deaden'd swell,
Echoes from the ruins spoke.

As the lengthen'd clangors die,
Slowly open the iron door!
Straight a banquet met his eye,
But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since number'd with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
All arose, with thundering sound;
All the expected stranger greet.

High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swell:—
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!
Perjured, bid the light farewell!"

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—

"— Not alone he nursed the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patient 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, clasping in his arms as many as he could grasp, and thus opening a gap in those iron battalions, is celebrated in Swiss history. When fairly mingled together, the unwieldy length of their weapons, and cumbrous weight of their 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 folly, often mentioned in the middle ages. Leopold III., Archduke of Austria, called "The handsome man-at-arms," was slain in the Battle of Sempach, with the flower of his chivalry.

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

'Twas when among our linden-trees
The bees had 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 Swiss 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, shrieve ye of your sins,  
Before ye farther go:  
A skirmish in Helvetic hills  
May send your souls to woes."—

"But where now shall we find a priest  
Our shift that he may bear?"—  
"The Switzer priest: has ta’en on 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 Seumpach 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, then heart of hare!"  
Fierce Oxenstern replied.—  
"Shaft set then how the game will fare,"  
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets bright,  
And closing ranks amain;

The peaks they bellow’d from their boot-points  
Might well nigh load a wain."

And thus they to each other said,  
"You handful down to hew  
Will be no boastful tale to tell,  
The peasants are so few."—

The gallant Swiss Confederates there  
They pray’d to God aloud,  
And he display’d his rainbow fair  
Against a swarthy cloud.

Then heart and pulse throb’d more and more  
With courage firm and high,  
And down the good Confederates bore  
On the Austrian chivalry.

The Austrian Lion ‘gan to growl,  
And toss his mane and tail;  
And ball, and shaft, and crossbow bolt,  
Went whistling forth like hail.

Lance, pike, and halbert, mingled there,  
The game was nothing sweet;  
The boughs of many a stately tree  
Lay shivered 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 the patriotic war.
   In the original, Haugenstein, 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 luck, 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 König’s-field
Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold
So lordly would he ride,
But he came against the Switzer churls,
And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
“And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me in 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 Ret),
“For love, or meed, or charity,
Receive us in thy boat!”

Their anxious call the fisher heard,
And glad the meed to win,
His shallop to the shore he steer’d,
And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind
Hans stoutly row’d his way,
The noble to his follower sign’d
He should the boatman slay.

The fisher’s back was to them turn’d,
The squire his dagger drew,
Hans saw his shadow in the lake,
The boat he overthrow.

He ’whelm’d the boat, and as they strove,
He stunn’d them with his oar,
“Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs,
You’ll ne’er stab boatman more.

“Two gilded fishes in the lake
This morning have I caught,
Their silver scales may much avail,
Their carrion flesh is naught.”

It was a messenger of woe
Has sought the Austrian land;
“Ah! gracious lady, evil news!
My lord lies on the strand.

“At Sempach, on the battle-field,
His bloody corpse lies there.”—
“Ah, gracious God!” the lady cried,
“What tidings of despair?”

Now would you know the minstrel wight
Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert the Souter is he 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.]

The original of these verses occurs in a collection of German popular songs, entitled, Sammlung Deutscher 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.
stated to have been extracted from a manuscript Chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, chaplain to Saint Leonard in Weisenhorn, which bears the date 1533; 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 Moringer. This lady he supposes to have been Moringer’s daughter, mentioned in the ballad. He quotes the same authority for the death of Berchhold 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 15th century.

The legend itself turns on an incident not peculiar to Germany, and which, perhaps, was not unlikely to happen in more instances than one, when crusaders abode long in the Holy Land, and their disconsolate dames received no tidings of their fate. A story, very similar in circumstances, but without the miraculous machinery of Saint Thomas, is told of one of the ancient Lords of Haigh-hall in Lancashire, the patrimonial inheritance of the late Countess of Balcarras; and the particulars are represented on stained glass upon a window in that ancient manor-house.

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

I.
O, will you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day,
It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay;
He bade 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 stay,
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 Moringer, “Of that have thou no care,
There’s many a valiant gentleman of me holds living fair;
But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath
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 Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow.”

VI.
It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him bouned,
And met him there his Chamberlain, with ever and with gown;
He flung the mantle on his back, ‘twas furred 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 reposes 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 presumptuous  
tongue;  
“My noble lord, cast care away, and on your jour-  
ney wend,  
And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage  
has end."

XII.
Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly  
tried,  
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and  
with your vassals ride;  
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous and  
so dear,  
I'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent  
thirty year.”

XIII.
The noble Moringen 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  
avay,  
And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelve-  
months and a day.

XIV.
It was the noble Moringen within an orchard  
slept,  
When on 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 steeds  
another rein,  
And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal  
train;  
And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once  
and fair,  
This night within thy fathers' hall she weds Mars-  
tetten's heir.”

XVI.
It is the noble Moringen starts up and tears his  
beard,  
“Oh would that I had ne'er been born! what  
tidings have I heard!  
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would  
be my care,  
But, God! that o'er a squire untruse should wed  
my Lady fair.

XVII.
“O good Saint Thomas, hear,” he pray'd, “my  
patron Saint art thou,  
A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my  
vow!  
My wife he brings to infancy 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 Moringen 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;  
The Baron to the miller said, “Good friend, for  
Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may  
there be?”
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.

"Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free, 
God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind to me! 
And when Saint Martin’s tide comes round, and millers take their toll, 
The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole."

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began, 
And stood before the bolted gate a wee 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."

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow, 
For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with woe; 
And to the warder thus he spoke: "Friend, to thy Lady say, 
A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbor for a day.

"I’ve wander’d many a weary step, my strength is wellnigh done, 
And if she turn me from her gate I’ll see no morrow’s sun; 
I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas’ sake, a pilgrim’s bed and dole, 
And for the sake of Moringer, her once-loved husband’s soul."

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before, 
"A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil’d, stands at the castle-door; 
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas’ sake, for harbor and for dole, 
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband’s soul."
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 fro-
zen 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 palmer
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 palmer
gray."

XXXVIII.
The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it
close and near,
Then you might hear her shrick aloud, "The Mor-
inger is here!"

Then might you see her start from seat, while tears
in torrents fell,
But whether 'twas for joy or woe, the ladies best
can tell.

XXXIX.
But loud she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and every
saintly power,
That had return'd the Moringer before the mid-
night hour;
And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was
there bride,
That had like her preserved her troth, or been so
sorely tried.

XL.
"Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, "to con-
stant matrons due,
Who keep the troth that they have plighted, so steal
fastly and true;
For count the term how'er you will, so that you
count aright,
Seven twelve-months and a day are out when bells
toll twelve to-night."

XLI.
It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there
he drew,
He kneel'd before the Moringer, and down his wea-
pom threw;
"My oath and knightly faith are broke," these were
the words he said,
"Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take
thy vassal's head."

XLII.
The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did
say,
"He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven twelve-
months and a day;
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks
her sweet and fair,
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for
my heir.

XLIII.
"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the
old bridegroom the old,
Whose faith was kept till term and tide so pun-
tually were told;
But blessings on the warder kind that oped my
castle gate,
For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too
late."
The Erl-King.¹

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle particularly long in the snow.)

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 spurr'd thro' the wild
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasped to his bosom, the infant was dead!"

End of Ballads from the German
Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces,  
IN THE ORDER OF THEIR COMPOSITION OR PUBLICATION.

Juvenile Lines.  
FROM VIRGIL.  
1782.—Ætat. 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.—Ær. 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. 333, that these lines, first published in the English

1 "It must, I think, be allowed that these lines, though of the class to which the poet himself modestly ascribes them, and not to be compared with the efforts of Pope, still less of Cowley at the same period, show, nevertheless, praiseworthy dexterity for a boy of twelve."—Life of Scott, vol. i. p. 131.
Minstrelsy, 1810, were written in 1797, on occasion of the Poet's disappointment in love.

The violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through Wat'ry lastre 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 ruins 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.

Fragsents.

(1.) BOTHWELL CASTLE.

1799.

Thee 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. i. p. 23.

When fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers
Are mellowing in the noon;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin's 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
Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
Another tale wilt hear,—

Then all beneath the spreading beech,
Flung careless on the lea,
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach
Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,
He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood
Has started at the sound.

St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,
Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
That marked the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen mustered fast,
And bent the Norman bow.

Tall in the midst Sir Aylmer's rose,
Proud Pembroke's Earl was he—
While  

(2.) THE SHEPHERD'S TALE. 2

1799.

"Another imperfect ballad, in which he had meant to blend together two legends familiar to

1 Sir Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, Edward the
First's Governor of Scotland, usually resided at Bothwell Cas-
tle, the ruins of which attest the magnificence of the invader
—Ed.

LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

"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 strikes 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 caitiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain erne 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 know to yield.

"And if thy power can speed the hour
Of vengeance on my foes,
Theirs be the fate, from bridge and gate
To feed the hooded crows."

The Brownie took'd him in the face,
And his color fled with speed—
"I fear me," quoth he, "meanth it will be
To match thy word and deed.

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."—

* * * * * * * * *
And ne'er but once, my son, he says,
Was you sad cavern trud,
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 stopt 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 yo dark cavern fell; [white,
Through the cloudy night the snow gleam'd
Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

"You 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!"

"You 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 bound,
And the mutter'd oath of baulked wrath
Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
And held his breath for fear;
He rose and bitter cursed his foes,
As the sounds died on his ear.

"O bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,
For Scotland's wandering baud;
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land!

1 Lord; i.e. liefer—rather.
In ancient days when English bands
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,
The sword and shield of Scottish land
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

A warlock loved the warrior well,
Sir Michael Scott by name,
And he sought for his sake a spell to make,
Should the Southern foemen tame.

"Look thou," he said, "from Cessford head,
As the July sun sinks low,
And when glimmering white on Cheviot's height
Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,
The spell is complete which shall bring to thy feet
The haughty Saxon foe."

For many a year wrought the wizard here,
In Cheviot's bosom low,
Till the spell was complete, and in July's heat
Appear'd December's snow:
But Cessford's Halbert never came,
The wondrous cause to know.

For years before in Bowden aisle
The warrior's bones had lain,
And after short while, by female guile,
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

"But me and my brethren in this cell
His mighty charms retain,—
And he that can quell the powerful spell
Shall o'er broad Scotland reign."

He led him through an iron door
And up a winding stair,
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze
On the sight which open'd there.

Through the gloomy night flash'd ruddy light,—
A thousand torches glow;
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,
O'er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall
Stood a steed in harbing bright;
At the foot of each steed, all arm'd save the head,
Lay stretched 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 lambeegny strong, full twelve clls long,
By every warrior hung;
At each pommele there, for battle yare,
A Jedwood axe was hung.

The casque hung near each cavalier;
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Through the hall of granary.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam
That glared the warriors on,
Reflected light from armor bright,
In noontide splendor shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Through the boundless hall stood 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 rang.

No sounds through all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes aloof from the vaulted roof
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,
On an iron column borne,
Of antique shape, and giant size,
Appear'd a sword and horn.

"Now choose thee here," quoth his 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 brast,
That the Cheviot rock'd around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,
The awful bugle rung;
On Carlisle wall, and Berwick withal,
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,
The steeds did stamp and neigh;
And loud was the yell as each warrior fell
Sterte up with hoop and cry.

"Woe, woe," they cried, "thou callitf coward,
That ever thou wert born!
Why drew ye not the knightly sword
Before ye blew the horn?"
The morning on the mountain shone,
And on the bloody ground
Hurled 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, 1

Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimping to the eastern sea
She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain,
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
Around their monarch bled.

And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,
Earth's mountain billows come.

O will ye hear a mirthful bourd?
Or will ye hear of courtesie?
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 knove,
"Ca' this aue's nine and that aue's ten,
And bauld Lord William's cow." 2

"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 carv'd o'er and o'er—
Full many a chief of meikle pride
That Border bugle bore— 2

the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the
means of dissolving the spell. The man in confusion took the
horn and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly
started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles, the
men arose and clashed their armor, and the mortal, terrified at
the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand.
A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult
around, pronounced these words:

"Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn."

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the
entrance to which he could never again find. A moral
might be perhaps extracted from the legend, namely, that it is better
to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance."
He blew a note 'baith sharp and hie,
Till rock and water rang around—
Three score of moss-troopers and three
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had enter'd then,
And ere she wane the full,
Ye might see by her light in Harden glen
A bow o' kye and a hassen'd bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower
The quhair gaed round wi' meikle glee;
For the English beef was brought in bower,
And the English ale flow'd merrilie.

And mony a guest from Teviotside
And Yarrow's Braes were there;
Was never a lord in Scotland wide
That made more dainty fare.

They ate, they laugh'd, they sang and quaff'd,
Till maught on board was seen,
When knight and squire were bounie 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 feast ye shall be."

He rode him down by Falschope burn,
His cousin dear to see,
With him to take a riding turn—
Wat-draw-the-sword was he.

And when he came to Falschope 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 Dundreinnen's wa'—
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent
Her sisters' scarfs were borne,
But never at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret's colors worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstanse 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
Ycod 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 Enchantment

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 an
ounced to his followers the course which he had taken."—
Introduction to the Minstrelsy, p. 155.

1 "At Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones
surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the Tryest, or place
of appointment, which tradition averes to have been the ren-
dezvous of the neighboring warriors. The name of the leader

2 A cap of the name of a tree, a group of trees, or a wood.

3 A term used in heraldry to describe the texture of a shield.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

633

For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.
There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—
There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death,
Minstrels and bards of other days!
For the midnight wind is on the heath,
And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:
The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,
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 Lochin plow'd her billowy way,
And on your shores her Norsemen flung?
Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food,
All, by your harpings, doom'd to die
On bloody Largs and Luncarty. 2

"Mute are ye all? No murmurs strange
Upon the midnight breeze sail by;
Nor through the pines, with whistling change
Mimic the harp's wild harmony!
Mute are ye now?—Ye ne'er were mute,
When Murder with his bloody foot,
And Rapine with his iron hand,
Were hovering near your mountain strand.

"O yet awake the strain to tell,
By every deed in song enroll'd,
By every chief who fought or fell,
For Albion's weal in battle bold:—
From Colgach, 3 first who roll'd his car
Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
To him, of veteran memory dear,
Who victor died on Abonkir.

"By all their swords, by all their scars,
By all their names, a mighty spell!
By all their wounds, by all their wars,
Arise, the mighty strain to tell!
For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
More impious than the heathen Dane,
More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
Gaul's ravening legions hither come!"

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—
Strange murmurs fill my trembling ears,
Bristles my hair, my sinews quiver,
At the dread voice of other years—
"When targets clash'd, and bugles rang,
And blades round warriors' heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hark! the joys of Liberty!"

Melvellyn.

1805.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmorland.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide; [ling,
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yel-
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicum its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wan-
derer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown moun-
tain-heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

1 The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Llam-
omy or Red-hand.

2 Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats.

3 The Galgacus of Tacitus.
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,  
Ere he fade 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 Caeathelicann.

The Dying Bard.¹

1806.

AIR—Dejydd Gongwen.

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:

II.

No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,  
And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

III.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade  
Unhonor'd shall flourish, unhonor'd shall fade;  
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,  
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

IV.

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?

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 Taliessin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair,  
Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair;  
What tuneful enthusiasm shall worship their eye,  
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

The Norman Horse-shoe.

1806.

AIR—The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses are supposed to celebrate the defeat of Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rhipyn is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth

¹ This and the following were written for Mr. George Thomson's Welsh Airs, and are contained in his Select Melodies, vol. i.
I.
Red glows the forge in Stignil's bounds,
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armories, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the crouser'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-born ;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore, their banners broad should gleam,
In crimson light, on Rymny's stream ;
They vow'd, Caerphili's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurring heel.

III.
And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rymny's wave with crimson glows ;
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!
And sooth they vow'd—the 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

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 Hady'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 leading 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 ye hath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodlands approaches the foe."

Scarse 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 open,
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 Etrick's sullen roar
  Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Etrick 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 Etrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
  The Palmer welters there.

_The Maid of Neildpath._

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neildpath 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 Etrick 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."

_O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
  And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
  Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
  And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neildpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
  Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
  You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
  Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
  Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keener powers to see and hear,
  Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog pricked 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 moan,
  Which told her heart was broken.

_Wanderling Willie._

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 ban'd it for parting my Willie and me.
Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune,
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I 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 wisht 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 o'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 rovers,
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 leaf heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough, now thy story in annals of glory
Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain;
No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,
I never will part with my Willie again.

Wealth to Lord Melville.1

1806.

Air—Carrockfergus.

"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 applause, 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 treasure 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 coxcombs, 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 grenadier—  
Here's to old Harry, and long may he live!

They would turn us adrift; though rely, sir, upon it—  
Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that  
The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet  
Have oft gone as far as the regular's hat.  
We laugh at their taunting,  
For all we are wanting  
Is license our life for our country to give.  
Off with it merrily,  
Horse, foot and artillery,  
Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live!

'Tis not us alone, boys—the Army and Navy  
Have each got a slap 'mid their politic pranks;  
Cornwallis cashier'd, that watch'd winters to save ye,  
And the Cape call'd a bauble, unworthy of thanks.  
But vain is their 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 sure 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 damned he that dare not,—  
For my part, I'll spare not  
To beauty afflicted a tribute to give:  
Fill it up steadily,  
Drink it off readily—  
Here's to the Princess, and long may she live!

And since we must not set Auld Reekie in glory,  
And make her brown visage as light as her heart!  
Till each man illumine his own upper story,  
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.  
In Grenville and Spencer,  
And some few good men, sir,  
High talents we honor, slight difference forgive;  
But the Brewer we'll hoax,  
Tallyho to the Fox,  
And drink Melville for ever, as long as we live!"  

\[\text{Hunting Song.}^2\]

1808.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
On the mountain dawns the day,  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!  
Hounds are in their couples yelping,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
"Waken, lords and ladies gay!"

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
The mist has left the mountain gray,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaning:  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thickest 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 Stratt's \textit{Queenhoo-}

hall, 1808, inserted in the \textit{Edinburgh Annual Register} of the same year, and set to a Welsh air in Thomson's \textit{Select Melodies}, vol. iii. 1817.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Wakou, lords and ladies gay!  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we;  
Time, stern huntsman! who can bark,  
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 booteless 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 scorched me at a flame so hot;—  
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,  
In cheek, or chin, or brow,  
And deem the glance of woman's eye  
As weak as woman's vow;  
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,  
That is but lightly won;  
I'll steel my breast to beauty's art,  
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,  
The diamond's ray abides;  
The flame its glory hurls about,  
The gem its lustre hides;  
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,  
And glo'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 rush my heart to rest,—  
"Thy loving labor's lost;  
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,  
To be so strangely crested;  
The widow'd turtles mateless die,  
The phenix 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 lade it rise,  
Memorial of domestic charities.  
[spread,  
Still would'st thou know why o'er the marble  
In female grace the willow droops her head;  
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,  
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;  
What poet's voice is smother'd here in dust  
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—  
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,  
Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here Seward lies:  
Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship say;  
Go seek her genius in her living lay.

Prologue  
TO MISS Bailie's Play of the Family Legend.³  

1809.

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,  
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die;  
A poet could write in the same exquisite taste."—Life of Scott,  
vol. iii. p. 336.  
² Edinburgh Annual Register, 1809.  
³ Miss Bailie'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.
'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 sturdy 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 threateth the plain,
The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain;
The cot, beneath whose simple porch were told,
By gray-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old,
The infant group, that hush'd their sports the while,
And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile.
The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,
Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,
And sleep they in the Poet's gifted mind?
Oh no! For She, within whose mighty page
Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,
Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.
Yourself shall judge—who'er has raised the sail
By Mufl's dark coast, has heard this evening's tale.
The plainted boatman, resting on his car,
Points to the fatal rock amid the roar
Of whitening waves, and tells what'er to-night
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight;
Proudly 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.

Now blinks excisemen, and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind:
Thine eye, applauseive, each sly vermin sees,
That boulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,
Our backskimm'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 soon 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 last 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 covert fired a bold brigade;
La Douse Humanité approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt.
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Sces re-echo'd Vive la Libérté!
But mad Citizen, meek Monseigneur 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 thine own!
One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
Of silvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we your glades, where the proud oak o'er-tops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel cope,
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 struggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little wound, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce mark'd path descends you 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 barried door
Of boulder 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 boast o'eraw,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law),

1 Acadia, or Nova Scotia.
2 See Life of Scott vol. iii. p. 339.
The builder claims the unenviable boon,  
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon  
As wigwam wild, that shronds the native scope  
On the bleak coast of frost-bar'd Labrador!

Approach, and through the unlatticed window  
peep—  
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;  
Sink 'mid you sordid blankets, till the sun  
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.  
Loosed and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,  
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand;  
While round the hut are in disorder laid  
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;  
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,  
The crow, the saw, the bludgion, and the crape.  
His pièce'd powder in you nook he hoards,  
And the flank'd lead the church's roof affords—  
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,  
That while his sermon's dry his walls are wet.)  
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,  
Doe-kilts, and pleasant plumes, and skins of hare,  
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.  
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,  
You eak holds moonlight, run when moon was none;  
And late-snatched spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,  
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:  
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!  
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,  
And his dilated nostril toils in vain;  
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,  
And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.  
Beyond the loose and sable necklace stretch'd,  
His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd,  
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loth,  
Sounds of dire import—watchword, threat, and oath.  
Though, stupefied by toil, and drugg'd with gin,  
The body sleep, the restless guest within  
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,  
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismayed.—

"Was that wild start of terror and despair,  
Those bursting eyeballs, and that wilder'd air,  
Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare?  
Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch,  
For grouse or partridge massacred in March?"

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,  
There is no wicket in the gate of law!

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 precluding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr. William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King."  
2 To the bleak coast of eastern Labrador."—Falconer

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 dread,  
Whom bruise, pouchers, 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 spurn law's awful yoke,  
Must hard 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 contagious pass,  
Leavening and fostering 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 haul'd, or pilfer'd game,  
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads  
To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,  
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song;  
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,  
Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight round.  
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,  
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook  
The bittern's sullen shoot the edges shook!  
The waning moon, with storm presaging gleam,  
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam.  
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,  
Dellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—  
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the bushwood 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.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,  
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife.  
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—  
The rest his wak'ning 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 mends that are younger repair,  
For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreath the with the vine,  
Its tendrils in infancy curl'd,  
'Tis the ardor 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;  

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—

Oh he fear'd not our dragoons, with their long swords, boldly riding;  
Whack, fal de ral, &c.

To Campo Mayor come, he had quietly sat down,  
Just a friar'see 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;—  
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 sound'd at once the British rank and file;  
For Long, De Grey, and Otway, then  
Né'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.

1814.

"In the beginning of the year 1692, an action of unexampled barbarity disgraced the government

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 neglecting to take the oath within the time prescribed, and procured from the king a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan. This was done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the Glencoe men had plundered, and whose treachery to government in negotiating with the Highland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The King was accordingly persuaded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands; and the fact of the unfortunate chief’s submission having been concealed, the sanguinary orders for proceeding to military execution against his clan were in consequence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the King’s own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the Highlands to execute their orders with the utmost rigor. Campbell of Glenlyon, a captain in 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 Invergigfar, 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,” Encyc. 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, harper 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?

“O, no, not to those, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain-gray,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from 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 house-wifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal, 
At midnight drew the felon steel, 
And gave the host's kind breast to feel 
Mead 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 blaze-yre.

"Then woman's shriek was heard in vain, 
Nor infancy's unpitied plain, 
More than the warrior's groan, could gain 
Respite from ruthless butchery! 
The winter wind that whistled shrill, 
The snows that night that cloaked the hill, 
Though wild and pitiless, had still 
Far more than Southern clemency.

"Long have my harp's best notes been gone, 
Few are its strings, and faint their tone, 
They can but sound in desert lone 
Their gray-hair'd master's misery. 
Were each gray hair a minstrel string, 
Each chord should imprecations fling, 
Till Startled Scotland loud should ring 
'Revenge for blood and treachery!"

---

For a' that an' a' that.¹
A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

1814.

Though right be aft put down by strength, 
As morn a day we saw that, 
The true and leilhfu' 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.

---

The Thistle, though her leaf be rude, 
Yet faith we'll no misca' that, 
She shelter'd in her solitude 
The Fleur-de-lis, for a' that.

The Austrian Vine, the Prussian Pine 
(For Blucher's sake burra that), 
The Spanish Olive, too, shall join, 
And bloom in peace for a' that. 
Stout Russia's Hemp, so surely twined 
Around our wreath we'll draw that, 
And be that would the cord unbind, 
Shall have it for his gra-vat!

Or, if to choke sae pair 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 slipt, 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 guaw that: 
Now see it fly top-gallant high, 
Atlantic winds shall blow that, 
And Yankee loon, beware your crowns, 
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!

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Song,
FOR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB
OF SCOTLAND.

1814.

O, dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen, 
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain, 
And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her foes, 
Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her reign! 
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit, 
To take for his country the safety of shame; 
O, then in her triumph remember his merit, 
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.
Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labor, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he 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 shouts 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 Kerr join the praise of his Master,
Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad measure,
The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid,
To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure,
The wisdom that plan'd, and the zeal that obey'd;
Fill WELSTON's cup till it beam like his glory,
Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and Graham;
A thousand years hence hearts shall bound upon their story,
And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

---

Pharos Loquitur. 1

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.

---

Lines, 2

Addressed to Randal Macdonald, Esq., of Staffa. 3

1814.

Staffa, sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clan-Ranald!
Staffa! king of all kind follows!
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 Cheifain 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!

---

Letter in Verse

On the Voyage with the Commissioners of Northern Lights.

"Of the letters which Scott wrote to his friends during these happy six weeks, I have recovered only one, and it is, thanks to the leisure of the yacht, in verse. The strong and easy heroics of the first section prove, I think, that Mr. Canning did not err when he told him that if he chose he might emulate even Dryden's command of that

---

1 On the 30th of July, 1814, Mr. Hamilton, Dr. Erskine, and Mr. Duft, Commissioners, along with Mr. (now Sir) Walter Scott, and the writer, visited the Lighthouse; the Commissioners being then on one of their voyages of Inspection, noticed in the Introduction. They breakfasted in the Library, when Sir Walter, at the entrance 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.

3 Afterwards Sir Reginald Macdonald Stewart Seton 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 Curr's Haledonian Sketches.—Miscellaneous Press Works, vol. xii.

* The late Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, long Sheriff-Depot of Lanarkshire, and afterwards one of the Principal Clerks of Session in Scotland—died in 1831.

† Afterwards Lord Kinnear.

‡ The late Adam Duff, Esq., Sheriff-Depot of the county of Edinburgh.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

To moor his fishing-craft by Bressay's shore,
Greets every former mate and brother tar,
Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped 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 brails and boisterous mirth.

A sadder sight on you poor vessel's prow
The captive Norseman sits in silent woe,
And eyes the flags of Britain as they flow,
Hard fate of war, which Jade 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 night 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 bither 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 Greece's vales, nor Latian land,
Was fiercer strife than for this barren strand;
A race severe—the isle and ocean lords,
Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;
With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,
And bled their gods that they in battle died.

Such were the sires of Zetland—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 minstrel, as Scal'd and Minstrel sings,
Of fair-hair'd Harold, first of Norway's Kings);
But their high deeds to scale these crags confined,
Their only warfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castled coast?
Why of the horrors of the Sunburgh Rest?
May not these bald disjointed lines suffice,
Penn'd while my comraudes whirr 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 lade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide?

Such are the lays that Zetland Isles supply;
Drench'd with the drizzly spray and dropping sky
Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel I.—W. Scott

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.

10 HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKLEBUCH,
dc. dc. dc.

Lighthouse Yacht in the Sound of Lerwick,
Zetland, 6th August, 1814.

Health to the chief'man 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 Ness;
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 ear, 
Practised alike his venturous course to keep,
Through the white breakers or the pathless deep,
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain
A wretched pittance from the niggard main.
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves,
What comfort greets him, and what but receiv'd?
Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheer'd
When want and sorrow flied as you appear'd
Were to a Zetlander as the high dome
Of proud Drumnahurk 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 coronade,
With many a cavern seem'd, the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthly cormorant.
Wild round their rife'd brows, with frequent cry
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable base, with sullen sound,
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain
From those whose land has known oppression's chain;
For here the industrious Dutchman comes once more

Here, by each stormy peak and desert shore,
The hardy Islesman tugs the daring ear, 
Practised alike his venturous course to keep,
Through the white breakers or the pathless deep,
By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain
A wretched pittance from the niggard main.
And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves,
What comfort greets him, and what but receiv'd?
Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheer'd
When want and sorrow flied as you appear'd
Were to a Zetlander as the high dome
Of proud Drumnahurk 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 coronade,
With many a cavern seem'd, the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthly cormorant.
Wild round their rife'd brows, with frequent cry
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable base, with sullen sound,
In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain
From those whose land has known oppression's chain;
For here the industrious Dutchman comes once more

Here, by each stormy peak and desert shore,
The hardy Islesman tugs the daring ear, 
Practised alike his venturous course to keep,
Through the white breakers or the pathless deep,
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

POSTSCRIPTUM.
Kirkwall, Orkney, Aug. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commission’d a Kraken,
You will please be inform’d that they seldom are taken;
It is January two years, the Zetland folks say,
Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway bay;
He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,
But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,
Though bold in the seas of the North to assail
The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus and whale.

If your Grace thinks I’m writing the thing that is not,
You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. Scott—
(He’s not from our clan, though his merits deserve it,
But springs, I’m inform’d, from the Scotts of Scotstarvet); 1
He question’d the folks who beheld it with eyes,
But they differ’d confoundedly as to its size.
For instance, the modest and diffident swore
That it seem’d like the keel of a ship, and no more—
Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy more high,
Said it rose lik an island ’twixt ocean and sky—
But all of the hulk had a steady opinion
That ’twas sure a lieu subject of Neptune’s dominion—
And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly would wish,
To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish.
Had your order related to night-caps or hose,
Or mittens of worsted, there’s plenty of those,
Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale?
And direct me to send it—by sea or by mail?
The season, I’m told, is nigh over, but still
I could get you one fit for the lake at Bowhill.
Indeed, as to whales, there’s no need to be thrifty,
Since one day last fortnight two hundred and fifty,
Pursued by seven Orkneymen’s boats and no more,
Betwixt Trufness and Loanness 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 fluking (so tcrn it) the blubber to boil;
(Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection
That awakes at the thoughts of this odorous dissection).

1 The Scotts of Scotstarvet, and other families of the name in Fife and elsewhere, claim no kindred with the great clan of the Bonjer,—and their armorial bearings are different.

To see this huge marvel full fun 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 rangued,
And a palace that’s built by an earl that was hung’d.
But, farewell to Kirkwall—aboard we are going,
The anchor’s a-peak, and the breezes are blowing:
Our commodore calls all his hand to their places,
And ’tis time to release you—good night to your Graces!

Verses from Waverley.
1814.

"The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous ‘History of Frayr Bacon,’ has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride."

(1)—BRIDAL SONG.

To the tune of "I have been a Fiddler," &c.

And did ye not hear of a mirth befell
The morning 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-de-dees;
We set them a cockhorse, 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 fuddling cup,
And I did carry't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,
That he was persuaded that the ground look'd blue;
And I dare boldly 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 chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam:
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'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
'Even so fair'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And, to the shore in tumult toss'd,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change.
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay
As fair, as 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.

"Hr. (Daft Davie Gellatley) sung with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scotch ditty."

False love, and last 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 Ellen
Has moss on the floor,
That the step of Lord William
Be silent and sure.

Chap. ix.
(4.)—SCENE
IN LUCKIE MACLEARY'S TAVERN.

"In the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed, that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention 'unto a military ariette, which was a particular favorite of the Maréchal Due de Berwick;' then, imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French musquetaire, he immediately commenced,"

Mon cœur volage, dit-elle,
N'est pas pour vous, garçon,
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lou, Lou, Laridon.

Qui porte chapeau a plume,
Soulie a rouge talon,
Qui jone de la flûte,
Aussi de violon.
Lou, Lou, Laridon.

"Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but break in with what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethrowit, the Piper of Cuper; and, without wasting more time, struck up—"

It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killiebrad,
And mony a weary cast I made,
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunzie string,
Right seldom would I fail.

Chap. xi.

(5.)—"HIE AWAY, HIE AWAY."

"The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie Gellatley's voice singing to the two large grey hounds,"

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the coveywood 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, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag, which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubric heard some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and the crag was called upon to sing a little legend, in which they had been interwoven by some village poet, who, noteless as the race from which he sprung, Saved others' names, but left his own unminged."

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you bounie ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd;
Sign it with cross, and Bain 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 sat in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair:
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.
The Baron has been with King Robert his 
liege, 
These three long years in battle and siege; 
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 moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging 
storm,
When the cold gray mist brought the ghastly 
form!

* * * * * * 

(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 Braid-
wardine's personal encounter with Balmawhapple 
early next morning, after the evening quarrel be-
twixt the latter and Waverley.] 

(8.)—JANET GELLATLEY'S ALLEGED 
WITCHCRAFT.

"Thus anecdote led into a long discussion of."

All those idle thoughts and phantasies, 
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound, 
Shows, visions, soothsays, and prophecies, 
And all that signified is, as leasings, tales, and lies 
Chap. xiii.

(9.)—FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

"Flora had exchanged the measured and mo-
notonous 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 
troduced a prelude of wild and peculiar tone, 
which harmonized well with the distant water-
fall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in 
the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung 
the seat of the fair harpness. The following verses 
convey but little idea of the feelings with which, 
so sang and accompanied, they were heard by 
Waverley;"

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the 
vale, 
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael. 
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land, 
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every 
hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust, 
The bloodless claymore is but 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 re-
hearse, 
Let a blush or a blow be the mood of their verse! 
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone, 
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are 
past, 
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last; 
Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with the rays, 
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the 
blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled— the dear!— 
In the blush of the dawning the Standard uprear! 
Wide, while 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 vanish or die.

O sprung from the Kings who in Italy kept state,
Froud chief's of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat!
Combine like three 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 Coryrarrick 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 Clau-Gilliam, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of gray Fingen, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimeii will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the lake,
For 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—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore!
Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

"As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them, and immediately commenced with a theatrical air:"

O Lady of the desert, hail!
That lovrest the harping of the Gael,
Through fair and fertile regions borne.
Where never yet grew grass or corr.

"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,
On ne voit sur le rivage
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,
Suivis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabots—

Chap. xxii.

(10.)—LINES ON CAPTAIN WOGAN.

"The letter from the Chief contained Flora's lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I.; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn 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 domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career."

The Verses were inscribed,
TO AN OAK TREE,

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ——, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN, KILLED IN 1649.

Emblem of England’s ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valor fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honor’d sod to bloom,
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for, ‘mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell’d thy dauntless heart,
And, while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

’Twas then thou sought’st on Albyn’s hill
(When England’s sons the strife resign’d),
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death’s hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung;
Thy mourners were the plaided 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.

(11.)—“FOLLOW ME, FOLLOW ME.”

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 tends 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 expostulations on the subject of the secret.”—Life, vol. iv. p. 178.]

“No, John, I will not own the book—
I won’t, you Peacaroon.
When next I try St. Grubbby’s brook,
The A. of Wa—shall bait the hook—
And flat-fish bite as soon,
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler

WALTER SCOTT.”

Farewell to Mackenzie.
HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL.
FROM THE GAEIC.

1815.—ÆT. 44.

The original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is adapted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore distinct from the ordinary jorrams, 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 Lochcorran, 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!
Lyrical and Miscellaneous Pieces.

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew,
May her captain be skilful, her mariners true,
In danger unflinced, unwearied by toil,
Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean
should boil:
On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,¹
And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale!
Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail;
Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must know,
Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their 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 Skocone, and Conon'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 is 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 d' den'd thine ear and imprison'd thy tongue;
For brighter o'er all her obstructions arose.

The glow of the genius they could not oppose;
And who in the land of the Saxon or Gael,
Might match with Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail?

Thy sons rose around thee in light and in love,
All a father could hope, all a friend could approve;
What vails it the tale of thy sorrows to tell,—
In the spring-time of youth and of promise they fell!
Of the line of Fitzgerald remains not a male,
To bear the proud name of the Chief of Kintail.

And thou, gentle Dame, who must bear, to thy grief,
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a Chief,
Whom brief rolling moons in six changes have left,
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren bereft,
To thine ear of affection, how sad is the ball,
That salutes thee the Heir of the line of Kintail?

War-song of Lachlan,
High Chief of Maclean.

From the Gaelic.

This song appears to be imperfect, or, at least, like
many of the early Gaelic poems, makes a rapid transition from one subject to another; from the situation, namely, of one of the daughters of the clan, who opens the song by lamenting the absence of her lover, to an eulogium over the military glories of the Chief. The translator has endeavored to imitate the abrupt style of the original.

A weary month has wander'd o'er,
Since last we parted on the shore;
Heaven! that I saw thee, Love, once more,
Safe on that shore again!—
'Twas valiant Lachlan gave the word:
Lachlan, of many a galley lord,
He call'd his kindred bands on board,
And launch'd them on the main.

Clan-Gillian¹ is to ocean gone;
Clan-Gillian, fierce in foray known;

1 Bonail, or Bonallie, 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-

1 B. 2 C. 3 The Honorable Lady Hood, daughter of the last Lord Sea-
forth, widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, now Mrs. Stewart
Mackenzie of Seafirth and Glasserton.—1833.
4 i.e. The clan of Maclean, literally the race of Gillian

1815.
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 banished bag-pipes’ maddening sound;
Clan-Gillian’s onset echoing round,
   Shall shake their immemorial 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.]

Sonnets to 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 1 rue,
When waked, to music of our own,
   The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
   Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless2 air they float,
   Prolong’d from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
   His waters never knew,

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 songstress3 at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
   Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

The Dance of Death. 4

1815.

I.

Nignt and morning 4 were at meeting
   Over Waterloo;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
   Paint and low they crew;
For no pally beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolong’d the sway
   Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark’d it a predestined hour,
Broad and frequent through the night
Flash’d the sheets of levins-light;
Mu-kets, 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,

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1 MS.—“ Absence.”
2 MS.—“Midnight.”
3 These lines were written after an evening spent at Saint Soud with the late Lady Alvanley and her daughters, one of whom was the songstress alluded to in the text.
5 MS.—“Dawn and darkness.”
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fussiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends' and foesmen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgowar,
And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevies hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell.¹

III.
'Loon on the outskirts of the host,
The weary sentinel held post,
And heard, through darkness far aloof,
The frequent clang² of courser's hoof,
Where held the cloak'd patriot their course,
And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse;
But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
And sights before his eye aghast
Invisible to them have pass'd,
When down the destined plain,
'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
Wild as marsh-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 Fledden's fatal plain;²
Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
As Choosers of the Slain, adored
The yet unchristen'd Dane.
An indistinct and phantom band,
They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
With gestures wild and dreadful;
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. 599.
² MS.—"Oft came the clang " &c.
VII.

"Wheele the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers,
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welpin’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

He 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 shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary’s shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honor’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 desert rung,
As, faithful to his favorite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung:

³ The original of this ballad also was written and composed by the Duchesse de St. Lou. The translation has been set to music by Mr. Thomson. See his Collection of Scottish Songs, 1836.
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way, 'Mid spluttering 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.¹

1815.

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
'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 BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH
ON CARTERHAUGH.²

1815.

From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is wavin' 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 Etrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of Buccleuch.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

A Stripling's weak hand² to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and CAR:
And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
To each Laird and each Lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

¹ This trifle also is from the French Collection, found at Waterloo.—See Paul's Letters.
² This song appears with Music in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection—1826. The foot-ball match on which it was written took place on December 5, 1815, and was also celebrated by the Etrick Shepherd. See Life of Scott, vol. v. pp. 112, 116, 122.
³ 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 Etrick 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."_  

_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._

1 "Sleep on till day," These words, adapted to a melody
somewhat different from the cadul, are sung in my friend
Mr. Terry's drama of "Guy Mannering." [The "Lullaby"
was first printed in Mr. Terry's drama; it was afterwards set
to music in Thomson's Collection, 1822.]

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**Verses from Guy Mannering.**

_1815._

**I.—SONGS OF MEG MERRILIES.**

**NATIVITY OF HARRY BERTRAM.**

*Canny* moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lads, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hilders witches of their will;
Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear._

_2._

"TWIST YE, TWINE YE."

Twiss 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,
Saints to help thee at thy need;—
Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
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 songstress paused, and was answered by
one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed
to proceed from the very agony of the mortal
strife. 'It will not be,' she muttered to herself.
'He cannot pass away with that on his mind; it
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. xli.

(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 bin lieiderlich,

Du bist leiderlich,
Sind wir nicht lieiderlich 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.¹

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 waries 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 flowed 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, distinguishing'd and clear.

Utonia'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.²
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, shoulds
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!²
Was she too, a vision, just glancing to view,
Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to dew!

¹ First published in Mr. G. Thomson's Collection of Irish
Airû 1816.

² In ancient Irish poetry, the standard of Fion, or Fingal, is
called the Sun-burst, an epithet feebly rendered by the Sun
bean 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."

---

Jock of Hazeldean.

Air—A Border Melody.

1816.

The first stanza of this Ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

I.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa' 
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that check so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

III.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor bruid to bind your hair;
Nor metalled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost of them a'
Shall ride our forest queen"—

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.

---

Piebrough of Donald Dhu.

Air—"Piebrough of Donald Dhuidh."

1816.

This is a very ancient piebrough 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 defeated and put to flight the Earls of Mor and Caithness, though at the head of an army superior to his own. The words of the set, theme, or melody, to which the pipe variations are applied, run thus in Gaelic:

Piebrough of Donald the Black,
The piebrough of Donald the Black,
The war-pipe and the pennon are on the gathering-place at Inverlochy.

1 "The piebrough 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 tended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninter'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad swords 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 pluidz, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donnell Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Nora's Vow.
Air—"Cha teid mis a charaidh."

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.

See also Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection. 1822.

For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son.—

II.
"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light;
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the Earlie's son.—

III.
"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruachan fall, and crush Killburn;
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 wanted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruachan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

Macleod's Gathering.
Air—"Thain a Grisolacht."

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 Grigalarch!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.
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, Coalduirn 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 galleys shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston1 like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

First in Europe's banded war;
For the renews 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 boomen 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.2

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—"

1 "Rob Roy MacGregor's own designation was of Inner¬smad; 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 Glenfallach."—Intro. to Rob Roy, W. 1. vii. 31.

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.)—EPISTAPH ON JON O’ YE GINNELL.

"Beneath an old oak-tree, upon a hillock, lay a moss-grown stone, and, in memory of the departed worthy, it bore an inscription, of which, as Mr. Oldbuck affirmed (though many doubted), the departed characters could be distinctly traced to the following effect?"—

Heir lyeth Jon o’ ye Ginell.  
Erth has ye nit and heunen ye kinnell. 
In hya tymes ilk wyfe’s hennis clokit,  
Ilka gud mannis herth wi’ bairnis was stokit,  
He deled a boll o’ bear in firllotis 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 chantimg 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 carle,  
And listen great and sma’,  
And I will sing of Glenallan’s Earl  
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronech’s cried on Benachie,  
And down the Don and a’,  
And hieland and lawland may mournfu’ be  
For the sair field of Harlaw.—

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,  
They 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  
Wi’ twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,  
Their glaives were glancing clear,  
The piobrochs rung frum side to side,  
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,  
That Highland host to see:  
"Now here a knight that’s stout and good  
May prove a jeopardie:"

"What wouldest 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 wond’rous 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 plucks,  
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 kersne."

* * * * * *

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. xlv.

MOTTOES IN THE ANTIQUARY.

"The scraps of poetry which have been in mast cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these
Novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover appropriate mottoes, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the shower by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed, 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 graver authors have been ransacked in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible.—Introduction to Chronicles of the Canongate.

1.
I knew Anselm. He was shrewd and prudent, Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him; But he was shrewd as a wayward child, And pleased again by toys which childhood please; As—book of fables graced with print of wood, Or else the jingling of a rusty medal, Or the rare melody of some old ditty, That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

(2.)—Chap. ix.
"Be brave," she cried, "you yet may be our guest. Our haunted room was ever held the best: If, then, your valor can the fight sustain Of rustling curtains, and the clanking 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, 'Tll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room." True Story.

(3.)—Chap. xi.
Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision sent, And order'd all the pageants as they went; Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,— The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

(4.)—Chap. xii.
Beggar!—the only freemen of your Commonwealth; Free above Scot-free, that observe no laws, Obey no governor, use no religion [toms, But what they draw from their own ancient cuse Or constitute themselves, yet they are no rebels. Brome.

(5.)—Chap. xix.
Here has been such a stormy encounter, Betwixt my cousin Captain, and this soldier, About I know not what.—nothing, indeed; Competitions, degrees, and comparatives Of soldiership!—

A Faire Quarrel.

(6.)—Chap. xx.
——If you 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 desertsse forehead.

A Faire Quarrel.

(7.)—Chap. xxi.
——The Lord Abbot had a soul Sublile and quick, and searching as the fire: By magic stais 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 had the best—the argument Still galls our champion's breech.

Old Play.

(10.)—Chap. xxxi.
Tell me not of it, friend—when the young weep, Their tears are lukewarm brine;—from our old eyes Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North, Chilling the furrows of our with'er'd cheeks, Cold as our hopes, and harden'd as our feeling— Theirs, as they fall, shik 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 pureness, Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us; Then in our hair, when Time hath chill'd our joints, And main'd our hope of combat, or of flight.
We hear her deep-mouth'd bay, announcing all
Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides us.  
Old Play.

(12)—Chap. xxxiv.
Still in his dead hand drench'd remain the strings
That thrill his father's heart—o'er as the limb,
Lopp'd off and laid in grave, retains, they tell us,
Strange commerce with the mutilated stump,
Whose nerves are twinging still in main'd exist-
ence.  
Old Play.

(13)—Chap. xxxv.
— Life, with you,
Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries;  
'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy:—
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling
With its base dregs the vessel that contains it.  
Old Play.

(14)—Chap. xxxvii.
Yes! I love Justice well—as well as you do—
But, since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse me,
If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb—
The breath I utter now shall be no means
To take away from me my breath in future.  
Old Play.

(15)—Chap. xxxviii.
Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor 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—
Old Play.

(16)—Chap. xl.
Life ebb's from such old age, numark'd and silent,
As the slow neap-tide leaves you stranded galleys.
Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
Is settling on the sand, her mast has t'en
An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
Useless as motionless.  
Old Play.

(17)—Chap. xli.
So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,
Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
With hand outstretched, impatient to destroy,
Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy,
Whose gripe rapacious changed her splendid dream,
For wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream.  
The Loves of the Sea-Winds.

(18)—Chap. xlii.
Let those go see who will—I like it not—
For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
And all the nothings he is now divorced from
By the hard doom of stern necessity;
Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,
Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil
O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant Anguish.  
Old Play.

(19)—Chap. xliii.
Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but circles,
Like the fleet sea-bird round the Fowler's skiff—
Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
As if to court the aim.—Experience watches,
And has her on the wheel.——
Old Play.

(20)—Chap. xlv
Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her.
Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
Or sigh because she smil's—and smiles on others?
Not I, by Heaven—'I hold my peace too dear,
To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.  
Old Play.

["It may be worth noting, that it was in correcting the proofsheets of The Antiquary that Scott first took to equipping his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. 'Hang it, Johnnie,' cried Scott, 'I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one.' He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of 'old play' or 'old ballad,' to which we owe some of the most exquisite verses that ever flowed from his pen."—Life, vol. v. p. 145.]

From the Black Dwarf.

1816.

MOTTOES.

(1)—Chap. v.
The bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring
And, in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive;
And thus the heart, most sear’d to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear, joys in the smile of woman.

_Beaumont._

(2.)—Chap. xvi.

_————_ ‘Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: Time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him—Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

_Old Play._

From Old Mortality.

1816.

(1.)—MAJOR BELLENDEN’S SONG.

_and what though winter will pinch severe_
Through locks of gray and a cloak that’s old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow!

Chap. xix.

(2.)—VERSEs FOUND IN BOTHWELL’S POCKET-BOOK.

“Writ these letters was a lock of hair wrapped
In a copy of verses, written obviously with a feeling
Which avened, 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 irdful 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 BURLY

“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 ane saint to prelates surly,
Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley
Who, stirred up to vengeance take,
For Solemn League and Covenant’s sake,
Upon the Magus-Moor, in Fife,
Did tak’ James Sharpe the apostate’s life;
By Dutchman’s hands was hacked and shot,
Then drowned in Clyde near this same spot.

Chap. xlv

MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. v.

Arouse thee, youth!—it is no common call,—
God’s Church is leaguer’d—haste to man the wall;
Haste where the Red-cross banners wave on high,
Signals of honor’d death or victory.

JAMES DUFF.

(2.)—Chap. xiv.

My hounds may a’ rin masterless,
My hawks may fly frue tree to tree,
LYRLCAL 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 file!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

The Search after Happiness;

OR,

THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

1817.

I.

On for a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrwd and shy,
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 Sultam Solimann, 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:—
For me, I love the honest heart and warm
Of Monarch who can anable round his farm,
Or, when the toil of state no more annoy's,
In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass;
In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
Keep up the jest, and mingle in the lay—
Such Monarchs best our free-born humor's suit,
But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.


2 The hint of the following tale is taken from La Camisca Begea, a novel of Gian Battista Casti.

III.

This Solimann, Serendib had in sway—
And where's Serendib? may some critic say.—
Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
Scarce not my Pegasus before I start!
If Remell 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, lain to find a guest who thought them shorter
He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—
The last edition see, by Long. and Co.,
Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row

IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
This Sultaun, whether lacking contradiction—
(A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
—Soeverign specific for all sorts of cures
In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours),
The Sultaun lacking this same wholesome bitter
Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
Or if some Mollah had lag-rid his dreams
With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
I wet 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 scrall'd jargon in a dark'ned 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 unguent Mahazzim al Zerdusekab,
While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
Relied on his Munuskif al fill'ly.
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 grown chary,
Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labor,
Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.

1 See the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.
2 See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.
3 For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna.
There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches
To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

VI.
Then was the council call'd—by their advice
(They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,
And sought to shift it off from their own shoulders),
Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
To call a sort of Eastern Parliament.
Of feudatory chief-stains and seetholders—
Such have the Persians at this very day,
My gallant Malcolm calls them convoltdai;—
I'm not prepared to show in this slight song
That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
E'en let the lea'md go search, and tell me if I'm wrong.

VII.
The Omrahs, each with hand on scymitar,
Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war—
"The sabre of the Sultaun in its sheath
Too long has slept, nor o'wll'd the work of death;
Let the Tambouri 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 fit away,
When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,
And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.
Each noble pant's to own the glorious summons—and
For the charges—Lo! your faithful Commons!"
The Riot's who attended in their places
(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)
Look'd wreakfully in one another's faces,
From this coration 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 trowsers.

VIII.
And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban green,
Imam and Mohab there of every station,
Santon, Falkir, 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-Soofit,
More closely touch'd the point:—"Thy studious mood,"
Quoth he, "O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy blood,
And dul'd thy brain with labor beyond measure;
Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure,
And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy treasure;
From all the cares of state, my Liege, enlarge thee,
And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy."

IX.
These counsels sage availed not a whit,
And so the patient (as is not uncommon
Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)
Resolved to take advice of an old woman;
His mother she, a dame who once was beauteous,
And still was called so by each subject duteous.
Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,
Or only made believe, I cannot say—
But she professed to cure disease the sternest,
By dint of magic amulet or lay;
And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

X.
"Sympathia magica hath wonders done"
(Thus did old Fatima bespeak her 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 immost vesture of a happy man,
I mean his sorrow, 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 prompt to plough the main.
The old Rais 3 was the first who questioned,
"Whither?"
They paused—"Arabien," thought the pensive Prince,

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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 Juden 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 dolmans 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 flocks,
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 noodle biding,
Gave indication of a recent hiding:—
Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things are heedless,
Thought it a thing indecent 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, Venetia, &c.
3 The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo, i.e. Brother Devil.
4 Loud voice mustered up, for "Vive le Roi!"
Then whisper'd, "Are you any news of Nappy?"
The Sultaun 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 grim'd, and took his snuff
And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

XIV.
Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsel's wont to put into their tuckers
(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 Boul! I was not know him—Yes, I vas—
I was remember dat, von year or two,
I saw him at von place call'd Waterloo—
Ma foi! il s'est tres joliment battu,
Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-vous?
But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,
Rogue I no like—dey call him Wellington."—
Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,
So Solomon 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 Solomon salam'd,—
"And who are you," John answer'd, "and be d—d?"

XVI.
"A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
So, signor, all avouch,—in Frangistan."—
"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 racking tax
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."—

4 Or dubbing; so called in the slang Dictionary.
5 See the True-Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe.
6 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 Sultaun hard,
“It's my belief you come to break the yard!—
But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—
Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner.”—
With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head;
But, with due dignity, the Sultaun 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 douncey span her flax and milk'd her cow.
And whereas erst she was a needly slattern,
Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,
And once a-week a plentiful board she kept.
And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
And teeth, of yore, on slander provocation,
She now was grown amenable to laws,
A quiet soul as any in the nation
The sole remembrance of her warlike joys
Was in old songs she 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 Sultaun enter'd, and he made his leg,
And with decorum curtsy'd sister Peg;
(She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
And guess'd at once with whom she had to do).
She bade him “Sit into the fire,” and took
Her drum, her cake, her kebuck from the nook
Ask'd him “about the news from Eastern parts;
And of her absent bairns, purr Highland hearts!
If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
And if the nitwangs were grown any cheaper;—
Were there nae speerings of our Mungo Park—
Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinnin',
I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen.”

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle
In search of goods her customer to mail,
Until the Sultaun strain'd his princely throttle,
And hollo'd,—"Ma'am, that is not what I all.
Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"—
"Happy!" said Peg: "What for d'ye want to ken?
Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
Grain wadna pay the yoking of the plengh."—
"What say you to the present?"—"Meals's see dear,
To mak' their braise my bairns have scarce enough."—
"The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,
"I think my quest will end as it begin—
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 Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under,
Till the poor lad, like boy that's hogg'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 staring-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 Sultaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day:
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her 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 Sultaun 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 save his shirt."—

XXII.

Shiela their plan was wellhigh 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-bubboo! Paddy had not—a shirt to his back!!!
And the King, disappointed, with sorrow and shame,
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.
Mr. Kemble's Farewell Address,1
ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

1817.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpets' 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 failing 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 war 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 Shakespeare'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.

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Lines,2
WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH.

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1817.

When the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.

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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 were vehement and prolonged; they ceased—were resumed—rose again—were reiterated—and again were hushed. In a few minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of Macbeth (the audience by a consentaneous movement rising to receive him), to deliver his farewell." . . . "Mr. Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty, and with an effect that was 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, in so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his professional life for ever."

2 These lines were first printed in "The Forget-Me-Not, for 1814." They were written for recitation by the distinguished actress, Miss Smith, now Mrs. 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 inclosed them, the poet intimated that they were written on the morning of the day on which they were sent—that he thought the idea better than the execution, and forwarded them with the hope of their adding perhaps "a little salt to the bill."
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 Cauldshields 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 favour'd land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For many talent, and for female charms,"

Lines written for Mr. J. Kemble.

2 "Nathaniel Gow told me that he got the air from an old

The air, composed by the Editor of Albyn's Anthology. The words written for Mr. George Thomson's Scottish Melodies (1822.)

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—
Are they still such as once they were?
Or is the 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 useless 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—"Yndeith Miwange."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEO. THOMSON'S WELSH MELODIES

1817.

Ethelred or Olaf, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, and Brockmael, 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 anthems 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 band
Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand?
Such was the Divine decrea

O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that ceasers only swung,
Met the northern bow and hill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill;
Woe to Brocken'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,
Shatter'd 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!

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.

W. S.

[Sir Walter's companion on this excursion was Captain, now Sir Adam Ferguson.—See Life, vol. v. p. 234.]

From Rob Roy.

1817.

(1.)—TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

"A blotted piece of paper dropped out of the book, and, being taken up by my father, he interrupted a hint from Owen, on the propriety of securing loose memoranda with a little paste, by exclaiming, 'To the memory of Edward the Black Prince—What's all this?—verses!—By Heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!'"

O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabin echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.

"'Fontarabin echoes!' continued my father, interrupting himself; the Fontarabin 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 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 Cressey and Poitier,
In Bourdeaux dying lay.

run, tot aequalis porticum, tanta turba ruderum quantum ut
alibi cernas.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

"'Poictiers, 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—Goodmorrow, my masters all, and a merry Christmas to you!—Why, the bellman writes better lines?'"

Chap. ii.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

"Woe to the vanquish'd I" when his massive blade
Bore down the scale against her ransom weight'd,
And on the field of foughten battle still,
Who knows no limit save the victor's will.

The Gaulliad.

(6.)—Chap. xxxii.
And be he safe restored ere evening set,
Or, if there's vengeance in an injured heart,
And power to wreak it in an arm'd hand,
Your land shall ache for't.

Old Play.

(7.)—Chap. xxxvi.
Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's cold breast;
To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

Epilogue to the Appeal.¹

spoken by Mrs. Henry Siddons,
Feb. 16, 1818.

A cat of yore (or else old 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 Jall 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 Seylla 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.⁴

1818.

Ann—"Cha till mi tuille."⁵

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 thilis Macleod, cha till Macrimmon," "I shall never return; although Macleod returns, yet Macrimmon shall never return!" The piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the emigrants from the West 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 betwixt the Magistrates and many of the Inhabitants of the City, concerning a range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge; which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.
⁴ Written for Albyn's Anthology.
⁵ "We return no more."
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever; 
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never! 
The Banessie’s wild voice sings the death-dirge before me,¹
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o’er me; 
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver, 
Though devoted I go—to return again never!

“Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon’s 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 thillich Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!”

#### Donald Caird’s Come Again.

**AIR—“Malcolm Caird’s come again.”**¹²

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 lift and sing,  
Blithely dance the Illeland fling,  
Drink till the gudeman be blind,  
Fleech till the gudewife be kind;  
Hoop a leggin, 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 maunkin,  
Kens the wiles o’ dun-deer staukin’,  
Leisters kipper, makes a shift  
To shoot a muir-fowl in the drift;

Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
He can wauk when they are sleepers;  
Not for bountith or reward  
Dare ye mell wi’ Donald Caird.

Donald Caird’s come again!  
Donald Caird’s come again!  
Gar the bappies knou amain,  
Donald Caird’s come again.

Donald Caird can drink a gill  
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;  
Ilka ane that sells guide liquor  
Kens how Donald bends a bicker;  
When he’s fou he’s stout and saucy,  
Keeps the cantle o’ the causey;  
Hieland chief and Lawland laird  
Mann gie room to Donald Caird!

Donald Caird’s come again!  
Donald Caird’s come again!  
Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
Donald Caird’s come again.

Steek the anmie, lock the kist,  
Else some gear may weel be mist;  
Donald Caird finds orra things  
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings;  
Dunts of keebuck, taits o’ woo,  
Whileys a hen and whileys a sow,  
Webs or dials frae hedge or yard—  
‘Wære the wuddie, Donald Caird!  

Donald Caird’s come again!  
Donald Caird’s come again!  
Dinna let the Shirra ken  
Donald Caird’s come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern,  
Craig to tether, legs to airn;  
But Donald Caird, wi’ mickle study,  
Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie;  
Rings of airn, and bolts of steel,  
Fell like ice frae hand and heel!  
Watch the sheep in fandl and glen,  
Donald Caird’s come again!

Donald Caird’s come again!  
Donald Caird’s come again!  
Dinna let the Justice ken,  
Donald Caird’s come again.⁵

¹ See a note on Banessie, Lady of the Lake, ante, p. 250.
² Written for Albany’s Anthology, vol. ii., 1815, and set to music in Mr. Thomson’s Collection, in 1822.
³ Caird signifies Tinker.
⁴ Mr. D. Thomson, of Galashiel, produced a parody on this song at an annual dinner of the manufacturers there, which

Sir Walter Scott usually attended; and the Poet was highly amused with a sly allusion to his two-fold character of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and author-suspect of “Rob Roy,” in the chorus,—

“Think ye, does the Shirra ken  
Rob Al’ 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 bound’s in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.

O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride!
There’s twenty men, wi’ bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.

Hay 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—
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 glaist
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’m Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day;
The wild-fire that flashes so far and so free
Was never so bright, or so bonnie as me.

He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

“As Jeanie entered, she heard first the air, and
then a part of the chorus and words of what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly harvest-home.”

Our work is over—over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long 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,—
And Hope but sickens at delay,—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere;
Doff thy robe of sin and clay;
Christians, rise, and come away.

"Her next seemed to be the fragment of some
old ballad?"—

Caused is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow:
But thine shall be as sad and cold,
My false true-love! to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow.

"Again she changed the tune to one wilder,
less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words
only a fragment or two could be collected by those
who listened to this singular scene?"—

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"—
"When six brae gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"—
"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.
The owl from the steeple sing,
'We welcome, proud lady!""

"Her voice died away with the last notes, and
she fell into a slumber, from which the experienced
attendant assured them, that she would never
awake at all, or only in the death-agony.
"Her first prophecy was true. The poor maiden
parted with existence, without again uttering a
sound of any kind."

Chaps. xv.—xxxviii. passim.

[2.]—MOTTOES.

(1.)—CHAP. XIX.
To man, in this his trial state,
The privilege is given,

When lost by tides of human fate,
To anch'or fast in Heaven.
Watts' Hymns

(2.)—CHAP. XXXIII.
Law, take thy victim!—May she find the mercy
In thy mild heaven which this hard world denies her!

(3.)—CHAP. XXXVII.
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;
De as a God, then, full of saving mercy!
The Bloody Brother

(5.)—CHAP. XXXVII.
Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

Lady C—C—L.

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
<table>
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<tr>
<th>voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased.”</th>
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| 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 evermore!  

Chap. xviii.

(4)—MOTTOES.

(1)—Chap. viii.

The hearth in hall was black and dead,  
No board was dight in bower within,  
Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed;  
“Here’s sorry cheer,” quoth the Heir of Linne.  
Old Ballad.  
[Altered from “The Heir of Linne.”]

(2)—Chap. xiv.

As, to the Autumn breeze’s bugle-sound,  
Various and vague the dry leaves dance their round;  
Or, from the garner-door, on ather borne,  
The chaff flies devison from the winnow’d corn;  
So vague, so devious, at the breath of heaven,  
From their fix’d aim are mortal counsels driven.  
Anonymous.

(3)—Chap. xvii.

—Here is a father now,  
Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture,  
Make her the stop-gap to some canker’d fould,  
Or fling her o’er, like Jonah, to the fishes,  
To appease the sea at highest.  
Anonymous.

(4)—Chap. xviii.

Sir, stay at home and take an old man’s counsel.  
Seek not to bask you by a stranger’s hearth;  
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.  
Domestic food is wholesome, though ’tis homely,  
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.  
The French Courtesan.

(5)—Chap. xxv.

True-love, an’ thou be true,  
Thou has ane kittle part to play,  
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou  
Maun strive for many a day.

I’ve kend by mony friend’s tale,  
Far better by this heart of mine,  
What time and change of fancy avail,  
A true love-knote to untwine.  
Henderson.

(6)—Chap. xxvii.

Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,  
And if she ’scapes 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 sate down at a little distance upon the bench on which Allan McAulay was placed, and tuning her chitarach, a small harp, about thirty inches in height, she accompanied it with her voice. The air was an ancient Gaelic melody, and the words, which were supposed to be very old, were in the same language; but we subjoin a translation of them, by Secundus McPherson, Esq., of Glenfargen; which, although submitted to the fetters of English rhythm, we trust will be found nearly as genuine as the version of Ossian by his celebrated namesake.”

1.

Birds of omen dark and foul,  
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,  
Leave the sick man to his dream—  
All night long he heard you scream.  
Haste to cave and ruin’d tower,  
Ivy tod, or dingled-bower,  
There to wink and mop, for, hark!  
In the mid air sings the lark.
2.
Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Trowling wolf and wily fox,—
Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter’s early horn.

3.
The moon’s wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;
Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay
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 darest not face the godlike sun.

Chap. vi.

(2.)—THE ORPHAN MAID.

“Tuning her instrument, and receiving an ascen
ting look from Lord Monteith 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 orphan’s 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 Struthallan’s chief I fled,
Forth’s eddies whelm’d my child.”—

“Twelve times the year its course has borne,”
The wandering maid replied,
“Since fishers on St. Bridget’s morn
Drew nets on Campsie side.

“St. Bridget sent no sealy spoil;
An infant, well nigh dead,
They saved, and rear’d in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread.”

That orphan maid the lady kiss’d,—
“My husband’s looks you bear;
Saint Bridget and her morn be bless’d!
You are his widow’s heir.”

They’ve robed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silk and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in her hair.

Chap. ix.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. x.

Dark on their journey 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 donjon,
Dark’ning the foam of the whole surge beneath.
Were I a habitant, to see this gloom
Pollute the face of nature, and to hear
The ceaseless sound of wave and sea-bird’s scream,
I’d wish me in the hut that poorest peasant
Ere framed to give him temporary shelter.

Browne.

(3.)—Chap. xiv.

This was the entry; then, these stairs—but whither
after?
Yet he that’s sure to perish on the land
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

May quit the nicety of card and compass,
And trust the open sea without a pilot.

Tragedy of Brennvalt.

From Ivanhoe.

(1)—THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

1.
How 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 battier'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!
Unnotated shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing, and herald toll—
'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,
Icounc's turban'd Saldian 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 churchful gate,
The night-dew falls, the hour is late.
Hired to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;

Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame."

Chap. xviii.

(2)—THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

1
I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

2.
Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song pricked through
with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

3.
Your monarch!—Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a Friar?

4.
The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop where he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

5.
He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he comes,
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the denied right of the Barefooted Friar.

6.
He's expected at night, and the pasdy'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 sack'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, unsheathed by the briet,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

Chap. xviii.
(3)—SAXON WAR-SONG.

"The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore chanted on the field of battle by the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled gray hair flew back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter:"—

1.
Whet the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist! [banquet,
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, the raven croaks!
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling!
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

2.
The black clouds are low over the thane's castle:—
The eagle screams—he rides on their bosom.
Screams 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 helmeted 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 prior 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 she 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.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze:
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of gent,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.  

(5.)—THE BLACK KNIGHT'S SONG.

"At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this jovous pair were engaged in singing a viruela, as it was called, in which the clown bore a stiff and mellow burden to the better instructed Knight of the Betterlock. 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 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 sit;
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

WAMBA.

(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 lord, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go back by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay,
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay?

Both.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

(7.)—FUNERAL HYMN.

"Four maidens, Rowena leading the choir, raised a hymn for the soul of the deceased, of which we have only been able to decipher two or three stanzas."

Chap. xli.

Chap. xlii.
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.  
Chap. xliii.

(8.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. xix.  
Away! our journey lies through doll and dingle,  
Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mother,  
Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,  
Checkers the sunbeam in the green sward al-ley—  
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.  
Estrick Forest.

(2.)—Chap. xxi.  
When autumn nights were long and drear,  
And forest walks were dark and dim,  
How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear  
Was wont to steal the hermit's hymn!  
Devotion borrows Music's tone,  
And Music took Devotion's wing,  
And, like the bird that hails the sun,  
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.  
The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.

(3.)—Chap. xxvii.  
The hottest horse will oft be cool,  
The dullest will show fire;  
The friar will often play the fool,  
The fool will play the friar.  
Old Song.

(4.)—Chap. xxxix.  
This wandering race, sever'd from other men,  
Boast yet their intercourse with human arts;  
The seas, the woods, the deserts which they  
haunt,  
Find them acquainted with their secret treasures  
And unregarded herbs, and flowers, and blossoms,  
Display undream'd-of powers when gather'd by  
them.  
The Jew.

(5.)—Chap. xxxi.  
Approach the chamber, look upon his bed,  
His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,  
Which, as the lark arises to the sky,  
'Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest dew,  
Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and tears!  
Anselm parts otherwise.  
Old Play.

(6.)—Chap. xxxiii.  
Trust me, each state must have its policies:  
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;  
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,  
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.  
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,  
Hath man and man in social union dwelt,  
But laws were made to draw that union closer.  
Old Play.

(7.)—Chap. xxxvi.  
Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,  
Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey;  
Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire  
Of wild Fanaticism.  
Anonymous.

(8.)—Chap. xxxvii.  
Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming.  
The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier  
Gains hand 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 wages the world.  
Old Play.

(9.)—Chap. xxxviii.  
Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave  
At human woes with human hearts to grieve;  
Stern was the law, which at the 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.  
The Middle Ages.
Epitaph on Mrs. Erskine.

1819.

Plain, as her native dignity of mind,
Arose the tomb of her we have resign'd;
Unlaw'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.

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 slings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
"Who wakes 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 toll the bell?

3. Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light.
Under you rock the eddies sleep;
Calm and silent, dark and deep.
The Kelpy has rison from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of 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 blithe mot ye be,
For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide;
But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill,
There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.

Back, back,
The volume black!
I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here
To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier?
Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise;
Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.

Back, back,
There's death in the track!
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

"In the name of my Master," said the astonished Monk, "that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus?"

The same voice replied,—

That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,

Mrs. Euphemia Robinson, wife of William Erskine, Esq. (afterwards Lord Kinnedder), died September, 1819, and was buried at Saline, in the county of Fife, where these lines are inscribed on the tombstone.
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,  
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;  
A form that men spy  
With the half-shut eye  
In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, would'st thou bar me my right!  
Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through  
the night;  
I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,  
And travel the world with the bonny night-mare.  
Again, again,  
At the crook of the glen,  
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,¹  
Men of rude are wild and reckless,  
Lie thou still  
In the nook of the hill,  
For those be before thee that wish thee ill.

HALBERT'S INCANTATION.

Thrice to the holly brake—  
Thrice to the well:—  
I bid thee awake,  
White Maid of Avenel!  

Noon gleams on the Lake—  
Noon glows on the Fell—  
Wake thee, O wake,  
White Maid of Avenel.

TO HALBERT.

Youth 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 wing or will  
May work thee good—may work thee ill  
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,  
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,  
Dancing by the haunted spring,  
Riding on the whirlwind's wing;  
Aping in fantastic fashion  
Every change of human passion,  
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,  
Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.  
Wayward, fickle, is our mood,  
Hovering betwixt bad and good,  
Happier than brief-dated man,  
Living ten times o'er his span;  
Far less happy, for we have  
Help nor hope beyond the grave!  
Man awakes to joy or sorrow;  
Ours the sleep that knows no morn.  
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,  
Thin idledome my trust abused;  
He that draws to harbor late,  
Must sleep without, or burst the gate.  
There is a star for thee which burn'd,  
Its influence wanes, its course is turn'd;  
 Valor and constancy alone  
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown.

Within that awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries!  
Happiest they of human race,  
To whom God has granted grace  
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,  
To lift the latch, and force the way;  
And better had they never been born,  
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Many a fathom dark and deep  
I have laid the book to sleep;  
Ethereal fires around it glowing—  
Ethereal music ever flowing—  
The sacred pledge of 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.

Fearest thou to go with me?
Still it is free to thee

A peasant to dwell;
Thou may'st drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer,
But never more come near
This haunted well.

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;
Rasher 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 bestowed on Adam's race.
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The fitting time, the fitting guide.

Chap. xii.

HALBERT'S SECOND INTERVIEW WITH
THE WHITE LADY OF AVENEL.

"She spoke, and her speech was still song, or
rather measured chant; but if, as now, more famil-
lar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank verse,
and, at other times, in the lyrical measure which
we had used at their former meeting."

This is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing
wind,

And the mermaid weeps in her crystal grot;
For this is a day that the deed was wrought,
In which we have neither part nor share,
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air!
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

During youth! for thee it is well,
Here calling me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quail'd,
Nor thy courage fail'd,
And that thou could'st brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel.
Did one limb shiver
Or an eyelid quiver,
Thou wert lost for ever.
Though I am for'm'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 seest to rise
Among the mighty and the wise,—
Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot,—
Why thy pastimes are forgot,—
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife
Mend thy luck or lose thy life?
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'Tis for Mary Avenel.

Do not ask me;
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.
We only see the passing show
Of human passions' ebb and flow;
And view the pageant's idle glance
As mortals eye the northern dance,
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,
Career it o'er the brow of night.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams,

By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race
Holds strange connection with the sons of men,
The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,
That star, when culminating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,
And this bright font received it—and a Spirit
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life
Hath co-existence with the House of Avenel,
And with the star that rules it.

Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold—
Tis fine as web of lightest gossamer,
And, but there is a spell out', would not bend,
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 'twas done, it was a massive chain,
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
Even when his locks were longest—it hath dwindled,
Hath 'minish'd in its substance and its strength,
As sunk the greatness of the House of Avenel.
When this frail thread gives way, I to the elements
Resign the principles of life they lent me.
Ask me no more of this!—the stars forbid it.

Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,
And the o'er-wearied warded leaves the lighthouse;
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 Piercic Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye,
The sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!

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 canst not find.—Could Spirits shed
Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,
Showing the road which I shall never tread,
Though my foot points it.—Sleep, eternal sleep,
Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot!—
But do not thou at human ills repine;
Secure there lies full guardian in this spot
For all the woes that wait frail Adam's line—
Stoop then and make it yours,—I may not make it mine!

Chap. xxx.

THE WHITE LADY TO EDWARD GLENDINNING.

Thou who seek'st my fountain lone,
With it rights and hopes thou darst not own;
Whose heart within leap'd wildly glad,
When most his brow seem'd dark and sad;
Hie thee back, then find'st not here
Corpses 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 shrill'd such thoughts as thou hast now,
Whose hearts within are seldom cured
Of passions by their vows abjured;
Where, under sad and solemn show,
Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.
Seek the convent's vaulted room,
Prayer and vigil be thy doom;
Doff the green, and don the gray,
To the cloister hence away!

Chap. xxxii.

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 kind,
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

Farewell, Fountain! now not long
Shalt thou murmur to my song,
While thy crystal babbles glancing,
Keep the time in mystic dancing,
Rise and swell, are burst and lost,
Like mortal schemes by fortune cross'd,
The knot of fate at length is tied,
The Churl is Lord, the Maid is Bride!
Vainly did my magic slieght
Send the lover from her sight;
Wither bush, and perish well,
Fall'n is lofty Avenel!  Chap. xxxvii.

(2.)—BORDER BALLAD.

1.
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story,
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

2.
Come from the hills where your bairns are grazing,
Come from the glen of the back and the ree;
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 manly a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.  Chap. xxv.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. i.
O ay! 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.  Old Play.

(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 feeble streamlet  Old Play.

(3.)—Chap. v.
A priest, ye cry, a priest!—lame shepherds they,
How shall they gather in the straggling flock?
Dumb dogs which bark not—how shall they compel
The loitering vagrants to the Master's fold?
Fitter to bask before the blazing fire,
And sniff the mess neat-handed Phi'llis dresses,
Than on the snow-wreathed battle with the wolf.  Reformation.

(4.)—Chap. vi.
Now let us sit in conclave. That these weeds
Be rooted from the vineyard of the Church,
That these foul tares be severed from the whea,
We are, I trust, agreed.—Yet how to do this,
Nor hurt the wholesome crop and tender vine plants,
Craves good advisement.  The Reformation.

(5.)—Chap. viii.
Nay, daily not with time, the wise man's treasure,
Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal Fisher
Hocks souls, while we waste moments.  Old Play.

(6.)—Chap. xi.
You call this education, do you not?
Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks
Before a shouting drover. The glad van
Move on at ease, and pause a while to match
A passing morsel from the dewy green-award,
While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard
That cripples in the rear.  Old Play.

(7.)—Chap. xii.
There's something in that ancient superstition,
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.
The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,
Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock
In secret solitude, may well be deem'd
The haunt of something purer, more refined,
And mightier than ourselves.  Old Play.

(8.)—Chap. xiv.
Nay, let me have the friends who eat my victuals
As various as my dishes. The feast's naught,
Where one huge plate predominates.—John Plain-
text.
He shall be mighty beef, our English staple;
The worthy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling;
You pair of whisker'd Cornets, ruffs and rees;
Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in sippets.
And so the board is spread at once and fill'd
On the same principle—Variety.

(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
honor;
There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee through
The dance of youth, and the turmoil of manhood,
Yet leave enough for age's chimney-corner;
But an thou grasp to it, farewell Ambition!
Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,
And raising thy low rank above the churls
That till the earth for bread!

(12.)—Chap. xxii.
Indifferent, but indifferent—pshaw! he doth it
not
Like one who is his craft's master—ne'ertheless
I have seen a clown confer a bloody coxcomb
On one who was a master of defence.

(13.)—Chap. xxii.
Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,
The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me;
And I have given that which spoke and moved,
Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,
Soon the foul food for reptiles.

(14.)—Chap. xxiii.
'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain—'tis when the heat
And fiery fever of his soul is past,
The sinner feels remorse.

(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 forrester, 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 fell,
'Tis the first fiend d'ere 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-clew of the drowsy knitter,
Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the cabin,
While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire—
Masters, attend; 'twill crave some skill to clear it.

(20.)—Chap. xxxiv.
It is not texts will do it—Church artillery
Are silenced soon by real ordinance,
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.——
From the Abbot.

1820.

(1.)—THE PARDONER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

"At length the pardonor pulled from his scrip
A small piald of clear water, of which he vaunted
The quality in the following verses:"—

Listneth, gode people, overiche one,
For in the londe of Babyleone,
Far eastward I wot it lyeth,
And is the first londe the same espieth,
Ther, as he cometh fro out the sé;
In this ilk londe, as thinketh me,
Right as holy legendes tell,
Scothereth from a roke a well,
And falleth into ane bath of ston,
Where, that Susanne in times long gen,
Was wont to wash her bodie and lim—
Mickle vertue hath that streme,
As ye shall se er that ye pas,
Ensemble by this little glas—
Through nightes cold and dayes hote,
Hiderward I have it brought;
Hath a wife made slip or alike,
Or a maiden stepp'd aside;
Putteth this water under her nose,
Wold she nold she, she shall nese.

Chap. xxvii.

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. v.

In the wild storm,
The seaman hews his mast down, and the merchant
Heaves to the billows wares he once deem'd preci-
Ous;
So prince and peer, 'mid poplar contenctions,
Cast off their favorites.

Old Play.

(2.)—Chap. vi.

Thou hast each secret of the household, Francis,
I dare be sworn thou hast been in the butty
Steeping thy curios humor in fat ale,
And in the butler's tattle—ay, or chatting
With the glib waiting-woman o'er her comfits—
Those bear the key to each domestic mystery.

Old Play.

(3.)—Chap. viii.

The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Gray moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,

The bell has ceased to toll,
The long-ribbd nisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul!

(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 clacks 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 meet-
ing—
Comic, yet fearful—droll, and yet destructive.

The Conspiracy.

(7.)—Chap. xvi.

Youth! thou warn'st to manhood now,
Darker lip and darker brow,
Statelier step, more pensive mien,
In thy face and gait are seen;
Thou must now brook midnight watches,
Take thy food and sport by snatches!
For the gambol and the jest,
Thou wilt want 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
Buckle 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 driblettine intellectual 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 bribe,
And guard the hidden treasure of her beauty.

The Spanish Father.

(16.)—CHAP. xxxv.
It is a time of danger, not of revel,
When churchmen turn to masquers.

The Spanish Father.

(17.)—CHAP. xxxvii.
Ay, sir—our ancient crown, in these wild times,
Oft stood upon a cast—the gamester's duchet,
So often staked, and lost, and then regain'd,
Scarce knew so many hazards.

The Spanish Father.

From Kenilworth.

1821.

(1.)—GOLThREDB'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:"

Or all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.
For when the sun hath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,
And 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 jelly owl.
That all night blows his horn.
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,
And match me this catch, till you swagger and sreech,
And drink till you wink, my merry men each;
For, though hours be late, and weather be foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

Chap. ii.
(2.)—SPEECH OF THE PORTER AT KENILWORTH.

"At the approach of the Queen, upon sight of whom, as struck by some heavenly vision, the gigantic warden 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 am a warden, and no man of straw; My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

Yet soft—may stay—what vision have we here? What dainty darling's this—what peerless peer? What loveliest face, that loving ranks endow, Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold? Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake, My club, my key, my knee, my homage take. Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss;—Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a sight as this!  

Chap. xxx.

(3.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. iv.

Not serve two masters?—Here 's a youth will try it—
Would 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 Herclean 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 daie will be more peaceful, and the herd, Which have small interest in their bruitlement, May pasture there in peace.  

Old Play.

(5.)—Chap. xvii.

Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,—Heave off the lead, and mark the soundings well; Look to the helm, good master; many a shoal Marks this stern coast, and rocks where sits the siren, Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.  

The Shipwreck.

(6.)—Chap. xxii.

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 you 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.  

Pandemonium.

(9.)—Chap. xxix.

Now fare thee well, my master! if true service Be guerdon'd with hard looks, 'en cut the tow-line, And let our barks across the pathless flood Hold different courses.  

Shipwreck.
(10.)—Chap. xxx.

Now bid the steep 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 hid the sword
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
Which better had been brandied 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 pell'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 Woodman.

(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, it being impossible to render literally many of the elliptical and metaphorical terms of expression peculiar to the ancient Northern poetry:"

1.

Stern eagle of the far north-west,
Thou that barest 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 rovers,
And she has struck to thee the topsail
That she had not vell'd to a royal armada:
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the clouds,

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;
Thou hast 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,
De thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-western heaven,—
Sleep thou at the voice of Norma, the Reim-kennar.
5.

Eagle of the far north-western waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path;
When thou stoopest from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean,
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;
Eagle of the north-west, thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar.

Chap. vi

(2.)—CLAUD HALCRO’S SONG.

MARY.

Farewell to Northmaven,
Gray Hillswicke, farewell!
To the calms of thy haven,
The storms on thy fell—
To each breeze that can vary
The mood of thy main,
And to thee, bonny Mary!
We meet not again!

Farewell the wild ferry,
Which Hacon could brave,
When the peaks of the Skerry
Were white in the wave.
There’s a maid may look over
These wild waves in vain,—
For the skiff of her lover—
He comes not again!

The vows thou hast broke,
On the wild currents fling them;
On the quicksand and rock
Let the mermaidens sing them.
New sweetness they’ll give her
Bewildering strain;
But there’s one who will never
Believe them again.

O were there an island,
Though ever so wild,
Where woman could smile, and
No man be beguiled—
Too tempting a snare
To poor mortals were given;
And the hope would fix there,
That should anchor in heaven.

Chap. xii.

(3).—THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

The sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dread;
From his cliff the eagle sallies,
Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys;
In the mist the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
Each in his wild accents telling,
“Soon we feast on dead and dying,
Fair-hair’d Harold’s flag is flying.”

Many a crest on air is streaming,
Many a helmet darkly gleaming,
Many an arm the axe upears,
Doom’d to hew the wood of spears.
All along the crowded ranks
Horses neigh and armor clanks;
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
Louder still the bard is singing,
“Gather footmen, gather horsemen,
To the field, ye valiant Norsemen!

“Halt ye not for food or slumber,
View not vantage, count not number;
Jolly reapers, forward still,
Grow the crop on vale or hill,
Thick or scatter’d, stiff or lithe,
It shall down before the scythe.
Forward with your sickles bright,
Reap the harvest of the fight.—
Onward footmen, onward horsemen,
To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen!

“Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,
O’er you hovers Odin’s daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—
Victory, and wealth, and glory;
Or old Valhalla’s roaring hail,
Her ever-circling meal and ale,
Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!”

Chap. xv

(4).—SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

MERMAID.

Fathoms deep beneath the wave,
Stringing beads of glistening pearl,
Singing the achievements brave
Of many an old Norwegian earl;
Dwelling where the tempest’s raving,
Falls as light upon our ear;
As the sigh of lover, craving
Pity from his lady dear,
Children of wild Thule, we,
From the deep caves of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
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 toiling shroudsless 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 add your mirth, bring we
Dance, and song, and sounding shell.
Children of dark Thule, know,
Those who dwell by leaft and voc,
Where your daring shallows row,
Come to share the festal show.

(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. xii.

(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 furrow, his flock, and his steer;
But thrive may his fishing, flock, furrow, and herd,
While the aged for anguish shall bear his gray beard.
The ship, well-laden as bark need be,
Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland sea;—
The breeze for Zetland blows fair and soft,
And gayly the garland is fluttering aloft:
Seven good fishes have spouted their last,
And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and mast;
Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,—
Three for Burgh Westra, the choicest of all.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful-head,
Thou hast court’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 Huldland’s minstrel own
One note to rival glorious John?

NORNA.
The infant loves the rattle’s noise;
Age, double childhood, hath its toys;
But different far the descant rings,
As strikes a different hand the strings.
The eagle mounts the polar sky—
The Imber-goose, unskil’d to fly,
Must be content to glide along,
Where seal and sea-dog list his song.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Be mine the lamer-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' timeless jingle,
With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,
While, to the ear of wondering wight,
Upon the distant headland's height,
Soft-en'd by murmur of the sea,
The rude sounds seem like harmony!

* * * * *

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fittful-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 Fittful-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 doorn of gold and silk.—
For we would know, shall Brenda prove
In love, and happy in her love?

NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Roma's crest;
High seated in the middle sky,
In bright and barren purity;
But by the sunbeam gently kiss'd,
Scarce by the gazing eye 'tis miss'd,
Ere, down the lonely valley stealing,
Fresh grass and growth its course revealing,
It cheers the flock, revives the flower,
And decks some happy shepherd's bower.

MAGNUS TROI.

Mother speak, and do not tarry;
Here's a maiden fair would marry.

Shall she marry, ay or not?
If she marry, what's her lot?

NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Roma's crest;
So pure, so free from earthy dye,
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,
Part of the heaven to which 'tis nigh;
But passion, like the wild March rain,
May soil the wreath with many a stain.
We gaze—the lovely vision's gone—
A torrent fills the bed of stone,
That 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 and seal;
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
And the gull be our songstress when'er she flies by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee,
By bank, shroud, 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 tosk 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 Trol!"

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 frown's controlling check,
   Must give the word, above the storm,
   To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

   The timid eye I dared not raise,—
   The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,
   Must point the guns upon the chase—
   Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

   To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
   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'rt 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'rt been Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,
   Hast cut 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 hide 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?
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,
Are leaving bare thy giant bones.
Who dared touch the wild bear’s skin.
Ye slumber’d on, while life was in!—
A woman now, or babe, may come
And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor bight
Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight!
I come not, with unhallow’d tread,
To wake the slumberers of the dead,
Or lay thy giant relics bare;
But what I seek thou well canst spare.
Be it to my hand allow’d
To shear a merk’s weight from thy shroud;
Yet leave thee 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 ceremonys 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 afloat 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 nigh,
Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,
Norna of the Fitful-head,
Mighty in her own despite,—
Miserable in her might;
In despair and phrenzy great,
In her greatness desolate;
Wisest, wickedest who lives,—
Well can keep the word she gives.

Chap. xxv.

[AT INTERVIEW WITH MINNA.]
Thou, so needful, yet so dread,
With cloudy crest, and wing of red;
Thou, without whose genial breath
The North would sleep the sleep of death,—
Who daignst to warm the cottage hearth,
Yet hurl’st proud palaces to earth,—
Brightest, keenest of the Powers,
Which form and rule this world of ours,
With my rhyme of Runie, I
Thank thee for thy agency.

Old Reim-kenmar, to thy art
Mother Hertzka 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 cove a champion’s bones,
Disinhumed my charms to aid—
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

Girdle of our islands dear,
Element of Water, bear!
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;
Phay then gently thou thy part,
To assist old Nornia’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 chance 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 swarm 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 brav’d 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 Helms, more strong than Trolld;
No siren sings so sweet as he,—
No fairy 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.

NORNA.
Mark me! for the word I speak
Shall bring the color to thy cheek.
This leaden heart, so light of cost,
The symbol of a treasure lost,
Thou shalt wear in hope and in peace,
That the cause of your sickness and sorrow may cease,
When crimson foot meets crimson hand
In the Martyr's Aisle, and in Orkney land.—

Be patient, be patient; for Patience hath power
To ward us in danger, like mantle in shower;
A fairy gift you best may hold
In a chain of fairy gold—
The chain and the gift are each a true token,
That not without warrant old Norina has spoken;
But thy nearest and dearest must never behold them,
Till time shall accomplish the truths I have told them.

Chap. xxviii.

(11.)—BRYCE SNAILSFOOT'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Poor sinners whom the snake deceives,
Are fain to cover them with leaves.
Zeththul hath no leaves, 'tis true,
Because that trees are none, or few;
But we have flax and tafts of woo',
For linen cloth and wadman blue;
And we have many of foreign knacks
Of finer waft, than woo' or flax.
Ye gallanty Lambmas lads appear,
And bring your Lambmas sisters here,
Bryce Snaillsfoot spares not cost or care,
To pleasure every gentle pair.

Chap. xxxii.

(12.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. ii.
'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo,
The man finds sympathies in these wild wastes,
And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
And smoother waves deny him.

Ancient Drama.

(2.)—Chap. vii.
She does no work by halves, yon raving ocean;
Engulfing those she stranggles, 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 bear 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. xi.

——All your ancient customs,
And long-descended usages, I'll change.
Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor speak, nor move,
Think, look, or walk, as ye were wont to do;
Even your marriage-beds shall know mutation;
The bride shall have the stock, the groom the wall
For all old practice will I turn and change,
And call it reformation—marry, will I!

'Tis Even that we're at Odds.

(5.)—Chap. xiv.

We'll keep our customs—what is law itself,
But old establish'd custom? What religion
(I mean, with one-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.
The robber's quarrel by such sounds is shown,
And true men have some chance to gain their own

_Captivity, a Poem_

(12.)—Chap. xxxvii.

Over the mountains and under the waves,
Over the fountains and under the graves,
Over floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obeys,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Old Song

---

On Ettrick Forest's Mountains Dun

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 scarr, emerging bright,
Flinging on the stream their reddly light,
And from the bank our band appears
Like Genii, arm'd with fiery spears.

'Tis blithe at eve to tell the tale,
How we succeed, and how we fail,
Whether at Alwyn's lordly meal,
Or lowlier board of Ashiestiel.

---

1 Written after a week's shooting and fishing, in which the poet had been engaged with some friends. The reader may see these verses set to music in Mr. Thomson's Scottish Melodies for 1822.

2 See the famous salmon-spearin scene in Guy Mannering—

_Waverley Novels_, vol. iii. p. 259-63.

3 _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, 1719.

4 Ashiestiel, the poet's residence at that time.
While the gay tapers cheerfully 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 to-day!

But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangment 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 hang 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!

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 thy little skiff
Contend with ocean gallantly?
Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge,
And steel'd her leeward deck in foam,
Why does she war unequal urge?—
Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

Oh, Isla's maid, on 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 could as is you wintry clift,
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 far and wide,
The North for aye has hang'd the South;
The dell a Scots-man'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!

1 Written, during illness, for Mr. Thomson's Scottish Collection, and first published in 1822, united to an air composed by George Kinloch of Killoch, Esq.

2 This imitation of an old Jacobite ditty was written on the appearance, in the Frith of Forth, of the fleet which ere eyed 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 Reckie, in her rokelay gray,
Thought never to have seen the day;
He's been a weary time away—
  But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;
The Carlino's voice is grown sae shrill,
Y'll hear her at the Canon-mill—
  Carle, now the King's come!

"Up lains!" she cries, "baith grit and sma',
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!"
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'—
  Carle, now the King's come!

"Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,
Baud Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the mettle of your sires—
  Carle, now the King's come!

"You're welcome hame, my Montagu!
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;
I'm missing some that I may rue—
  Carle, now the King's come!"

"Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You've graced my causeway mony a day;
I'll weep the cause if you should stay—
  Carle, now the King's come!"

"Come, premier Duke, and carry down
Frae yonder craig his ancient crown;
It's had a lang sleep and a sound—
  But, Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
Bring down your chieftains like a clud;
Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood—
  Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath,
Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death;
Come, Clerk, and give your bugle breath;
  Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades;
Dreadalbane, bring your belted plaid;
  Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;
We have o'er few such lards as you—
  Carle, now the King's come!

"King Arthur's grown a common crier,
He's heard in Fife and far Cantire,—
  'Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!'
  Carle, now the King's come!

"Saint Abb roars out, 'I see him pass,
Between Tantallon and the Bass!'
Calton, get out your keeking-glass—
  Carle, now the King's come!"

The Carlino stopp'd; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dawm,
But Oman 'help'd her to a dram.—
  Cogie, now the King's come!

  Cogie, now the King's come!

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.

PART SECOND.

A HAWICK gill of mountain dew,
Heised up Auld Reckie's heart, I trow,
It minded her of Waterloo—
  Carle, now the King's come!

Again I heard her summons swell,
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,
Edinburgh, to receive him at the Hareshone (in which the standard of James IV. was erected when his army encamped on the Boroughmuir, before his fatal expedition to England), now built into the park-wall at the end of Tipperlinie Lone, near the Boroughmuir-head; and, standing thereon, to give three blasts on a horn.

7 MS.—"Brave Arthur's Seat's a story higher;
Saint Aibhe is shouting to Kintore,—
  'You lion, light up a crest of fire!'

8 As seen from the west, the ridge of Arthur's Seat bears a marked resemblance to a lion couchant.

9 Mr. Oman, landlord of the Waterloo Hotel.

10 Empty.

1 Lord Montagu, uncle and guardian to the young Duke of Buccleuch, placed his Grace's residence of Dalkeith at his Majesty's disposal during his visit to Scotland.
2 Charles the tenth Earl of Haddington, died in 1828.
3 The Duke of Hamilton, as Earl of Angus, carried the ancient royal crown of Scotland on horseback in King George's procession, from Holyrood to the Castle.
4 The Castle.
5 MS.—"Come, Athole, from your hills and woods,
Bring down your Hielandmen in cluds,
  With sennet, braege, and tartan duds;"
6 Sir George Clerk of Penicuik, Bart. The Baron of Penicuik is bound by his tenure, whenever the King comes to
It drownd St. Giles's jowin bell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My trusty Provost, tried and right,
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 have,
And warrile for a sunny day—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My Doctors, look that you agree,
Cure at the town without a fee;
My Lawyers, dina pika a plea—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forth each sturdy Burgher's bairn,
That dints on wood or clacks on air,
That fires the o'en, or winds the pirl—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forward with the Blanket Blue,
Your sires were loyal men and true,
As Scotland's foemen oft might rue—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Scots down a lump, 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 dimmles 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, baith stout and true,
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too—
Carle, now the King's come!

"And you, who on yo' bluidy braes
Compelled the vanquish'd Despot's praise,
Rank out—rank out—my gallant Grays—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Cock o' the North, my Huntly bra',
Where are you with the Forty-two?
Ah! wae's my heart that ye're awa—
Carle, now the King's come!

"But yonder come my canty Celts,
With durrk and pistols at their belts,
Thank God, we've still some plaid and kilts—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Lord, how the pibrochs g raw and yell!
Macdonnell's ta'en the field himself,
Macleod comes branking o' 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, lad, for once ye've hit the mark—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Young Errol,5 take the sword of state,
The sceptre, Panic-Morarchate,6

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 convenor, "at whose appearance therewith," observes Maitland, "his 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 convenor of Edinburgh as as foresaid."

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 relieved 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 Visit," &c., 1822.

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 Hops of Pinkie, Bart., Major; and Robert

6 Colonel Ronaldson Macdonell of Glengarry—who died in January, 1836.

7 Marquis of Huntly, who since became the last Duke of Gordon, was colonel of the 42d Regiment, and died in 1836. Cockburn, Esq., and Lord Elcho, were captains in the same corps, to which Sir Walter Scott had formerly belonged.

8 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 chevaliers gris, comme ils travaillent!"

9 In more correct Gaelic orthography, Dunmore-Chat, or the Great Lady (literally Female Lord of the Chase); the Celtic title of the Countess of Sutherland. "E'en unto this day, the country of Sutherland is yet called Cattey, the inhabitants Catteigh, and the Earl of Sutherland Morweir Cattey, in old Scottish or Irish; which language the inhabitants of this country doe still use."—Gordon's Genealogical History of the Earls of Sutherland, p. 13. It was determined by his Majesty, that the right of carrying the sceptre lay with this noble family; and Lord Francis Levenson Gower (now Egerton), second son of the Countess (afterwards Duchess) of Sutherland, was permitted to act as deputy for his mother in that honourable office. After obtaining his Majesty's permission to depart for Dunrobin Castle, his place was supplied by the Honorable John M. Stuart, second son of the Earl of Moray.—En.
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Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the gate—
Carle, now the King's come!

* Kind summer, Leith, ye'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 great's in pouch of mine—
Carle, now the King's come!

* Deil care—for that I've never start,
We'll welcome him with Highland heart;
Whate'er we have he's get a part—
Carle, now the King's come!

* I'll show him mason-work this day—
None of your bricks of Babel clay,
But towers shall stand till Time's away—
Carle, now the King's come!

* I'll show him wit, I'll show him lair,
And gallant lads and lasses fair,
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?—
Carle, now the King's come!

* Step out, Sir John, of projects rife,
Come win the 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.

(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-gadling sometimes after objects,
Which wise men will not see when thrust upon

The Old Couple.

(3.)—CHAP. IV.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oftentimes craft in't,
As says the rustic proverb; and your citizen,
In's program suit, gold chain, and well-black'd shoes,
Bears under his flat cap oftimes a brain
Wiser than burns beneath the cap and feather,
Or seethes within the statesman's velvet nightcap.

Read me my Riddle.

(4.)—CHAP. V.

Wherefore come ye not to court?
Certain '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 withal,
When they would sauce their honeyed conversa-

With somewhat sharper flavor.—Marry, sir,
That virtue's wellnigh left him—all the juice
That was so sharp and poignant, is squeezed out;
While the poor rind, although as sour as ever,
Must season soon the draft we give our grunters,
For two-leg'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.

1 The Author's friend and relation, the late Sir Alexander
Keith, of Dunottar and Ravelestone.
2 MS.—"Rise up, Sir John, of projects rife,
And win him health and length of life,
And win the thanks of an auld wife."

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(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 yonder 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 shrunk acres
Into brief yards—bring sterling pounds to farthings,
Credit to infamy; and the poor gull,
Who might have lived an honest, easy life,
To ruin, and an unregarded grave.

The Changes.

(9.)—Chap. xii.
This is the very barn-yard,
Where muster daily the pride cocks o' the game,
Ruffle their pinions, crow till they are hoarse,
And spar about a barley-corn. Here, too, chickens
The callow, unpledged brood of forwarding 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 ooze and sludge enough
To mar your fishing—less you are more careful.

Albion, or the Double Kings.

(11.)—Chap. xvi.
Give way—give way—I must and will have justice
And tell me not of privilege and place;
Where I am injured, there I'll sue redress.
Look to it, every one who bars my access;
I have a heart to feel the injury,
A hand to right myself, and, by my honor,
That hand shall grasp what gray-beard Law denies me.

The Chamberlain.

(12.)—Chap. xvii.
Come hither, young one—Mark me! Thou art now
'Mongst men o' the sword, that live by reputation
More than by constant income—Single-suited
They are, I grant you; yet each single suit
Maintains, on the rough guess, a thousand followers—
And they be men, who, hazarding their all,
Needful apparel, necessary income,
And human body, and immortal soul,
Do in the very deed but hazard nothing—
So strictly is that all bound in reversion;
Clothes to the broker, income to the usurer,—
And body to disease, and soul to the foul fiend;
Who laughs to see Soldadoes and foolodaces,
Play better than himself his game on earth.

The Marocks.

(13.)—Chap. xviii.
Mother. What! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's mirror,
With which the boy, as mortal urchins wont,
Flings back the sunbeam in the eye of passengers—
Then laughs to see them stumble!

Daughter. Mother! no—
It was a lightning-flash which dazzled me,
And never shall these eyes see true again.

Beef and Pudding—An Old English Comedy.

(14.)—Chap. xix.
By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle! This were a leaguer-lass to love a soldier,
To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,
And sing a roundel as she help'd to arm him,
Though the rough foeman's drums were beat so, nigh,
They seem'd to bear the burden.

Old Play.

(15.)—Chap. xx.
Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat.
False man hath sworn, and woman hath believed—
Repeated 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;
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And where in either sense, the cockney-put May, if he please, get confounded out.
On the Sign of an Alehouse kept by a Barber.

(17.)—Chap. xxii.
Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's part is vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth.

Old Play.

(18.)—Chap. xxiv.
This is the time—Heaven's maiden-sentinel
Hath quitted her high watch—The lesser spangles
Are paling one by one; give me the ladder
And the short lever—bid Anthony
Keep with his carbine the wicket-gate;
And do thou bear thy knife and follow me,
For we will in and do it—darkness like this
Is dawning of our fortunes.

Old Play.

(19.)—Chap. xxv.
Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
Unlooses all our favorite toys 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 noise of flute and horn—do we 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 lesson—
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,
Brocking of barrels, brandishing of spigots;
Blood shall flow freely, but it shall be gore
Of herds and flocks, and venison and poultry,
Joint'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 out.

Old Play.

(3.)—Chap. vi.
You shall have no worse prison than my chamber
Norjailler than myself.

The Captain.

(4.)—Chap. xvi.
Ascanto. Can she not speak?
Oswald. If speech be only in accented sounds,
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden's dumb
But if by quick and apprehensive look,
By motion, sign, and glance, to give each meaning
Express as clothed in language, be term'd speech,  
She hath that wondrous faculty; for her eyes,  
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse,  
Though it be mute and soundless.  
Old Play.

(5.)—Chap. xvii.
This is a love meeting! See the maiden mourns  
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.  
There's more hatch 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 no word nor sense of utter'd sound.  
The Chieftain.

(9.)—Chap. xxv.
The course of human life is changeful still  
As is the fickle wind and wandering rill;  
Or, like the light dance which the wild-breeze weaves  
Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves;  
Which now its breath bears down, now tosses high,  
Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.  
Such, and so varied, the precarious play  
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day!  
Anonymous.

(10.)—Chap. xxvi.
Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,  
As well as surest prompter of invention—  
Help us to composition!  
Anonymous.

(11.)—Chap. xxvii.
This is some creature of the elements  
Most like your sea-gull: He can wheel and whistle  
His screaming song, e'en when the storm is loudest—  
Take for his sheeted couch the restless foam  
Of the wild wave-crest—slumber in the calm,  
Anddaily with the storm. Yet 'tis a gull,  
An arrant gull, with all this.  
The Chieftain.

(12.)—Chap. xxxi.
I fear the devil worst when gown and cassock,  
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,  
Conceals his cloven hoof.  
Anonymous.

(13.)—Chap. xxxiii.
'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail—Pray look on him,  
But at a wary distance—rouse him not—  
He lays 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. xi.
—— Contentions fierce,  
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.  
Albion.

(16.)—Chap. xlix.
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—  
1 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 gamester  
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. xlii.
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 Stainc._

From Quentin Durward.

1823.

(1.)—SONG—COUNTY GUY.
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the sea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

(2.)—MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. xi.
Painters show Cupid blud—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 man-sions,
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.

(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 you
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 idiocy
Had well nigh been ashamed on't. For your crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,
Weaves his own snare so fine, he's often caught in them.

Old Play.

(7.)—Chap. xxvi.
When Princes meet, astrologers may mark it
An ominous conjunction, full of boding,
Like that of Mars with Saturn.

Old Play.

(8.)—Chap. xxix.
Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest
Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind man
Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder
O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the brink
Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him downward.

Old Play.
(9.)—Chap. xxx.
Our counsels waver like the unsteady bark,
That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.  
Old Play.

(10.)—Chap. xxxi.
Hold fast thy truth, young soldier—Gentle maiden,
Keep you your promise plighted—leave age its subtleties,
And gray-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood;
But be you candid as the morning sky,
Ere the high sun sucks vapors up to stain it.  
The Trial.

From St. Ronan's Well.

1823.

MOTTOES.

(1.)—Chap. ii.—The Guest.
Quis novus hic hospes?

Dido apud Virgilium.

Chi'm-maid!—The German in the front parlor!
Boots's free Translation of the Euclid.

(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, eir, 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. xxxiv.
It comes—it wrings me in my parting hour,
The long-hid crime—the well-disguised guilt.
Bring me some holy priest to lay the spectre!
Old Play.

(7.)—Chap. xxxv.
Sedet post equitum utra 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 hills may court the pencil
Like sudden haps, dark plots, and strange adventures;
But who would paint the dull and fog-wrapt 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.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Who left such a treasure of old Scottish lore
As enables each age to print one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
We'llransack 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 raill'd at the phial and blasphemed the clay-
more,
And set Scots by the ears in his one volume more.
One volume more, my friends, one volume more,
Celt and Goth shall be pleased with one volume more.

VI.

As bitter as gall, and as sharp as a zazor,
And feeding on herbs as a Nebuchadnezzar,!
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 yeiditur, next on the roll,3
With his beard like a brush and as black as a coal,
And honest Greysteel* that was true to the core,
Lent their hearts and their hands each to one volume more.
One volume more, &c.

VIII.

Since by these single champions what wonders were done,
What may not be achieved by our Thirty and One?4
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 Exequer 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.2

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 on Popular Poetry, ante, p. 544, et seq.
3 James Sibbald, editor of Scottish Poetry, &c. "The Yeiditur," 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 honor, 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 cares 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
To J. C. Rookhart, Esq.

On the Composition of Maida's Epitaph.

1824.

"Maida Marmorea dormis sub imagine Maida! Ad ianuan domini sit ibi terra levis."


"Dear John,—I some time ago wrote to inform his Fit worship of *jaces*, misspelt for *dormis*;
But that several Southrons assured me the *ianuan*
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 clutters,
By a rowt in the papers—fine place for such matters.
I have, therefore, to make it for once my com-
mand, sir,
That my gudeson shall leave the whole thing in
my hand, sir,
And by no means accomplish what James says
you threaten,
Some buxter 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 monstrousty 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 labor,
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
its patronage, superintends 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*—Art. Pitcairn's *Ancient Criminal Tri-
als.* February, 1831.

*There is an excellent story (but too long for quotation) in the
Memoire of the Someries (vol. i. p. 210) about an old Lord of
that family, who, when he wished preparations to be made
for high feasting at his Castle of Courtholv, used to send on a
billet inscribed with this boastful phrase, "Speates and raxes," i.
*spits and ranges.* Upon one occasion, Lady Somerville
(being newly married, and not yet skilled in her husband's
hieroglyphs) read the mandates as *spears 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 *Miscellaneous Prose,* vol. xii. p. 312.
And as Fatsman¹ and I have some topics for hav-er, he'll
Be invited, I hope, to meet me and Dame Pev-eril,
Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury and Anne,
you a
Dog shall be deem'd if you fasten your Janua.

LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Lines,
ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE,² THE CELEBRATED VENTRiloquist.

1824.

Or yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk say to you? who have faces such plenty,
That from under one hood, you last night show'd
us twenty!
Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing, did I ask?—each dead implement, too,
A work-shop in your person,—saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one 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 the 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.³

¹ Fatsman was one of Mr. James Ballantyne's many aliases. Another (to which Constable most firmly adhered) was Mr. "Basketful!"—an allusion to the celebrated printer Baskerville.
² When Monsieur Alexander, the celebrated ventriloquist, was in Scotland, in 1824, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter felt a good deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer; but at length, resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stopped aside for a few minutes, and on returning, presented him with this epigram. The reader need hardy be reminded that Sir Walter Scott held the office of Sheriff of the county of Selkirk.—Scotch newspaper, 1830.
³ The lines, with this date, appeared in the Edinburgh Au-

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 lead 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 saur'd
Wi' the Tolbooth, or wi' the Guard,
Or maybe wud hae some regard
For Jamie Laing—⁴

The Water-hole⁵ was right weel wared
On sic a gang.

But what's the gude Tolbooth⁶ game now
What's the auld Clanght,⁷ wi red and blue?
What's Jamie Laing, and what's John Doo?⁸
And what's the Weigh-house⁹
Deil hae' I see but what is new,
Except the Playhouse!

Yourselves are changed frae head to heel,
There's some that gur the causeway reed
With clashing hufe and rattling wheel,
And horses canterin';
What's fathers daunther'd hame as weel
Wi lass and lantern.

⁴ 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'ry one. He died in February, 1806.
⁵ The Watch-hole.
⁶ The Tolbooth of Edinburgh, The Heart of Midlothian, was pulled down in 1817.
⁷ The ancient Town Guard. The remnant of this body of police was finally disbanded in 1817.
⁸ John Doo, or Din—a terrific-looking and high-spirited member of the Town Guard, and of whom there is a print in the "Weekly Address"," etched in 1784.
⁹ The Weigh-House, situated at the head of the West Bow, Lawnmarket, 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 22d of August, 1822.
Mysell being in the public line,
I look for hows I ken'd lang syne,
Whar gentles used to drink gude wine,
And eat cheap dinners;
But deil a soul gangs there to dine,
Of saints or sinners!

Fortune's! and Hunter's² game, alas!
And Bayle's³ 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 hattle them for Meg!
They are sae greedily 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-warld 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 hounse
As speak a word for ane Will Murray,
That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fashion'd things, in truth,
And ye've seen wonders mair uncouth;
Yet actors shou'dna suffer drouch,
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 stooled sentry
Ower this big house (that's far frae rent-free),
For a lone sister,
Is claims as gude's to be a venti—
How'st ca'd—loquierest.

---

SCOTT'S PoETICAL WORKS.

Weel, sirs, gude'cn, and have a care,
The burn's mak fur o' Meg nae mair;
For gin they doo, she tells you fair,
And without failzie,
As sure as ever ye sit there,
She'll tell the Bailie

Epilogue.⁶

1824.

The sages—for authority, pray look
Seneca's morals, or the copy-book—
The sages to di-parage 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 mantle 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 leads 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 wodlocks 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 nobody was admitted who had not a white neckcloth—then considered an indispensable insignium of a gentleman.

Mr. William Murray became manager of the Edinburgh Theatre in 1815.

2 "I recovered the above with some difficulty. I believe it was never spoken, but written for some play, afterwards withdrawn, in which Mrs. H. Siddens was to have spoken it in the character of Queen Mary."—Extract from a Letter of Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Constable, 22d October, 1824.

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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—a another 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

---
That unto Scottish bosoms all and some
Is found the genuine open sesame!
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,
It charms alike the castle and the bower,
Even you—forgive me—who, demure and shy,
Gorge not each bait, nor stir at every fly,
Must rise to this, else in her ancient reign
The Rose of Scotland has survived in vain.

From Redgauntlet.

1824.

― "It was but three nights ago, that, worn out by the uniformity of my confinement, I had manifested more symptoms of despondence than I had before exhibited, which I conceive may have attracted the attention of the domestics, through whom the circumstance might transpire. On the next morning, the following lines lay on my table; but how conveyed there, I cannot tell. The hand in which they are written is a beautiful Italian manuscript."—Dairies Latimer's Journal, Chap. x.

As lords their laborers' hire delay,
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven.

From The Betrothed.

1825.

(1.)—SONG—SOLDIER, WAKE.

I.

SOLDIER, wake—the day is peeping,
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 the foeman's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror.

II.

Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
Hath call'd the 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 eager 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 descent
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, promising 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 abideth—

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the lips, But they are long corroded by the juice of wormwood; The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the wolf ranges 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 ear’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. Chap. xxxi.

Dull Peace! the valley yields to thee, And owns thy melancholy sway.

Welsh Poem.

(2)—CHAP. VII.
O, sadly shines the morning sun On leagu’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 tam’d 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 What’er your liberty hath known of pleasure.

Roderick. No, fairest, we have trifled here too long; And, lingering to see your roses blossom, I've let my laurels wither.

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 Arimanes, the Evil Principle.”
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 717

Dark Abrimman, 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 Beneficent 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, Abrimman, 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!

H owe'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.

When'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 ru'lst the fate of men;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer?—is thy power,
Dark Spirit! ended Tus?

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 went,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas a Kent.

For had 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 shalow arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The nail 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 as 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 chivalric.

"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 do 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."

Un troubled in his look, and untroubled in his breast,
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently hath kiss'd:
“Now bless’d be the moment, the messenger be blest! 
Much honor’d do I hold me in my lady’s high behest! 
And say unto my lady, in this dear night weel dress’d, 
To the best arm’d champion I will not veil my crest; 
But if I live and bear me well, ’tis her turn to take the test.”

Here, gentle, ends the foremost fytte of the Lay of the Bloody Vest.

THE BLOODY VEST.

FYTTE SECOND.

The Baptist’s fair morrow beheld gallant feats— 
There was winning of 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 borne for her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds that were bloody and sore, 
But others respected his plight, and forbore. 
“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 nigher, 
When before the fair Princess low louted a squire, 
And deliver’d a garment unseemly to view, 
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack’d and pierc’d through; 
All rent and all tatter’d, all clotted with blood, 
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud, 
Not the point of that lady’s small finger, I ween, 
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

“This token my master, Sir Thomas a Kent, 
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent; 
He that clumbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit, 
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his 
Through life’s utmost peril the prize I have won,”

And now must the faith of my mistress be shown 
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run 
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

“’tis says my master, ’the garment I’ve worn,
And I claim of the Princess to don it in turn; 
For its stains and its rents she should prize it the more,
Since by shame ’tis unsullied, though crimson’d with gore.”

Then deep blush’d the Princess—yet kiss’d she and 
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-beam’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, 
Upon his daughter, and spoke with 
“Now since thou hast publish’d thy folly and guilt, 
E’en alone 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 penance and blame, 
Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and shame; 
And light will she reek of thy prince’son and rent, 
When I hail her, in England, the Countess of Kent.”

Chap. xxvi.

(3)—MOTTOES.

(1)—Chap. IX.

This is the Prince of Leeches; fever, plague, 
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look on him 
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.

Anonymous.
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-bound on the roebuck'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 chit,
Like any other woman.

Song.

(5.)—Chap. xvii.
Were every hair upon his head a life,
And every life were to be supplicated
By numbers equal to those hairs quadrupled,
Life after life should out like waning stars
Before the daybreak—or as festive lamps,
Which have lent lustre to the midnight rovel,
Each after each are quench'd when guests depart.

Old Play.

(6.)—Chap. xix.
Must we then shear our still victorious sword;
Turn back our forward step, which over trode
O'er foemen's necks the onward path of glory;
Unclasp the mail, which with a solemn vow,
In God's own house we hung upon our shoulders;
That vow, as unaccomplish'd as the promise
Which village nurses make to still their children,
And after think no more of?—

The Crusade, a Tragedy.

(7.)—Chap. xx.
When beauty leads the lion in her toils,
Such are her charms, he dare not raise his mane,
Far less expand the terror of his fangs,
So great Alcides made his club a distaff,
And spun to please fair Omphale.

Anonymous.

(8.)—Chap. xxiii.
'Mid these wild scenes Enchantment waves her
hand,
To change the face of the mysterious land;
Till the bewildering scenes around us seem
The vain productions of a feverish dream.

Astolfo, a Romance.

(9.)—Chap. xxiv.
A grain of dust
Soiling our cup, will make our sense reject
Fastidiously the draught which we did thirst for,
A rusted nail, placed near the faithful compass,
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the argosy
Even this small cause of anger and disgust
Will break the bonds of unity amongst princes,
And wreck their noblest purposes.

The Crusade.

(10.)—Chap. xxvi.
The tears I shed must ever fall!
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those that loved their steps must tread
When death shall join to part no more.

But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sundered 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 shelving:
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 Brodligmag chap,
Ere I grapple, God bless me! with Emperor Nap."

From Woodstock.

1826.

(1.)—AN HOUR WITH THEE.

As 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 labor 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.)—M OTTOES.

(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 Damne or the Spirit,
Of you I speak.

Legend of Captain Jones.

(3.)—Chap. iv.

Yon path of greensward
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 yon 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 palls 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 ascent to it.

Old Play.

(6.)—Chap. xiv.

Deeds are done on earth,
Which have their punishment ere the earth
Closes

Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working
Of the remorse-stirr'd fancy, or the vision,
Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
All ages witness, that beside the couch
Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound.

Old Play.

(7.)—Chap. xvii.

We do that in our zeal,
Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.

Anonymous.
LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

(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 dew-drop;
In all so like what nature has most harmless,
That sportive innocence, which dreads no danger,
Is poison'd unawares.

Old Play.

Lines to Sir Cuthbert 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 Mainsforth) begins thus:"

Forget thee? No! my worthy peer!
Forget blithe mirth and gallant cheer!
Death sooner stretch me on my bier!

Forget thee? No.

Forget the universal shout!
When "canny Sunderland" spoke out—
A truth which knaves affect to doubt—
Forget thee? No.

Forget you? No—though now-a-day
I've heard your knowing people say,
Disown the debt you cannot pay,
You'll find it far the thriftiest way—
But I?—O no.

Forget your kindness found for all room,
In what, though large, seem'd still a small room,
Forget my Surtees in a ball-room—
Forget you? No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-diddles,
And beauty tripping to the fiddles,
Forget my lovely friends the Liddells—
Forget you? No.

1 An allusion to the enthusiastic reception of the Duke of Wellington at Sunderland.—Ed.
2 This lay has been set to beautiful music by a lady whose 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 baldrick 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 reft!
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 gaiy with warning stave—
For heaven has grace, and earth a grave,
    For poor Louise.  

(2.)—DEATH CHANT.

—"E'en he guessed where he was going, the
leech was hurried into the house of the late Oliver
Proudftute, from which he heard the chant of the
women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse
of the unfortunate 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,
Wellmelted 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 esp'y
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 clatter'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 learned 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.

---

The Death of Keeldar

1828.

Percy of Percival Rede of Trochest, 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

Ur rose the sun, o'er Moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;
The Palfrey sprang with sprightly bound,
As if to match the game-some hound;
His horn the gallant hunt-man wound;
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Turas, ne'er was stancher steed,
A peerless archer, Percy Rede:
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,
Of silvan hope and silvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbord deer,
The signs the hunters know:—
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Halloo! Halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;—
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That o'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds, steadfast o'er the deep,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the gray-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glaz'd his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

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 drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favorite, bending low,
In speechless grief recline;
Can think he hears the senseless clay,
In unrepentful 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 fletcher 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 sued
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 joint'd the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down dark oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoil from Lelie's breast,
And, in her Cooper's colors drest,
The scene shall live for ever.

From Anne of Geierstein.

1829.

(1.)—THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

—"Phillipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or

the Black Friars of Saint Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Phillipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:—

Measurers of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level,—
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles—
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

How wears the night?—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?
What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The night is old; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east.
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood;
'Tis time we listen the behest.

Up, then, up! When day's at rest,
'Tis time that such as we are watchmen;
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
Vengeance knows not sleepy 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 fattiguing trade.
The lily, peace, outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore.
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Hassan, or the Camel-Driver.
(2.)—Chap. v.

I was one
Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,
The russet prize, the lowly peasant’s life,
Season’d with sweet content, more than the halls
Where revellers feast to fever-height. Believe me,
There ne’er was poison mix’d in maple bowl.

Anonymous.

(3.)—Chap. vi.

When we two meet, we meet like rushing torrents;
Like warring winds, like flames from various points,
That mate each other’s fury—there is 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 earthly 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 mellow;
O, blessed be the Rhine!

Drinking Song. 1

(7.)—Chap. xxii.

Tell me not of it—I could ne’er abide
The mummary of all that forced civility.
“Pray, seat yourself, my lord.” With cringing hams
The speech is spoken, and with bended knee,
Heard by the smiling courtier.—“Before you, sir!
It must be on the earth, then.” Hang it all!
The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar’s bosom.

Old Play.

(8.)—Chap. xxviii.

A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gayety,
Even in life’s closing, touch’d his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
 Raises in front of some bare glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.

* Old Play.

(9.)—Chap. xxx.

Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays
Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
Which Jove’s dread lightning scathes not. He hath

doft

The 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,
E’en while he serves the altar.

Old Play.

——

The Fovay. 2


1830.

The last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblet is red,

1 This is one of the best and most popular of the German ditties—

“Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben,

* Gesegnet sei der Rhein,” 5ce.

2 Set to music in Mr. Thomson’s Scottish Collection, published in 1830.
Up! up, my brave kinsmen! belt swords and be-gone,
There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won.

The eyes, that so lately mix'd glances with ours,
For a space must be dim, as they gaze from the towers,
And strive to distinguish through tempest and gloom,
The prance of the steed, and the tocs 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 name 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
Tell's 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 lance 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 aduat'—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 never return my joys again?"

No—let my ditty be henceforth—
Fortune, my Friend, how well thou favor'st me!
A kinder Fortune man did never see!
Thou propp'st my thigh, thou rid'st my knee of pain,
I'll walk, I'll mount—I'll be a man again!"—


From Count Robert of Paris

1831.

Mottoes.

(1.)—Chap. II.

Otho

This superb successor
Of the earth's mistress, as thou vainly speakest,
Stands 'midst these ages as, on the wide ocean,
The last spared fragment of a spacious land,
That in some grand and awful ministration
Of mighty nature has engulfed been,
Doth lift aloft its dark and rocky cliff,
C'ert the wild waste around, and sadly frowns
In lonely majesty.

Constantine Palæologus, Scene I.

1 This young gentleman, a son of the author's friend and relation, Hugh Scott of Harden, Esq. (now Lord Polwarth), became Rector of Kendisbear, in Devonshire, in 1628, and died there the 9th of June, 1530. This epitaph appears on his tomb: 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 embrace,
Here, youth, thy brow unbraided,
Each tribute that may grace
The threshold here be paid.
Walk with the stealthy pace
Which Nature teaches do,
When, echoing in the chase,
The hunter’s horn they hear.

*The Court.*

(3.)—Chap. V.
The storm increases—tis no sunny shower,
Foster’d in the moist breast of March or April,
Or such as parched Summer cools his lip with;
Heaven’s windows are flung wide; the innmost
deeps
Call in hARSEE greeting one upon another;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where’s the dike shall stop it!

*The Deluge, a Poem.*


(4.)—Chap. VI.
Vain man! thou mayst esteem thy love as fair
As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.
She may be all that’s matchless in her person,
And all-divine in soul to match her body;
But take this from me—thou shalt never call her Superior to her sex, while one survives,
And I am her true votary.

*Old Play.*

(5.)—Chap. VIII.
Through the vain webs which puzzle sophists’ skill,
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.
Between the foaming jaws of the white torrent,
The skilful artist draws a sudden mound;
By level long he subdivides their strength,
Stealing the waters from their rocky bed,
First to diminish what he means to conquer;
Then, for the residue he forms a road,
Easy to keep, and painful to desert,
And guiding to the end the planner aim’d at.

*The Engineer.*

(7.)—Chap. X.
These were wild times—the antipodes of ours:
Ladies were there, who often saw themselves
In the broad lustre of a foeman’s shield
Than in a mirror, and who rather sought
To match themselves in battle, than in dalliance
To meet a lover’s onset.—But though Nature
Was outraged thus, she was not overcome.

*Feudal Times.*

(8.)—Chap. XI.
Without a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbersome,
Within it was a little paradise,
Where Taste had made her dwelling. 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 Franck 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
seems 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 sulphurous 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 crann’m’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 waketh it from its slumberous mood,
Dreads scarce the explosion less than he who
knows
That ’tis his towers which meet its fury.

*Anonymous.*

(13.)—Chap. XXV.
Heaven knows its time; the bullet has its 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.

M O T T O E S .

(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,
Unskill'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 bodements
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,
And then marked them on the Englishmen,
As I have told you right.
Saint George the bright, our ladies' knight,
To name they were full fain;
Our Englishmen they cried on height,
And thrice they shout again.

Old Ballad.
DRAMATIC PIECES.

Haldon 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 Murdae, 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 Haldon-hill. In this method he rivalled his predecessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his 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 agae 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.

1 Published by Constable & Co., June, 1822, in 8vo. 6s.
3 In the first edition, the text added, "In case any attempt shall be made to produce it in action (as has happened in similar cases), the author takes the present opportunity to intimate, that it shall be at the peril of those who make such an experiment." Advertising to this passage, the New Edinburgh Review (July, 1822) said, — "We, nevertheless, do not believe that anything more essentially dramatic, in so far as it goes, more capable of stage effect, had appeared in England since the days of her greatest genius; and giving Sir Walter, therefore, full credit for his conceits on the present occasion, we ardently hope that he is but trying his strength in the most arduous of all literary enterprises, and that, cre long, he 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 accede to the author's declaration, that it is in no particular calculated for the stage, we must not lead our readers to look for any thing amounting to a regular drama. It would, we think, form an underplot of very great interest, in an historical play of customary length; and although its incidents and personages are mixed up, in these scenes, with an event of real history, there is nothing in either to prevent their being interwoven in the plot of a play 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 enlivened 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 these 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 four wounds, though not mortal. The English men-at-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; Murdoch, son of Albany; the Earls of Moray and Angus; and about twenty-four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalhouse, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Homildon.

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has, in the following pages, been transferred from Homildon to Halidon Hill. For this there was an obvious reason;—for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences which may reconcile even the severer antiquity to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated by the English on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and 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 Homildon, the Scots were commanded by an illated representative of the great house of Douglas. He of Homildon was surnamed Tincnan, i.e. Loserman, from his repeated defeats and misadventures; 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 Tincnan, 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 linear descent, and to which the author has the honor to be related, avers, that the Swinton who fell at Homildon in the manner related in the preceding extract, had slain Gordon's father; which seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following dramatic sketch, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities.

If any reader will take the trouble of looking at Froissart, Fordun, or other historians of the period, he will find, that the character of the Lord of Swinton, for strength, courage, and conduct, is by no means exaggerated.

W. S.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCOTTISH.

THE REGENT OF SCOTLAND.

GORDON, SWINTON, LENNOX, SUTHERLAND, ROSS, MAXWELL, JOHNSTONE, LINDESEY, 

Scottish Chiefs and Nobles.

imparator, sagittarum jaclitis pedere fustant. Descen
dant necum qui velit, et in nomine Domini hostes penetra-
binus, ut vel sic viam postieamus, vel saltem ut miles cum ho-
noce oceunambam," &c.—Fordun, Scoti-Chronicon, vol ii 
p. 434.
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 Syrinx, 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 shone 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

**Pri.** 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. Reverend 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 wore free from grizzled hair.

**Pri.** Too true, alas! But well you know, in Scotland
Few hairs are silver’d underneath the helmet;
’Tis cowls like mine which hide them. ‘Mongst the 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 holds 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.

**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 Swinston, 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.

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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 weak.”
Rey. That must be by the Standard. We have had
That right since good Saint David’s reign at least.
Fain would I see the Marcher would dispute it.
Sw. Peace, Reynald! Where the general plants the soldier,
There is his place of honor, and there only
His valor can win worship. Thou’rt of those,
Who would have war’s deep art bear the wild semblance
Of some disorder’d hunting, where, pell-mell,
Each trusting to the swiftness of his horse,
Gallants press on to see the quarry fall.
You steel-clad Southrons, Reynald, are no deer;
And England’s Edward is no stag at bay.

Vir. (advancing.) There needed not, to blazon forth the Winton,
His ancient burgonet, the sable Boar
Chain’d to the gor’d oak,—nor his proud step,
Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous mace,
Which only he, of Scotland’s realm, can wield:
His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
As doth his frame the champion. Hail, brave Swinton!
Sw. Brave Templar, thanks! Such your cross’d shoulder speaks you;
But the closed visor, which conceals your features,
Forbids more knowledge. Umfraville, perhaps—

Vir. (unsealing his helmet.) No; one less worthy of our sacred Order.
Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorched my features,
Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton
Will welcome Symon Vipont.

Sw. (embracing him.) As the blithe reaper,
Welcomes a practised mace, when the ripe harvest
Lies deep before him, and the sun is high!
Thou’lt follow you old pavement, wilt thou not?
’Tis tatter’d since thou saw’st it, and the Boar-heads
Look as if brought from off some Christmas board,
Where knives had notched them deeply.

Vir. Have with them, nevertheless. The Stuart’s Chequer,
The Bloody Heart of Douglas, Ross’s Lymphads,
Sutherland’s Wild-cats, nor the royal Lion,
Rampant in golden treasure, wins me from them.
We’ll back the Boar-heads bravely. I see round them
A chosen band of lances—some well known to me.
Where’s the main body of thy followers?
Sw. Symon de Vipont, thou dost see them all
That Swinton’s bangle-horn can call to battle,
However loud it rings. There’s not a boy
Left in my hails, whose arm has strength enough

To bear a sword—there’s not a man behind,
However old, who moves without a staff.
Striplings and graybeards, every one is here,
And here all should be—Scotland needs them all
And more and better men, were each a Hercules,
And yonder handful centupled.

Vir. A thousand followers—such, with friends
and kinmen,
Allies and vassals, thou wouldst not to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances.
In twelve years’ space!—And thy brave sons, Sir Alan?
Alas! I fear to ask.

Sw. All slain, De Vipont. In my empty home
A puny babe lisp to a widow’s mother,
“Where is my grandsire! wherefore do you weep?”
But for that prattler, Lyulp’s house is heirless,
I’m an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew’d four goodly boughs, and left beside me
Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.

Vir. All slain?—alas!
Sw. 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 sequelure of Christ from the rude heathen,
Fall in unholy warfare!

Sw. Unholy warfare! ay, well hast thou named it;
But not with England—would her cloth-yard shafts
Had bore’d their cuirasses! Their lives had been
Lost like their grandsire’s, in the bold defence
Of their dear country—but in private feud
With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear’d John,
He with the Axe, and he men call’d the Ready,
Ay, and my Fair-hair’d Will—the Gordon’s wrath
Devour’d my gallant issue.

Vir. Since thou dost weep, their death is unavenged?
Sw. Templar, what think’st thou me?—See yonder rock,
From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it?

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 escroll, J’espere. Supporters—two boars standing on a scroll.”—Douglas’s Baronage, p. 132.

2 MS.—”Of the dear land that urshed 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 guerdon that he thim'd my father's lineage,
And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon
Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,
Which mingled with the rest. We had been friends,
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?

Swi. At deadly feud. Here in this Border-land,
Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the son,
As due a part of his inheritance,
As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,
Where private Vengeance holds the scales of justice,
Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously
As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence,
Not in this land, 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's,
Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon.

Vir. You, with some threescore lances—and the Gordon
Leading a thousand followers.

Swi. You rate him far too low. Since you sought Palestine,
He hath had grants of baronies and lordships
In the far-distant North. A thousand horse
His southern friends and vassals always number'd.
Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from Dey and Spey,
He'll count a thousand more.—And now, De Vipont,
If the Boar-heads seem in your eyes less worthy
For lack of followers—seek yonder standard—
The bounding Stag, with a brave host around it;
There the young Gordon makes his earliest field,
And pants to win his spurs. His father's friend,
As well as mine, thou wert—go, join his pennon,
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.

Swi. Spoke like the generous Knight, who gave up all,
Leading and lordship, in a heathen land
To fight, a Christian soldier! Yea, in earnest,

I pray, De Vipont, you would join the Gordon
In this high battle. 'Tis a noble youth,—
So fame doth vouch him,—amorous, quick, and valiant;
 Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well may use
His spurs too rashly! in the wish to win them.
A friend like thee beside him in the fight,
Were worth a hundred spears to 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.

Swi. Why, be it so! I look for nothing else;
My part was acted when I slew his father,
Avenging my four sons—Young Gordon's sword,
If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict there
A pang so poignant as his father's did.
But I would perish by a noble hand,
And such will his be if he bear him nobly,
Nobly and wisely on this field of Haldon.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Pur. Sir Knights, to Council!—'tis the Regent's order,
That knights and men of leading meet him instantly
Before the royal standard. Edward's army
Is seen from the hill-summit.

Swi. Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.

[Exit PURSVANT.

[To Reynald.] Hold thou my casque, and furl my pennon up
Close to the staff. I will not show my crest,
Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge them.
I'll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon
With aught that's like defiance.

Vip. Will he not know your features?

Swi. He never saw me. In the distant North,
Against his will, 'tis said, his friends detain'd him
During his nurture—caring not, belike,
To trust a pledge so precious near the Boar-tasks.
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 hence ² to council. I do bear
A cross, which binds me to be Christian priest,
As well as Christian champion. ² God may grant,

1 MS.—" Sharply."
² MS.—" As we do pass," &c.
² 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.\(^1\)

Sw. 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. Vizont 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.

Lex. 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—ay, 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 with our honor.  

Sw. (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, X.; 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\(^2\) has doubts, That, if his Northern clans once turn the sean

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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 Southron cause; Loving the weight and temper of their gold, More than the weight and temper of their steel.  

Reg. Peace, my Lords, ho!  

Ross (throwing down his Glove.) MacDonnell will not peace! There lies my pledge, Proud Morarchat, to witness thee a liar.  

Max. Brought I all Nithsdale from the Western Border; Left I my towers exposed to foraying England, And thieving Annandale, to see such misuse?  

Joun. 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—

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**Enter Lindsay**

Lex. 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.  

Rtn. We are determined. We will spare proud Edward Half of the ground that parts us.—Onward, Lords, Southron 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.  

Lex. The rear!—why I the rear? The van were fitter For him who fought abreast with Robert Bruce.  

Sw. (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 phrenzy.  

Suth. The Regent hath determined well. The rear Suits him the best who counsel'd our retreat.
LEN. Proud Northern Thane, the van were soon the rear, Were thy disorder'd followers planted there. SUTH. 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. Swl. (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 snow. These open bickerings Dishearten all our host. If that your Grace, With these great Earls and Lords, must needs debate, Let the closed tent conceal your disagreement; Else 'twill be said, ill fares it with the flock, If shepherds wrangle, when the wolf is nigh. 

Ross. 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 censors of our conduct—[Looking at Swinton. Young Gordon, your high rank and numerous following Give you a seat with us, though yet unknapped, 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, etc. enter the Tent. The rest remain grouped about the Stage. Gon. (observing Swl.) 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. Vir. Pray you, do not so; Anon I'll give you reason why you should not. There's other work in hand— Gon. 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 superstitions dreadful, Attracting while they chill'd my heart with fear. Now, bethink you, I do feel right well I'm bound to fear naught earthly—and I fear naught.

I'll know who this man is—— [Accosts Sweinton. 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 subdues it.) It is a name that soundeth in my ear Like to a death-knell—ay, and like the call Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists; Yet, 'tis a name which never hath been dishonor'd, And never will, I trust—most surely never By such a youth as thou. 

Gon. There's a mysterious courtesy in this, And yet it yields no answer to my question. I trust you hold the Gordon not unworthy To know the name he asks? Swl. Worthy of all that openness and honor May show to friend or foe—but for my name, Vipont will show it you; and, if it sound Harsh in your ear, remember that it knells there But at your own request. This day, at least, Though seldom wont to keep it in concealment, As there's no cause I should, you had not heard it. Gon. This strange— Vir. The mystery is needful. Follow me. [They retire behind the side scene. Swl. (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 slumbers. Now 'tis out; He draws his sword, and rushes towards me, Who will nor seek nor shun him.

Enter Gordon, withheld by Vipont. Vir. 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! 1 Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland, And think on naught beside. 2

1 "A name unmusical to Volscian ears, And harsh in sound to thine."—Coriolanus.

2 In the MS. the five last lines of Vipont's speech are interpolated.
Enter Maxwell from the tent.

Swi. How go our councils, Maxwell, may I ask?  
Max. As wild as if the very wind and sea  
With every breeze and every billow battled  
For their precedence.  

Swi. Most sure they are posses'd!  Some evil spirit,  
To mock their valor, robs 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 braver's to submission!  

Vir. to Gov. Thou hast perused him at more leisure now.  
Gov. I see the giant form which all men speak of,  
The stately port—but not the sullen eye,  
Not the bloodythirsty 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.  
Gov. 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 you English host come slowly on,  
With equal front, rank marshall'd upon rank,  
As if one spirit ruled one moving body;  

The leaders, in their places, each prepared  
To charge, support, and rally, as the fortune  
Of changeful battle needs; then look on ours,  
Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling surges  
Which the winds wake at random.  Look on both,  
And dread the issue; yet there might be success.  
Gov. 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.  
Gov. 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'lt see it all too closely;—  
It is Sir Alan Swinton's.  
Gov. These, then, are his,—the relics of his power;  
Yet worth an host of ordinary men.—  
And I must slay my country's saigest, 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."  

[Masses.  
Vir. (apart.) High blood and mettle, mix'd with early wisdom,  
Sparkle in this brave youth.  If he survive  
This evil-omen'd day, I pawn my word  
That, in the ruin which I now forbode,  
Scotland has treasure left.—How close he eyes  
Each look and step of Swinton!  Is it hate,  
Or is it admiration, or are both  
Commingled strangely in that steady gaze?  

[Swinton and Maxwell return from the bottom of the stage.  

Max. The storm is laid at length amongst these counsellors;  
See, they come forth.  
Swi. And it is more than time;  
For I can mark the vanguard archery  
Handling their quivers—bending up their bows.  

Enter the Regent and Scottish Lords.  

Rec. Thus shall it be, then, since we may no better:

Of this day's field.  Stand still and watch him closer."  

2 "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 Nol le, can complain of the precedence
Which chance has thus assign'd him.

Sw. (apart) O, sage discipline,
That leaves to chance the marshalling of a battle!
Gor. Move him to speech, De Vipont.
Vip. Move him!—Move whom?
Gor. Even him, whom, but brief space since,
My hand did burn to put to utter silence.

Vip. I'll move it to him.—Swinton, speak to
them,
They lack thy counsel sorely.
Sw. Had I the thousand spears which once I led,
I had not thus been silent. But men's wisdom
Is rated by their means. From the poor leader
Of sixty lances, who seeks words of weight?

Gor. (steps forward) Swinton, there's that of
wisdom on thy brow,
And valor in thine eye, and that of peril
In this most urgent hour, that bids me say,—
Bids me, thy mortal foe, say,—Swinton, speak,
For King and Country's sake!

Sw. 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—

Sw. As e'er stood mark before an English archer.
Reg. Who dares to say so?—Who is't dare impeach
Our rule of discipline?

Sw. A poor Knight of these Marches, good my
Lord;
Alan of Swinton, who hath kept a house here,
He and his ancestry, since the old days
Of Malcolm, called the Maiden.

Reg. You have brought here, even to this pitched
field,
In which the Royal Banner is display'd,
I think some sixty spears, Sir Knight of Swinton;
Our muster's name no more.

Sw. I brought each man I had; and Chief, or
Earl,
Thane, Duke, or dignitary, brings no more;
And with them brought I what may here be useful—

An aged eye; which, what in England, Scotland,
Spain, France, and Flanders, hath seen fifty battles,
And 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 you old warrior in his antique armor,
As if he were arisen from the dead,
To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.
Sw. '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
You clouds of Southron archers, bearing down
To the green meadow-lands which stretch beneath—
The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day
But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,
If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys,
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall 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 shake our unwaviling spears.

Reg. Tush, tell not me! If their shot fall like
hail,
Our men have Milan coats to bear it out.

Sw. Never did armorer temper steel on stithy
That made sure fence against an English arrow;
A cobweb gossamer were guard as good1
Against a wasp-sting.

Reg. Who fears a wasp-sting?

Sw. I, my Lord, fear none
Yet should a wise man brush the insect off,
Or he may smart for it.

Ree. We'll keep the hill; it is the vantage-
ground
When the main battle joins.

Sw. It ne'er will join, while their light archerv

1 MS. — "guard as thick."
Can foil our spearman 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 your waspish archers.
I've done such work before, and love it well;
If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The dams of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Warradale,
Shall sit in widowhood and long for venison,
And long in vain. Who'er remembers Bamcookburn,
And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet,
Forget that stirring word! —knows that great battle
Even thus was fought and won.
Lex. This is the shortest road to bandy blows;
For when the bills step forth and bows go back,
Then is the moment that our hardy spearman,
With their strong bodies, and their stubborn hearts,
And limbs well knit by mountain exercise,
At the close tug shall feel the short-breath'd Southron.
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,¹
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-blo'd 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 faithful,
Blow shall meet blow, and none full 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 feuds,
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 dramatist 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,²
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 hero may claim from me
(As well may chance) a debt of blood and hatred,
My life is his to-morrow unres sting,
So he to-day will let me do the best
That my old arm may achieve for the dear country
That's mother to us both.

[Gordon shews much emotion during this
and the preceding speech of Swinton.]
Reg. It is a dream—a vision!—if one troop
Rush down upon the archers, all will follow,
And order is destroy'd—we'll keep the battle-rank
Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho!
Where be those youths seek knighthood from our sword?
Her. Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and Hay,
And Hepburn, with a score of gallants more.
Gor. I pray your Grace, forgive me.
Reg. How! seek you not for knighthood?
Gor. I do thirst for't.
But, pardon me—'tis from another sword.
Rex. 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 sagest leader,
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.
—Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knee,
Even from Sir Alan Swinton. [Kneels.
Rex. 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 Scot-men
Forget each private wrong!
Swi. (interrupting him.) Youth, since you crave me
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.
Who governs in the Sovereign's name is Sovereign;—

Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.

Gon. You task me justly, and I crave his pardon,

[Horns to the Regent.]

His and these noble Lords'; and pray them all
Bear witness to my words.—Ye noble presence,
Here I remit unto the Knight of Swinton
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and revenge:
By no base fear or composition moved,
But by the thought, that in our country's battle
All hearts should be as one. I do forgive him
As freely as I pray to be forgiven,
And once more kneel to him to sue for knighthood.

Swl. (affected, and drawing his sword.)
Alas! brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,
And, tendering thee the hilt of the fell sword
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the point
After thine own discretion. For thy boon—
Trumpets be ready—In the Holiest name,
And in Our Lady's and Saint Andrew's name,

[Teaching his shoulder with his sword.]

I dub thee Knight!—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!
Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,
Should this ill hour permit!

[The trumpets sound; the heralds cry
"Largesse," and the attendants shout
"A Gordon! A Gordon!"

Reg. Beggars and flatterers! Peace, peace, I say!
We'll to the Standard; knights shall there be made
Who will with better reason crave your clamon.

Lex. What of Swinton's counsel?

Here's Maxwell and myself think it worth noting.

Reg. (with concentrated indignation.)
Let the best knight, and let the sagrest leader,—
So Gordon quotes the man who slew his father,
With his old pedigree and heavy mace,
Essay the adventure if it pleases him,
With his fair threescore horse. As for ourselves,
We will not peril aught upon the measure.

Gon. Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir Alan
Shall venture such attack, each man who calls
The Gordon chief, and hopes or fears from him
Or good or evil, follows Swinton's banner
In this achievement.

Reg. Why, God ha' mercy! This is of a piece.
Let young and old e'en follow their own counsel,
Since none will list to mine.

Ross. The Border cockerel fain would be on horseback;
'Tis safe to be prepared for fight or flight:
And this comes of it to give Northern lands
To the false Norman blood.

Gon. Hearken, proud Chief of Isles! Within my stalls
I have two hundred horse; two hundred riders
Mount guard upon my castle, who would tread

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?

Reg. He crouches like a leash-hound to his master 1

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 Standard!

I bid you in the name of good King David.
Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King David!

[The Regent and the rest go off, and the Scene closes. Manent Gordon, Swinton, and Vidyon, with Reynald and followers. Lennox follows the Regent; but returns, and addresses Swinton.

Lex. 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!

Lex. 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-

Shall halt, and take no part, what time his com-

Is grappling with the deer, as he stand still,
And see us overmatch'd.

Lex. Alas! thou dost not know how mean his pride is,
How strong his envy.

Swl. Then we will die, and leave the shame with

[Exit Lennox.

Vip. (to Gordon.) What ails thee, noble youth?
What means this pause?

Thou dost not rue thy generosity?

Gon. I have been hurried on by strong impulse,
Like to a bark that sends before the storm,
Till driven upon some strange and distant coast,
Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not for-
given?
And am I not still fatherless?

Swl. Gordon, no;

For while we live I am a father to thee. [be.

Gon. Thou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot

1 In the MS. this speech and the next are interpolated.
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Swi. Then change the phrase, and say, that while we live, Gordon shall be my son. If thou art fatherless, Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon, Our death-feud was not like the household fire, Which the poor peasant hides among its embers, To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking. Ours was the conflagration of the forest, Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stem, Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguish’d, Till Heaven, in mercy, sends down all her waters; But, once subdued, its flame is quench’d for ever; And spring shall hide the tract of devastation, With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand. Gon. My hand and heart!—And freely now!—to fight! Vip. How will you act? [To Swinton.] The Gordon’s band and thine Are in the rearward left, I think, in scorn— Ill post for them who wish to charge the foremost! Swi. We’ll turn that scorn to vantage, and descend Sidelong the hill—some winding path there must be— O, for a well-skill’d guide! [Hob Hattely starts up from a Thicket.] Hob. So here he stands.—An ancient friend, Sir Alan. Hob Hattely, or, if you like it better, Hob of the Heron Plume, here stands your guide. Swi. An ancient friend?—a most notorious knave, Whose throat I’ve destined to the dodder’d oak Before my castle, these ten months and more. Was it not you who drove from Simprin-mains, And Swinton-quarter, sixty head of cattle? Hob. What then, if now I lead your sixty lances Upon the English flank, where they’ll find spoil Is worth six hundred beeces? Swi. Why, thou canst do it, knave. I would not trust thee With one poor bullock; yet would risk my life, And all my followers, on thine honest guidance. Hon. There is a dingle, and a most discreet one (I’ve trod each step by star-light), that sweeps round The rearward of this hill, and opens secretly Upon the archers’ flank.—Will not that serve Your present turn, Sir Alan? Swi. Bravely, bravely! Gon. Mount, sirs, and cry my slogan. Let all who love the Gordon follow me! Swi. Ay, let all follow—but in silence follow.

MS.—"But, once extinguish’d, it is quench’d for ever, And spring shall hide the blackness of its ashes."

Scare not the hare that’s couchant on her form— The 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 Scotsman! [Exeunt.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A rising Ground immediately in front of the Position of the English Main Body. Percy, Chandos, Ribaldmont, 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 bleed.

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 offender you, Sits proving o’er his can, until the trap fall, Announcing that the vermin are secured, And then ‘tis up, and on them.

Pen. Chandos, you give your tongue too cold 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;
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—impudent—

Per. Hush! the King—the King!

Enter King Edward, attended by Balliol and others.

King (apart to Cha.) Hark hither, Chandos!— Have the Yorkshire archers Yet join'd the vanguard?

Cha. They are marching thither. K. En. Bid them make haste, for shame—send a quick rider. The loitering knives! 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. En. Chandos, how's this?

Cha. O, I will prove it, sir!—These skipping Scots Have changed a dozen times 'twixt Bruce and Balliol, Quitting each House when it began to totter; They're fierce and cunning, treacherous, too, as rats, And we, as such, will smoke them in their fastnesses.

K. En. These rats have seen your back, my Lord of Chandos, And noble Percy's too.

Per. Ay; but the mass which now lies wattering 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. En. 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. En. 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. En. Never himself; but in my earliest field, I did encounter with his famous captains, Douglas and Randolph. Faith! they press'd me hard.

Ab. My Liege, if I might urge you with a question, Will the Scots fight to-day?

K. En. (sharply.) Go look your breviary. Cha. (apart.) The Abbot has it—Edward will not answer On that nice point. We must observe his humor.—

[Addresses the King. Your first campaign, my Liege!—That was in Weardale, When Douglas gave our camp you midnight ruffle, And turn'd men's beds to biers! K. En. Ay, by Saint Edward!—I escaped right nearly.

I was a soldier then for holidays, And slept not in mine armor: my safe rest Was startled by the cry of "Douglas! Douglas!" And by my couch, a grisly chamberlain, Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody mace. It was a churchman saved me—my stout chaplain, Heaven quit his spirit! caught a weapon up, And grappled with the giant.—How now, Louis?

Enter an Officer, who whispers the King.

K. En. Say to him,—thus—and thus—

[Whispers. Ab. That Swinton's dead. A monk of ours reported, Bound homeward from St. Ninian's pilgrimage, The Lord of Gordon slew him. Per. Father, and if your house stood on 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. Trifling to those who wage a war more noble Than with the arm of flesh.

Cha. (apart.) The Abbot's vex'd, I'll rub the sore for him.—

(Aloud.) I have seen priests that used that arm of flesh, And used it sturdily.—Most reverend Father, What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms In the King's tent at Weardale?
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 Eagles.]

See, Chandos, Percy—I'a, 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!

Pen. 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 plague1 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.

Pen. 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 Pen.) His conquerors, he means,
who cast him out
From his usurped kingdom.—(Aloud.) 'Tis the
worst of it,
That knights can claim small honor in the field
Which archers win, unaided by our lance,
K. Ed. The battle is not ended. [Looks towards
the field.
Not ended!—scarcely begun! What horse are
these,
Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?

Pen. 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 wasn't survey'd the ground?

Riba. Most royal Liege—
K. Ed. A rose hath fallen from thy chaplet,
Ribasmont.

\[\text{The well-known expression by which Robert Bruce cen-}\]

\[\text{1 MS.—"The viewless, the resistless plague," &c.}\]
HAILDON HILL.

Rena. I'll win it back, or lay my head beside it. [Exit.

K. Ed. Saint George! Saint Edward! Gentlemen, to horse, And to the rescue!—Percy, lead the bill-men; Ciandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.— If yonder numerous host should now hear 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! In, Saint George! Saint Edward! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A part of the Field of Battle between the two Main Armies. Tumults behind the scenes; alarms, and cries of "Gordon, a Gordon," "Swinton," &c.

Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard, Vipont, Reynald, and others.

Vip. 'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together,— Gordon and Swinton.

Reyn. 'Tis passing pleasant, 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. 2

Enter Swinton and Gordon.

Gordon. Pitch down my pennon in your holly bush. Reynald. Mine in the thorn beside it; let them wave, As fought this mora their masters, side by side.

Swinton. Let the men rally, and restore their ranks Here in this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase Leads to disorder'd flight; we have done our part, And if we're succour'd now, Plantagenet Must turn his bridle southward.— Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard; Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew him, And by that token bid him send us 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. ... 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 here, and a Templar, and Edward the First, when his eye glanced over the description of Hoamilton Hill, in Pinkerton's History of Scotland; that, being pleased with the characters of Swinton and Gordon, he transferred his Wallace to Swinton; and that, for the sake of retaining his portrait of

Gordon. And tell him that when Selby's headlong charge Had well unhung borne me down, Sir Alan smote him. I cannot send his helmet, never met with! Went to so many shivers.—Harkye, grooms! [To those behind the scenes. Why do you let my noble steed stand stiffening After so hot a course?

Swinton. Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have work anon, For Edward's men-at-arms will soon be on us, The flower of England, Gascony, and Flanders; But with swift succor we will rive them bravely.— De Vipont, thou look'st sad? 3

Vipont. It is because I hold a Templar's sword Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.

Swinton. The blood of English archers—what can gild A Scottish blade more bravely?

Vipont. Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen, England's peculiar and appropriate sons, Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth And field as free as the best lord his barony, Owing subjection to no human vassalage, Save to their King and law. Hence are they resolute, Leading the van on every day of battle, As men who know the blessings they defend. Hence are they frank and generous in peace, As men who have their portion in its plenty. No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.

Swinton. I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots, Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression, Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner, And die in the defence out. 4

Gordon. And if I live and see my Howl's again, They shall have portion in the good they fight for.

Each hardy follower shall have his field, His household hearth and sod-built home, as free As ever Southron had. They shall be happy!—

2 The MS. adds: "such was my surprise."

3 "While thus enjoying a breathing time, Swinton observes the thoughtful countenance of De Vipont. See what follows 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.

Edward, as there happened to be a Gordon and a Douglas at the battle of Halidon in the time of Edward the Third, and there was so much similarity in the circumstances of the contest, he preserved his Edward as Edward the Third, retaining also his old Knight Templar, in defiance of the anachronism."—Monthly Review, July, 1822.
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—
I have betray'd myself.

Swi. Do not believe it.—

Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's.—

[Exit Vipont.

Now will I counsel thee;
The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
Being 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 upon 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, my lady 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 harplings of our native land?
Whether they lull 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 wakens;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark;
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!
To listen to her, is to seem to wander
In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,

Who wove the spell, can extricate the 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'ning 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
Pennons know—ay, and their Royal Standard.
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—shew the instant need—
Gon. I penetrate thy purpose; but I go not.
Swi. Not at my bidding? I, th' siren 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 dispers'd,
What swords shall for an instant stem yon host,
And save the last chance for victory?

Vip. The noble youth speaks truth; and were he gone,
There will not twenty spears be left with us.
Gon. No, bravely as we have begun the field,
So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,
More certain than a thousand messages,
Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host
Against 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. 
Gon. Yet shall my lady's name mix with it gayly.—
Mount, vassals, couch your lances, and cry, "Gordon! Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth!"
[Exeunt. Loud Alarums.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field of Battle, adjacent to the former Scene.

Alarums. Enter SWINTON, followed by HOB HATTELY.

Swi. Stand to it yet! The man who flies to-day, May bastards warm them at his household hearth! Hou. That never shall be my curse. My Magdalen Is trusty as my broadsword.
Swi. Ha, thou knave! Art thou dismounted too?
Hou. I know, Sir Alan, You want no homeward guide; so throw 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? Hou. 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 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 his to distant harvest.—My toil's over; There lies my sickle. [Dropping his sword.] Hand of mine again Shall never, never wield it! 
Gon. O valiant leader, is thy light extinguish'd! That only beacon-flame which promised safety In this day's deadly wreck! 
Swi. My lamp hath long been dim! But thine, young Gordon,
The sable boar chain'd to the leafy oak,
And that huge mace still seen where war was
widest!

King Ed. "Tis Alan Swinton!
Grim chamberlain, who in my tent at Weardale,
Stood by my startled couch with torch and mace,
When the Black Douglas' war-cry waked my
camp.

Gon. (sinking down.) If thus thou know'st him,
Thou wilt respect his corpse.

K. Ed. As belted Knight and crowned King, I
will.

Gon. And let mine
Sleep at his side, 'tis token that our death
Ended the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

K. Ed. It is the Gordon!—Is there aught beside
Edward can do to honor bravery,
Even in an enemy?

Gon. Nothing but this:
Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,
Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some breath
still,
Enough to say—Scotland—Elizabeth! [Dies.

Chu. Baliol, I would not brook such dying
looks,
To buy the crown you aim at.

K. Ed. (to Vis.) Vipont, thy crossed shield shows
ill in warfare

Against a Christian King.

Vis. That Christian King is warring upon Scot-
land.

I was a Scotsman ere I was a Templar,
Sworn to my country ere I knew my Order.

K. Ed. I will but know thee as a Christian cham-
pon,
And set thee free unwrapp'd.

Enter Abbot of Walthamstow.

Ar. Heaven grant your Majesly
Many such glorious days as this has been!

K. Ed. It is a day of much and high advan-
tage;
Glorious it might have been, had all our foes

author has placed in veritable presentment before us;—his ven-
erable age, superior prowess, and intuitive decision;—the broils
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 sympathize and adore.
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.

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 Strathearn 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 which circumstances we are probably indebted
for the strong relief in which it is given, and the perfect versi-
militude which belongs to it. The stately commanding figure
of the veteran warrior, whom, by the illusion of his art, the

GSTCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Gon. Look there, and bid me fly!—The oak has
fall'n;
And the young ivy bush, which learnt'd to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.

Vir. Swinton! Alas! the best, the bravest,

strongest,

And saggest 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 corpse;

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 Southernc

 trumpets.

Vir. Nay, without thee, I stir not.

Enter Edward, Chandos, Percy, Baliol, &c.

Gon. Ay, they come on—the Tyrant and the

Traitor,

Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Baliol.—
O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,

To do one glorious deed!

[He rushes on the English, but is made

prisoner with Vipont.

K. Ed. Disarm them—harm them not; though

it was they

Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,

They and that bulky champion. Where is he?

Chan. Here lies the giant! Say his name, young

Knight?

Gon. Let it suffice, he was a man this morning.

Chu. 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,
Fought like these two brave champions.—Strike the drums,
Sound trumpets, and pursue the fugitives.

1 "It is generally the case that much expectation ends in disappointment. The free delineation of character in some of the recent Scottish Novels, and the admirable conversations interspersed throughout them, raised hopes that, when a regular drama should be attempted by the person who was considered as their author, the success would be eminent. Its announcement, too, in a solemn and formal manner, did not diminish the interest of the public. The drama, however, which was expected, turns out to be in fact, and not only in name, merely a dramatic sketch, which is entirely deficient in plot, and contains but three characters, Swinton, Gordon, and Edward, in whom any interest is endeavored to be excited. With some exceptions, the dialogue also is flat and coarse; and for all these defects, one or two vigorous descriptions of battle scenes will scarcely make sufficient atonement, except in the eyes of very enthusiastic friends."—Monthly Review.

HALIDON HILL.

Till the Tweed's eddies whelm them. Berwick's render'd—
These wars, I trust, will soon find lasting close.1

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 sufficing quality, which forms, in our view, the highest recommendation of all the author's works of imagination, their unaffected and unflagging vigor. 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 biddon 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 naively 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 mai—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 truffles 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 served for its pedestal is still in existence near the town of Newburgh, on a kind of pass which commands the county of Fife to the southward, and to the north, the windings of the magnificent Tay and fertile country of Angus-shire. The Cross bore an inscription, which is transmitted to us in an unintelligible form by Sir Robert Sibbald.

ABBOTSFORD, January, 1830.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Nini, { Monks of Lindores.
Waldhaye, { Scottish Barons.
Lindesay,
Maurice Berkeley, { Scottish Barons.

TO

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,
AUTHOR OF

“THE PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS.”

PRELUDE.

Nay, smile not, Lady, when I speak of witchcraft, And say, that still there lurks amongst our glens Some touch of strange enchantment.—Mark that fragment,


I mean that rough-hewn block of massive stone Placed on the summit of this mountain-pass, Commanding prospect wide o'er field and fell, And peopled village and extended moorland, And the wide ocean and majestic Tay, To the far distant Grampian.-Do not deem it A loosened 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.

Nix. Here stands the Cross, good brother, consecrated
By the bold Thane unto his patron saint
Magridius, once a brother of our house.
Canst thou not spare an ave or a creed?
Or hast the steep ascent exhausted you? I some.
You trode it stoutly, though 'twas rough and toil-
Wal. I have trode a rougher.

Nix. On the Highland hills—
Scarce within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bountary.
Wal. I spoke not of the literal path, good father.
But of the road of life which I have travell'd,
Ere I assumed this habit; it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects,
As ours beneath was closed by dell and thicket.
Here we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around,
While earthly objects dwindle. Brother Ninian,
Fain would I hope that mental elevation
Could raise me equally o'er worldly thoughts,
And place me nearer heaven.

Nix. 'Tis good morality.—But yet forget not,
That though we look on heaven from this high eminence,
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch foe of man, possess the realms between.

Wal. Most true, good brother; and men may be further
From the bright heaven they aim at, even because
They deem themselves secure on—

Nix. (after a pause.)—You do gaze—
Strangers are wont to do so—on the prospect,
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch foe of man, possess the realms between.

Wal. Of Edzell.
Nix. How? know you the towers of Edzell?
Wal. I've heard of them.

Nix. Then have you heard a tale,
Which when he tells, the peasant shakes his head,
And shuns the mouldering and deserted walls.

Wal. Why, and by whom, deserted?

Nix. Long the tale,—
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Bald Louis Lindesay, had a wife, and found—

Wal. Enough is said, indeed—since a weak woman,
Ay, and a tempting fiend, lost Paradise,
When man was innocent.

Nix. They fell at strife,
Men say, on slight occasion: that fierce Lindesay
Did bend his sword against De Berkeley's breast;
And that the lady threw herself between:
That then De Berkeley dealt the Baron's death-wound.

Enough, that from that time De Berkeley bore
A spear in foreign wars. But, it is said,
He hath return'd of late; and, therefore, brother,
The Prior hath ordain'd our vigil here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary,
And rights of Clan MacDuff.

Wal. What rights are these?
Nix. Most true! you are but newly come from Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know then, when fell Macbeth beneath the arm
Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,
Three boons the victor ask'd, and thrice did Malcolm,
Stoooping 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 staid,
And here the panting homicide find safety.

Wal. And here a brother of your order watches,
To see the custom of the place observed?

Nix. Even so;—such is our convent's holy right,
Since Saint Magridius—blessed be his memory!—
Did by a vision warn the Abbot Eadmir.—
And chief we watch, when there is bickering
Among the neighboring nobles, now most likely
From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindesay's blood upon his hand.

Wal. The Lindesay, then, was loved among his friends?

Nix. 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.

Wal. How now, Sir Priest! (fercely)—Forgive
me (recollecting himself)—I was dreaming.
Of an old heron, who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.
Nix. Lindsay's name, my brother,
In lord 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 lurryng fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary;
And, at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course—een as swain Jordan
Control'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the feet
Of those who bore the ark.
Wal. Is this my charge?
Nix. Even so; and I am near, should chance require me.
At midnight I relieve you on your watch,
When we may taste together some refreshment:
I have care for it; and for a flag of wine—
There is no sin, so that we drink it not
Until the midnight hour, when hounds have told't.
Farewell a while, and peaceful watch be with you!  
[Exit towards the Chapel.
Wal. It is not with me, and alas! alas!
I know not where to seek it. This monk's mind
Is with his cloister match'd, nor lacks more room.
Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life; even as some reptiles,
They say, are moulded to the very shape,
And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
In which they live and die. But for myself,
Retired in passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony.——
How now! what brings him back?
[Re-enter Ninian.
Nix. 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 singing bell;
But now in truth they come:—flight and pursuit
Are sights I've been long strange to.
Nix. See how they gallop down the opposing hill!
Yon gray steed bounding down the headlong path,
As on the leal 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 dostrown
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 thou 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.
Nix. 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
Rear'd up his Cross to be a sanctuary
To the base coward, who shunn'd an equal combat—
How's this?—that look—that mien—mine eyes grow dizzy!—
Nix. He comes!—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'dhav' e lets down his cowl, and
steps back.

Enter Maurice Berkeley.
Nix. Who art thou, stranger? speak thy name
and purpose.
Ber. I claim the privilege of Clan MacDuff.
My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage
Allies me nearly with the Thane of Fife.
Nix. Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?
Ber. Let him show it,
Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

Enter Lindsay, with his sword drawn. He rushes
at Berkeley: Ninian interposes.
Nix. Peace, in the name of Saint Magdulis! Peace,
that we may purchase peace
And good-will towards man! I do command thee
To sheath thy sword, and stir no contest here.
Lin. One charm I'll try first,
To lure the craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath 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 better'd by the
MACDUFF’S CROSS.

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.

LIX. He quails, and shuns to look upon my
weapon,
Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!

BER. Lindsay, and if there were no deeper cause
For slaming 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.

LIX. 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 Lindsay, thou
Be first to speak them.

LIX. 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.

LIX. 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—

LIX. 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 inhospitable murder,
Rear’d not you Cross to sanction deeds like these.

BER. Thou sayst 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.

LIX. Wretch! thou didst first dis-honor 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 thy lord-ships, 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.

LIX. Take worse and blacker.—Murderer, adult-
erer!—
Art thou not moved yet?

BER. Do not press me further.
The hunted stag, even when he seeks the thicket,
Compell’d to stand at bay, grows dangerous!
Most true thy brother perish’d by my hand,
And if you turn 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!

LIX. 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
Conferr’d her on another. While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul a 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.

LIX. Follow me. Thou shalt hear me call the
adulteress
By her right name.—I’m glad there’s yet a spur
Can rouse thy sluggish mettle.

BER. Make then obeisance to the blessed Cross,
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.

[WAL. (rushing forward.) Madmen, stand!—
Stay but one second—answer but one question.
There, Maurice Berkeley, cast thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou’st spoken truth?

BER. I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder’d innocent,
Each seeming charge against her was as false
As our bless’d Lady’s spotless. Hear, each saint!
Hear me, thou holy root! hear me from heaven,
Thou martyr’d excellence!—Hear me from penal
fire
(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated!)
Sterne ghost of her destroyer!—

WAL. (throws back his coat.) He hears! he
hears! Thy spell hath raised the dead.

LIX. 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,
Then 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.—

Ben. (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\(^1\) 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.\(^2\) 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 extrava"ganza, 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 Hervies 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. 507. 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

\(^{1}\) "The Doom of Devorgoil," and "Auchindane," were published together in an octavo volume, in the spring of 1830.

\(^{2}\) For the origin and progress of the first, see Life of Scott, vol. pp. 297-299, 323-6.

Mr. Daniel Terry, the comedian, distinguished for a very

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 toll is useless, and without any advantageous result; and their gaiety is unsubstantial and hollow. The phantom of Lord Erick is supposed to be a spectre of this character.

* The story of the Ghostly Barber is told in many countries; but the best narrative founded on the passage, is the tale called Stumm Lucie, among the legends of Muscovy. 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.
Gullcrummer, a conceited Student.
Owlspeagle and the Maskers, represented by Black Cockledeemoy, the 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, on terms of intimacy with Sir Walter Scott. He died 22d June 1829.
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 ruined, situated upon a Lake, and connected with the Land by a Drawbridge, which is lowered. Time—Sunset.

Flora enters from the Castle, looks timidly around, then comes forward and speaks.

He is not here—those pleasures are not ours Which placid evening brings to all things else.

Song.

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening’s deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.

Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one’s side.

The noble dame on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of 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 thicket wander slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner’s side,
Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard 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
To tempt their rovers back—the lady’s bower,
The shepherdess’s hut, the wild swan’s couch
Among the rushes, even the lark’s low nest,
Has that of promise which lures home a lover,—
But we have naught of this.

Flo. How call you, then, this castle of my 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,
Soe living tenant of the Baron’s halls,
Who, train’d to abstinencc, 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 clutter in their cerements at the tides.

Flo. My mother, too, would gladly see you placed
Beyond the verge of our unkindness;
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-dub’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 harder by that liberal suitor,
The kind Melchisedek.

1 The author thought of omitting this song, which was, in fact, abridged into one in "Quentin Durward," termed County Guy. [See ante, page 700.] It seemed, however, necessary to the sense, that the original stanzas should be retained here.

2 MS.—"Beyond the circle of our wretchedness."
THE DOOM OF DEVORGAIL.

Flo. Were famishing the word, I'd famish ere I tasted them—the sop, The fool, the low-born, low-bred, pedant coxcomb! Kat. There spoke the blood of long-descended sires! My cottage wisdom ought 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 Katleen, Valuing these good things justly, still would scorn To wed, for such, the paltry Gullerammer, 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-shewing; The vassals are dismissed, 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 mingleth 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 chancest even so that memorable morning, When, nutting in the woods, we met young Leonard;— And in good time here comes his sturdy comrade, The brave Lance Blackthorn.

[Enter Lancelot Blackthorn, a Forester, with the Carcass of a Deer on his back, and a Gun in his hand.


The time has been I had not miss'd the sport, Although Lord Nithsdale's self had wanted venison; But this same mate of mine, young Leonard Dacre, Makes me do what he lists;—he'll win the prize, though; The Forest district will not lose its honor,

And that is all I care for—(some shouts are heard.) Hark! they're at it.

Blal. Leave not here The produce of your hunting. Flo. But I must, though. This is his hair to-night, for Leonard Dacre Charged me to leave the stag at Devorgail; Then show me quickly where to stow the quarry, And let me to the sports—(more shots.) Come, hasten, damsels! Flo. It is impossible—we dare not take it. Blal. There let it lie, then, and I'll wind my bugle, That all within these tottering walls may know That here lies venison, whose likes to lift it. [About to blow.

Kat. (to Flo.) He will alarm your mother; and, besides, Our Forest proverb teaches, that no question Should ask where venison comes from. Your careful mother, with her wonted prudence, Will hold its presence plead its own apology.— Come, Blackthorn, I will show you where to stow it. [Enter Katleen and Blackthorn into the Castle—more shooting—then a distant shout—Stragglers, armed in different ways, pass over the Stage, as if from the Weaponshaw.

Flo. The prize is won; that general shout proclaims 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. [cre,— I've seen myself this spark,—young Leonard Dac. Come stealing like a ghost ere break of day, And after sunset, too, along this path; And well you know the haunted towers of Devorgail Have no good reputation in the land.
Sheep. That have they not. I've heard my father say,—
Ghosts dance as lightly in its moonlight halls,
As ever maiden did at Midsummer
Upon the village-green.

First Vas. Those that frequent such spirit-haunted ruins
Must needs know more than simple Christians do.—
See, Lance this blessed moment leaves the castle,
And comes to triumph over us.

[Blackthorn enters from the Castle, and comes forward while they speak.]

Third Vas. A mighty triumph! What's it, after all,
Except the driving of a piece of lead,—
As learned Master Gullcrammer defined it,—
Just through the middle of a painted board.
Black. And if he so define it, by your leave,
Your learned Master Gullcrammer's an ass.

Second Vas. No quarrelling, neighbors—you may both be right.

Enter a Fourth Vassal, with a gallon stoup of wine.

Fourth Vas. Why stand you brawling here? Young Leonard Ducre
Has set abroach the tun of wine he gain'd,
That all may drink who list. Blackthorn, I sought you;
Your comrade prays you will bestow this flagon
Where you have left the deer you kill'd this morning.
Black. And that I will; but first we will take toll
To see if it's worth carriage. Shepherd, thy horn.
There must be due allowance made for leakage,
And that will come about a draught apiece.
Skink it about, and, when our threats are liquor'd,
We'll merrily trowl our song of weaponshaw.

[They drink about out of the Shepherd's horn, and then sing.

SONG.

We love the shrill trumpet, we love the drum's rattle,
They call us to sport, and they call us to battle;
And old Scotland shall laugh at the threats of a stranger,
While our comrades in pastime are comrades in danger.

If there's mirth in our house, 'tis our neighbor that shares it—
If peril approach, 'tis our neighbor that dares it;
And when we lead off to the pipe and the tabor,
The fair hand we press is the hand of a neighbor.

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.

Sheep. 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 severally. Melchisedek Gullcrammer watches them off the stage, and then enters from a side-scene. His costume is a Geneva cloak and bonnet, 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 wimple with his ruffled 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, Melchisedek; As well becometh one, whom good Saint Mungo, The patron of our land and university, Hath graced with license both to teach and preach—
Who dare opine thou hither piole'st on foot? Trim sits thy cloak, unruffled is thy band,
And not a speck upon thine outward man,
Beawrays 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 Devorgail,
Ere her proud sire return. He loves me not, Mocketh my lineage, flouts at mine advancement—
Sour as the fruit the crab-tree furnishes,
And hard as is the cudgel it supplies; But Flora—she's a lily on the lake,
And I must reach her, though I risk a ducking.

[As Gullcrammer moves towards the draw bridge, Baudie Durward enters, and in terrore himself betwixt him and the Castle. Gullcrammer stops and speaks.

Whom have we here?—that ancient fortune-teller
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Papist and sorcerer, and sty'ly beggar,
Old Bauldie Durward! Would I were well past
him!

[DURWARD advances, partly in the dress of a
palmer, partly in that of an old Scottish
mendicant, having coarse blue cloak and
badge, white beard, &c.]

DUR. The blessing of the evening on your
worship,

And on your taffy doublet. Much I marvel
Your wisdom chooseth such trim garb,¹ when tem-
pests

Are gathering to the bursting.

GULLCRAMMER (looks to his dress, and then to the
sky, with some apprehension.)

Surely, Bauldie,

Thou dost belie the evening—in the west

The light sinks down as lovely as this hand

Drops o'er this mantle—Tush, man! 'twill be

fair.

DUR. Ay, but the storm I bode is big with blows,

Horsewhips for hailstones, clubs for thunderbolts;

And for the wailing of the midnight wind,

The unpitied howling of a cudgel'd oxcomb.

Come, come, I know thou seek'st fair Flora Devor-
goil.

GUL. And if I did, I do the damsel grace.

Her mother thinks so, and she has accepted

At these poor hands gifts of some consequence,

And curious dainties for the evening cheer,

To which I am invited—She respects me.

DUR. But not so doth her father, haughty Os-
wald.

Bethink thee, he's a baron—

GUL. And a bare one;

Construe me that, old man!—The crofts of Muckle-
whame—

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 Gullcrammer,

Younger of Mucklewhame, for such I write me,

Master of Arts, by grace of good Saint Andrew,

Preacher, in brief expectancy of a kirk,

Endow'd with ten score Scottish pounds per an-
num,

Being eight pounds seventeen eight in sterling
coin—

Well, then, I say, may this Melchisedek,

Thus highly grace'd 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

Gullcrammer,

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 loaves of its fair fields,

Wherein chopp'd straw contend'd 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-Chas,

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 armor's 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 you (points to a part of the

Castle) stoop to its base

In headlong ruin; while the wise look'd round,

And fearful sought a distant stance to watch

What fragment of the 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 weapon-shaw in high displeasure,

And bither comes—his wonted bitter temper

Scarce sweeten'd by the chances of the day.

¹ MS.—'That you should walk in such trim guise.'
There much like rashness should you wait his
And thither tends my counsel.

[coming, GUL. And I'll take it;]

Good Bandle Durward, I will take thy counsel,
And will require it with this minted farthing,
That bears our sovereign's hand in purest copper.

DUR. Thanks to thy bounty—Haste thee, good young master;
Oswald, besides the old two-handed sword,
Sears in his hand a staff of potency,
To charm intruders from his castle purlicens
GUL. I do abhor all charms, nor will abide
To hear or see, far less to feel their use.
Behold, I have departed.

Moment 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,²
Though boasting his dull drone and gilded wing.
Here comes a flutterer of another stamp,
Whom the same ray is charming to his ruin.

Enter Leonard, dressed as a huntsman; he pauses
before the Tower, and whistles a note or two at intervals—drawing back, as if fearful of observa-
tion—yet 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!³

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 drown'd their cares,
I thought but that thy heart was mine,
My own soft light as theirs.

1 MS. — "And Flora's years of beauty." 
² MS. — "This was an earth-born beetle, dull, and drossy." 
³ From the MS., the following song appears to have been a recent interpolation.

4 The MS. here adds:

"Leonard. But mine is not misplaced—If I sought
beauty,
Besides it not with Flora Devorgoil?
If plesy, if sweetness, if discretion,
Patience beneath ill-suited tasks of labor,
And filial tenderness, that can beguile
Her most wise's stern thoughts, as the soft moonshine

My brief delay then do not blame,
Nor deem your swain untrue;
My form but linger'd at the game,
My soul was still with you.

She hears not!
DUR. But a friend hath heard—Leonard, I pity thee.

LEON. (starts, but recovers himself) Pity, good father, is for those in want,
In age, in sorrow, in distress of mind,
Or agony of body. I'm in health—
Can match my limbs against the stag in chase,
Have means enough to meet my simple wants,
And am so free of soul that I can card
To woodland and to wild in notes as lively
As are my jelly bugles.

DUR. Even therefore dost thou need my pity, Leonard,
And therefore I bestow it, paying thee,
Before thou feel'st the need, my nite of pity.
Leonard, thou loves; and in that little word
There lies enough to claim the sympathy
Of men who wear such hourly looks 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,
Flits thee but ill to judge the passions,
Which are the joy and charm of social life,
Press me no further, then, nor waste these 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 heary 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 whatever of nurture I can boast.
DUR. Then for thy life preserved,

Illumes the cloud of night—If I seek these,
Are they not all with Flora? Number me
The 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 eradled, 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.

And for the means of knowledge I have furnish'd
(Which lacking, man is level'd with the brutes),
Grant me this boon,—Avoid these fatal walls!
A curse is on them, bitter, deep, and heavy,
Of power to split the massiest tower they boast
From pinnacle to dungeon vault. It rose
Upon the gray horizon of proud Devorgoil,
As unregarded as the fleecy cloud,
The first forerunner of the hurricane,
Scarce seen amid the wilkin's shadeless blue.
Dark grew it, and more dark, and still the fortunes
Of this dunnd family have darken'd with it.
It hid their sovereign's favor, and obscured
The lustre of their service, gender'd hate
Betwixt them and the mighty of the land;
Till by degrees the waxing tempest rose,
And stripp'd the goodly tree of fruit and flowers,
And buds, and boughs, and branches.
There remains
A rugged trunk, dis-member'd and unsightly,
Waiting the bursting of the final bolt,
To splinter it to shivers. Now, go pluck
Its single tendril to crown thy brow,
And rest beneath its shade—to share the ruin!
Leo. This anathema,
Whence should it come?—How merited!—and
when?

Duc. 'Twas in the days
Of Oswald's grand-sire,—mid Galwegian chiefs
The fellest foe, the fiercest champion.
His blood-red peons scared the Cumbrian coasts,
And wasted towns and manors mark'd his progress.
His galleys stored with treasure, and their decks
Crowded with English captives, who beheld,
With weeping eyes, their native shores retire,
He bore him homeward; but a tempest rose—
Leo. So far I've heard the tale,
And spare thee the recital.—The grim chief,
Marking his vessels labor on the sea,
And loth to lose his treasure, gave command
To plunge his captives in the raging deep.

Duc. There sunk the lineage of a noble name,
And the wild waves boom'd over sire and son,
Mother and nursling, of the House of Agbonbury,\(^1\)
Leaving but one frail tendril.—Hence the fate
That hovers o'er these turrets,—hence the peasant,
Belated, lying homewards, dreads to cast
A glance upon that portal, lest he see
The unshrouded spectres of the murder'd dead,\(^2\)
Or the avenging Angel, with his sword,
Waving destruction; or the grisly phantom
Of that fell Chief, the doer of the deed,
Which still, they say, roams through his empty halls,
And mourns their wasteness and their lonelhood.

Leo. Such is the dotage
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 alone
For all the massacres her sires have done,
Since first the Pictish race their stained limbs
Array'd in wolf's skin,

Duc. Leonard, ere yet this beggar's scrip and cloak
Supplied the place of mitre and of crosier,\(^3\)
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 chieftest knowledge is to track a stag,
Or wind a bugle, hest presumed to do.
Leo. Nay, I pray forgive me,
Father; thou know'st I meant not to presume—
Dea. Can I refuse thee pardon?—Then 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 hang,
amongst other things, a suit of ancient armor;
by the table is a covered basket; behind, and con-
cealed by it, the carcass 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 Ehrewall."
\(^2\) MS.—"spectres of the murder'd cs; vives."
\(^3\) 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 Oswal of Devorgoil, Flora and Kathleen, 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. fy on it, Flora; this boud' work of thine Shows that thy mind is distant from thy task. The finest tracery of our old cathedral Had not a richer, freer, bolder pattern, Than Flora once could trace. Thy thoughts are wandering.

FLO. They're with my father. Broad upon the lake
The evening sun sunk down; huge piles of clouds, Crimson and sable, rose upon his disk, And quench'd him ere his setting, like some champion
In his last conflict, losing all his glory. Sure signals those of storm. And if my father Be on his homeward road—

ELE. But that he will not. Baron of Devorgoil, this day at least He banquet with the nobles, who the next Would scarce vouchsafe an alms to save his household
From want or famine. Thanks to a kind friend, For one brief space we shall not need their aid.

FLO. (joyfully) What! knew you then his gift? How silly I that would, yet durst not tell it! I fear my father will condemn us both, That easily accepted such a present.

KAT. Now, here's the game a bystander sees better Than those who play it.—My good aunt is pondering On the good cheer which Gullcrammer has sent us, And Flora thinks upon the forest venison. [Aside.

ELE. (to FLO.) Thy father need not know on't—'ts a boon
Comes timely, when frugality, nay, abstinence, Might scarce avail us longer. I had hoped Ere now a visit from the youthful donor, That we might thank his bounty; and perhaps My Flora thought the same, when Sunday's kirk-chief
And the best kirtle were sought out, and don'd To grace a work-day evening.

FLO. Nay, mother, that is judging all too close! My work-day gown was torn—my kirk-chief sundered; And thus—but, think you, will the gallant come?

ELE. He will, for with these dainties came a message From gentle Master Gullcrammer, to intimate—

FLO. (greatly disappointed) Gullcrammer?
KAT. There burst the bubble—down fell house of cards, And cousin's like to cry for't! [Aside.

ELE. Gullcrammer? ay, Gullcrammer—thou scorn'st not at him?
'Twere something short of wisdom in a maiden, Who, like the poor bat in the Grecian fable, Hovers between two classes in the world, And is disdain'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 betters.—Kind my aunt, And you, my gentle cousin, weren'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 Kathleen.
KAT. So! I have brought them both on my poor shoulders So meddling peace-makers are still rewarded:
E'en let them to't again, and fight it out.

FLO. Mother, were I disclaim'd of every class, I would not therefore so disdain myself, As even a passing thought of scorn to waste On clodhobble Gullcrammer.

ELE. List to me, love, and let adversity Incline thine ear to wisdom. Look around thee Of the gay youths who boast a noble name, Which will incline to wed a dowerless damsel? And of the yeomanry, who think'st thou, Flora, Would ask to share the labors of his farm A high-born beggar?—This young man is modest—

FLO. Silly, good mother; sheepish, if you will it. ELE. Even call it what you list—the softer temper,
To 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, Prefers 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 Gullermaker's emblem—and his portion!
Flo. I would that he or I were in our grave,
Rather than thus his suit should goad me!—Mother,
Flora of Devorgoil, though low in fortunes,
Is still too high in mind to join her name
With such a base-born churl as Gullermaker.
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?
Flo. 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,
Amply and large—the hand of a rich heiress
Awaited, almost courted, his acceptance;
He saw my beauty—such it then was called,
Or such at least he thought it—the wiser'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 handlet.
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.
Flo. 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',
That can embitter e'en the purest streams
Of true affection. Thou hast seen me seek,
With the strict caution early habits taught me,
To match our wants and means—hast seen thy father,
With aristocracy's high brow of scorn,
Spurn at economy, the cottage virtue,
As best befitting her whose sires were 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.
Flo. Why will you do so?—well you know it
chafes him.
Ele. Flora, thy mother is but mortal woman,
Nor can at all times check an eager tongue.
Kat. (aside.) That's no new tidings to her niece
and daughter.
Ele. O mayst thou never know the spited 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 out not, it gleams but palely,
And twinkles in the socket.
Flo. But tenderness can screen it with her veil,
Till it revive again. By gentleness, good mother,
How oft I've seen you soothe my father's mood!
Kat. Now there speak youthful hope and fant-
sy!
[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 sed experience. [aside.
Ele. Besides, since that our state was utter
desperate,
Darker his brow, more dangerous grow his words,
Than would I match 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.
[Exeunt Flora and Katleen.
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 Katleen.
[He is dressed in a scarlet cloak, which should
seen worn and old—a headpiece, and old-
fashioned 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, Katleen'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 fail'd the King of Norse and all his rovers. ELE. It might be so in ancient times, but now— Osw. A herd of deer might storm proud Devorgoil.

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 scarce poor pauper Gullcrammer Out of his pauly wits.

Flo. Well, haste ye now, And try to get him off.

Kat. I will not promise that. I would not turn an honest hunter's dog, So well I love the woodcraft, out of shelter In such a night as this—far less his master; But I'll do this, I'll try to hide him for you. Osw. (whom his wife has assisted to take off his cloak and feathered cap) Ay, take them off, and bring my peasant's bonnet And peasant's plaid—I'll noble it no farther. Let them erase my name from honor's lists, And drag my scuffle at their horses' heels; I have deserved it all, for I am poor, And poverty hath neither right of birth, Nor rank, relation, claim, nor privilege, To match a new-coined viscount, whose good grandsire, The Lord be with him, was a careful skipper, And steer'd his pauly skiff 'twixt Leith and Camperve—"Marry, sir, he could buy Geneva cheap, And knew the coast by moonlight.

Flo. Mean you the Viscount Ellondale, 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 bane,— 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) Hal' said ye! let me hear these words more plain. ELE. Ahas! they are but echoes of your own. Match'd with the real woes that hover o'er us, What are the idle visions of precedence, But, as you term them, dreams, and toys, and trifles, Not worth a wise man's thinking twice upon?

Osw. Ay, 'twas for you I framed that consolation, The true philosophy of clouted shoe And linsey-woolsey kirtle. I know, that minds Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive Than what is link'd with honor. Ribbands, 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 told for, The formal and establish'd marks of honor, Usurp'd from him by upstart insolence?

ELE. (who has listened to the last speech with some impatience.) This is but empty declamation, Oswald. The fragments left at yonder full-spread banquet, Nay, even the poorest crust swept from the table, Ought to be far more precious to a father, Whose family lacks food, than the vain boast, He sate at the-board-head.

Osw. Thou'll drive me frantic!—I will tell thee, woman—

Yet why to thee? There is another ear Which that tale better suits, and he shall hear it. [Looks at his sword, which he has unbuckled, 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 off, 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 over- hear. They both approach Oswald. ELE. Oswald—my dearest husband! Flo. My dear father!

2 MS. ——— "tinsel'd spangle."

3 MS. ——— "One shall seek these emblems."
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Osw. Peace, both!—we speak no more of this.
I go.
To heave the drawbridge up.

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 assurances
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 woe and sickness pining,
All the ills that men endure;
Each its various pangs combining,
Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bar me from each wond'ring 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.

Enter Katleen, introducing Blackthorn.

Kat. This was the destined scene of action,
Blackthorn,
And here our properties. But all in vain,
For of Gullrammer we'll see naught to-night,
Except the dainties that I told you of.

Bl. O, if he's left that same hog's face and sat
sages,
He will try back upon them, never fear it.
The ear will open on the trail of bacon,
Like my old brach-hound.

Kat. And should that hap, we'll play our com-
dy,—

Shall we not, Blackthorn? Thou shalt be Owls-
piegle—

Bl. And who may that hard-named person be?

Kat. I've told you nine times over.

Bl. 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
cars
Do their good office.

Bl. 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,
Owls-piegle was of old the wicked barber
To Erick, wicked Lord of Devorgoil.

Bl. The chief who'd drown'd his captives in the
Solway—
We all have heard of him.

Kat. A hermit, 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-broken, turn'd into derision
The man of heaven, and, as his dignity
Consist'ed much in a long reverend beard,
Which reach'd his girdle, Erick cause'd his barber,
This same Owls-piegle, violate his honors
With sacrilegious razor, and clip his hair
After the fashion of a roguish fool.

Bl. 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 haunt's 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.
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 to-night.

BLA. I tell you that he will—I will uphold
His plighted faith and true allegiance
Unto a soul's shaved face and sausages,
And such the dainties that you say he sent you.
Against all other likings whatsoever,
Except a certain sneaking of affection,
Which makes some folks I know of play the fool,
To please some other folks.

KAT. Well, I do hope he'll come—there's first a chance
He will be cudgel'd by my noble uncle—
I cry his mercy—by my good aunt's husband,
Who did vow vengeance, knowing naught of him
But by report, and by a limping sonnet
Which he had fashion'd to my cousin's glory,
And forwarded by blind Tom Long the carrier;
So there's the chance, first of a hearty beating,
Which failing, we've this after-plot of vengeance.

BLA. Kind damsel, how considerate and merciful!
But how shall we get off, our parts being play'd?
KAT. For that we are well fitted; here's a trap-door
Sinks with a counterpoise—you shall go that way.
I'll make my exit yonder—heath the window,
A balcony communicates with the tower
That overhangs the lake.

BLA. 'Twere a rare place, this house of Devorgoil,
To play at hide-and-seek in—shall we try,
One day, my pretty Katleen?

KAT. Hands off, rude ranger! I'm no managed hawk
To stoop to lure of yours.—But bear you gallantly;
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 DEVORGOL.

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!
[Hands off.

Bla. (sings.)
O, Robin Hood was a bowman good,
And a bowman good was he,
And he met with a maiden in merry Sherwood,
All under the Greenwood tree.

Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood,
Now give me a kiss, said he,
For there never came maid into merry Sherwood,
But she paid the forester's fee.

I've coursed this twelvemonth this sly pass, young Katleen,
And she has dodged me, turn'd beneath my nose,
And flung me out a score of yards at once;
If this same gear fadge right, I'll cote and mouth her,
And then! whoop! dead! dead! dead!—She is the metaf!
To make a woodsman's wife of!—

[Pauses a moment.
Well—I can find a hare upon her form
With any man in Nithsdale—stalk a deer,
Run Reynard to the earth for all his doubles,
Reclaim a haggard hawk that's wild and wayward,
Can bait a wild-cat,—sure the devil's in't
But I can match a woman—I'll to study.
[Sits down on the couch to examine the paper.

SCENE II.

Scene changes to the Inhabited apartment of the Castle, as in the last Scene of the preceding Act.
A fire is kindled, by which Oswald sits in an attitude of deep and melancholy thought, without paying attention to what passes around him.
Eleanor is busy in covering a table; Flora goes out and 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 viveliness to the Scene.

Elef. Is all prepared?
Flo. Ay; but I doubt the issue
Will give my sire less pleasure than you hope for.
Elef. 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 woe to come.
He has turn'd his back upon a princely banquet:
We will not spread his board—this night at least
Since chance hath better furnish'd—with dry bread,
And water from the well.

Enter Katleen, and hears the last speech.
Kat. (aside.) Considerate aunt! she deems that a good supper
Were not a thing indifferent even to him
Who is to hang to-morrow. Since she thinks so,
We must take care the venison has due honor—
So much I owe the sturdy knife, Lance Blackthorn.
Flo. Mother, alas! when Grief turns reveller,
Despair is cup-bearer. What shall lap to-morrow?
Elef. I have learn'd carelessness from fruitless care.
Too long I've watch'd to-morrow; let it come
And cater for itself—Thou hearest the thunder.

[Love 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,
Flo,
'Tis the philosophy of desperate want
To match itself but with the present evil,
And face one grief at once.
Away, I wish thine aid and not thy counsel.
[As Flora is about to go off, Gullcrammer's voice is heard behind the flat scene, as if from the drawbridge.
Gul. (behind.) Hillo—hillo—hillo—ha—hoa! [Oswald raises himself and listens; Eleanor goes up the steps, and opens the window at the loop-hole; Gullcrammer's voice is then heard more distinctly.
Gul. Kind Lady Devorgoil—sweet Mistress Flora!

The night grows fearful, I have lost my way,
And wand'red 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 Gullcrammer!
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 ever acceptable.
Osw. What bawling knave is this that takes our dwelling
For some hedge-hunt, the haunt of hated drunks?  
Ele. What shall I say?—Go, Kathleen, 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, can't please your Reverence,
And keep a narrow household—there's no track
To lead your steps astray—
Lady.
Gul. Nor none to lead them right.—You kill me,
If you deny me harbor. To budge from hence,
And in my weary plight, were sudden death,
Interment, funeral-sermon, tombstone, epitaph.
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 marsh, and can avoid
The crags upon the left, the road is plain.
Osw. Then this is all your piety!—to leave
One whom the holy duties of his office
Have summon'd over moor and wilderness,
To pray beside some dying wretch's bed,
Who (erring mortal) still would cleave to life,
Or wake some stubborn sinner to repentance,—
To leave him, after offices 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 reticence.
Gul. (without) Hillo—hon—hon!
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.

1 Ms.—"And headlong dizzy precipice."
2 Ms.—"shall give, as ever,

Ele. O, that the screaming bitter had his couch
Where he deserves it, in the deepest marts!
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 cornmant,
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,
Wield her poor daughter!

Enter Gulcrammer, 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. Gulcrammer, mistaking her
approach for an invitation to familiarity, advances
with the air of pedantic conceit belonging to his
character, when Oswald enters,—Eleanor renews
herself, and assumes an air of distance—
Gulcrammer 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 visit-
ants.—
What have we here?—is this the reverend man?
[He takes up the candle, and surveys
Gulcrammer, who strives to sustain
the inspection with confidence, while fear
obviously contends with conceit and desire
to show himself to the best advan-
tage.
Gul. Kind sir—or, good my lord—my band is
ruffled,
But yet 'twas fresh this morning. This fell shower
Hath somewhat smirch'd my cloak, but you may
note
It rates five marks per yard; my doublet
Hath fairly 'scaped—'tis three-piled taffeta.
[Opens his cloak, and displays his doublet.
Osw. A goodly inventory—Art thou a preacher?
Gul. Yes—I laud Heaven and good Saint Mun
for it.
Osw. 'Tis the time's plague, when these that
should weed follies
Out of the common field, have their own minds

Their shelter to the


1 Ms.—"Where it is fittest," &c.

2 Ms.—"I need the wanderer."
O'errun with soppery—Envoy's 'twixt heaven and earth,
Example should with precept join, to show us
How we may scorn the world with all its vanities.

GUL. Nay, the high heavens forefend that I were
vain!
When our learn'd Principal such sounding hand
Gave to mine Essay on the hidden qualities
Of the sulphuric mineral, I disclaim'd
All self-exaltment. And (turning to the women)
when at the dance,
The lovely Saccherissa Kirkencroft,
Daughter to Kirkencroft of Kirkencroft,
Grace'd me with her soft hand, credit me, ladies,
That still I felt myself a mortal man,
Though beauty smiled on me.

OSW. Come, sir, enough of this. [heavens,
That you're our guest to-night, thank the rough
And all our worser fortunes; be conformable
Unto my rules; these are no Saccherissas
To gild with compliments. There's in your profession,
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.

ELS. (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.

ELS. 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.
Even let the popgo supperless to bed,
And keep his bones whole.

OSW. (to his Wife.) Hast thou aught
To place before him ere he seek repose?

ELS. 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 coxcomber woes 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
dainties;
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 fellow. What think these fair ladies
Of a sow's face and sausages?

Flo. Plague on the vulgar kind, and on his court-
esies,
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! [Aside.

OSW. (apart.) What can he mean?—this is the
veriest dog-whelp—
Still he's a stranger, and the latest act
Of hospitality in this old mansion
Shall not be sullied.

GUL. Troth, sir, I think, under the ladies' favor,
Without pretending skill in second sight,
Those of my cloth being seldom conjurers—

OSW. I'll take my Bible-oath that thou art none.

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 precedent—
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 cherub's benefits,
Sauced with his lack of feeling, sense, and courtesy,
Savor like injuries.

[1 horn is wined without; then a loud knocking at the gate.

LEC. (without.) Ope, for the sake of love and
charity!

OSW. (inside.) 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 suitor,
And we'll play out this gambol at cross purposes.
But see, your father has prevented me.

Osw. (seems to have spoken with those without,
and answers.) Well, I will ope the door;
one guest already,
Driven by the storm, has claim'd my hospitality,
And you, if you were fiends, were scarce less welcome

To this my mouldering roof, than empty ignorance
And rank conceit—I hasten to admit you. (Exit. 

Elf. (to Fto.) 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!

Fto. Mother, if I knew less or more of this
Unthought-of and most perilous visitation,
I would your wishes were fulfilled on me,
And I were wedded to a thing like you.

Gul. (approaching.) Come, ladies, now you see
the jest is threadbare,
And you must own that same sow's face and sausages—

Re-enter Oswald with Leonard, supporting Bald- 
die Dukward. Oswald takes a view of them, as
formerly of Gulcrammer, then speaks.

Osw. (to Leo.) By thy green casock, hunting-spear and bugle,
I guess thou art a huntsman?

Leo. (bowing 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?

Duc. (recovering his breath.) Is but a beggar, sir,
a humble mendicant,
Who feels it passing strange, that from this roof,
Above all others, he should now crave shelter.

Osw. Why so? You're welcome both—only the word
Warrants more courtesy than our present means
Permit us to bestow. A huntsman and a soldier
May be a prince's comrade, much more mine;
And for a beggar—friend, there little lacks,
Save that blue gown and badge, and clouted pockets,
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 wind abroad this evening,
And left our larder empty.

Gul. Yet, if some kindly fairy,
In our behalf, would search its hid recesses,—
(Ap.ert.) We'll not go supperless now—we're three
to one.—

Still do I say, that a supperless face and sausages—
Osw. (looks sternly at him, then at his wife.)
There's something under this, but that the present
Is not a time to question. (To Ele.) Wife, my mood
Is at such height of 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 croaks for, bring them forth;
For, by my father's beard, if I stand caterer,
'Twill be a fearful banquet!

Ele. Your pleasure be obey'd—Come, aid me.

Flora. (Exit.)—(During the following speeches the Women
place dishes on the table.)

Osw. (to Dun.) How did you lose your path?

Dun. E'en when we thought to find it, a wild
meteor
Danced in the moss, and led our feet astray.—
I gave 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 mount,
Which we had pass'd two hours since, were we led,
And there the gleaning 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 I, here my young conductor
Would needs 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 Devorgoil?

Dun. Sir, I am English born—
Native of Cumberland. Enough is said
Why I should shun those bowers, whose lords were hostile
To English blood, and unto Cumberland
Most hostile and most fatal.

Osw. Ay, father. Once my grandsire plough'd, and harrow'd,
And sow'd with salt the streets of your fair towns;
But what of that?—you have the 'vantage now.

Dun. True, Lord of Devorgoil, and well believe I,
That not in vain we sought these towers to-night,
So strangely guided, to behold their state.

Osw. Ay, thou wouldst say,'twas fit a Cumbrian
beggar
Should sit an equal guest in his proud halls,
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOL.

Whose fathers beggar'd Cumberland—Graybeard, let it be so.
I'll not dispute it with thee.

(To Leo, who was speaking to Flora, but on being surprised, occupied himself with the suit of armor.)
What maketh thou there, young man?
Leo. I marvelld at this harness; it is larger Than arms of modern days. How richly carved With gold inlaid on steel—how close the rivets— How justly fit the joints! I think the gauntlets Would swallow twice my hand.

[He is about to take down some part of the Armor; Oswald intervenes.]
Osw. Do not displace it. My grandsire, Erick, doubled human strength, And almost human size—and human knowledge, And human vice, and human virtue also, As storm or sunshine chance to occupy His mental hemisphere. After a fatal deed, He hung his armor on the wall, forbidding It e'er should be ta'en down. There is a prophecy, That of itself 'twill fall, upon the night. When, in the fiftieth year from his decease, Devorgil's feast is full. This is the era; But, as too well you see, no meet occasion Will do the downfall of the armor justice, Or grace it with a feast. There let it bide, Trying its strength with the old walls it hangs on, Which shall fall soonest.

Dur. (Looking at the trophy with a mixture of feeling.) Then there stand Erick's harness hangs untouched,

Since his last fatal raid on Cumberland!
Osw. Ay, waste and want, and recklessness—a comrade.

Still yoked with waste and want—have stripp'd these walls Of every other trophy. Antler'd skulls, Whose branches vouch'd the tales old vassals told Of desperate chances—partisans and spears— Knights' barred helms and shields—the shafts and bows, Axes and breastplates of the hardy yeomanry— The banners of the vanquish'd—signs these arms Were not assumed in vain, have disappear'd. Yes, one by one they all have disappear'd; And now Lord Erick's harness hangs alone, 'Twixt implements of vulgar husbandry And mean economy; as some old warrior, Whom want hath made an inmate of an alms-house, Shows, mid the beggar's spendthrifts, base mechanics, And bankrupt pedlars, with whom fate has mix'd him.

Dur. Or rather like a pirate, whom the prison-

Prime leveller next the grave, hath for the first time Mingleth with peaceful captives, low in fortunes, But fair in innocence.

Osw. (Looking at Dur. with surprise.) Friend, thou art bitter!

Dur. Plain truth, sir, like the vulgar copper coinage, Despised amongst the gentry, still finds value And currency with beggars.

Osw. Be it so. I will not trence on the immunities I soon may claim to share. Thy features, too, Though weather-beaten, and thy strain of language, Relish of better days. Come hither, friend,

[They speak apart.]

And let me ask thee of thine occupation.

[Leonard looks round, and, seeing Oswald engaged with Durward, and GuIlcrammer 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 leadstar, 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. Even 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 basefull;

But mine had wholesome bitter in't.

Kat. Ay, ay; but like the sly apothecary, You'll be the last to take the bitter drug That you prescribe to others.

[They whisper. Eleanor advances to interrupt them, followed by Gullcrammer.]

3 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 substantial food
That is to say—for learned commentators
Do so expound substantial in some places,—
With a son's bacon-face and sausages.

Flo. (apart.) Would thouwert sons'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 buck his suit, and is a sturdy beggar—
The courtier begs a riband or a star,
And, like our gentle 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!"

[In a begging tone.

Kat. (apart.) This is a cunning knave, and feeds the humor
Of my aunt's husband, for I must not say
Mine honor'd uncle. I will try a question,—
Your man of merit though, who serves the commonwealth,
Nor asks for a requital?

[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 cloak'd mendicity
I have told over to you.—The soldier's laurel,
The statesman's riband, and the lady's favor,
Once won and gain'd, are not held worth a farthing
By such as longest, loudest, 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.

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—

Gul. (who has in the mean while seated himself.)
But this is more.—A better countenance,—
Fair fall the hands that son's'd it!—than this leg's,
Or prettier proverden than these same sausages,
(By what good friend sent hither, shall be nameless,
[ fuse.)

Dubtless some youth whom love hath made profane
[Smiling significantly at Eleanor and Flora.
No prince need wish to peck at. Long, I ween,
Since that the nostrils of this house (by metaphor
I mean the chimneys) smelt'd a steam so grateful—
By your good leave I cannot daily longer.

[Helps himself.

Osw. (places Durward above Gullcrammer.) Meanwhile, sir,
Please your faithful learning to give place
To gray hairs and to wisdom; and, moreover,
If you had tarried for the benediction—

Gul. (somewhat abashed.) I said grace to myself.
Osw. (not minding him.)—And waited for the company of others,
It had been better fashion. Time has been,
I should have told a guest at Devorgoil,
Bearing him thus forward, he was saucy.

[He seats himself, and helps the company
And himself in dumb-show. There should
Be a contrast between the precision of his
Aristocratical civility, and the rude under-
Breading of Gullcrammer.

Osw. (having tasted the dish next him.) Why, this
Is venison, Eleanor!

Gul. Eh! What! Let's see—

[Pushes across Oswald and helps himself.

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.

1 MS. "Whereas your genuine copper halfpenny."
The Doom of Devorgoil.

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.

[Fulls wine.

Try if your cup be not as richly garnish'd
As is your trencher.

Kar. (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.

'Till 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 visitors,
The influence feels already!—we will revel!—
Our banquet shall be loud!—it is our last.

Kathleen, thy song.

Kar. Not now, my lord—I mean to sing tonight
For this same moderate, grave, and reverend clergyman;
I'll keep my voice till then.
Ele. Your round refusal shows but cottage breeding.

1 Wooden trenchers should be used, and the quaigh, 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 vigor of his own spirit into the Duke, he pressed him to retire with him into the Highlands, raise his vassals therewithal, 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 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 Con
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,  
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,  
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;  
But the Provost, douse man, said, "Just e'en let him be,  
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee."  
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 counthie  
Thinking luck, to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cram'm'd  
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd;  
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,  
As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
And lung-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;  
But they shrank 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;  

vocation was then sitting: 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 subdue the one party and provoke the other, by their fears. He  
ordered the doors of the house to be shut, and the keys to be  
heaven 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-  
sands 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  
kept in garrets and cellars, showed themselves in the streets; nor,  
indeed, in the proper habiliments of war, but in arms, and with  

"Let Mora Meg and her marrows speak twa  
words or three,  
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—  
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!  
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of  
me,  
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands be-  
yond Forth,  
If there's lords in the lowlands, there's chiefs in  
the North;  
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times  
three,  
Will cry hoigh! for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.  
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of barquent 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,

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-  
ers, as they went out, were received with acclamations, and  
those of the opposite party with the threats and curses of a  
prepared populace. Terrified by the prospect of future alarms,  
many of the adherents of James quitted the Convention, and  
retired to the country; most of them changed sides; only a  
very few of the most resolute continued their attendance."—  

1 Previous to 1784, the Grassmarket was the common place  
of execution at Edinburgh.
Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it’s up with the bannets of Bonny Dundee!

Ele. Kathleen, do thou sing now. Thy uncle’s
cheerful;
We must not let his humor ebb again.
Kat. But I’ll do better, aun, than if I sung,
For Flora can sing blithe; so can this huntsman,
As he has shown e’er now; let them duct it.
Osw. Well, huntsman, we must give to freakish
maiden
The freedom of her fancy.—Raise the carol,
And Flora, if she can, will join the measure.

Song.
When friends are met o’er merry cheer,
And lovely eyes are laughing near,
And in the goblet’s bosom clear
The cares of day are drown’d;
When pangs are made, and bumpers quaff’d,
And wild Wit shoots his roving staff,
And Mirth his jovial laugh has laugh’d,
Then is our banquet crown’d,
    Ah gay,
Then is our banquet crown’d.

When glee’s are sung, and catches trol’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 Light-
ning should seem to strike the suit of black
Armor, which falls with a crash.1 All
rise in surprise and fear except Gullcram-
er, who tumbles over backwards and lies
still.

Osw. That sounded like the judgment-peeal—the
Still trembles with the volley.

Duf. Happy those
Who are prepared to meet such fearful sum-
mons.—
Leonard, what dost thou there?
Leo. (supporting Flo.) The duty of a man—
Supporting innocence. Were it the final call,
I were not misemploy’d.
Osw. The 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 unlearnt it tells its tidings.
Osw. Hawks, hounds, and revelling consumed
the hours
I should have given to study.

[Looks at the manuscript.
These characters I spell not more than thou.
They are not of our day, and, as I think,
Not of our language.—Where’s our scholar now,
So forward at the banquet? Is he laggard
Upon a point of learning?
Leo. Here is the man of letter’d dignity,
E’en in a piteous case.
[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. Eh—ah!—oh—ho!—Have you no better
time
To tax a man with riddles, than the moment
When he scarce knows whether he’s dead or 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 pound of high-dried Scottish snuff,
And half a peck of onions, with a bushel
Of curious oatmeal,—our learn’d Principal
Did say, “Melchisedek, thou canst do any thing!”
Now comes he with his paltry scroll of parchment,
And, “Can you read it?”—After such affront,
The point is, if I will.
Osw. A point soon solved,
Unless you choose to sleep among the frogs;
For look you, sir, there is the chamber window,
Beneath it lies the lake.
Ele. Kind master Gullcrummer, beware my
husband,
He breaks no contradiction—tis his fault,  
And in his wrath he's dangerous.  

Gul. (looks at the scroll, and matters as if reading.)  
Hashgoboth hotch-patch—  
A simple matter this to make a rout of—  
Ten rashchren bacon, mish-mash venison,  
Sausageoan sossed-face—Tis a simple catalogue  
Of our small supper—made by the grave sage  
Whose presence knew this night that we should feast  
On venison, hash'd sow's face, and sausages,  
And hung his steel-coat for a supper-bell—  
E'er 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 with it?  

Dur. (takes it from him.) My best to read it, sir  
—The character is Saxon,  
Used at no distant date within this district;  
And thus the tenor runs—nor in Samaritan,  
Nor simple Hebrew, but in wholesome English:—  
Devorgoil, thy bright moon waneth,  
And the rust thy harness staineth;  
Servile guests the banquet soil  
Of the once proud Devorgoil.  
But should Black Erick's armor fall,  
Look for guests shall scare you all!  
They shall come ere peep of day,—  
Wake and watch, and hope and pray.  

Kat. (to 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 Katleen's spirit, yet I hate  

This Gullcrammer too heartily, to stop  
Any disgrace that's hasting towards him.  

Osw. (to whom the beggar has been again reading the scroll.)  
'Tis a strange prophecy!—The silver moon,  
Now waxing 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 presence,  
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.  

[Exit, lighted by Flora with a lamp.  

Osw. The owl is fled—I'll not to bed to-night;  
There is some change impending o'er this house,  
For good or ill. I would some holy man  
Were here, to counsel us what we should do!  
You witless thin-faced gull is but a cassock  
Stuff'd out with chaff and straw.  

Dur. (assuming an air of dignity) I have been wout,  
In other days, to point to erring mortals  
The rock which they should anchor on.  

[He holds up a Cross—the rest take a posture of devotion, and the Scene closes.

ACT III.—SCENE I.  

A ruminous Ante-room in the Castle. Enter Kat- 
keen, fantastically dressed to play the Character 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 Owlsplegk.

Bla. Here am I—Blackthorn in the upper half, Much at your service; but my nether parts Are goblinized and Owlsplegled. I had much ado To get these trankums on. I judge Lord Erick Kept no good house, and starved his quondam bar- ber.

Kat. Peace, ass, and hide you—Gullcrammer is He left the hall before, but then took fright, And e'en sneak'd back. The Lady Flora lights him—

Trim occupation for her ladyship!

Had you seen Leonard, when she left the hall On such fine errand!

Bla. This Gullcrammer shall have a bob extra-

ordinary

For my good comrade's sake.—But tell me, Kat-

What dress is this of yours?

Kat. A page's, fool!

Bla. I'm accounted no great scholar, But 'tis a page that I would fain peruse

A little closer. [Approaches her.

Kat. Put on your spectacles, And try if you can read it at this distance, For you shall come no nearer.

Bla. But is there nothing, then, save rank im-

posture,

In all these tales of goblinry at Devorgoil?

Kat. My aunt's grave lord thinks otherwise, sup-

posing

That his great name so interests the Heavens, That miracles must needs bespeak its fall— I would that I were in a lowly cottage Beneath the greenwood, on its walls no armor To court the levin-bolt——

Bla. And a kind husband, 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 linnen's sure to build the earliest nest In all the forest.

Kat. Peace, you fool, they come.

Flora lights Gullcrammer across the Stage.

Kat. (When they have passed.) Away with you! On with your cloak—be ready at the signal.

Bla. And shall we talk of that same cottage, 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. (Aside.) I shall have leave, I see, to spell the page A little closer, when the due time comes.

SCENE II.

Scene changes to Gullcrammer's Sleeping Apart-

ment. 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 afair'd;—

And so sweet slumber to your Reverence.

Gul. Kind Mistress Flora, will you?—eh! eh eh! Flo. Will I what?

Gul. Tarry a little?

Flo. (smiling.) Kind Master Gullcrammer, How can you ask me aught so unbecoming? Gul. Oh, fie, fie, fie!—Believe me, Mistress Flora, 'Tis not for that—but being guided through, Such dreary galleries, stairs, and suites of rooms, To this same cubicle, I'm somewhat loth To bid adieu to pleasant company.

Flo. A flattering compliment!—In plain truth, you are frighten'd.

Gul. What! frighten'd?—I—I—am not tim-

eros.

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 Owlsple-

gle——

So is our goblin call'd—than face Lord Oswald. GUL. Owlsplegle!—

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 hebdomadal put on this morning;

Flo. Why, you need fear no goblins. But this Owlsplegle Is of another class;—yet has his frolics; Cuts hair, trims beards, and plays amid his antics The office of a sinful mortal barbar. Such is at least the rumor
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

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 pricked by the fond hope of your approval, I should endure this venture?

Flo. I do hope I shall have cause to smile.

Gul. Well! in that hope I will embrace the achievement for thy sake.

[She is going.

Yet, stay, stay, stay!—on second thoughts I will not—

I've thought on it, and will the mortal cudgel rather endure than face the ghostly rascal! Your crab-tree's tough but blunt,—your rascal's polish'd, but, as the proverb goes, 'tis cruel sharp. I'll to thy father, and unto his pleasure submit these destined shoulders.

Flo. But you shall not, believe me, sir, you shall not; he is desperate, and better far be trimm'd by ghost or goblin, than by my sires 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 Owlsiegle, 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 trip to such a distance, that I believe the castle's breadth divides me from human company. I'm ill at ease—

But if this citadel (laying his hand on his stomach) were better victual'd, it would be better mended. [Sits down and drinks. She has a footstep light, and taper ankle.

[Chuckles.

Aha! that ankle! yet, confound it too, but for these 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 abed, 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, [Sits 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 once. He leaps up in his bed.

Gul. I had just coax'd myself to sweet forgetfulness, and that confounded bell—I hate all bells, except a dinner bell—and yet I lie, too,—I love the bell that soon shall tell the parish of Gabblegoose, Melchisedek's incumbent—and shall the future minister of Gabblegoose, whom his parishioners will soon require to exercise their ghosts, detect their witches, lie shivering in his bed for a pert goblin, whom, be he switch'd or cocktail'd, horn'd or poll'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 Owlsiegle and Cockledemon.

Owlsiegle.

Cockledemon! My boy, my boy—

Cockledemon.

Here, father, here.

Owlsiegle.

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.

Owlsiegle.

Cockledemon! My boy, my boy, we'll sport us here—
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 hasp! [The door opens with violence. Enter Blackthorn as Owlspiegle, fantastically dressed as a Spanish Barber, tall, thin, enamcated, and ghostly; Katlen, 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 Gullcrummer. 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 maps and mows. At length Cockledemoy jumps on the bed. Gullcrummer 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 buz, 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 buz, Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.

COCKLEDEMOY (placing the napkin.)
And this embroider'd napkin, so white and so fair, At an usurer's funeral I stole from the heir [Drops something from a vial, as going to make suds. This dew-drop I caught from one eye of his mother, Which wept while she ogle the parson with 't'other.

BOTH.
For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz, Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
 Owlsplegie (arranging the lather and the basin.)
My soap-ball is of the mild alkali made,
Which the soft dedicator employs in his trade;
And it froths with the pith of a promise, that’s sworn
By a lover at night, and forgot on the morn.

Both.
For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buzz,
Of the make-believe world, becomes forfeit to us.
Halloo, halloo,
The blackcock crew,
Thrice shriek’d hath the owl, thrice croak’d hath the raven,
Here, ho! Master Gullramer, 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 composeur. The Goblins receive him with fantastic ceremony.

Gentlemen, ‘tis your will I should be trimm’d—
E’en do your pleasure.

(They point to a scot—he sits.)

Think, howso’er,
Of me as one who hates to see his blood;
Therefore I do beseech you, signior,
Be gentle in your craft. I know those barbers,
One would have harrows driven across his visanomy,
Rather than they should touch it with a razor.

Owlsplegie shaved Gullramer, 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! sit again?
My hair lacks not your scissors.

[Owlsplegie insists on his sitting.

Nay, if you’re peremptory, I’ll ne’er dispute it,
Nor eat the cow and choke upon the tail—
E’en trim me to your fashion.

[Owlsplegie cuts his hair, and shaves his head, ridiculously.

Cockledemoy (sings as before.)
Hair-breath’s scapes, and hair-breath’s 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 noddle.

[They take the napkin from about Gullramer’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 Gullramer’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 Cockledemoy?

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 Gullramer, who returns their salutation.

Owlsplegie descends by the trap-door.

Cockledemoy springs out at a window

Song (without.)

Owlsplegie.

Cockledemoy, my hope, my care,
Where art thou now, O tell me where?

Cockledemoy.

Up in the sky,
On the bonny dragonfly,
Come, father, come you too—
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

She has four wings and strength snow,
And her long body has room for two.

GUL. Cockledeymow is a naughty brat—
Would have the poor old stiff-rump’ed devil, his father,
Peril his fiendish neck. All boys are thoughtless.

SONG.

OWLSPIEGLE.
Which way didst thou take?

COCKLEDEMOY.
I have fall’n in the lake—
Help, father, for Bélzebub’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 dragonlilies a-riding!

COCKLEDEMOY (sings.)

Now merrily, merrily, row I to shore,
My bark is a beau-shell, a straw for an ear.

OWLSPIEGLE (sings.)

My life, my joy,
My Cockledeymow!

GUL. I can bear this no longer—thus children are spoil’d.

[Strikes into the tune.

Master Owlspiegle, hoy! He deserves to be whipp’d little Cockledeymow! [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. This is strange, now,
When they were here, I was not half so frighten’d
As now they’re gone—they were a sort of company.
What a strange thing is use!—A horn, a claw,
The tip of a fiend’s tail, was wont to scare me.
Now am I with the devil hand and glove;
His soap has lather’d, and his razor shaved me;
I’ve joined him in a catch, kept time and tune,
Could dine with him, nor ask for a long spoon;
And if I keep not better company,
What will become of me when I shall die?

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Gothic Hall, waste and ruinous. The moonlight is at times seen through the shafted windows.2

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 columns
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 splendor
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 Blackthorn,
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 Gullcrummer,
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;

1 “Cowards, upon necessity, assume
A fearful bravery; thinking by this face
To fasten in men’s minds that they have courage.”—Shakespeare.
Though I ne'er heard of master of defence,  
So active at his weapon as to brave  
The devil, or a ghost—See! see! see yonder!  
[A Figure is imperfectly seen between two of  

the pillars.  

Kat. There's something moves, that's certain,  
and the moonlight,  

Chased by the flitting gale, is too imperfect  
To show its form; but, in the name of God,  
I'll venture on it boldly.  

Bla. Wilt thou so?  

Were I alone, now, I 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!  
[As they advance towards the Figure, it is  
more plainly distinguished, which might, I  
think, be contrived by raising successive  

screens of crape. The Figure is wrapped  
in a long robe, like the mantle of a Her-  
mit, or Palmer.  

Pal. Ho! ye who thread by night these wilder-  
ning scenes,  

In garb of those who long have slept in death,  

Fear ye the company of those you imitate?  
Bla. This is the devil, Katleen, let us fly!  

[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—it for good or evil,  

Brief space shall soon determine. In that fate,  
If good, by lineage thou canst nothing claim;  
If evil, much mayst suffer.—Leave these pre-  
cincts.  

Kat. Whate'er thou art, be answer'd—Know,  

I will not  

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 re-  
solve—  

If evil come, I aid my friends to bear it;  

If good, my part shall be to see them prosper,  
A portion in their happiness from which  

No 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 cour-  
age.  

[He drops the key.—He disappears gradu-  
ally—the moonlight failing at the same  
time.  

Kat. (after a pause.) Whate'er it was, 'tis gone  
My head turns round—  

The blood that lately fortified my heart  

Now eddies in full torrent to my brain,  
And makes wild work with reason. I will haste,  
If that my steps can bear me so far safe,  
To living company. What if I meet it  
Again in the long aisle, or vaulted passage?  
And if I do, the strong support that bore me  
Through this appalling interview, again  
Shall strengthen and uphold me.  

[As she steps forward she stumbles over  

the key.  

What's this? The key?—there may be mystery  
in't.  

I'll to my kinswoman, when this dizzy fit  
Will give me leave to choose my way aight.  
[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 kind.  
What's to be done?—I'll search this cursed castle  
From dungeon to the battlements; if I find her  
not,  

I'll fling me from the highest pinnacle—  

Katleen (who has somewhat gathered her spirits,  
in consequence of his entrance, comes behind  
and touches him; he starts.) Brave sir!  
I'll spare you that rash leap—You're a bold woods-  
man!  

Surely I hope that from this night henceforward  
You'll never kill a hare, since you're akin to  
them;  
O I could laugh—but that my head's so dizzy.  
Bla. Lean on me, Katleen.—By my honest  
word,  

I thought you close behind—I was surprised,  
Not a jot frighten'd.  
Kat. Thou art a fool to ask me to thy cottage,  
And then to show me at what slight expense  
Of manhood I might master thee and it.  
Bla. I'll take the risk of that—This goblin busi-  
ness  

 Came rather unexpected; the best horse  
Will start at sudden sights. Try me again,  
And if I prove not true to bonny Katleen,  
Hang me in mine own bowstring. [Exeunt.
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 shews 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 becomes a layman's tongue to speak.—
Where have you stowed yon prater?

Flo. Safe in the Goblin-chamber.

Ele. The Goblin-chamber!
Maiden, wilt thou frantic?—if his Reverence
Have suffered harm by waspish Owlspiegley,
Be sure thou shalt abey it.

Flo. Here he comes,
Can answer for himself!

Enter Gullcrummer, in the fashion in which Owlspiegley had put him: having the foot'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 goodly spectacle!—is there such a goblin,
(To Osw.) Or has sheer terror made him such a figure?

Osw. There is a sort of wavering tradition
Of a malicious imp who teas'd all strangers;
My father went to call him Owlspiegley.

Gul. Who talks of Owlspiegley?
He is an honest fellow for a devil,
So is his son, the hopeful Cocklemoy.

(Sings)

"My hope, my joy,
My Cockledemoy!"

Leo. The fouls 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 tick such petty wares as his poor brains.

Dur. What saw'st thou, sir? What heard'st thou?

Gul. What wasn't I saw and heard?
That which old graybeards,

Who conjure Hebrew into Anglo-Saxon,
To cheat starved barons with, can little guess at.

Flo. If he begin so roundly with my father,
His madness is not like to save his bones.

Gul. Sirs, midnight came, and with it came the goblin.
I had repos'd 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. Sansagian sow'd face; that much of you' Hebrew
Even I can bear in memory.

Gul. We counter'd,
The goblin and myself, even in mid-chamber,
And each stepp'd back a pace, as 'twere to study
The foe he had to deal with!—I betheought me,
Ghosts ne'er have the first word, and so I took it,
And fired a volley of round Greek at him.
He stood his ground, and answer'd in the Syriac;
I flank'd my Greek with Hebrew, and compell'd him—

[A noise heard.]

Osw. Peace, idle prater!—Hark—what sounds are these?
Amid the growling of the storm without,
I hear strange notes of music, and the clash
Of courser's trampling feet.

Voices (without.)

We come, dark riders of the night,
And flit before the dawning light;
Hill and valley, far afoot,
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—for 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!

The Palmer enters—Gullcrummer runs off.

Osw. Whence and what art thou? for what end come hither?
Pal. I come from a far land, where the storm howls not,
And the sun sets not, to pronounce to thee,
Oswald of Devorgoil, thy house's fate.

Dun. 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.

Dun. Who's art—if thou dost know so much,
Needs must thou know—
Osw. Peace! I will answer here; to me he
spoke.—
Mysterious stranger, briefly I reply:
A peasant's dress befits a peasant's fortune;
And 'twere vain mockery to array these walls
In trophies, of whose memory naught remains,
Save that the cruelty outvied the valor
Of those who wore them.

Pal. Degenerate as thou art,
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!

Ele. Tremble not, son, but hear me!

[He strikes the wall; it opens, and dis-
covers 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 bon-
net,
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! 1

Dun. Lord Oswald, thou art tempted by a fiend,
Who doth assail thee on thy weakest side,—
Thy pride of lineage, and thy love of grandeur.
Stand fast—resist—contend his fatal offers!

Ele. Urge him not, father; if the sacrifice

1 MS.—"And be as rich as ere was Devorgoil,
When Devorgoil was proudest."
THE DOOM OF DEVORGOIL.

Bla. 'Tis has risen my bow's height in the last five minutes, and still is swelling strangely.

Gul. (who has stood astonished upon seeing them.) We shall be drown'd without your kind assistance.

Sweet Master Owlspleg, your dragonily—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 Depends the fearful spell that now entraps us, the key of Black Lord Erick—ere we find it, the castle will be whelm'd beneath the waves, and we shall perish in it!

Kat. (giving the key.) Here, prove this; a chance most strange and fearful gave it me.

[Oswald puts it into the lock, and attempts to turn it—"a loud clap of thunder."

Flo. The lake still rises faster.—Leonard, Leonard, canst thou not save us?

[Leonard tries the lock—it opens with a violent noise, and the 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.—

1 MS.—'T was storms of angry Fate are past—Constancy abides their blast. Of Devorgoil the daughter fair.

(Gullcrammer offers to take it.) But soft you, sir, we'll not disturb your learning for the matter, yet since you've borne a part in this strange drama, you shall not go ungarded. 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 anights 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 Dace's injured heir; the silver moon of Devorgoil
Auchindrane;

or,

THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Car aliquid vidit? car noxia lamina feel
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?
OVIDI Tristium, Liber Secondus.

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 lofter, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of our forefathers, while the caithiffs 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 lofter source than is known to modern villains. The fever of unsated ambition, the phrensy of ungratified revenge, the perfideum ingenium Scotorum, stigmatized by our jurists and our legislators, held life but as passing breath; and such enormities as now sound like the acts of a madman, were then the familiar deeds of every offended noble. With these observations we proceed to our story.

John Muir, or Mure, of Auchindrane, the contriver and executor of the following cruelties, was a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate in the west of Scotland; bold, ambitious, treacherous to the last degree, and utterly unconscientious.—a Richard the Third in private life, inaccessible alike to pity and to remorse. His view was to raise the power, and extend the grandeur, of his own family. This gentleman had married the daughter of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Barganie, who was, excepting the Earl of Cassillis, the most important person in all Carrick, the district of Ayrshire which he inhabited, and where the name of Kennedy held so great a sway as to give rise to the popular rhyme,—

"'Twixt Wigton and the town of Air,
Portpatrick and the Cruives of Cree,
No man need think for to bide there,
Unless he court Saint Kenneth.'"

Now, Mure of Auchindrane, who had promised himself high advancement by means of his father-in-law Barganie, saw, with envy and resentment, that his influence remained second and inferior to the House of Cassillis, chief of all the Kennedys. The Earl was indeed a minor, but his authority was maintained, and his affairs well managed, by his uncle, Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, the brother of the deceased Earl, and tutor and guardian to the present. This worthy gentleman supported his nephew's dignity and the credit of the house so effectually, that Barganie's consequence was much thrown into the shade, and the ambitious Auchindrane, his son-in-law, saw no better
remedy than to remove so formidable a rival as Cullayne by violent means.

For this purpose, in the year of God 1597, he came with a party of followers to the town of Maybole (where Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne then resided), and lay in ambush in an orchard, through which he knew his destined victim was to pass, in returning homewards from a house where he was engaged to sup. Sir Thomas Kennedy came alone, and unattended, when he was suddenly fired upon by Auchindrane and his accomplices, who, having missed their aim, drew their swords, and rushed upon him to slay him. But the party thus assailed at disadvantage, had the good fortune to hide himself for that time in a 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 Cassillis, as one who usurped an undue influence over the rest of the name. Accordingly, this hot-headed youth, at the instigation of Auchindrane, rode past the gate of the Earl of Cassillis, without waiting on his chief, or sending him any message of civility. This led to mutual defiance, being regarded by the Earl, according to the ideas of the time, as a personal insult. Both parties took the field with their followers, at the head of about 250 men on each side. The action which ensued was shorter and less bloody than might have been expected. Young Barganie, with the rashness of headlong courage, and Auchindrane, fired by deadly enmity to the House of Cassillis, made a precipitate attack on the Earl, whose men were strongly posted and under cover. They were received by a heavy fire. Barganie was slain. Mure of Auchindrane, severely wounded in the thigh, became unable to sit his horse, and, the leaders thus slain or disabled, their party drew off without continuing the action. It must be particularly observed, that Sir Thomas Kennedy remained neuter in this quarrel, considering his connection with Auchindrane as too intimate to be broken even by his desire to assist his nephew.

For this temperate and honorable conduct he met a vile reward; for Auchindrane, in resentment of the loss of his relative Barganie, and the downfall of his ambitious hopes, continued his practices against the life of Sir Thomas of Cullayne, though totally innocent of contributing to either. Chance favored his wicked purpose.

The Knight of Cullayne, finding himself obliged to go to Edinburgh on a particular day, sent a message by a servant to Mure, in which he told him, in the most unsuspecting confidence, the purpose of his journey, and named the road which he proposed to take, inviting Mure to meet him at Dupplin, 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 Drumurglie by name, and Walter Mure of Cloancaid, a kinsman of his own, to take this opportunity of revenging Barganie's death. The fiery young men were easily induced to undertake the crime. They waylaid the unsuspecting Sir Thomas of Cullayne at the place appointed to meet the traitor Auchindrane, and the murderers having in company five or six servants, well mounted and armed, assaulted and cruelly murdered him with many wounds. They then plundered the dead corpse of his purse, containing a thousand marks in gold, cut off the gold buttons which he wore on his coat, and despoiled the body of some valuable rings and jewels. 1

1 "No papers which have hitherto been discovered appear to afford to striking a picture of the savage state of barbarism into which that country must have sunk, as the following Bond by the Earl of Cassillis, 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 Drumurghie and Cloncaird, presented himself boldly at the bar, demanded a fair trial, and offered his person in combat to the death against any of Lord Cassillis's friends who might impugn his innocence. This audacity was successful, and he was dismissed without trial.

Still, however, Mure did not consider himself safe, so long as Dalrymple was within the realm of Scotland; and the danger grew more pressing when he learned that the lad had become impotent 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 Nether lands. 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 connection of his called James Bannatyne. This man he commissioned to meet him at ten o'clock at night on the sea-sands near Girvan, and bring with 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 neatness, and the experience acquired under his quantum 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 obilis us, that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Bannock, with his complices, at the Laird of Auchindrane's will, shall proclaim to him and all persons that he shall accordingly be paid; or that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Bannock, with his complices, shall make to him and all persons that he shall accordingly be paid; or that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Bannock, with his complices, shall make to him and all persons that he shall accordingly be paid; or that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Bannock, with his complices, shall make to him and all persons that he shall accordingly be paid; or that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Bannock, with his complices, shall make to him and all persons that he shall accordingly be paid; or that howsoever our brother, Hew Kennedy of Bannock, with his complices, shall make to him and all persons that he shall accordingly be paid.'

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1 Ayr and until.
2 Receive.
3 Morover.
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 necessary to concealing their crime. Despairing of hiding the corpse in the manner they proposed, the murderers carried it out into the sea as deep as they dared wade, and there abandoned it to the billows, trusting that a wind, which was blowing off the shore, would drive these remains of their crime out to sea, where they would never more be heard of. But the sea, as well as the land, seemed unwilling to conceal their cruelty. After floating for some hours, or days, the dead body was, by the wind and tide, again driven on shore, near the very spot where the murder had been committed.

This attracted general attention, and when the corpse was known to be that of the same William Dalrymple whom Auchindrane had so often spirited out of the country, or concealed when he was in it, a strong and general suspicion arose, that this young person had met with foul play from the bold bad man who had shown himself so much interested in his absence. It was always said or supposed, that the dead body had bled at the approach of a grandchild of Mure of Auchindrane, a girl who, from curiosity, had come to look at a sight which others crowded to see. The bleeding of a murdered corpse at the touch of the murderer, was a thing at that time so much believed, that it was admitted as a proof of guilt; but I know no case, save that of Auchindrane, in which the 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 neighbor, would not plead for or stand by him in so pitiful a concern as the slaughter of this wretched wanderer.

Accordingly, Mure sought to provide himself with some ostensible cause for avoiding law, with which the feelings of his kindred and friends might sympathize; and none occurred to him so natural as an assault upon some friend and adherent of the Earl of Cassilis. 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 Carrichorne, a follower of the Earl's, against whom they had special ill-will, fired their pistols at him, and used other means to put him to death. But Carrichorne, a stout-hearted man, and well armed, defended himself in a very different manner from the unfortunate Knight of Cullayne, and beat off the assailants wounding young Auchindrane in the right hand, so that he well-nigh 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 Auchindrane was made prisoner, and lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Young Auchindrane no sooner heard that his father was in custody, than he became as apprehensive of Bannatyne, the accomplice in Dalrymple's murder, telling tales, as ever his father had been of Dalrymple. He, therefore, hastened to him, and prevailed on him to pass over for a while to the neighboring coast of Ireland, finding him money and means to accomplish the voyage, and engaging in the mean time to take care of his affairs in Scotland. Secure, as they thought, in this precaution, old Auchindrane persisted in his innocence, and his son found security to stand his trial. Both appeared with the same confidence at the day appointed, and braved the public justice, hoping to be put to a formal trial, in which Auchindrane reckoned upon an acquittal for want of the evidence which he had removed. The trial was, however, postponed, and Mure the elder was dismissed, under high security to return when called for.

But King James, being convinced of the guilt of the accused, ordered young Auchindrane, instead of being sent to trial, to be examined under the force of torture, in order to compel him to tell whatever he knew of the things charged against him. He was accordingly severely tortured; but the result only served to show that such examinations are as useless as they are cruel. A man of weak resolution, or of a nervous habit, would probably have assented to any confession, however false, rather than have endured the extremity of fear and pain to which Mure was subjected. But young Auchindrane, a strong and determined ruffian, endured the torture with the utmost firmness, and by the constant audacity with which, in spite of the intolerable pain, he continued to assert his innocence, he spread so favorable an opinion of his case, that the detaining him in prison, instead of bringing him to open trial, was censured as severe and oppressive. James, however, remained firmly persuaded of his guilt, and by an exertion of authority quite inconsistent with our present laws, commanded young Auchindrane to be still detained in close custody till further light could be thrown on these dark proceedings. He was detained accordingly by the King's express personal command, and against the opinion even of his privy councilors. This exertion of authority was much murmured against.

In the mean while, old Auchindrane, being, as we have seen, at liberty on pledges, skulking about in the west, feeling how little security he had gained by Dalrymple's murder, and that he had placed himself by that crime in the power of Bannatyne, whose evidence concerning the death of Dalrymple could not be less fatal than what Dalrymple might have told concerning Auchindrane's accession to the conspiracy against Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne. But though the event had shown the error of his wicked policy, Auchindrane could think of no better mode in this case than that which had failed in relation to Dalrymple. When any man's life became inconsistent with his own safety, no idea seems to have occurred to this inveterate ruffian, save to murder the person by whom he might himself be in any way endangered. He therefore attempted the life of James Bannatyne by more agents than one. Nay, he had nearly ripened a plan, by which one Pennyceuke was to be employed to slay Bannatyne, while, after the deed was done, it was devised that Mure of Auchnill, a connection of Bannatyne, should be instigated to slay Pennyceuke; and thus close up this train of murders by one which, flowing in the ordinary course of deadly feud, should have nothing in it so particular as to attract much attention.

But the justice of Heaven would bear this complicated train of iniquity no longer. Bannatyne, knowing with what sort of men he had to deal, kept on his guard, and, by his caution, disconcerted more than one attempt to take his life, while another miscarried by the remorse of Pennyceuke, the agent whom Mure employed. At length Bannatyne, tiring of this state of insecurity, and in despair of escaping such repeated plots, and also feeling remorse for the crime to which he had been accessory, resolved rather to submit himself to the severity of the law, than remain the object of the principal criminal's practices. He surrendered himself to the Earl of Abercorn, and was transported to Edinburgh, where he confessed before the King and council all the particulars of the murder of Dalrymple, and the attempt to hide his body by committing it to the sea.

When Bannatyne was confronted with the two Mures before the Privy Council, they denied with vehemence every part of the evidence he had given, and affirmed that the witness had been bribed to destroy them by a false tale. Bannatyne's behavior seemed sincere and simple, that of Auchindrane more resolute and crafty. The wretched accomplice fell upon his knees, invoking God to witness that all the land in Scotland could not have bribed him to bring a false accusation against a master whom he had served, loved, and followed in so many dangers, and calling upon Auchindrane to honor God by confessing the crime he had committed. Mure the elder, on the other
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. The elder Auchindrane was convicted of counselling and directing the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Cullayne, and also of the actual murder of the lad Dalrymple. Bannatyne and the younger Mure were found guilty of the latter crime, and all three were sentenced to be beheaded. Bannatyne, however, the accomplice, received the King's pardon, in consequence of his voluntary surrender and confession. The two Mures were 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 *fiscieuluses* 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 (balliff) 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 hopeless character the line of Auchindrane ended. The family, blackened with the crimes of its predecessors, became extinct, and the estate passed into other hands.

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**Dramatis Personae.**

**John Mure of Auchindrane, an Ayrshire Baron.**

He has been a follower of the Regent, Earl of

the story of Auchindrane; and where Mr. Pitcairn's important services to the history of his profession, and of Scotland, are justly characterized. (1835.)

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 proof-sheets of the Number then in hand, and directed his attention particularly to six 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 Shakespeare. Yet I doubt whether the prose narrative of the prologue 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 Gilt's Hill and the West Port."—Lockhart vo., ix. p. 334

1 "After pronouncing and declaring of the qhillik determination and deliverance of the said persons of Assaye, 'The Justice, in respect thai're be the mouth of Alexander Kennedy, deponent of Court, deceitful and fraudulently the said约翰 Mure of Auchindrane elder, James Mure of Auchindrane youngest, his eldest son and aparendir sir, and James Bannatyne, called of Chapel-Donnan, and ilk ane of thame, to be tane to the mercat crose of the hutch of Edinburg, and their, upon ane scaffold, their heids to be strukin frome their bodis: And all their lands, heritages, takis, steidisings, rowmes, possessions, teyndis, coirnes, cattill, blast pleasanting, guilling, tymis, ty littills, profitis, commoditieis, and radius quhatsoever, directis or indirectis perteying to thame, or any of thame, at the committing of the saidis treasonable Murthoiris, or semyne; or to the quilkis thay, or any of thame, had richt, claim, or action, to be forfalt, escheit, and inbrocht to our sorrowe lordis va; as culpable and convict of the saidis treasonable crymes.'

2 "Qhillik was a connectit for Dome!"—Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, vol. iii. p. 156.

2 See an article in the Quarterly Review, February, 1831, on Mr. Pitcairn's valuable collection, where Sir Walter Scott particularly dwells on the original documents connected with
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 Cassillis.

Phillip Macle, his son, a wild, debauched Profligate, professing and practising a contempt for his Father's hypocrisy, while he is as fierce and licentious as Auchindrade himself.

Gifford, their Relation, a Courtier.

Quentin Blake, a Youth, educated for a Clergyman, but sent by Auchindrade 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 facetious 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.

Niel MacLellan, Keeper of Auchindrade 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 Niel MacLellan.
Isabel, their Daughter, a Girl of six years old. Other Children and Peasant Women.

Auchindrade;

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-intact Tower are seen on the right hand, overhanging the Sea. There is a vessel at a distance in the offing. A Boat at the bottom of the Stage lands eight or ten Persons, dressed like disbanded, and in one or two cases like disabled Soldiers. They come struggling forward with their knapsacks and bundles. Hilderbrand, the Sergeant, belonging to the Party, a stout elderly man, stands by the boat, as if superintending the disembarkation. Quentin remains apart.

Abraham. Farewell, the flats of Holland, and right welcome
The cliffs of Scotland! Fare thee well, black beer
And Schiedam gin! and welcome twopenny, Oaktacks, and usquebaugh!

Williams (who wants an arm.) Farewell, the gallant field, and "Forward, pikemen!"

For the bridge-end, the suburb, and the lane;
And, "Bless your honor, noble gentleman,
Remember a poor soldier!"

Ann. My tongue shall never need to smooth itself
To such poor sounds, while it can boldly say,
"Stand and deliver!"

Wil. Hush, the sergeant hears you!

Ann. And let him hear; he makes a 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
As that of the old cart-horse, when the owner
Turns him upon the common. I for one
Will still continue to respect the sergeant,
And the comptroller, too—while the cash lasts.

Ann. I scorn them both. I am too stout a Scotsman
To bear a Southerner'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

Ann. Ay, they sing light whose task is telling
money,

When dollars clink for chorus.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

QNE. I've done with counting silver, honest Abraham, As thou, I fear, with pouching thy small shares 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 gained, Our banners waved victorious. 

[He sings, and the rest bear chorus.]

SONG.

Hither we come, Once slaves to the drum, But no longer we list to its rattle. Adieu to the wars, With their slashes and scars, The march, and the storm, and the battle.

There are some of us main'd, And some that are hamen, And some of old aches are complaining; But we'll take up the tools, Which we flung by like fools, Guinst 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.

AEB. 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? QNE. I am the prodigal in holy writ; I cannot work,—to beg I am ashamed. Besides, good mates, I care not who may know it, I'm e'en as fairly tired of this same fighting, As the poor cur that's worried in the shambles By all the mastiff dogs of all the butchers; Wherefore, farewell sword, poniard, petronel, And welcome poverty and peaceful labor.

AEB. Clerk Quentin, if of fighting thou art tired, By my good word, thou'rt quickly satisfied, For thou'lt seen but little on't. WIL. Thou dost belie him—I have seen him fight Bravely enough for one in his condition. AEB. 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 cipherings unjust to cheat his comrades, And cloak false musters for our noble captain?

He bid farewell to sword and petronel! He should have said, farewell my pen and Stan dish. These, with the rosin used to hide erasures, Were the best friends he left in camp behind him. QNE. The sword you scoff at is not far, but scorns The threats of an unmann'd mutineer.

SEN. (interposes.) We'll have no brawling— Shall it o'er be said, That being comrades six long years together, While gulping down the lousy fogs of Holland, We fitted 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 athen staff, Endlong or overthwart. Who is it wishes A remembrance now?

[Raises his halberd.] AEB. Comrades, have ye 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, howsoever, and we'll not suffer A word of sergancy, or halberd-staff, Nor the most petty threat of discipline. If thou wilt lay aside thy pride of office, And drop thy want of swaggering and commanding, Thou art our comrade still for good or evil. Else take thy course apart, or with the clerk there— A sergeant thou, and he being all thy regiment. SEN. Is't come to this, false knaves? And think you not, That if you bear a name o'er other soldiers, It was because you followed to the charge One that had zeal and skill enough to lead you Where fame was won by danger? WIL. We grant thy skill in leading, noble sergeant; Witness some empty boots and sleeves amongst us, Which else had still been tenanted with limbs In the full quantity; and for the arguments With which you used to back our resolution, Our shoulders do record them. At a word, Will you conform, or must we part our company? SEN. Conform to you? Base dogs! I would not lead you A bolt-flight farther to be made a general. Mean mutineers! when you swill'd off the dregs Of my poor sea-stores, it was, "Noble Sergeant— Heaven bless old Hildebrand—we'll follow him,
At least, until we safely see him lodged
Within the merry bounds of his own England!"

Wil. Ay, truly; sir; but, mark, the ale was mighty,
And the Geneva potent. Such stout liquor
Makes violent protestations. Skink it round,
If you have any left, to the same tune,
And we may find a chorus for it still.

Aub. 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!

Aub. 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 lot, I might more safely
Have look'd on Indian cliffs, or Afric's desert,
Than on my native shores. I'm like a babe,
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 whum 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.

Sen. 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!—

Sen. 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,
Dreaded and powerful, took a kindly charge
For my advance in letters, and the qualities
Of the poor orphan lad drew some applause.
The knight was proud of me, and, in his halls,
I had such kind of welcome as the great
Give to the 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 requirements fitting.

Sen. 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 har-
ness,
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 o'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 Scot-
land,
And live or die within a distant land!

Sen. 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 happy'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 unwitting 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 lurked,  
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-mean'd kindness injur'd me.  
My comrades hated, undervalued me,  
And whatso'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 ashore,  
As wild waves heap the sea-weed on the beach,  
And left him here, as if he had the pest  
Or leprosy, and death were in his company?  
Que. They think at least you have the worst of plagues,  
The worst of leprous—, 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 farror, proper to Old England,  
Stretches by streams which walk no sluggish pace,  
But dance as light as years. Now, good friend  
Quentin,  
This copryhold 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:  
Then 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 boys 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 compell'd a pilgrim,  
In name of Heaven and heavenly charity,  
To share his roof and board, but found too late  
That he had drawn a curse on him and his,  
By sheltering a wretch foredoom'd of heaven!  
Sen. Thou talk'st in riddles to me.  
Que. If I do,  
'Tis that I am a riddle to myself.  

1 The MS. here adds:  
"And then wild Arran, with its darksome  
Of naked rock received me; till at last  

eclips\  
walls  

I yielded to take service in the legion  
Which lately has discharged us. Stout Montgomery  
Our colonel, hath been kind through five years' warfare."
SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS.

Thou know'st I am by nature born a friend
To glee and merriment; can make wild verses;
The jest or laugh has never stopp'd with me,
When once 'twas set a-rolling.

SER. I have known thee
A blithe companion still, and wonder now
Thou shouldst become thus crest-fallen.

QUE. Does the lark sing her descent when the falcon
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, did I veil my feelings
Beneath the mask of mirth,—laugh'd, sung, and
caroll'd,
To gain some interest in my comrades' bosoms,
Although mine own was bursting.

SER. Thou'rt a hypocrite
Of a new order.

QUE. But harmless as the innocuous snake,
Which bears the adder's form, lurks in his haunts,
Yet neither hath his fang-teeth nor his poison.
Look you, kind Hildebrand, I would seem merry,
Lest other men should, tiring of my sadness,
Expel me from them, as the hunted wether
Is driven from the flock.

SER. Faith, thou hast borne it bravely out.
Had I been ask'd to name the merriest fellow
Of all our master-rol—that man wert thou.

QUE. See'st thou, my friend, you brook dance
down the valley,
And sing blithe carols over broken rock
And tiny waterfall, kissing each shrub
And each gay flower it nurses in its passage.—
Where, think'st thou, is its source, the bonny
brook?

It flows from forth a cavern, black and gloomy,
Sullen and sunless, like this heart of mine,
Which others see in a false glare of gayety,
Which I have laid before you in its sadness.

SER. If such wild fancies dog thee, wherefore
leave
The trade whereon thou wert safe 'midst others' dangers,
And venture to thy native land, where fate
Lies on the watch for thee? Had old Montgomery
D--r with the regiment, thou hadst had no congè.

QUE. 'Tis most likely—But I had a hope,
A poor va hope, that I might live obscurely
In some far corner of my native Scotland,
Which, of all thers, 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 baffl'd 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 obey the call like the hurt deer,
Which seeks instinctively his native hair,
Though his heart tells him it is but to die there.

SER. 'Tis false, by Heaven, young man! This
same despair,
Though showing resignation in its banner,
Is but a kind of covert cowardice.
Wise men have said, that though our stars incline,
They cannot force us—Wisdom is the pilot,
And if he cannot cross, he may evade them.
You lend an ear to idle auguries,
The fruits of our last revels—still most sad
Under the gloom that follows boisterous mirth,
As earth looks blackest after brilliant sunshine.

QUE. No, by my honest word. I join'd the revel,
And aid'd it with laugh, and song, and shout,
But my heart revell'd not; and, when the mirth
Was at the lowest, on you galliot's prow
I stood unmark'd, and gazed upon the land,
My native land—each cape and cliff I knew.
"Behold me now," I said, "your destined victim!"
So greets the sentenced criminal the headman,
Who slow approaches with his lifted axe.
"Hither I come," I said, "ye kindred hills,
Whose darksome outline in a distant land
Haunted my slumber; here I stand, thou ocean,
Whose hoarse voice, murmuring in my dreams, re-
quired me;
See me now here, ye winds, whose plaintive 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!"

SER. 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?

SER. Such wild examples but refute themselves.
Let bird, let moth, let the coil'd adder's prey,
Resist the fascination and be safe.
Thou goest not near this Baron—if thou goest,
I will go with thee. Known in many a field,
Which he in a whole life of petty feud
Has never dream'd of, I will teach the knight
To rule him in this matter—be thy warrant,
That far from him, and from his petty lordship,
You shall henceforth tread English land, and never
Thy presence shall alarm his conscience more.

QUE. 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 church-
yard;—
The last, perchance, will be the first I find.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

SIR. I would rather face him,
Like a bold Englishman that knows his right,
And will stand by his friend. And yet 'tis folly—
Fancies like these are not to be resisted;
'Tis better to escape them. Many a prelacy,
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 muttonbers 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.
SIR. But are there none within an easy walk
Give lodgings here for hire? for I have left
Some of the Don's piastres (though I kept
The secret from you gulls), and I had rather
Pay the fair reckoning I can well afford,
And my host takes with pleasure, than I'd cumber
Some poor man's roof with me and all my wants,
And tax his charity beyond discretion.
QUE. Some six miles hence there is a town and
hostelry—
But you are wayworn, and it is most likely
Our comrades must have fill'd it.
SIR. Out upon them!—
Were there a friendly mastiff who would lend me
Half of his supper, half of his poor kennel,
I would help Honesty to pick his bones,
And share his straw, far rather than I'd sup
On jolly fare with these base varlets!
QUE. We'll manage better; for our Scottish
dogs,
Though stout and trusty, are but ill-instructed!
In hospitable rights.—Here is a maiden,
A little maid, will tell us of the country,
And sorely is it changed since I have left it,
If we should fail to find a harborage.

Enter Isabella MacLellan, a girl of about six years
old, bearing a milk-pail on her head; she stops on
seeing the Sergeant and Quentin.
QUE. There's something in her look that doth
remind me—
But 'tis not wonder I find recollections
In all that here I look on.—Pretty maid—
SIR. You're slow, and hesitate. I will be
spokesman.—
Good even, my pretty maiden—canst thou tell us,

MS "Gallant and grim, may be but ill-instructed."

Is there a Christian house would render strangers
For love or guerdon, a night's meal and lodging?
ISA. Full surely, sir; we dwell in you old house
Upon the cliff—they call it Chapeldoon.

[Points to the building
Our house is large enough, and if our supper
Chance to be scant, you shall have half of mine,
For, as I think, sir, you have been a soldier.
Up yonder lies our house; I'll trip before,
And tell my mother she has guests a-coming;
The path is something steep, but you shall see
I'll be there first. I must chain up the dogs, too;
Nimrod and Bloodylass are cross to strangers,
But gentle when you know them.

[Exit, and is seen partially ascending to
the Castle.
SIR.
You have spoke
Your country folk right, both for the dogs
And for the people.—We had luck to light
On one too young for cunning and for selfish-
ness.—
He's in a reverie—a deep one sure,
Since the gibe on his country wakes him not.—
Bestir thee, Quentin!
QUE.
'Twas a wondrous likeness.
SIR. Likeness! of whom? I'll warrant thee at
one
Whom thou hast loved and lost. Such fantasies
Live long in brains like thine, which fashion visions
Of woe and death when they are cross'd in love,
As most men are or have been.
QUE. Thy guess hath touch'd me, though it is but
slightly,
'Mongst other woes: I knew, in former days,
A maid that view'd me with some glance of favor;
But my fate carried me to other shores,
And she has since been wedded. I did think on't
But as a bubble burst, a rainbow vanish'd;
It adds no deeper shade to the dark gloom
Which chills the springs of hope and life within me
Our guide hath got a trick of voice and feature
Like to the maid I spoke of—that is all.
SIR. She bounds before us like a gamesome doe,
Or rather as the rock-bred eagle soars
Up to her nest, as if she rose by will
Without an effort. Now a Netherlander,
One of our Frogland friends, viewing the scene,
Would take his oath that tower, and rock, and
maiden,
Were forms too light and lofty to be real,
And only some delusion of the fancy,
Such as men dream at sunset. I myself
Have kept the level ground so many years,
I have wellnigh forgot the art to climb,
Unless assisted by thy younger arm.

[They go off as if to ascend to the Tower
the Sergeant leaning upon Quentin
SCENE II.

Scene changes to the Front of the Old Tower. Isabel comes forward with her Mother.—Marion speaking as they advance.

Mar. I blame thee not, my child, for bidding wanderers Come share our food and shelter, if thy father Were here to welcome them; but, Isabel, He waits upon his lord at Auchindrane, 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 overhearing what her mother says.) Ay, but I know already—Jealousy Is, when my father chides, and you sit weeping.

Mar. Out, little spy! thy father never chides; 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, [brow'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! [Listens.

I hear his accents—It is all too true—

My terrors were prophetick!

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 glad 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 around the defences of the post you storm'd.

[They come on the Stage, and at the same time Marion re-enters from the Tower.

Sen. Truly thou speakest. I am the tardier, That I, in climbing hither, miss the fire, [ing.— Which want 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.

Sen. Kind dame, you little lass hath brought you strangers, Willing to be a trouble, not a charge to you. We are disbanded soldiers, but have means Ample enough to pay our journey homeward.

Mar. We keep no house of general entertainment, But know our duty, sir, to looks like yours, Whiten'd and thim'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.

You see a woman's memory Is faithfuler 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 Auchindrane. He's absent now, But will rejoice to see his former comrade,

If, as I trust, you tarry his return. (Apart) Heaven grant he understand my words by contradictions!

He must remember Niel and he were rivals; He must remember Niel and he were foes; He must remember Niel is warry of temper, And think, instead of welcome, I would bluntly bid him, God speed you. But he is as simple And void of guile as ever.

Que. Marion, I gladly rest within your cottage, And gladly wait return of Niel MacLellan, To clasp his hand, and wish him happiness. Some rising feelings might perhaps prevent this— But 'tis a peevish part to grudge our friends Their share of fortune because we have miss'd it. I can wish others joy and happiness, Though I must ne'er partake them.

Mar. But if it grieve you— [of hope

Que. No! do not fear. The brightest gleams That shine on me are such as are reflected From those which shine on others.

[The Sergeant and Quentin enter the Tower with the little Girl.
MAR. (comes forward, and speaks in agitation.)
Even so! the simple youth has miss'd my meaning.
I shame to make it plainer, or to say,
In one brief word, Pass on—Heaven guide the bark,
For we are on the breakers! [Exit into the Tower.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A withdrawing Apartment in the Castle of Auchindrane. Serves 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 reveling.

AUCH. We're better placed for confidential talk,
Than in the hall fill'd with disbanded soldiers,
And fools and fiddlers gather'd on the highway.—
The worthy guests whom Philip crowds my hall with,
And with them spends his evening.

GIR. 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 parley spare invoking him.

GIR. You speak too lightly of my cousin Philip;
All name him brave in arms.

AUCH. A second Bevis;
But I, my youth bred up in graver fashions,
Mourn o'er the mode of life in which he spends,
Or rather dissipates, his time and substance.
No vagabond escapes his search—The soldier
Spurn'd from the service, henceforth to be ruffian
Upon his own account, is Philip's comrade;
The fiddler, whose crack'd crowd has still three strings on't;
The balladeer, whose voice has still two notes left;
What'er is rougish and what'er is vile,
Are welcome to the board of Auchindrane,
And Philip will return them shout for shout,
And pledge for jovial pledge, and song for song,
Until the shamefaced sun peep at our windows,
And ask, "What have we here?"

GIR. You take such revel deeply—we are Scotsmen,
Far known for rustic hospitality
That mind not birth or titles in our guests;
The harper has his seat beside our hearth,
The wanderer must find comfort at our board,
His name unask'd, his pedigree unknown;
So did our ancestors, and so must we.

AUCH. All this is freely granted, worthy kinsman;
And 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 thrift,
To see, while yet we live, things which must be
At our decease—the downfall of our family,
The loss of land and lordship, name and knighthood,
The wreck of the fair fabric we have built,
By a degenerate heir. Philip has that
Of inborn meanness in him, that he loves not
The company of better, nor of equals;
Never at ease, unless he bears the bell,
And crows 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.

GIR. 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 hest, grow restive,
Talk of his honor, of his peace destroy'd,
And, while obeying, mutter threats of vengeance
But now the humor of an idle youth,
Disgusting trusted followers, sworn dependents,
Plays football with his honor and my safety.

GIR. I'm sorry to find discord in your house,
For I had hoped, while bringing you cold news,
To find you arm'd in union 'gainst the danger.

AUCH. What can man speak that I would shrink to hear,
And where the danger I would deign to shun?

What should appal a man inured to perils,
Like the bold climber on the crags of Ailsa!  
Winds whistle past him, billows rage below,  
The sea-fowl sweep around, with shriek and clang,  
One single slip, one unaided pace,  
One quaff of giddiness—and peace be with him!  
But he whose grasp is sure, whose step is firm,  
Whose brain is constant—he makes one proud rock  
The means to scale another, till he stand  
Triumphant on the peak.

Gir.  
And so I trust  
Thou wilt surround the danger now approaching,  
Which scarcely can I frame my tongue to tell you,  
Though I rode here on purpose.

Arct. Cousin, I think thy heart was never coward,  
And strange it seems thy tongue should take such semblance.

I've heard of many a loud-mouth'd, noisy braggart,  
Whose hand gave feeble sanction to his tongue;  
But thou art one whose heart can think bold things,  
Whose hand can act them—but who shrinks to speak them!

Gir. And if I speak them not, 'tis that I shame  
To tell thee of the calamities that load thee.

Things loudly spoken at the city Cross—  
Things closely whisper'd in our Sovereign's ear—  
Things which the planned lord and flat-capp'd citizen  
Do circulate amid their different ranks—

Things false, no doubt; but, falsehoods while I deem them,  
Still honoring thee, I shun the odious topic.

Arct. Shun it not, cousin; 'tis a friend's best office  
To bring the news we hear unwillingly.

The sentinel, who tells the foe's approach,  
And wakes the sleeping camp, does but his duty:  
Be thou as bold in telling me of danger,  
As I shall be in facing danger told of.

Gir. I need not bid thee recollect the death-foul  
That raged so long betwixt thy house and Cassilis;  
I need not bid thee recollect the league,  
When royal James himself stood mediator  
Between thee and Earl Gilbert.

Arct. Call you these news?—You might as well have told me  
That old King Coll is dead, and grav'd at Kylesfeld.

I'll help thee out—King James commanded us  
Henceforth to live in peace, made us clasp hands too.  
O, sir, when such an union hath been made,  
In heart and hand conjoining mortal foes,  
Under a monarch's royal mediation,  
The league is not forgotten. And with this  
What is there to be told? The king commanded—

"Be friends." No doubt we were so—Who dares doubt it?

Gir. You speak but half the tale.

Arct. By good Saint Trimon, but I'll tell the whole!

There is no terror in the tale for me—  
Go speak of ghosts to children!—This Earl Gilbert (God sake him) loved Heaven's peace as well as I did,  
And we were wondrous friends whence'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 doing gifts of abbey-lands,  
Good things that thirsty 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 unwelcome to be faster  
Long after sunrise, lo! The Earl and train  
Dismount, to rest their mags and eat their breakfast.  
The morning rose, the small birds carol'd sweetly.  
The corks were drawn, the pusty brooks incision—  
His lordship jests, his train are chocked 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 carabines,  
And the good Earl of Cassilis, in his breakfast,  
Had nooning, dinner, supper, all at once;  
Even in the morning that he clos'd his journey;  
And the grim sexton, for his chamberlain,  
Made him the bed which rests the head for ever.

Gir. 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.

Arct. 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,  
Rebuking all their calumnies, and daring them  
To show that I knew aught of Cassilis' journey—  
Which way he meant to travel—where to half—

1 "There is no terror. Cassius, in your threats." Shakspeare.
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?
Gir. I saw your gauntlet lie before the Kennedys,
Who look'd on it as men do on an adder,
Longaing 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.
Accu. Then, wherefore do the Eldings murmur now?
Wish they to see again, how one bold Mure Can battle and defy their assembled valor?
Gir. No; but they speak of evidence suppress'd.
Accu. Suppress'st!—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?
Gir. They pretend,
With the King's leave, to bring it to a trial;
Averring that a lad, named Quentin Blane,
Brought thee a letter from the 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.
Accu. A prudent Earl, indeed, if such his practice,
When dealing with a recent enemy!
And what should he propose by such strange confidence
In one who sought it not?
Gir. His purposes were kindly, say the Kennedys—
Desiring you would meet him where he halted,
Offering to undertake whate'er commissions
You listed trust him with, for court or city:
And, thus apprised of Cassilis' purposeful journey,
And of his halting-place, you placed the ambush,
Prepared the homicides—
Accu. They're free to say their pleasure. They are men
Of the new court—and I am but a fragment
Of stout old Morton's faction. It is reason
That such as I be rooted from the earth,
That they may have full room to spread their branches.
No doubt, 'tis easy to find strolling vagrants
To prove whate'er they prompt. This Quentin Blane—
Did you not call him so?—why comes he now?
And wherefore not before? This must be answer'd

—(abruptly)—

Where is he now?
Gir. Abroad—they say—kidnapp'd,
By you kidnapp'd, that he might die in Flanders.
But orders have been sent for his discharge,
And his transmission hither.
Accu. (assuming an air of composition.) When
they produce such witness, con-in 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.
Gir. 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 command,
Treason is mix'd with homicide.
Accu. 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 parricide, it should be held impossible.
'Tis just as if a wretch retain'd the evil,
When the King's touch had bid the sores be heal'd;
And such a crime merits the stake at least.
What! can there be within a Scottish bosom
A feud so deadly, that it kept its ground
When the King said, Be friends! It is not credible.
Were I King James, I never would believe it:
I'd rather think the story all a dream,
And that there was no friendship, feud, nor journey,
No halt, no ambush, and no Earl of Cassilis,
Than dream anointed Majesty has wrong!—
Gir. Speak within door, coz.
Accu. 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 more meet I summon'd him Myself; but then the sight of yonder revel
Would chafe my blood, and I have need of coolness.
Gir. I understand thee—I will bring him straight.

[Exit.

Accu. 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 unscathed body,
As lightning melts the blade, nor harms the scab
bord!
—‘Tis vain to wish for it—Each curse of mine
Falls to the ground as harmless as the arrows
Which children shoot at stars! The time for
thought,
If thought could aught avail me, melts away,
Like to a snowball in a schoolboy’s hand,
That melts the faster the more close he grasps
it!

If I had time, this Scottish Solomon,
Whom some call son of David the Musician,¹
Might find it perilous work to march to Carrick.
There’s many a feud still slumbering in its ashes,
Whose embers are yet red. Nobles we have,
Stout as old Graysteel, and as hot as Bothwell;
Here too are castles look from crags as high
On seas as wide as Logan’s. So the King—
Pshaw! He is here again—

Enter Gifford.

Giff. 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?
Giff. 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?
Giff. 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.

[A noise behind the scenes.

Aucn. Philip, I think, has broken up his revels;
His ragged regiment are dispersing them,
Well liquor’d, doubtful. They’re disbanded sol-
diers,
Or some such vagabonds.—Here comes the gallant.

[Enter Philip. He has a buff-coat and

¹ The enigmatical tale which ascribed the birth of James
VI. to an intrigue of Queen Mary with Rizzio:

head-piece, wears a sword and dagger, with
pistols at his girdle. He appears to be
affected by liquor, but to be by no means
intoxicated.

Aucn. You scarce have been made known to
one another,
Although you sate together at the board.—
Son Philip, know and prize our cousin Gifford.
Pul. (tastes the wine on the table.) If you had
prized him, sir, you had been both
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!
Pul. (aside to his father.) I’ve news of pressing
import.
Send the fool o’er—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 shields and snaggled 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 hastening to us,
With a strong force, and with the King’s com-
mision,
To enforce against our house a hateful charge,
With every measure of extremity.
Pul. 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.
Giff. Already!
Pul. Yes, gentle coz. And you, my sire, be
hasty
In what you think to do.
Aucn. I think thou dostriest on such a
subject,
Where hast thou these fell tidings?
Pul. 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 farrier, known to them of old,
Who, warn'd by certain stoupes of searching wine,
Informed his old companions that Dunbar
Left Glasgow yesterday, comes here to-morrow;
Himself, he said, was sent a spy before,
To view what preparations we were making.

AUCH. (to GIFF.) If this be sooth, good kinsman,
Thou must claim
To take a part with us for life and death,
Or speed from hence, and leave us to our fortune.

GIF. In such dilemma,
Believe me, friend, I'd choose upon the instant—
But I lack harness, and a steed to charge on,
For mine is overtired, and, save my page,
There's not a man to lack me. But I'll hie
To Kyle, and raise my vessel to your aid.

PMT. 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 courser feed in my wide stalls,
The best of them is yours to speed your journey.

PMT. Stand not on ceremony, good our cousin,
When safety signs, to shorten courtesy.

GIF. (to AUCH.) Farewell, then, cousin, for my tarrying here
Were ruin to myself, small aid to you;
Yet loving well your name and family,
I'd faim—

PMT. 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 fittest steed,
You cut-tail'd ronc that troubles 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—thou'st ta'en a perilous game
Into thine hands, rejecting elder counsel,—
How dost thou mean to play it?

PMT. Sir, good gamesters play not
Till they review the cards which fate has dealt them,
Computing thus the chances of the game;
And woefully they seem to weigh against us.

AUCH. Exile's a passing ill, and may be borne;
And when Dunbar and all his myrmidons
Are eastward turn'd, we'll seize our own again.

PMT. Would that were all the risk we had to stand to!
But more and worse,—a doom of treason, forfutur,
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.

AUCH. It cannot be. I tell thee, there's no force
In Scottish law to raise a house like mine.
Coeval with the time the Lords of Galloway
Submitted them unto the Scottish sceptre,
Renouncing rights of Tenantry and Brecon.
Some dreams they have of evidence; some suspicion.

But old Montgomery knows my purpose well,
And long before their mandate reach the camp
To crave the presence of this mighty witness,
He will be fitted with an answer to it.

PMT. Father, what do we call great, is often ruin'd
By means so ludicrously disproportion'd,
They make me think upon the gunner's linstock,
Which, yielding forth a light about the size
And semblance of the glow-worm, yet applied
To powder, blew a palace into atoms,
Sent a young King—a young Queen's mate at least—
Into the air, as high as e'er flew night-hawk,
And made such wild work in the realm of Scotland,
As they can tell who heard,—and you were one
Who saw, perhaps, the night-flight which began it.

AUCH. If thou hast nought to speak but drunken folly,
I cannot listen longer.

PMT. I will speak brief and sudden.—There is one
Whose tongue to us has the same perilous force
Which Bothwell's powder had to Kirk of Field;
One whose least tones, and those but peasant accents,
Could rend the roof from off our fathers' castle,
Level its tallest turret with its base;
And he that doth possess this wondrous power
Sleeps this same night not five miles distant from us.

AUCH. (who had looked on PHILIP with much appearance of astonishment and doubt, exclaims,) Then thou art mad indeed!—Ha! ha! I'm glad on't.

I'd purchase an escape from what I dread,
Even by the phrensy of my only son!

PMT. I thank you, but agree not to the bargain.
You rest on what you ciev't 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 youngster and an ancient sergeant
Had left their company, and taken refuge.
In Chapeldonnan, where our ranger dwells; "Thou'rt
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.

Ac. '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.

Put. 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?

Ac. He is in ours to-night.

Put. He is. I'll answer that MacLellan's trusty.
Ac. Yet he replied to you to-day full rudely.
Put. Yes! the poor knife has got a handsome wife,
And is gone mad with jealousy.

Ac. Fool!—When we need the utmost faith,
allegiance,
Obedience, and attachment in our vassals,
Thy wild intrigues pour galle into their hearts,
And turn their love to hatred!

Put. Most reverend sire, you talk of ancient morals,
Preach'd on by Knox, and practised by Glencairn;
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 sure bond of patronage. Take either case:
Favor flows in of course, and vassals rise.

1 MS.—* In the old tower where Neil MacLellan dwells.
And therefore laugh no more, * &c.
2 MS.—* And we are then in his power, * &c.
3 MS.—* He's in our power to-night, * &c.
4 Alexander, fifth Earl of Glencairn, for distinction called
"The Good Earl," was among the first of the peers of Scotland who concurred in the Reformation, in aid of which he acted a conspicuous part, in the employment both of his sword and pen. In a remonstrance with the Queen Regent, he told her, that "if she violated the engagements which she had come under to her subjects, they would consider them as rebels from their allegiance to her." He was author of a satirical poem against the Roman Catholics, entitled "The Hermit of Allaride" (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 Lochleven. He died in 1574.
Could I have used the time more usefully.
But first an interval must pass between
The fate of Quentin and the little artifice
That shall detach him from his comrade,
The stout old soldier that I told you of.

AUCH. How work a point so difficult—so dangerous?

PHIL. 'Tis cared for. Mark, my father, the convenience

Arisings from mean company. My agents
Are at my hand, like a good workman's tools,
And if I mean a mischief, ten to one
That they anticipate the deed and guilt.

Well knowing this, when first the vagrant's tattle
Gave me the hint that Quentin was so near us,
Instant I sent MacLellan, with strong charges
To stop him for the night, and bring me word,
Like an accomplish'd spy, how all things stood,
Lulling the enemy into security.

AUCH. There was a prudent general!

PHIL. MacLellan went and came within the hour.
The jealous bee, which buzzes in his nightcap,
Had humm'd to him, this fellow, Quentin Blane,
Had been in schoolboy days an humble lover
Of his own pretty wife—

AUCH. Most fortunate!

The knife will be more prompt to serve our purpose.

PHIL. No doubt on't. 'Mid the tidings he brought back
Was one of some importance. The old man
Is flush of dollars; this I caused him tell
Among his comrades, who became as eager
To have him in their company, as e'er
They had been wild to part with him. And in brief space,
A letter's framed by an old hand amongst them,
Familiar with such feats. It bore the name
And character of old Montgomery, [tance,
Whom he might well suppose at no great dis-
Com manding his old Sergeant Hildebrand,
By all the ties of late authority,
Conjuring him by ancient soldiership,
To hasten to his mansion instantly,
On business of high import, with a charge
To come alone——

AUCH. Well, he sets out, I doubt it not,—what follows?

PHIL. I am not curious into others' practices,—
So far I'm an economist in guilt,
As you my sire advise. But on the road
To old Montgomery's he meets his comrades,
They nourish grudge against him and his dollars,
And things may hap, which counsel, learn'd in law,
Call Robbery and Murder. Should he live,
He has been naught that we would hide from him.

AUCH. Who carries the forged letter to the veteran?

PHIL. Why, Niel MacLellan, who, return'd again
To his own tower, as if to pass the night there.
They pass'd on him, or tried to pass, a story,
As if they wish'd the servant'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 it
And we will have a mounted party ready
To scour the moors in quest of the haunt'd
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?

PHIL. It needed not. The whole pack oped at once

Upon the scent of dollars.—But time comes
When I must seek the tower, and act with Niel
What farther's to be done.

AUCH. Alone with him thou goest not. He bears grudge—

Thou art my only son, and on a night
When such wild passions are so free abroad,
When such wild deeds are doing, 'tis but natural
I guarantee thy safety.—I'll ride with thee.

PHIL. E'en 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 Justice,
As one that's free of guilt. Go, deck the castle
As for an honor'd guest. Hallow the chapel
(If they have power to hallow it) with thy prayers.
Let me ride forth alone, and ere the sun
Comes o'er the eastern hill, thou shalt accost him:
"Now do thy worst, thou oft-returning spy,
Here's naught thou canst discover."

AUCH. Yet goest thou not alone with that MacLellan?

He deems thou bestest will to injure him,
And seeks' occasion suit ing to such will.
Philip, thou art irreverent, fierce, ill-nurtured,
Stain'd with low vices, which disgust a father:
Yet ridest thou not alone with yonder man,—
Come weal, come woe, myself will go with thee.

[Exit, and calls to horse behind the scene]

PHIL (alone). Now would I give my fleetest horse to know

What sudden thought roused this paternal care,
And if 'tis on his own account or mine:
'Tis' true, he hath the deepest share in all
That's likely now to hap, or which has happen'd.
Yet strong through Nature's universal reign,
The link which binds the parent to the offspring:
The she-wolf knows it, and the Tigress owns it.
So that dark man, who, shamming 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. Auchindre and Philip, as if dismounted from their horses, come forward cautiously.

Phil. 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 waters
Enough to drown, and sand enough to cover him.
But if he hesitate, or fear to meet us,
By heaven, I'll deal on him in Chapeldonnan
With my own hand!—
Auch. Too furious boy!—alarm or noise undoes us,
Our practice must be silent as 'tis sudden.
Bethink thee that conviction of this slaughter
Confirms the very worst of accusations
Our foes can bring against us. Wherefore should we,
Who by our birth and fortune mate with nobles,
And are allied with them, take this lad's life,—
His pleasant 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?
Phil. Well, I do own me one of those wise folks,
Who think that when a deed of fate is plann'd,
The execution cannot be too rapid.
But do we still keep purpose? Is't determined
He sails for Ireland—and without a wherry?
Salt water is his passport—is it not so?
Auch. I would it could be otherwise.
Might he not go there while in life and limb,
And breathe his span out in another air?
Many seek Ulster never to return—
Why might this wretched youth not harbor there?
Phil. With all my heart. It is small honor to me
To be the agent in a work like this.—
Yet this poor cotter, having thrust himself
Into the secrets of a noble house,
And twined himself so closely with our safety,
That we must perish, or that he must die,
I'll hesitate as little on the action,
As I would do to slay the animal
Whose flesh supplies my dinner. 'Tis as harmless
That deer or steer, as is this Quentin Blane,
And not more necessary is its death
To our accommodation—we so slay it
Without a moment's pause or hesitation.
Auch. 'Tis not, my son, the feeling call'd remorse,
That now lies tugging at this heart of mine,
Engendering thoughts that stop the lifted hand.
Have I not heard John Knox pour forth his thunders
Against the oppressor and the man of blood,
In accents of a minister of vengeance?
Were not his fiery eyeballs turn'd on me,
As if he said expressly, "Thou'rt the man?"
Yet did my solid purpose, as I listen'd,
Remain unshaken as that massive rock.
Phil. Well, then, I'll understand 'tis not remorse,
As 'tis a foible little known to thee,—
That interrupts thy purpose. What, then, is it?
Is't scorn, or is't compassion? One thing's certain,
Either the feeling must have free indulgence,
Or fully be subjected to your reason—
There is no room for these same treacherous courses
Which men call moderate measures.
We must confide in Quentin, or must slay him
Auch. In Ireland he might live afar from us.
Phil. Among Queen Mary's faithful partisans,
Your ancient enemies, the haughty Hamiltons,
The stern MacDoanells, the resentful Gremes—
With these around him, and with Cassilis' death
Exasperating them against you, think, my father,
What chance of Quentin's silence.
Auch. Too true—too true. He is a silly youth, too,
Who had not wit to shift for his own living—
A bashful lover, whom his rivals laugh'd at—
Of plant temper, which companions play'd on—
A moonlight waker, and a noctide dreamer—
A torturer of phrases intosonnets,—
Whom all might lead that chose to praise his rhymes.
Phil. I marvel that your memory has room
To hold so much on such a worthless subject.
Auch. Base in himself, and yet so strangely link'd
With me and with my fortunes, that I've studied
To read him through and through, as I would read
Some paltry rhyme of vulgar prophecy,
Said to contain the fortunes of my house;
And, let me speak him truly—He is grateful,
Kind, tractable, obedient—a child

Might lead him by a thread—He shall not die!

Put. Indeed!—then have we had our midnight
ride
To wondrous little purpose.

Aucn. By the blue heaven,
Thou shalt not murder him, cold selfish sensualist!

Yet 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!—

Put. Here is a worthy guardian 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 firmer,
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 Maid in the courtyard,
That when Dunbar comes, he have naught to do
But bid us kiss the cushion and the headman.

Aucn. 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 Netherland I've tried,
But wilds and wars return him on his hands.

Put. Ye're 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.

Aucn. I will know naught of it, hard-hearted boy!

Put. Hard-hearted! Why—my heart is soft as
yours;
But then they must not feel remorse at once,
We can't afford such wasteful 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.

Aucn. Do thou the deed!—I cannot look on it, s

Put. So be it—walk with me—MacLellan brings
him.
The boat lies moor'd within that reach of rock,
And 'twill require our greatest strength combined
To launch it from the beach. Meantime, MacLellan
Brings our man hither.—See the twinkling light
That glances in the tower.

Aucn. Let us withdraw—for should he spy us
suddenly,
He may suspect us, and alarm the family.

Put. Fear not, MacLellan has his trust and con-
fidence,
Bought with a few sweet words and welcomes
home.

Aucn. But think you that the Ranger may be
trusted?

Put. I'll answer for him.—Let's go float the
shallow.
[They go off, and as they leave the Stage,
MacLellan is seen descending from the
Tower with Quentin. The former bears a
dark lantern. They come upon the Stage.

Mac. (showing the light) So—bravely done—
that's the last ledge of rocks,
And we are on the sands.—I have broke your
slumbers

Somewhat untimely.

Que. Do not think so, friend.

These six years past I have been used to stir
When the reveille rung; and that, believe me,
Chooses the hours for rousing me at random,
And, having given its summons, yields no license
To indulge a second slumber. Nay, more, I'll tell thee,
That, like a pleased child, I was o'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 tingly through my system,
Join'd with the searching powers of yonder wine,
That I am glad to leave my feverish lari
Although my hostess smooth'd my with her 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 gamersome, 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:
What should the powerful Knight of Auchindrane
In common have with such a man as thou?
Q. No matter what—Enough, I will not see
him.
M. He is thy master, and he claims obedience.
Q. My master! Ay, my task-master—Ever since
I could write man, his hand hath been upon me;
No step I've made but cumber'd with his chain,
And I am weary out—I will not see him.
M. You must and shall—there is no remedy.
Q. 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 en-
counter on the Stage from behind, and sud-
denly present themselves.]
Auch. What says the runagate?
Q. (laying aside all appearance of resistance.)
Nothing, you are my fate;
And in a shape more fearfully resistless,
My evil angel could not stand before me.
Auch. And so you scruple, slave, at my com-
mand,
To meet me when I deign to ask thy presence?
Q. 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 hand,
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.
Q. 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
Falls, 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 hateful to him;
The language, nay, the music jars his ear.\(^1\)
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—
Thon abject, who am I, whose will then thwartest I
Pat. Well spoke, my pious sire. There goes re-
monse!

\(^1\) MS.—"The strains of foreign music jar his ear."
Let once thy precious pride take fire, and then,
MacLellan, you and I may have small trouble.

Que. Your words are deadly, and your power
resistless;
I'm in your hands—but, surely, less than life
May give you the security you seek,
Without commission of a mortal crime.

Auch. Who is't would deign to think upon thy
life?
I but require of thee to speed to Ireland,
Where thou may'st sojourn for some little space,
Having due means of living dealt to thee.
And when it suits the changes of the times,
Permission to return.

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!

Phl. 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 man deserves not!

Auch. (speaks aside to his Son.) What signal
Shall let me know 'tis done?

Phl. 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. Auchin-
drane, 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 murky beach distinguish
The shallows 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 craggy 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 vanished
Where'er he stood a living man before me;
Then my antipathy awakened within me,
Seeing its object close within my reach,
Till I could scarce forbear him.—How they linger!
The boat's not yet to sea!—I ask myself;
What has the poor wretch done to wake my ha-
tred—
Decile, obedient, and in suffering patience—
As well demand what evil has the hare
Done to the hound that courses her in sport.
Instinct infallible supplies the reason—
And that must plead my cause.—The vision's gone!
Their boat now walks the waves;—a single gleam,
Now seen, now lost, is all that marks her course;
That soon shall vanish too—then all is over!—
Would it were o'er, for in this moment lies
The agony of ages?—Now, 'tis gone—
And all is acted!—no,—she breathes again
The opposing wave, and bears the tiny sparkle
Upon her crest—

[A faint cry heard as from seaward.

Ah! there was fatal evidence,
All's over now, indeed!—The light is quench'd—
And Quentin, source of all my fear, exists not.—
The morning tide shall sweep his corpse to sea,
And hide all memory of this stern night's work.

[He walks in a slow and deeply meditative
manner towards the side of the Stage,
and suddenly meets Marion, the wife of
MacLellan, who has descended from
the Castle.

Now, how to meet Dunbar—Heaven guard my
senses!

Stand! who goes there?—Do spirits walk the earth
Ere yet they've left the body!—

Mar. Is it you,
My lord, on this wild beach at such an hour?

Auch. It is MacLellan's wife, in search of him,
Or of her lover,—of the murderer,

1 MS.——"My antipathy,
Strong source of haward 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.
Or of the murder'd man.—Go to, Dame Marion,
Men have their hunting-gear to give an eye to,
Their snares and trackings for their game. But
women
Should shun the night air. A young wife also,
Still more a handsome one, should keep her pillow
Till the sun gives example for her wakening.
Come, dame, go back—back to your bed again.

Mar. Hear me, my lord! there have been sights
and sounds
That terrified my child and me—Groans, screams,
As if of dying seamen, came from ocean—
A corpse-light danced upon the crested waves
For several minutes' space, then sunk at once.
When we retired to rest we had two guests,
Besides my husband Niel—I'll tell your lordship
Who the men were——

Aucn. 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 Macellan, 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.

Aucn. Ay, indeed?
Linger such dregs of heathendom among you?
And hath Knox preached; 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 amusements she so long has dream'd of.
But I must tell your honor, the old people,
That were survivors of the former race,
Propheesied evil if this day should pass
Without due homage to the mighty Ocean.

Aucn. 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 Auchindran 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——

Aucn. 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.

Aucn. Fear not; his friend shall be made wel-
come too,
Should he return with Niel.

Mar. He must—he will return—he has no op-
tion.

Aucn. (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 en-
tering it, is seen to come out, lock the
door, and leave the Stage, as if to execute
Auchindran's commission. He, ap-
parently going off in a different direc-
tion, has watched her from the side of
the Stage, and on her departure speaks.

Aucn. 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 knives had ta'en my dollars and my life.
Off. You fought most stoutly. Two of them
were down
Ere we came to your aid.

Ser. Gramercy, halberd! And
well it happens, since your leader seeks
This Quentin 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.
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Off. Assure yourself 'twas a concerted stratagem.
Montgomery's been at Holyrood for months,
And can have sent no letter—'twas a plan
On you and on your dollars, and a base one,
To which this 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 scrape his injunctions.
But laste, for now we must unmask Quentin;
I've strictest charge concerning him.

Ser. Go up, then, to the tower.
You've younger limbs than mine—there shall you find him
Lounging and snoring, like a lazy cur
Before a stable door; it is his practice.
[The Officer goes up to the Tower, and
after knocking without receiving an answer, turns the key which Marion had left in the lock, and enters; Isabel,
dressed as if for her dance, runs out
and descends to the Stage; the Officer follows.

Off. There's no one in the house, this little maid
Excepted—

Isa. And for me, I'm there no longer,
And will not be again for three hours good:
I'm gone to join my playmates on the sands.

Off. (detaining her.) You shall, when you have

told me distinctly
Where are the guests who slept up there last night.

Isa. Why, there is the old man, he stands beside
you,
The merry old man, with the glistening hair;
He left the tower at midnight, for my father
Brought him a letter.

Ser. In ill hour I left you,
I wish to Heaven that I had stay'd with you;
There is a nameless horror that comes o'er me.—
Speak, pretty maiden, tell us what chanced next,
And thou shalt have thy freedom.

Isa. After you went last night, my father
Grew moody, and refused to dress his clothes,
Or go to bed, as sometimes he will do
When there is aught to 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. Auchindrane
May come upon the beach; arrest him also,
But do not state a cause. I'll back again,
And take directions from my Lord Dunbar.
Keep you upon the beach, and have an eye
To all that passes there.

[Exeunt separately.

SCENE II

Scene changes to a remote and rocky part of the Sea-beach.

Enter Auchindrane, meeting Philip.

Auch. The devil's brought his legions to this
beach,
That went to 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,
To 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 Auchindrane,
Or have the power to injure him!—Thy words
Are full of comfort, but thine eye and look
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.

Auc. He had enough of mortal sin about him,
To sink an argosy.

Phi. But now resolve you what defence to make,
If Quentin's body shall be recognized;
For 'tis ashore already; and he bears
Marks of his handiwork; so does MacLellan.

Auc. 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. Wow. How well she queens it, the brave little maiden!

Vil. Ay, they all queen it from their very cradle,
These willing slaves of haughty Auchindrane.
But now I hear the old man's reign is ended;—
'Tis well—he has been tyrant long enough.

Second Vil. 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. Pshaw, it is but a seagull 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 coming as fast as he could to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle 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.

1 This man's brow, like to a title leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick 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.

1 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 flagship, in the bay of Naples, in 1799. The circumstances of Caraccioli's trial and death form, it is almost needless to observe, the most unpleasing chapter in Lord Nelson's history:—

"The body," says Southey, "was carried out to a considerabile distance and sunk in the bay, with three double-ended shot, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, tied to

Have in this pallid gloom a ghastliness,
Which contradicts the tidings of thy tongue."

Phi. Hear me, old man.—There is a heaven above us,
As you have heard old Knox and Wishart preach,
Though little to your boot. The dreaded witness
Is slain, and silent. But his misguided body
Comes right ashore, as if to cry for vengeance;
It rides the waters like a living thing.
Erect, as if he trode the waves which bear him.
Auc. Thou speakest phrensy, when sense is most required.

Phi. 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 overboard,
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.

Auc. It was enchantment!—Did you strike at it?

Phi. Once and again. But blows avail'd no more
Than on a wreath of smoke, where they may break
The column for a moment, which unites
And is entire again. Thus the dead body
Sank down before my ear, but rose unharm'd,
And dogs'd us closer still, as in defiance.

Auc. 'Twas Hell's own work!—

Phi. MacLellan then grew restive
And desperate in his fear, blasphemed aloud,
Cursing us both as authors of his ruin.
Myself was wellnigh frantic while pursued
By this dead shape, upon whose ghastly features
The changeful moonbeam spread a grisly light;
And, baited thus, I took the nearest way
To ensure his silence, and to quell his noise;

4 MS.—"And, baited by my slave. I used my dagger."
AUCHINDRANE; OR, THE AYRSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Not prone and werttering like a drowned corpse, But bolt erect, as if he trode the waters, And used them as his path.

Fourth Act. It is a merman, And nothing of this earth, alive or dead. [By degrees all the Dancers break off from their sport, and stand gazing to seaward, while an object, imperfectly seen, drifts towards the Beach, and at length arrives among the rocks which border the tide.

Third Act. Perhaps it is some wretch who needs assistance;

Jasper, make in and see.

Second Act. Not I, my friend; E'en take the risk yourself, you'd put on others.

[HIIDEBRAND has entered, and heard the two last words.

Ser. What, are you men? Fear ye to look on what you must be one day? I, who have seen a thousand dead and dying Within a flight-shot square, will teach you how in war

We look upon the corpse when life has left it.

[He goes to the back scene, and seems attempting to turn the body, which has come ashore with its face downwards.

Will none of you come and 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. HIIDEBRAND comes forward. All crowd round him; he speaks with an expression of horror.

Ser. 'Tis Quentin Blane! Poor youth, thy gloomy bodings Have been the prologue to an act of darkness; His feet are manacled, his bosom stabbed, And he is fouly murdered. The proud Knight Of 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 leash from him Of all that parents can transmit to children. And here comes one to whom I'll vouch the circumstance.

The Earl of Dunbar enters with Soldiers and others, having Auchindrane and Philip prisoners.

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 midnight Is spirited away. Then lights are seen, And groans are heard, and corpses come ashore Mangled with daggers, while (to Philip) your danger 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 proficacy I have practised, Ruin'd our house, and shatter'd our towers, And with them end the curse our sins have merited?

1 Ms.—"His unabloosed wounds," &c.

2 "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, natural, and nervous, than that of 'Halidon Hill'; but, noble as the effort was, it was eclipsed so much by his splendid romances, that the public still complained that he had not done his best, and that his genius was not dramatic."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—Athenæum, 11th Dec. 1833.
The House of Aspen.

A TRAGEDY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This attempt at dramatic composition was executed nearly thirty years since, when the magnificent works of Goethe and Schiller were for the first time made known to the British public, and received, as many now alive must remember, with universal enthusiasm. What we admire we usually attempt to imitate; and the author, not trusting to his own efforts, borrowed the substance of the story and a part of the diction from a dramatic romance called "Der Heilige Vehnoi" (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 rifacimento of the original than a translation, since the whole is compressed, and the incidents and dialogue occasionally much varied. The imitator is ignorant of the real name of his ingenious contemporary, and has been informed that of Beit Weber is fictitious.1

The late Mr. John Kemble at one time had some desire to bring out the play at Drury-Lane, then adorned by himself and his matchless sister, who were to have supported the characters of the unhappy son and mother; but great objections appeared to this proposal. There was danger that the main-spring of the story,—the binding engagements formed by members of the secret tribunal,—might not be sufficiently felt by an English audience, to whom the nature of that singularly mysterious institution was unknown from early association. There was also, according to Mr. Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of Tom Thumb, when all die on the stage. It was, besides, esteemed perilous to place the fifth act and the parade and show of the secret conclave, at the mercy of underlings and scene-shifters, who, by a ridiculous motion, gesture, or accent, might turn what should be grave into farce.

The author, or rather the translator, willingly acquiesced in this reasoning; and never afterwards made any attempt to gain the honor of the 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 illegitimate production of an early amour. There is something to be ashamed of, certainly; but, after all, paternal vanity whispers that the child has a resemblance to the father.

To this it need only be added, that there are in existence so many manuscript copies of the following play, that if it should not find its way to the public sooner, it is certain to do so when the author can no more have any opportunity of correcting the press, and consequently at greater disadvantage than at present. Being of too small a size or consequence for a separate publication, the piece is sent as a contribution to the Keepsake, where its demerits may be hidden amid the beauties of more valuable articles.2

ABBOTSFORD, 1st April, 1829.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

RUDIGER, Baron of Aspen, an old German warrior 
GEORGE OF ASPEN, his son to Rudiger.
HENRY OF ASPEN,

1 George Wächtler, who published various works under the pseudonym of Feit Weber, was born in 1763, and died in 1837. —En.

2 See Life of Scott, vol. ii. pages 18, 20, 72; iii. 2; i. 208.
THE HOUSE OF ASPEN.

Roderic, Count of Maltingen, chief of a department of the Invisible Tribunal, and the hereditary enemy of the family of Aspen.

William, Baron of Wolvestone, 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, a follower of the House of Aspen.


Martin, Squire to George of Aspen.

Hugo, Squire to Count Roderic.

Peter, an ancient domestic of Rudiger.

Father Ludovic, Chaplain to Rudiger.

Women.

Isabella, formerly married to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, now wife of Rudiger.

Gertrude, Isabella's niece, betrothed to Henry.

Soldiers, Judges of the Invisible Tribunal, &c. 

Scene.—The Castle of Ebersdorf in Bavaria, the ruins of Griechenhau, 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.

Run. 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.

Run. May be so; but not less than your silence and melancholy! Here have I sate this month, and more, since that cursed fall! Neither hunting, nor feasting, nor lance-breaking for me! And my sons—George enters cold and reserved, as if he had the weight of the empire on his shoulders, uttering syllables 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—

Run. 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.


Run. 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?

Run. (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!

Run. 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!

Run. 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.

Run. Well, well—God's peace be with Arnolf of Ebersdorf; the mention of him makes thee ever sad, though so many years have passed since his death.

Isa. But at present, dear husband, have I not
the most just cause for anxiety? Are not Henry and George, our beloved sons, at this very moment perhaps engaged in doubtful contest with our hereditary foe, Count Roderic of Maltingen?

Reynold. 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.

Isabella. (at the window.) It is Wickerd, your squire.

Reynold. 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.

Reynold. 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.

Reynold. (attempts to rise hastily.) Saddle my black barb; I will head them myself. (Sits down.) A murrain on that stumbling ram! I had forgot my disbecated 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 bespoiled. When we lay before Ascan and, indeed, I had a bright bay Persian—Thou dost not heed me.

Isabella. Forgive me, dear husband; are not our sons in danger? Will not our sins be visited upon them? Is not their present situation—

Reynold. 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 Wolfshill; and here the marsh on the right.

Isabella. The marsh of Griefenhaus!

Reynold. Yes; by that the boys must pass.

Isabella. Pass there! (Apart.) Avenging Heaven! I by hand is upon us! (Exit hastily.

Reynold. 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.

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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.

Reynold. Here! here! A devil choke thy bawling! think'st thou Reindolf 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.

Reynold. 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.

Reynold. 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.

Reynold. 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.

Reynold. Well!—Baron Henry for me.

Wic. Yet George saved thy life.

Reynold. True—with as much indulgence as if he had been snatching a chamfrown 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.

Reynold. Ay—Martin, formerly the squire of Arnolf of Ebersdorf, his mother's first husband.—I marvel he could not have fitted himself with an attendant from among the faithful followers of his worthy father, whom Arnolf and his adherents used to hate as the Devil hates holy water. But Martin is a good soldier, and has stood toughly by George in many a hard brunt.

Wic. The knife is sturdy enough, but so sulky withal! I have seen, brother Reynold, that when Martin showed his moody visage at the banquet, our noble mistress has dropped the wine she was raising to her lips, and exchanged her smiles for a ghastly frown, as if sorrow went by sympathy, as kissing goes by favor.

Reynold. His appearance reminds her of her first husband, and then last well seen that makes her ever sad.
Wic. Dest thou marvel at that? She was married to Arnolf by a species of force, and they say that before his death he compelled her to swear never to espouse Rudiger. The priests will not absolve her for the breach of that vow, and therefore she is troubled in mind. For, d'ye mark me, Reynold—[Bugle sounds.]

Rey. A truce to your preaching! To horse! and a blessing on our arms! Wic. St. George grant it! [Exit.

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! Scot 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 Wickers—a hardly fellow, but somewhat given to prating. He is young Conrad who gallopes so fast, page to thy Henry, my girl. [Bugles, &c., at a greater distance still.

Ger. Heaven guard them! Alas! the voice of war that calls the blood into your checks 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 gimmer amid the long train of dust. Hark! you can still hear the faint notes of their trumpets—[Bugles very faint.] And Rudiger, old Rudiger with the iron arm, as the crusaders used to call me, must remain behind with the priests and the women. Well! well!—[Sings.]

"It was a knight to battle rode,
And as his war-horse he bestrode."

Fill me a bowl of wine, Gertrude; and do thou, Peter, call the minstrel who came hither last night. —[Sings.]

"Off rode the 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 maidyn?

Rud. Surely: for what should knights break banns but for honor and ladies' love—ha, minstrel?
Ber. So please you—also to punish crims.
Rud. Out upon it! we'd have us executioners, minstrel? Such work would disgrace our bludes. 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 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.

Rey. And what of it all? We know our hearts are open to our Creator; shall we fear any earthly inspection? Come to the battlements; there we shall soonest descry the return of our warriors.

[Exit Rudiger, with Gertrude and Peter.

Isa. Minstrel, send the chaplain hither. (Exit Bertram.) Gracious Heaven! the guileless innocence of my niece, the manly honesty of my upright-hearted Rudiger, become daily tortures to me. While he was engaged in active and stormy exploits, fear for his safety, joy when he returned to his castle, enabled me to disguise my inward anguish from others. But from myself—Judges of blood, that lie concealed in noon tide 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 gend me to madness!

Lud. Hearken to me, daughter; thy crime against Arnolf of Ebersdorf cannot bear in the eye of Heaven so deep a dye of guilt.

Isa. Repeat that once more; say once again that it cannot—cannot bear so deep a dye. Prove to me that ages of the bitterest penance, that tears of the dearest blood, can erase such guilt. Prove but that to me, and I will build thee an abbey which shall put to shame the fairest fane in Christendom.

Lud. Nay, nay, daughter, your conscience is over tender. Supposing that, under dread of the stern Arnolf, you swore never to marry your present husband, still the exacting such an oath was unlawful, and the breach of it venial.

Isa. (resuming her composure.) Be it so, good father; I yield to thy better reasons. And now tell me, has thy pious care achieved the task I intrusted to thee?

Lud. Of superintending the erection of thy new hospital for pilgrims? I have, noble lady; and last night the minstrel now in the castle lodged there.

Isa. Wherefore came he then to the castle?

Lud. Reynold brought the commands of the Baron.

Isa. Whence comes he, and what is his tale? When he sang before Rudiger, I thought that long before I had heard such tones—seen such a face.

Lud. It is possible you may have seen him, lady, for he boasts to have been known to Arnolf of Ebersdorf, and to have lived formerly in this cas tle. He inquires much after Martin, Arnolf's squire.

Isa. Go, Ludovic—go quick, good father, seek him out, give him this purse, and bid him leave the castle, and speed him on his way.

Lud. May I ask why, noble lady?

Isa. Thou art inquisitive, priest: I honor the servants of God, but I foster not the prying spirit of a monk. Begone!

Lud. But the Baron, lady, will expect a reason why I dismiss his guest?

Isa. True, true (recollecting herself); pardon my warmth, good father, I was thinking of the cuckoo that grows too big for the nest of the sparrow, and strangles its foster-mother. Do not such birds roost in convent-walls?

Lud. Lady, I understand you not.

Isa. Well, then, say to the Baron, that I have dismissed long ago all the attendants of the man of whom thou hast spoken, and that I wish to have none of them beneath my roof.

Lud. (inquisitively.) Except Martin?

Isa. (sharply.) Except Martin! who saved the life of my son George? Do as I command thee.

[Exit.

Manet Ludovic.

Lud. Ever the same—stern and peremptory to others as rigorous to herself; haughty even to me, to whom, in another mood, she has knelt for absolution, and whose knees she has bathed in tears. I cannot fathom her. The unnatural zeal with which she performs her dreadful penances cannot be religion, for shrewdly I guess she believes not in their blessed efficacy. Well for her that she is the foundress of our convent, otherwise we might not have erred in denouncing her as a heretic.

[Exit.
ACT II.—SCENE 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 Griesenhaus. The distant noise of battle is heard during this scene.

Enter George of Aspen, armed with a battle-axe in his hand, as from horseback. He supports Martin, and brings him forward.

Geo. 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'st thou, sir knight—this wound I bore for thee—and this—and this—dost thou not remember?

Geo. I do.

Mar. I have served thee since thou wast a child; served thee faithfully—was never from thy side.

Geo. Thou hast.

Mar. And now I die in thy service.

Geo. Thou may'st recover.

Mar. I cannot. By my long service—by my scars—by this mortal gash, and by the death that I am to die—oh, do not hate me for what I am now to unfold!

Geo. Be assured I can never hate thee.

Mar. Ah, thou 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 attendent, 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 agast in speechless horror.) Trample on me! pursue me with your dagger! I aided your mother to poison her first husband! I thank Heaven, it is said.

Geo. My mother? Sacred Heaven! Martin, 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 Wolfish—yonder the old castle of Griesenhaus—and yonder is the hemlock marsh (in a whisper) where I gathered the deadly plant that drugged Arnolf's cup of death. (George traverses the stage in the utmost agitation, and 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 impenitent, as he lived; and went—where I am shortly to go. You do not speak?

Geo. (with exertion.) Miserable wretch! how can I?

Mar. Can you not forgive me?

Geo. May God pardon thee—I cannot!

Mar. I saved thy life—

Geo. For that, take my curse! (He snatches up his battle-axe, and rushes out to the side from which the noise is heard.)

Mar. Hear me! yet more—more horror! (Attempts to rise, and falls heavily. A loud alarm.)

Enter Wickeed, 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, Wickeed! 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.

Ron. A curse on fortune, and a double curse upon George of Aspen! Never, never will I forgive him my disgrace—overthrown like a rotten trunk before a whirlwind!

Wolf. Be comforted, Count Roderic; it is well we have escaped being prisoners. See how the troopers of Aspen pour along the plain, like the billows of the Rhine! It is good we are shrouded by the thicket.

Ron. Why took he not my life, when he robbed me of my honor and of my love? Why did his spear not pierce my heart, when mine shivered on his arms like a frail bulrush? (Throws down the broken spear.) Bear witness, heaven and earth, I outlive this disgrace only to avenge!

Wolf. Be comforted; the knights of Aspen have not gained a bloodless victory. And see, there lies one of George's followers—(seeing Martin.)

Ron. His squire Martin; if he be not dead, we will secure him: he is the depository of the secrets of his master. Arouse thee, trusty follower of the house of Aspen!

Mar. (reverting.) Leave me not! leave me not, Baron George! My eyes are darkened with agony! I have not yet told all.

Wolf. The old man takes you for his master.

Ron. What wouldst thou tell?

Mar. Oh, I would tell all the temptations by which I was urged to the murder of Ebersdorf!

Ron. Murder!—this is worth marking. Proceed.

Mar. I loved a maiden, daughter of Arnold's steward; my master seduced her—she became an outcast, and died in misery—I vowed vengeance—and I did avenge her.

Ron. Hadst thou accomplices?

Mar. None, but thy mother.

Ron. The Lady Isabella!

Mar. Ay: she hated her husband: he knew her love to Rudiger, and when she heard that thy father was returned from Palestine, her life was endangered by the transports of his jealousy—thus prepared for evil, the fiend tempted us, and we fell.

Ron. (breaks into a transport.) Fortune! thou hast repaid me all! Love and vengeance are my own!—Wolfstein, recall our followers! quick, sound thy bugle—(Wolfstein sounds.)

Mar. (stares wildly round.) That was no note of Aspen—Count Roderic of Maltingen—Heaven! what have I said?

Ron. What thou canst not recall.

Mar. Then is my fate decreed! 'Tis as it should be! in this very place was the poison gather'd—tis retribution!

Enter three or four soldiers of Roderic.

Ron. Secure this wounded trooper; bind his wounds, and guard him well: carry him to the ruins of Griebenhaus, 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.

Ron. 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.

Ron. And how think'st thou this disgrace will fall on them?

Wolf. Surely, by the public punishment of Lady Isabella.

Ron. And is that all?

Wolf. What more?

Ron. Short-sighted that thou art, is not George of Aspen, as well as thou, a member of the holy and invisible circle, over which I preside?

Wolf. Speak lower, for God's sake! these are things not to be mentioned before the sun.

Ron. True: but stands he not bound by the most solemn oath religion can devise, to discover to the tribunal whatever concealed iniquity shall come to his knowledge, be the perpetrator whom he may—ay, were that perpetrator his own 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?

Ron. 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.

Ron. 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-
THE HOUSE OF ASPEN.

Checkered boy, when this scene of villainy shall be disclosed.

Wolf. Hark! they sound a retreat; let us go deeper into the wood.

Ron. The victors approach! I shall dash their triumph!—Issue the private summons for convoking the members this very evening; I will direct the other measures.

Wolf. What place?

Ron. The old chapel in the ruins of Griefenhaus, as usual.

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 little 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. Barnabys—

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 mutterest 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 Wolfhill. (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 aught 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 Nether farm at Ebersdorf—it shall be thine.

Wic. Thanks, my noble lord.

Re-enter Henry.

Hen. No—they do not rally—they have had enough of it—but Wickerd and Conrad shall remain, with twenty troopers and a score of crossbowmen, and 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 clew himself up like a dormouse.

Hen. I think he must be prisoner.

Geo. Heaven forefend! Take a trumpet, Eus-pace (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.

Ecs. 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,
Bursting restless, through foemen they go:
War-axes wielding,
Broken ranks yielding,
Till from the battle proud Rodene 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 scoring,
Well for their chieftain their blades did they wield:
Joy bleft them dying,
As Maltingen flying,
Low laid his banners, our conquest adorning,
Their death-clouded eyeballs described on the field!

Now to our home, the proud mansion of Aspen,
Bend we, gay victors, triumphant away;
There each fond damsel, her gallant youth chasping,
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.

RUDGER, 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 strugglers had made for the castle. Go to the window, Gertrude: seeest thou any thing?

GEN. I think I see a horseman.

ISA. A single rider? then I fear me much.

GEN. It is only Father Ludovic.

RUD. A plague on thee! didst thou take a fat friar on a mule for a trooper of the house of Aspen?

GEN. But yonder is a cloud of dust.

RUD. (eagerly) Indeed!

GEN. 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.

GEN. 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.

GEN. I thought I was in the chapel, and they were burying my aunt Isabella alive. And who, do you think, aunt, were the gravediggers who shored up the earth upon you? Even Baron George and old Martin.

ISA. (appears shocked) Heaven! what an idea!

GEN. Do but think of my terror—and Minhold the minstrel played all the while, to drown your screams.

RUD. And old Father Ludovic danced a saraband, with the steeple of the new convent upon his thick skull by way of mitre. A truce to this nonsense. Give us a song, my love, and leave thy dreams and visions.

GEN. What shall I sing to you?

RUD. Sing to me of war.

GEN. I cannot sing of battle; but I will sing you the Lament of Eleanor of Toro, when her lover was slain in the wars.

ISA. Oh, no laments, Gertrude.

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."

GEN. Dear uncle, be not angry. At present, I can only sing the lay of poor Eleanor. It comes to my heart at this moment as if the sorrowful mourner had been my own sister.

SONG.¹

Sweet shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
Weak were the whispers that waved the 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 lovely bending,
Virgin, that hear'st the poor suppliants'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? 
Ge. 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, branch our oldest casks: wine is sweet after war.

[Enter Henry, followed by Reynolds and troopers.]

Rud. Joy to thee, my boy! let me press thee to this old heart.
Isa. Bless thee, my son—embraces him—Oh, how many hours of bitterness are compensated by this embrace! Bless thee, my Henry! where hast thou left thy brother?
Hen. Hard at hand: by this he is crossing the drawbridge. Hast thou no greetings for me, Gertrude? (goes 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 he 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 looses and takes off his casque.)
Ge. There is one, two, three hacks, and none has pierced the steel.
Rud. Let me see. Let me see. A trusty casque! Ge. Else hast thou gone.
Isa. I will reward the armorer with its weight in gold.
Geo. (aside.) She must be innocent.
Ge. 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. Ecit, indeed.—(Aside.) Now for the trial.
Isa. Has your loss been great?
Geo. No!—Yes!—(Apart.) I cannot do it.
Isa. Perhaps some friend lost?
Geo. It must be.—Martin is dead.—(He regards her with apprehension, but steadily, as he pronounces these words.)
Isa. (starts, then shows a ghastly expression of joy.) Dead!
Geo. (almost overcome by his feelings.) Guilty!—(apart.)
Isa. (without observing his emotion.) Didst thou say dead?
Geo. Did I—no—I only said mortally wounded.
Isa. Wounded? only wounded? Where is he?
Let me fly to him.—(Going.)
Geo. (sternly.) Hold, lady!—Speak not so loud!—Thou canst not see him!—He is a prisoner.
Isa. A prisoner, and wounded? Fly to his deliverance!—Offer wealth, lands, castles,—all our
possessions, for his ransom. Never shall I know peace till these walls, or till the grave 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, leaving 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. (troubling, but proceeding rapidly.) His own twin-brother, who sucked the same breasts with him, and lay in the bosom of every 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, Framar of the laws of nature! the mother is judged by the child—(Turns towards him.) Yes, it is true—true that, fearful of my own life, I secured it by the murder of my tyrant. Mistaken coward! I little knew on what terrors I ran, to avoid one moment's agony.—Thou hast the secret!

Geo. Knowest thou to whom thou hast told it?

Isa. To my son.

Geo. No! No! to an executioner!

Isa. Be it so—go, proclaim my crime, and forget not my punishment. Forget not that the murderers 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—(weeps.)

Geo. (struggling for breath.) Nature will have utterance: mother, dearest mother, I will save you or perish! (throws himself into her arms.) Thus fall my vows.

Isa. Man thyself! I ask not safety from thee. Never shall it be said, that Isabella of Aspen turned her son from the path of duty, though his footsteps must pass over her mangled corpse. Man thyself.

Geo. No! No! The ties of Nature were knit by God himself. Cursed be the stoic pride that would rend them asunder, and call it virtue!

Isa. My son! My son!—How shall I behold thee hereafter?

[Three knocks are heard upon the door of the apartment.

Geo. Hark! One—two—three. Roderic, thou art speedy! (Apart.)

Isa. (opens the door.) A parchment stuck to the door with a paper! (Opens it.) Heaven and earth!—a summons from the invisible judges!—(Drops the parchment.)

Geo. (reads with emotion.) "Isabella of Aspen, accused of murder by poison, we conjure thee, by the cord and by the steel, to appear this night before the avengers of blood, who judge in secret and avenges in secret, like the Deity. As then 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 famed thee, would come laden with destruction. One chance of safety is open;—obey the summons.

ISA. And perish.—Yet why should I still fear death? Do it so.

Geo. No—I have sworn to save you. I will not do the work by halves. Does any one save Martin know of the dreadful deed?

ISA. None.

Geo. Then go—assert your innocence, and leave the rest to me.

ISA. Wretch that I am! How can I support the task you would impose?

Geo. Think on my father. Live for him; he will need all the comfort thou canst bestow. Let the thought that his destruction is involved in thine, carry thee through the dreadful trial.

ISA. Be it so.—For Rudiger I have lived; for him I will continue to bear the burden of existence; but the instant that my guilt comes to his knowledge shall be the last of my life. Ere I would bear from him one glance of hatred or of scorn, this dagger should drink my blood. (Puts the poniard into her bosom.)

Geo. Fear not. He can never know. No evidence shall appear against you.

ISA. How shall I obey the summons, and where find the terrible judgment-seat?

Geo. Leave that to the judges. Resolve but to obey, and a conductor will be found. Go to the chapel; there pray for your sins and for mine. (He leads her out, and returns.)—Sins, indeed! I break a dreadful vow, but I save the life of a parent; and the penance I will do for my perjury shall appal even the judges of blood.

Enter Reynold.

Rey. Sir knight, the messenger of Count Roderic desires to speak with you.

Geo. Admit him.

Enter Hugo.

Hugo. Count Roderic of Maltingen greets you. He says he will this night hear the bat flutter and the owl scream; and he bids me ask if thou also wilt listen to the music.

Geo. I understand him. I will be there.

Hugo. 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?

Hugo. 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 Geo.) I fathom his plot. He would add another witness to the tale of Martin’s guilt. But no priest shall approach him. Reynold, thinkest thou not we could send one of the troopers, disguised as a monk, to aid Martin in making his escape?

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?

Ben. 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?

Ben. An unfortunate knight, obliged to shroud myself under this disguise.

Geo. What is the cause of thy misfortunes?

Ben. 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.

Ben. 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 knighthood I will labor to execute my promise, when thou shalt have leisure to unfold thy history.

Ben. I will do as you direct. Is the life of your squire in danger?

Geo. It is, unless thou canst accomplish his release.

Ben. I will essay it. [Exit.

Geo. Such are the mean expedients to which George of Aspen must now resort. No longer can I debate with Roderic in the field. The depraved—the perjured knight must contend with him only in the arts of dissimulation and treachery. Oh, mother! mother! the most bitter consequence of thy crime has been the birth of thy first-born! But I must warn my brother of the impending storm. Poor Henry, how little can thy gay temper anticipate evil! What, ho there! (Enter an Attendant.) Where is Baron Henry?

Arr. Noble sir, he rode forth, after a slight refreshment, to visit the party in the field.

Geo. Saddle my steed; I will follow him.
ACT. 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.

ACT IV.—SCENE I

The wood of Griefenhaus, 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 arc 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 hap-
 pened?

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.

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 mur-
 derer, 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 Bar-
 oness 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—I, Martin, by his own
 confession, as Wolfstein heard, avowed having
 aided Isabella in the murder of her husband. I
 had laid such a plan of vengeance as should have
 made all Germany shudder. And thou hast coun-
 teracted it—then, 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 Ebers-
 dorf, my rightful inheritance, were declared for-
 feited, and the Emperor bestowed them upon
 Rudiger when he married Isabella. I attempted
 to defend my domain, but Rudiger—Helm 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 warned against the Saracens in
 Spain and Palestine.

Rod. But why didst thou return to a land where
dearth 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 Minhild.

Rod. And what prevailed on thee to undertake
to deliver Martin?

Ber. George, though I told not my name, en-
gaged to procure the recall of the ban; besides,
he told me Martin's life was in danger, and I ac-
counted 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.

Brn. 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.

Brn. 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.

Hego. 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.
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.

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 ye monument (pointing.)

Isa. (starting.) The monument of my first hus-

band. Leave me, leave me, Gertrude. I follow in a moment. (Exit Gertrude.) Ay, there he lies! forgetful alike of his crimes and injuries! Insensible, as if this chapel had never rung with my shrieks, or the castle resounded to his parting groans! When shall I sleep so soundly? (As she gazes on the monument, a figure muffled in black appears from behind it.) Merciful God! is it a vision, such as has haunted my couch? (It approaches: she goes on with mingled terror and resolution.) Ghastly phantom, art thou the restless spirit of one who died in agony, or art thou the mysterious being that must guide me to the presence of the avengers of blood? (Figure bends its head and beakons.)—To-morrow! To-morrow! I cannot follow thee now! (Figure shows a dagger from beneath its cloak.) Compulsion! I understand thee: I will follow. (She follows the figure a little way; he turns and wraps a black veil round her head, and takes her hand: then both exit behind the monument.)

SCENE III.

The Wood of Griesenhaus.—A watch-fire, round which sit WicKerd, Conrad, 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 must? The grapes of juice divine.
Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster: Oh, blessed be the Rhine!
Let fringe and furs, and many a rabbit skin, sirs, Bedeck your Saracen;
He'll freeze without what warms our hearts with-in, sirs, When the night-frost crusts the fen.

But on the Rhine, but on the Rhine they cluster, The grapes of juice divine, That make our troopers' frozen courage must?: 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 alone 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 Maltzenden walking over the slaughter of its adherents; I durst go no farther.

Wic. Hen-hearted rascal! The spirit of some old raven, who was picking their bones.

Con. Nay, Wickerd; the churchmen say there are such things.

Frank. Ay; and Father Ludovic told us last sermon, how the devil twisted the neck of ten farmers at Kletterbach, who refused to pay Peter's pence.

Wic. Yes, some church devil, no doubt.

Frank. Nay, old Reynold says, that in passing, by midnight, near the old chapel at our castle, he saw it all lighted up, and heard a chorus of voices singing the funeral service.

Another Soldier. Father Ludovic heard the same.

Wic. Hear me, ye hare-livered boys! Can you look death in the face in battle, and dread such nursery 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.

Wic. 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.

Wic. I have seen him—he was a gallant warrior.

Con. Well! he was long absent in the Bohemian wars. In an expedition he was benighted, and came to a lone house on the edge of a forest: he and his followers knocked repeatedly for entrance in vain. They forced the door, but found no inhabitants.

Frank. And they made good their quarters?

Con. They did; and Albert retired to rest in an upper chamber. Opposite to the bed on which he threw himself was a large mirror. At midnight he was awakened by deep groans: he cast his eyes upon the mirror, and saw—

Frank. Sacred Heaven! Heard you nothing?

Wic. Ay, the wind among the wither'd leaves.

Go on, Conrad. Your uncle was a wise man.

Con. That's more than gray hairs can make other folks.

Wic. Ha! stripling, art thou so malapert?

Though thou art Lord Henry's page, I shall teach thee who commands this party.

All Soldiers. Peace, peace, good Wickerd: let Conrad proceed.

Con. Where was I?

Frank. About the mirror.

Con. True. My uncle beheld in the mirror the reflection of a human face distorted and covered with blood. A voice pronounced articulately, "It is yet time." As the words were spoken, my uncle discerned in the ghastly visage the features of his own father.

Soldier. Hush! By St. Francis, I heard a groan. (They start up all but Wickerd.)

Wic. The croaking of a frog, who has caught cold in this bitter night, and sings rather hoarsely than usual.

Frank. Wickerd, thou art surely no Christian. (They sit down, and close round the fire.)

Con. Well—my uncle called up his attendants, and they searched every nook of the chamber, but found nothing. So they covered the mirror with a cloth, and Albert was left alone; but hardly had he closed his eyes when the same voice proclaimed, "It is now too late!" the covering was drawn aside, and he saw the figure—

Frank. Merciful Virgin! It comes. (All rise.)

Wic. Where? what?

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.

Wic. (leveling his pike.) Man or devil, which thou wilt, thou shalt feel cold iron, if thou buystock a foot nearer. (Martin stops.) Who art thou? What dost thou seek?

Mar. To warm myself at your fire. It is deadly cold.

Wic. See there, ye cravenes, your apparition is a poor benighted monk; sit down, father. (They place Martin by the fire.) By heaven, it is Martín—our Martín! Martin, how fares it with thee? We have sought thee this whole night.

Mar. So have many others (vacantly)

Con. Yes, thy master.

Mar. Did you see him too?

Con. Whom? Baron George?

Mar. No! my first master, Arnolf of Ebersdorf.

Wic. He raves.

Mar. He passed me but now in the wood, mounted upon his old black steed; its nostrils breathed smoke and flame; neither tree nor rock stopped him. He said, "Martin, thou wilt return this night to my service!"

Wic. Wrap thy cloak around him, Francis; he is distracted with cold and pain. Dost thou not recollect me, old friend?

Mar. Yes, you are the butler at Ebersdorf: 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 ripe and rank as ever.
Wic. The old complaint.
1 Mem. Not, 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 miserable 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 miserable 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 Griefenhans. It seems deserted, and in decay. There are four entrances, each defended by an iron portal. At each door stands a warden clothed in black, and masked, armed with a naked sword. During the whole scene they remain motionless on their posts. In the centre of the chapel is 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 curiosity, which is quite dark.

Various Members of the Invisible Tribunal enter by the four different doors of the chapel. Each whispers something as he passes the Warden, which is answered by an inclination of the head. The costume of the Members is a long black robe capable of muffling the face: some wear it in this manner; others have their faces uncovered, unless on the entrance of a stranger: they place themselves in profound silence upon the stone benches.

Enter Count Roderic, dressed in a scarlet cloak of the same form with those of the other Members. He takes his place on the most elevated bench.

Rey. Warders, secure the doors! (The doors are barred with great care.) Herald, do thy duty! [Members all rise—Herald stands by the altar.

Herm. 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.
Ron. God pardon our sins of ignorance, and preserve us from those of presumption.

[Again the Members solemnly incline their heads.

Her. To the east, and to the west, and to the north, and to the south, I raise my voice; wherever there is treason, wherever there is blood-guiltiness, wherever there is sacrilege, sorcery, robbery, or perjury, there let this curse alight, and pierce the marrow and the bone. Raise, then, your voices, and say with me, woe! woe! unto offenders!

All. Woe! woe! [Members sit down.

Her. He who knoweth of an unpunished crime, let him stand forth as bound by his oath when his hand was laid upon the dagger and upon the cord, and call to the assembly for vengeance!

Mem. {rises, his face covered} Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!
Ron. Upon whom dost thou invoke vengeance?
Accuser. Upon a brother of this order, who is forsworn, and perjured to its laws.
Ron. Relate his crime.

Acc. This perjured brother was sworn, upon the steel and upon the cord, to denounce malefactors to the judgment-seat, from the four quarters of heaven, though it were the spouse of his heart, or the son whom he loved as the apple of his eye; yet did he conceal the guilt of one who was dear unto him; he folded up the crime from the knowledge of the tribunal; he removed the evidence of guilt, and withdrew the criminal from justice. What does his perjury deserve?
Ron. Accuser, come before the altar; lay thy hand upon the dagger and the cord, and swear to the truth of thy accusation.

Acc. {his hand on the altar.} I swear!
Ron. Wilt thou take upon thyself the penalty of perjury, should it be found false?
Acc. I will.
Ron. Brethren, what is your sentence?
[The Members confer a moment in whispers—a silence.

Eldest Mem. Our voice is, that the perjured brother merits death.
Ron. Accuser, thou hast heard the voice of the assembly; name the criminal.

Acc. George, Baron of Aspen.

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.

Accr. What if George of Aspen should not himself deny the charge?
Mem. Then would I never trust man again.
Accr. Hear him, then, bear witness against himself (throws back his mantle).
Ron. Baron George of Aspen!
Geo. The same—prepared to do penance for the crime of which he stands self-accused.
Ron. Still, canst thou disclose the name of the criminal whom thou hast rescued from justice, on that condition alone, thy brethren may save thy life.
Geo. Thinkest thou I would betray for the safety of my life, a secret I have preserved at the breach of my word!—No! I have weighed the value of my obligation—I will not discharge it—but most willingly will I pay the penalty!
Ron. Retire, George of Aspen, till the assembly pronounce judgment.
Geo. Welcome be your sentence—I am weary of your yoke of iron. A light beam on my soul. Woe to those who seek justice in the dark haunts of mystery and of cruelty. She dwells in the broad blaze of the sun, and Mercy is ever by her side. Woe to those who would advance the general weal by trampling upon the social affections! they aspire to be more than men—they shall become worse than tigers. I go: better for my 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.
Ron. Brethren, sworn upon the steel and upon the cord, to judge and to avenge in secret, without favor and without pity, what is your judgment upon George of Aspen, self-accused of perjury, and resistance to the laws of our fraternity?

[Long and earnest murmurs in the assembly.
Ron. Speak your doom.
Eldest Mem. George of Aspen has declared him self perjured;—the penalty of perjury is death!
Ron. Father of the secret judges—Eldest among those who avenge in secret—take to thee the steel and the cord;—let the guilty no longerumber the land.

Eldest Mem. I am fourscore and eight years old. My eyes are dim, and my hand is feeble; soon shall I be called before the throne of my Creator;—How shall I stand there, stained with the blood of such a man?
Ron. How wilt thou stand before that throne, loaded with the guilt of a broken oath? The blood of the criminal be upon us and ours!

Eldest Mem. So be it, in the name of God!
[He takes the dagger from the altar, goes slowly towards the back scene, and 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 Deity: God keep your thoughts from evil, and your hands from guilt.
Ber. I raise my voice in this assembly, and cry, Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!
Rod. Enough has this night been done.—(he rises and brings Bertram forward) Think what thou doest—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 warden.
Enter Isabella, the veil still wrapped around her head, led by her conductor. All the members muffle their faces.
Rod. Uncover her eyes.
[The veil is removed. Isabella looks wildly round.
Rod. Knowest thou, lady, where thou art?
Isa. I guess.
Rod. Say thy guess.
Isa. Before the Avengers of blood.
Rod. Knowest thou why thou art called to their presence?
Isa. No.
Rod. Speak, accuser.
Ber. I impeach thee, Isabella of Aspen, before this awful assembly, of having murdered, 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! I 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 Roderic) 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.

Ron. (apart to Bertram.) Whom dost thou mean to call? [Bertram whispers.

Ron. This goes beyond me. (After a moment’s thought.) But be it so. Maltingen shall behold Aspen humbled in the dust. (Aloud) Brethren, the accuser calls for a witness who remains without: admit him. [All muffle their faces.

Enter Rudiger, his eyes bound or covered, leaning upon two members; they place a stool for him, and unbind his eyes.

Ron. Knowest thou where thou art, and before whom?

Ron. I know not, and I care not. Two strangers summoned me from my castle to assist, they said, at a great act of justice. I ascended the litter they brought, and I am here.

Ron. It regards the punishment of perjury and the discovery of murder. Art thou willing to assist us?

Ron. Most willing, as is my duty.

Ron. What if the crime regard thy friend?

Ron. I will hold him no longer so.

Ron. What if thine own blood?

Ron. I would let it out with my poniard.

Ron. Then causeth 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.)

Ron. 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.

Ron. Rash and insensate! 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!

Ron. (still held.) Cowardly villains, let me loose! Maltingen, this is thy doing! Thy face thou wouldest disguise, thy deeds thou canst not! I defy thee to instant and mortal combat!

Isa. (looking up.) No! no! endanger not thy life! Myself! myself! I could not bear thou shouldst know—Oh! (Dies.)

Ron. Oh! let me go—let me but try to stop her blood, and I will forgive all.

Ron. Drag him off and detain him. The voice of lamentation must not disturb the stern deliberation of justice.

Ron. Bloodhound of Maltingen! Well beseems thee thy base revenge! The marks of my son’s lance are still on thy craven crest! Vengeance on the band of ye!

[Enter Rudiger, is dragged off to the sacristy.

Ron. Brethren, we stand discovered! What is to be done to him who shall desecrate our mystery?

Eldest Judge. He must become a brother of our order, or die!

Ron. This man will never join us! He cannot put his hand into ours, which are stained with the blood of his wife and son: he must therefore die! (Murmurs in the assembly.) Brethren! I wonder not at your reluctance; but the man is powerful, has friends and allies to buckler his cause. It is over with us, and with our order, unless the laws are obeyed. (Finer murmurs.) Besides, have we not sworn a deadly oath to execute these statutes? (A dead silence.) Take to the steel and the cord (to the eldest judge.)

Eldest Judge. He has done no evil—he was the companion of my battle—I will not!

Ron. (to another.) Do thou—and succeed to the rank of him who has disobeyed. Remember your oath! (Member takes the dagger, and goes irresolutely forward; looks into the sacristy, and comes back.)

Mem. He has fainted—fainted in anguish for his wife and his son; the bloody ground is strewn with his white hairs, torn by those hands that have fought for Christendom. I will not be your butcher. (Throws down the dagger.)

Ber. Irresolute and perfused! the robber of my inheritance, the author of my exile, shall die!

Ron. 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 fallen.
HEN. (who enters with the Duke.) Gracious Heaven! O George!

Rud. (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 I will. Thou hast not indeed transgressed our law, but thou hast wrested and abused it: kneel down, therefore, and place thy hands betwixt mine. (Roderic kneels as directed.) I degrade thee from thy sacred office (spreads his hands, as pushing Roderic from him.) If after two days thou darrest 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.)

Ron. Lord Duke, thou hast charged me with treachery—thou art my huge lord—but who else dares maintain the accusation, lies in his throat.

HEN. (rushing from the sacristy.) Villain! I accept thy challenge!

Ron. Vain boy! my lance shall chastise thee in the lists—there lies my gage.

Duke. Henry, on thy allegiance, touch it not. (To Roderic.) Lists shall 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 heel; 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 channel-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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